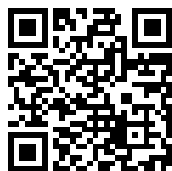

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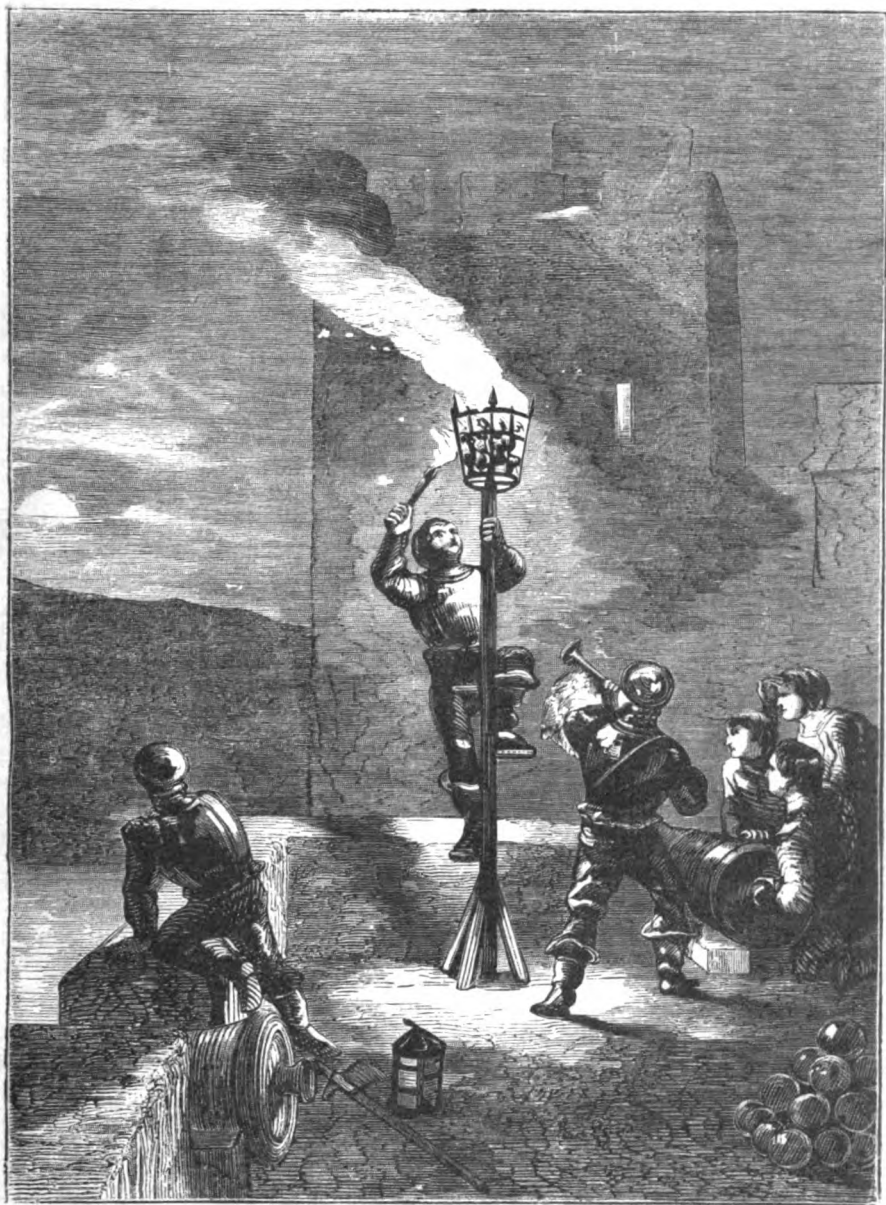


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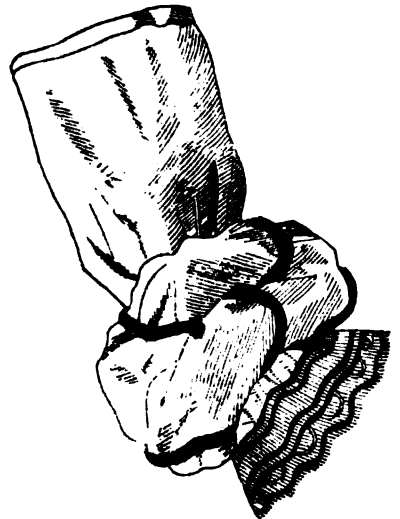
CHILD'S BASQUE.



COLLAR.



LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.



SLEEVE.

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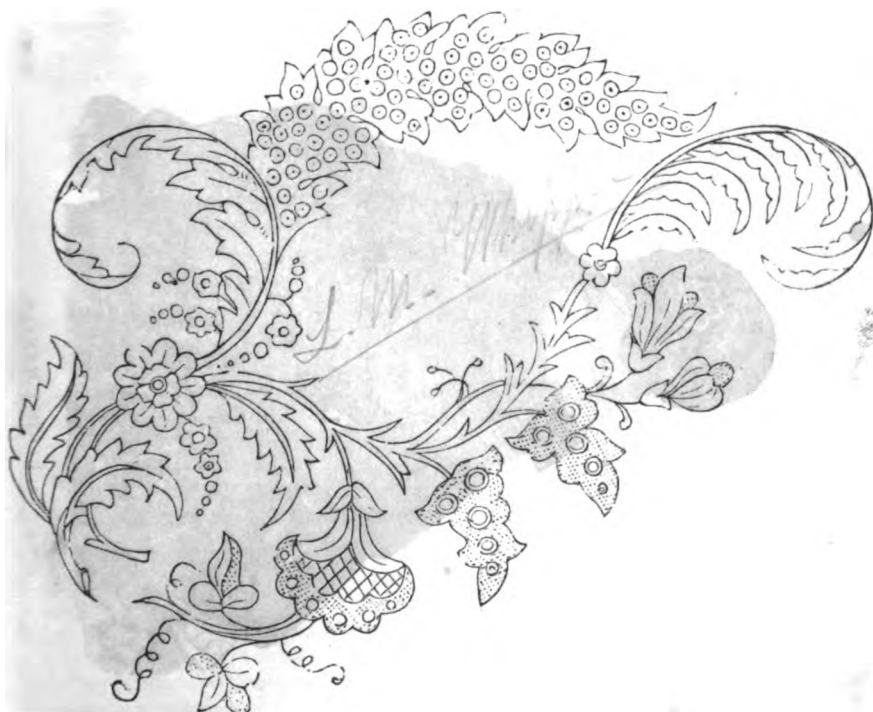
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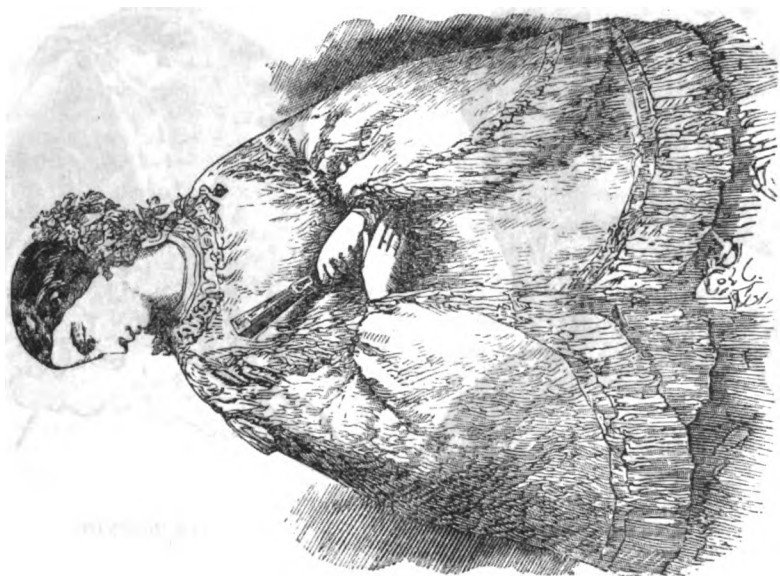
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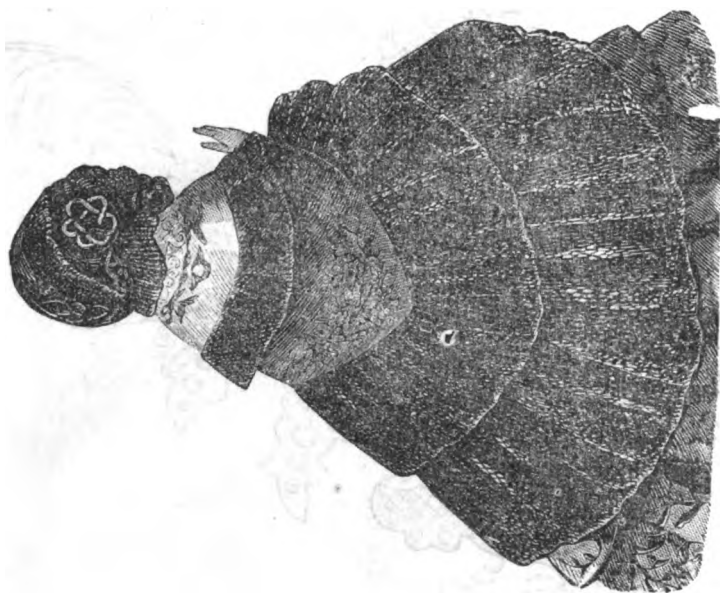
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REGINA MANTLE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIX.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1856.

No. 1.

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Laid, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

Is a miserable room, in a dilapidated mansion of New York, an old woman sat assorting some fragments of meats and vegetables, which were heaped in a basket on her lap, and which she had evidently picked up, from the refuse in the market that day.

Nothing more repulsive can be imagined than the appearance of this degraded creature. If she had ever possessed the slightest traces of beauty, they had vanished long ago, leaving her wrinkled and brown, like old scorched parchment. But it was more the presence of moral deformity in her countenance, than the absence of mere physical loveliness, which rendered her so revolting. A pair of keen, sinister eyes, that glanced suspiciously around; a brow on which craft and avarice were plainly stamped; and a mouth inflexible with cruelty heightened her evil aspect, till it recalled that of the hag, Hecate, when she met Macbeth on the blasted heath.

Her only companion was a cat, about as sinister-looking as herself, that gazed with greedy eyes on each mouthful, as it was lifted from the basket and laid on a broken plate at the old woman's feet; but hungry as the poor animal certainly was, she had been far too well trained to think of touching the food.

As the miserly old woman proceeded in her occupation, she talked, now snappishly, now caressingly to her cat, stooping now and then to smooth its ragged fur with her witch-like hand, or eyeing it fiercely with her sharp, black eyes, whenever it seemed tempted to stretch forth its paw toward the plate. Human beings, however depraved, must have something to love, and when creatures of their own kind are driven

away from them by repulsion, it often happens that the feelings, which find nothing to rest upon in humanity, turn to domestic animals, or any thing that can give back love for love without the power to search or condemn.

Thus it was that this miserable old creature loved the unseemly animal, that stood so greedily turning its eyes from the fragments of food, to the haggard face looking downward with a grim smile of approval, as she saw of what self-control her favorite was capable.

"Now, Peg, don't be greedy and eat me up with your eyes in that way," muttered the old creature, with a strong French accent, laying some cabbage leaves and turnip-tops in her lap, as she continued her researches in the basket. "There are the hens, poor, innocent dears, with their heads under their wings, setting you an example, dear—go take a nap, Peg, and then come back again, and you shall have a taste of the liver when I've got it in order for us."

The cat seemed to understand her, for with a longing look, first at her, then at the plate, she turned slowly and slunk away to a fragment of rag carpet in a corner of the room, where she crouched down with her head between her paws and her eyes half shut, ready to spring out again, should her mistress give signs of relenting.

The old woman followed her movements with a sour smile, and muttered,

"That's it. For man or beast there's nothing like starvation to force obedience. Those who give enough of anything to satisfy them, don't know what power is. There is Peg, now, if she'd had enough to eat all day, what would be the merit of her creeping off in that way; but now I know that she's obedient, that she fears me

"hat's the sort of thing I like. There, there, that'll do. Peg, you're a good old girl, there!"

The cat made a spring, and seizing, with teeth and claws, the fragment flung to her, ran off to her corner again, followed by the shrill laughter of her mistress.

"There's gratitude—there's life. Now supposing you'd been a fat, sleek, over-fed creature, Peg, why you'd a been turning up your nose at that, and wanted chicken bones, or something delicate. Oh! hunger is a keen whetstone, isn't it, Peg?"

Peg answered by coming back, whetted to fresh eagerness by the morsel she had eaten, and lifting her glistening eyes, with a hungry, beseeching look, that made the old woman chuckle with delight.

"Ravenous, ain't you?" cried the old woman, while she prepared to cook her supper over the handful of coals, that glowed in a bed of white ashes on the hearth. "Well, wait till I've done. Learn patience from your mistress, that's a jewel."

Here the old creature placed a pair of iron tongs across the bed of coals, to answer as a gridiron, and proceeded in her very eccentric culinary operations, moving about the room with a tread that the observant cat might have envied, it was so stealthy. When her meal was cooked, the old woman placed it on the bottom of a wooden chair, and drawing up another, from which half the back was broken away, she commenced eating, with a zest that nothing but very sharp hunger could have given to such food.

The old woman lingered some time over her supper, sharing the solid half of it rather liberally with Peg, and enjoying herself as it seemed to the utmost. But all at once she was interrupted by footsteps on the stairs; and her usual keen, watchful look returned.

"Who can it be? What can it be, Peg?" she said, anxiously, and almost in a whisper. "Robbers, ha!"

She started up with a sharp exclamation, and pointed with her finger to the door, which had a sash in the top, from which the curtain had been partly drawn.

"Peg—Peg," she cried, in a voice that was sharp with spite, and yet shook with terror—"Peg, it's a man, do you see? If he breaks in, leap on him, and scratch his eyes out. Do you hear? tear him to pieces, Peg!"

The door was slightly shaken, at which the cat arched her back and made ready for a spring.

Again the door was tried and a knock followed.

Peg gathered herself up, and gave out a sharp

hiss, which mingled with the shrill voice of the old woman, as the latter called out,

"Who's there? What do you want? You can't come in here. I'm a lone woman and poor, very poor. Go away, I tell you!"

"Open the door, madam," answered a man's voice, "open the door. It is your husband's son!"

"What? what? Peg, do you hear that? Hush!"

"Open the door, Madame De Mark. I must speak with you. Surely you must recognize my voice."

"Yes, yes," answered the old woman, sharply, and looking around the room, as if she feared there might be something that required concealment. "Yes, in a minute. Wait while I find the key."

Directly the door was unlocked, and a tall young man of stately presence and a grave cast of countenance entered. He reached forth his hand, with a sort of painful reservation, toward the singular old creature whom he found there.

"So, it is you at last!" said the latter, in a soft, cajoling voice. "I began to think you had forgotten your poor old mother."

"Forgotten you! No, no, that were impossible," was the hasty reply. "But you are alone, you seem to be living quite alone. Where is Catharine?"

"Catharine? Oh! yes, the little bound girl. Where, she hasn't been here this year or more. A hard case that, George."

He started, and then looked at her sternly.

"What do you mean, madam?" he said. "Where, I say, where is Catharine? I left her with you! I demand her of you again."

"You left her with me. Of course you did. Wasn't she my own help, bound to me till she was eighteen by the city authorities? Of course you left her here, why not?"

The young man grew pale, and his eyes sparkled with intense anxiety; but he restrained his impetuous feelings bravely, and spoke in a voice so low, that it was almost a whisper.

"Tell me, I entreat you, where is this girl now?"

"How should I know? She ran away in less than a year after you sailed."

"Ran away? Where? Where?"

"You needn't ask me. How should I know? What carries a wild girl into the streets?"

"The streets!" cried the young man, in a husky whisper. "The streets!"

"I believe," said the old woman, unfeelingly, "she brought up at the prison or Alms-house, at last."

"Prison! Alms-house! Mother, woman, how dare you confess that she was so far deserted, the poor, poor girl. Was she ill? Was she wronged? Tell me why this destitution fell upon her!"

The old woman fixed her keen eyes on the excited and stern face of the young man, in a hard determined look that made the heart tremble in his bosom; and he shrunk back with a mortal dread, as if a rattle-snake were about to spring upon him.

"She had disgraced my house, sir, and I sent her out of it."

The young man started back, and turned white to the very lips.

"Not, not—oh! woman, mother, tell me what this means!"

The woman was ruthless. The glitter grew sharper and keener in her eyes. She had no compassion on the terrible agitation that shook the young man.

"Go up to the Alms-house, if you want to know more. She may be there yet with her child!"

"With her child, her child; my wife, my poor, poor wife! I tell you, woman, she was my wife. Before God and man she is my wife—mine, mine—do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear; she said the same thing. I didn't believe her. I don't believe you. It is the old crazy blood up. You would cover her shame with your own. Like father, like son."

"Woman, you insult me, you wrong that dear girl," cried the young man, trembling with passion, "I repeat again, she was my wife!"

"Perhaps you can give me the proof?" said the old woman, holding out her hand, while a quiet sneer stole across her lips. "She had nothing to show—you may be better off!"

"Catharine has the proofs. I left them with her."

The old woman laughed, or rather hissed out her satisfaction.

"She was a careless thing to lose them, I must say that. All I asked was some written proof of her story. If she had a certificate, why not show it? I wouldn't have let her go to the Alms-house, if she had!"

The old woman seemed to love the repetition of this hateful word, the Alms-house, for she saw that it made the young man wince; and this was a joy to her.

The poor youth made no reply; but sat down, faint with suffering; for now he began to comprehend the utter misery of his position. Months had passed since his poor young wife could have known the shelter of a respectable home. What might she not have endured, so young, so help-

less, a mere child in years! How terribly she must have suffered. The cruelty of his miserable old step-mother was lost in the rush of remorseful compassion, that filled his soul. With all this flood of sorrow came a new birth of feeling, so strange, so intense, that it thrilled him from head to foot. He scarcely recognized it as a joy, it was so new, burning like a drop of elixir through all the pain and disappointment that had fallen upon him.

He was a father! A living soul had started from the immortal life within him; and the thought swept like a solemn music through his stormy passions, giving dignity and depth to his manner.

He turned from the old woman with new-born gentleness. His white lips quivered with tenderness, his eyes grew dark and misty, he forgot that the women before him had trampled all that he loved in the dust. Thoughts of his wife and child filled his whole being. He turned away, and was passing through the door, when Madame De Mark addressed him.

"Where are you going?" she said.

"In search of my wife and of my child!"

The last word thrilled through and through his whole being. His face, that had been pale till now, flushed to the temples; and a smile of ineffable sweetness broke over his lips, as the word, "My child," left them. He even looked at the wicked old woman, as if demanding sympathy for his new joy from her.

"If they are upon earth I shall find them," he said, "by to-morrow, at the furthest, I shall find them."

"And what will you do with them when they are found?" demanded the old woman, maliciously.

"What will I do?" said the youth, "what will I do? Why give up my strong manhood to their support; for I am strong now."

And so he was. Youth and hope, and strong, earnest feeling gave to his nature the energy of middle age.

He went down those flights of winding stairs, with every nerve of his body awake to the joy singing at his heart. What cared he that his child was born in an Alms-house? Was it not *his* child, was not Catharine alive? Was he not young, and strong to work, to suffer, to be her protector, body and soul forever? For he could imagine no time when his love for the sweet girl would cease to be immortal.

What cared he, that, by his father's will, Madame De Mark had power to withhold his inheritance for a time? Let her have it. The West was broad and land plenty; a log house among the

prairies, with Catharine and her child, would be heaven enough for him. While these hopeful thoughts floated through his brain, the old woman listened to his light footsteps, grasping the door sill with one hand, while her witch-like face peered through into the dark passage. When his footsteps died away, she drew back, and closed the door with a low chuckle.

She sat down, dropping one hand on her lap with a quickness that impressed the cat as a signal; and leaping upon the old woman's knee, the animal sat there, gazing into the evil brightness of her eyes with a look of kindred intelligence.

The woman smoothed the ragged back of her favorite with one hand, while a grin of satisfaction disturbed her toothless mouth.

"I hope he will find 'em, Peg, don't you?"

The cat crept upward, and laid her paws on the old woman's shoulder; then, with a leap that made her mistress give forth a cowardly scream, she sprang over, and seizing a poor little mouse that was attempting to escape under the door, began to torture it with her paws.

Madame De Mark sat up half an hour later than usual that night, watching the cat as she prolonged her malicious enjoyment, looking up from its trembling victim now and then as if to claim her sympathy.

"That'll do! that'll do, Peg," said the old woman at last, waving her hand as if to command an execution, "I'm getting sleepy, Peg, kill the thing."

The cat turned her head, holding down the victim with one claw.

"Don't you hear, Peg," said the old woman, starting up, "Kill it, I say."

The cat made a quick movement, and away darted the mouse through a crevice between the door and the threshold. The old woman laughed with great glee, while Peg slunk away under the bed, looking very much ashamed of her bungling; but when the tallow candle was put out, and madame safe in bed, she ventured to creep out, and coil herself up over the old woman's feet; and with this companionship only was Madame De Mark left, not only that night, but for months after.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE DE MARK walked the streets of New York all that night. Long before day-break he was hovering around the walls of Bellevue, walking off his impatience by abrupt turns among the neighboring streets, or standing upon the wharf with his face to the east, watching for the first quiver of daylight upon the waters of the river.

It was strange, but no misgiving seemed to reach him during that long watch; and he looked upon the gloomy walls of the hospital with a feeling of profound interest; for they had sheltered his wife and child, and anything seemed less degrading to the young man, than the miserable home of his step-mother. At last the day gave its first faint glow along the horizon, shedding a pale gray brilliancy down upon the water, and revealing the Long Island shore in faint glimpses, half of mist, half of light. Then came a soft rosy gloom, breaking through the mist, and trembling down upon the water, as if a shower of rose leaves had fallen upon the river during the night watches.

All this seemed very beautiful to the young man, and each new ray of light came to his soul like a promise. It was not till the soft pink tints were all washed away, with a deluge of gold from the rising sun, that the youth turned from the wharf and sought admission to the hospital.

The attempt was fruitless. Not till deep in the morning, could he gain admission within the walls, so he plunged into the city again, and wandered as before at random, filled with but one thought, and hungry, not for food, but for knowledge of the only objects dear to him on earth.

Late in the day he found admission to the hospital Catharine was not there. He could learn nothing of her, or her child; and now stood by a clerk, waiting with faint heart for the tidings that the dumb pages of the register might give him.

"Catharine, Catharine De Mark," muttered the clerk, and running his finger down the column of names, "I find no such name here. There are plenty of Catharines, but no De Marks. You must be mistaken, sir. The register never is."

The young man bent his forehead to his hand, with a faint groan, while the clerk closed the huge register with a clang, and was about to move away.

"It may be" said De Mark, suddenly lifting his head, "It may be that she gave another name. Poor child, I had never given her leave to take mine. Look again. It may have been registered Catharine Lacy. I am sorry to trouble you, but do search once more. She was my wife, but might not have dared to use my name."

The clerk opened the huge book again, and commenced running down its pages with his finger, with a rapidity that exhibited some feeling for the unhappy man, who stood watching

him with such intense anxiety. At last he paused, cast a quick glance at his visitor, and slowly wheeled the book toward him.

The young man bent down, and saw the writing through a faint mist, that turned to a living haze as he read,

"Catharine Lacy entered—died and buried with her child, April—"

The color left his face and lips. He threw his arms out as if to protect himself from falling, and sunk on a bench that stood by, without a word or a groan. Everything was dark around him. He had no wife. He was no longer a father. The secret of his married life, so long buried in his heart, had perished in a single instant. Nothing was left but a remorseful memory, which must lie there, like the dust of a dead blossom, forever and forever.

He did not speak a word, but got up and staggered away, drunk with the misery that had fallen upon him.

On the third day from this, George De Mark stood once more in the miserable den, which his step-mother inhabited. Sternly, and with a steady repulsion of manner, he addressed the old woman,

"Give me," he said, "a portion of my father's property, let it be ever so small, that I may leave this place forever."

"There is nothing for you, not a cent," replied the old woman. "When your oldest son is ten years of age, and not till then, can you claim a sou of my money. That was your father's will. When you bring me a legal son, ten years old, it will be time for a settlement."

"But you wrote me, if I would take this unfortunate journey to the Indies, that a portion of the wealth should be mine at once. For her sake I went. It was like giving up life, but I went resolutely, even though she did not reply to the letter which prepared her for my absence."

"She never got the letter, of course not. I did not believe all the stuff about a marriage, and I don't now," answered the old woman, insolently. "Your letter went to kindle my fire. Five good sheets of paper wasted. If it had only been for this extravagance, you ought to have been disinherited. But where is the girl? What has become of her baby? If you are married, bring out the creatures and the documents. If the child is a boy, you have only eight years to wait before there'll be something to feed him on. Where is the wife and heir?"

The young man arose, without a word, and in this stern silence left the room.

It was many years before the two met again.

CHAPTER III.

A few old houses still remain among the villas, hotels and cottages, that make Staten Island a little Eden. But few of these are on the shore, and not being so accessible as these modern structures, are of course less known. One of these buildings, situated almost in the heart of the island, surrounded by groves of primeval trees, fruit orchards, and flowing thickets, must now become the scene of our story.

The house was an old rambling affair, with irregular wings and a centre building two stories high, finished at the roof with gable windows, that however were all for outside show, looking only from an open garret, and heavy stone chimneys that time itself seemed incapable of destroying. It was a substantial edifice, built of stone, but the wings were of wood, with verandahs and French windows, half buried in creeping vines and climbing roses. A tall elm tree towered upward from behind the centre building, sweeping its long pendant branches over the roof, thus softening the contrast between the grim old front with its stone portal, and the wings with their fanciful drapery of flowers. The ground sloped unevenly from the front of the building, and was broken up here and there with fruit trees and flower thickets, until it was separated from a gentle hill, by one of these small inland streams that render quiet scenery of this kind so beautiful. Here a clump of weeping willows gave their waving and golden green to the air, forming one of the most lovely features of a landscape every way Arcadian.

It was a large house, and the modern portions seemed quite unnecessary, save as an embellishment, for two quieter people could not well have been found, than the old couple who had inhabited the centre portion, with its antique furniture and old-fashioned mouldings, for more than half a century.

One day, not far from the time occupied by our last chapter, old Mrs. Ford was, or seemed to be, alone in this dwelling; for the kitchen was so far away from the room she occupied, that no household sound reached her. It was a calm June day. The air was balmy with fruit blossoms. The sky was softly blue, with a white cloud here and there drifting its snowy billows over it; for a light rain had just passed away, leaving these heaps of pearl clouds on the horizon and a world of diamond drops among the green leaves and fruit blossoms, that impregnated them with perfume.

The window of her sitting-room was open, and Mrs. Ford leaned out, not to gaze upon the landscape, though she felt all its beauty, but

with a keener interest and deeper anxiety than her familiar Nature could afford.

Her husband, a very old man, had gone to the city in search of a person, who had been recommended as a companion and helper in their old age, and the old lady was anxiously watching his return. It was now two hours beyond the time. He had driven a fiery horse and was without attendant; what might have happened? Why would not her husband be content to drive a staid family horse, or take the man servant with him? Why did he go to the city at all? These might have been her reflections on ordinary occasions; but now a deeper cause of anxiety gave keenness to those aged eyes, and sent a nervous quiver to those locked hands, whenever a sound startled her.

At last, she distinctly heard a carriage coming down the road, and rising slowly from her seat, she walked forth into the front porch, where, leaning against one of the stone pillars, she stood pale and motionless, save that a quiver ran through her frame, somewhat more sharply than should have been possible to the simple tremor of old age.

Decorous old age is always beautiful, and this dear, old lady, in her dark dress and pure muslin cap, scarcely less white than the hair it covered, formed a touching picture, as she stood in the shadow of her home, waiting—for her husband—and alas! for the only child of their love—another might come, but the old lady scarcely thought of that, her heart was too full.

Slowly the carriage came up from the road and swept round to the front door. The old lady could not move. She seemed chained to the stone pillow, that supported her. A mist, but not of age, crept over her vision, and through it she saw her husband descend to the ground, and then, as if moving through a cloud, she saw two female forms sinking, as it were, toward the earth, and moving steadily toward her.

She could not move or speak, but held out her trembling arms.

A tall, thin woman, whose large brown eyes, full of sorrowful reproach, seemed to look through and through her, came up the steps: paused a moment so close that the trembling hands touched her; and walked on without a word.

Then the old woman cried out in her anguish, "Oh! Elsie, Elsie, will you not speak to me?"

The tall woman turned at this, came a pace back, and looked at the old lady with her great, mournful eyes, silent as before.

"Elsie, Elsie. It is your mother. Speak to me!"

Insanity is sometimes very cruel. How steadily

those great eyes looked upon the quivering anguish of that beautiful old face! How coldly the woman turned away, and walked into the shadows of her old home, holy with so many memories, all lost in the darkness that had settled on her brain!

Then the old woman sent forth a cry of anguish, and reaching out her arms, fell weeping upon her husband's bosom.

"She does not know me. Oh! John, John, I thought she would have known me!"

The old man, himself trembling with fatigue and agitation, bent down and kissed the forehead of his wife. But he had no words of comfort to offer. It was a terrible thing for an only child to walk thus stonily by the yearning heart of a mother. The poor old man wept over his wife, it was all he could do.

But as his aged arms relaxed, a beautiful comforter appeared, breaking through the mist that grief had cast over those aged eyes, like some shadowy angel. Those two withered hands were softly clasped, and a sweet, tranquilizing voice murmured,

"Do not be troubled so, she is so much better, she must know you at last. Have patience, only have a little patience!"

"I will have patience. Oh, is that a new thing to me, poor bereaved mother that I am?" answered the old lady, shedding less bitter tears. "But who are you that speak so confidently and so well?"

"This—this is the young person who has done so much for our Elsie at the asylum," said the old gentleman. "She has come to stay with her and live with us."

"What? This young girl? This pretty, frail creature? I thought it was a woman!"

"And so it is if suffering can make a poor girl grow old," replied Catharine, mournfully, for it was no other than Catharine Lacy, or rather Catharine De Mark, the lost wife.

"And so you have been good to my Elsie?" persisted the old lady, wrapped up in the one idea of her heart so completely, that she left the poor girl's words unheeded. "No wonder she loves you so much!"

"Only wait a little, and she will love you as well. Perhaps in a little time she will know that you are her mother."

"Do you think so? Do you really think so?" said the old lady, with tears in her eyes.

"See how she is looking at us!" was the reply.

Mrs. Ford looked up; and there, in the dim hall, she saw her daughter watching them keenly. As their eyes met, the aged mother smiled through her tears, and the crazed woman began to glide

slowly toward her, as if drawn by some magnetic force.

"Oh, you have done this!" cried the old lady, "she comes this way—she looks kinder!" and bowing her head, with a gush of tenderness she kissed the young girl.

Instantly the insane woman darted forward and separated them. With her hands she held them apart, creeping softly toward her mother's bosom.

Not a word was spoken. But the swell and beat of that aged mother's heart brought back true life into the cold bosom of the daughter.

"Mother!" she said, lifting up her two palms and smoothing down the grey hair on each side of that wrinkled forehead. "Mother, how white your hair has grown."

"Thank God!" cried the aged husband, as he saw this, "oh!" And in the flood of tender joy, through which these words were spoken, he lifted his clasped hands to heaven.

The sound, tender and holy as it was, drove that poor creature back into her insanity. She turned from her mother, looked coldly upon the old man, and then, with a faint shake of the head, walked into the house again.

"Come," said the old man, tenderly to his wife, "let us wait God's time. It is something that she has known you for a minute!"

"Something," repeated the old lady, overwhelmed with gratitude, "John, it has given me new life."

Hand-in-hand, full of holy faith, and beautiful in the deep love of their old age, they followed Catharine and her charge into the family sitting-room.

"Sit down here, my daughter, while I take

off your bonnet and shawl," said the old lady, wheeling an easy-chair to the window.

Elsie sat down in silence and gazed wistfully in her mother's face, as the aged parent removed the bonnet from her head, that poor head whose even burning heat had scattered those long black tresses so heavily with snow.

"See," said the woman, trembling beneath the joy of that look, "there is the old pear tree, yet white with blossoms. I dare say we might find half a dozen robin's nests in the boughs, if you were only young enough to climb them, Elsie."

Elsie smiled. Some vague association seemed breaking through her mind.

"To-morrow you shall go down there, darling—father and I will go anywhere with you."

"Anywhere?" said Elsie, with a fierce look.

"Then take me to him."

The old lady recoiled, and looked wistfully at her husband.

"Take me to him, I say," almost shrieked the daughter, gazing angrily from her father to her mother.

"No, no," said Catharine, quietly, "that is for me. They must show you nothing but the brook, the birds, and these beautiful trees. I must do the rest. Come."

And as if spell-bound, the insane woman arose and followed the young girl.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTE.—In order to secure this story from unauthorized publication in England, each chapter has been edited by an English gentleman, and entered by him at Stationer's Hall, London; and the American copy is printed from his altered copy.

THE FACE I SAW IN MY DREAMS.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN

SMILING and dimpled, and rosy and bright,
Was the face I saw in my dreams last night—
A delicate cheek and a brow of snow,
And eyes where love-lights come and go—
Oh, pure and fair as an angel's, seems
That sweet young face I saw in my dreams!

I had lain me down at night to sleep,
And closed were the eyes too proud to weep—
Tho' in the wide world alone was I,
With never a friend or helper nigh,
And never a lonelier waif was blown
By the winds of Fate over life alone.

Slumber came down and bound me with chains,
Lent me her joys, and pilfered my pains:
Soft-footed Sleep! how gently she stole
With visions of beauty into my soul!
Yet she had not tarried long with me, I ween,
'Ere a maiden-face looked in on my dream.

Soft white hands on my brow she laid,
Soft sweet words the visitant said—
"No more lonely thy life shall be—
No more weary the days for thee!
Twin-born are the holy stars on high—
Twin-born in spirit are you and I!"

Then so softly she glided away
 I had no power her feet to stay:
 Then I awoke, and vainly cried,
 But never a voice unto mine replied:
 Was it an angel's? for so it seems
 Must have been the face I saw in my dreams!

To-day I went through the crowded street,
 Scanning each face I chanced to meet:
 Many a maiden passed me by,
 With floating curls and azure eye—
 But vainly, under the curls which screen
 Their faces, I sought the one of my dream.

Now I wander still more alone,
 And passion-waves o'er my heart are blown;
 And dusky and thick as a maiden's hair,
 Are the floating folds of my dark despair!
 Shall I ever drink of Lethe's stream,
 And forget the face I saw in my dream?

Or ever shall I—the plaything of Fate,
 Storm-tossed, and riven, and desolate—
 In pausing to kneel at some pilgrim shrine
 Meet the eyes that first looked love into mine?
 Oh! how blest shall I be, I ween,
 Could I find the face I saw in my dream!

DRIFTING.

BY JENNY A. STONE.

I'm all alone on the life-sea now,
 Alone in the gathering gloom;
 Barks have gone down on every side,
 Freighted with love and hope and pride—
 Will the pilot never come?

Sullenly, coldly the waters roar—
 I have looked so long in vain!
 Father and mother are on the shore;
 Brothers and sisters gone before—
 Shall I meet them all again?

Vainly I call for the promised aid,
 And seek for the promised home.
 Husband and children in death asleep;
 Left on this cold, dark sea to weep—
 Will the pilot never come?

Friends have gone down in sight of shore,
 Friends I had learned to trust;
 Will they go to the regions of endless light,
 By a way that is hidden from my sight?
 They must, oh, God! they must.

Helpless I raise my eyes above,
 I knew that the Heavens are bright;
 But the wild waves dash o'er my shattered bark;
 Oh, the waters, the waters are ever dark;
 They feel not the blessed light.

And I drift about on this shadowy sea,
 Longing and watching for home.
 Father and mother waiting for me;
 Brothers and sisters I long to see;
 Husband and children, I come!

THE SNOW SQUALL.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

THE North wind is blowing a piping blast,
 And whistling loud in his glee,
 And he shakes the tree as he hurries past
 In his race so wild and free.

And the voice of the tree in a plaintive moan,
 Complains of his rough salute,
 And breathes a murmuring, sighing tone,
 Like the notes of a broken lute.

How the feathery snow-flakes dance about,
 On the North wind's breath upborne,
 As he flings them aloft with exulting shout,
 To the clouds he has madly torn.

Now they glide along with an airy grace
 Upheld by his buoyant wing,
 Now before his car at a furious pace,
 Are swept by the stormy king.

One moment like birds through the darkened air
 In a whirling cloud they fly,
 The next o'er the landscape brown and bare
 In a spotless robe they lie.

'Till the sportive wind in his wanton play
 Unlifts them from the plains,
 And sends them careering far away,
 To the sound of his dirge-like strains.

AN OLD-FASHIONED PARTY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

READER, remember you the days of juvenile parties? Not those prim affairs that are now called *entertainments*, for which Miss Lavina, aged six, sends out *her cards*, and expects none but *young ladies* under twelve, but the old-fashioned gathering where children were children, and wore short frocks and pantalettes, and called each other by their Christian names. Ah! those were the times. How joyous! how free from carking care sounded the merry little voices! They played—they romped—they overturned chairs—the house trembled at the tramp of their bounding footsteps.

And hark! the laughter grows bolder; it rises to a grand peal of triumphant fun. Let's peep at them. Do they not look pretty with their snowy robes, and careless ringlets? Yes! we are young again. We go to our first party after having dreamed and feasted in anticipation of its coming pleasures for weeks. Our little heart beats almost to suffocation; we are led into the room, where lie an awful array, bundles of bonnets, shawls, coats and caps. Somebody, we don't know who, takes off our coverings, carefully smoothes down our snowy dress, and then as we hardly breathe, and the hot blood paints cheeks and brow, somebody takes our trembling hand and formally introduces us to the prim rows of juveniles sitting against the wall. Our head is dizzy for a moment; pink and blue, white and yellow, swim confusedly before our eyes; our fingers join convulsively, and it takes three long sighs and as many shy glances to restore the little bashful trembler to equanimity.

At last some bolder soul or elder sister starts a play. With considerable giggling and a sheepish face, a rosy lump of white muslin darts awkwardly at the toy and sets it spinning, calling for number four, while—oh! spirits of contradiction developing in the very bud, her blue eyes look askance in the face of some chubby Billy whose number excels four. A few moments of bewildered prettiness, and the genius of bashfulness flies, nor resumes his reign till the party breaks up. We meanwhile look on, delighted as the games progress—laughing as some witty urchin makes wry faces while attempting to kiss the shovel, or screaming as some victim seated with mock dignity between

two judges, goes slumping through his insecure seat, and lands in offended majesty upon the carpet. But good humor is soon restored by the forfeit of winding off twenty-four yards of love ribbon with one of the blushing urchins, whose sheepish glances, unlike those of the more timid (?) girl, never leave the floor, and who sneaks back to his place in the corner with his finger in his mouth.

It is the zenith of hilarious mirth, and confusion reigns supreme. Self-constituted judges award impossible forfeits; there is a hurried shutting of doors and moving of chairs. Extravagance is the order of the hour. A figure enters through the open door, that is the likeness neither of anything in heaven above or earth beneath—muffled in all kinds of garments—nodding and bowing with wonderfully accommodating inflexibility of back-bone. The ominous silence preceding its advent is suddenly broken down; a few timid ones shrink—down bends its crowned head, when some spirits of mischief seizes cap and bonnet, others pull at cloaks and coats, and lo! nodding with bold defiance, stands forth a veritable broom-stick, amid the shouts and laughter of the childish crowd.

But here come the "sweets to the sweet." Simple things they are, but bright and beautiful to the children. Silence is restored, save when some mischievous Harry poked the ribs of laughter-loving John, whose attempts to smother his fun before the elders, are ludicrous in the extreme.

Now follow the quiet chat and frolic. Mischievous in their sparkling eyes, the girls name each other's apple, and little tongues rattle—"One I love—two I love—three I love, I say—four I love with all my heart."

"Oh!" cries another, "she loves with all her heart; oh! Sarah, before I'd be you!"

"It's five I cast away," cries the little girl, reddening, and dexterously adding another seed.

"'Twasn't, 'twas love with all my heart. Bobby, come here—I named Sarah's apple after you, and it's 'love with all my heart'—he, he."

"I'll never speak to you in all my life—so there!" cries Sarah, almost with tears.

"Sally," says a gentle voice, and a pair of soft, grey eyes look into the little flushed face,

"never be ashamed of loving with all your heart, my child—if anything is worth loving, little Sally, love it with all your heart."

"Yes'm," replies the little girl, demurely, her petulance vanished. She eats her apple, and chatters with Jenny, to whom she was never going to speak again as long as she lived.

A little drop of oil, how wondrously it smoothes the troubled waters!

Now, from my corner, I listen with childish interest to some petty scandal. It falls from rosy lips, and bright eyes drink it in. 'Tis the same thing in the tender plant that it is in the

full grown tree, full of malice and blackness. Pity 'tis that young hearts, guileless and unsuspecting as they should be, have thus early learned to pick flaws in dress and character. Do they learn it at home?

But the party, like all earthly things, must come to an end. And after the children are gone, the troubled housewife glides like a ghost through the deserted parlors, and spying here the fragments of a broken dish, and there, and all over, nut-shells and apple-corings, feels, doubtless, with the preacher, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

LALLAVEEN.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

MOONLIGHT on Archazin's river,
Moonlight on its banks of green,
First it shines and last it lingers
Where I sat with Lallaveen.

Lallaveen was like the angels,
Or as angels ought to be,
Yet she loved me, loved me fondly,
But she stay'd not long with me.

On the banks of fair Archazin
Sat we in a Summer night,
When the moon a fairy mantle
Threw around us, wove of light.

Oh, her eyes were very lustrous,
But from mine there fell a tear,
For I knew she had a message
From our Father's dark career.

And I whispered, when in Heaven,
Near the Saviour thou wilt be,
And it will be easier, dearest,
Easier then to pray for me.

So I spoke, but, ah, no longer
Earthly love her soul could win,
For she saw the bright gates open'd,
Through which saints of old went in.

On the banks of fair Archazin
Walk I now in Summer night,
When across the quiet waters
Sends the moon her quiet light.

But my heart is sad and restless,
And its hopes no longer green,
But the grass is that is growing
On the grave of Lallaveen.

I'LL LOVE THEE IN THE SPRING TIME.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I'LL love thee when the Spring flowers bloom,
For 'twas in Spring we met—
The blissful scenes that round us shone
Are fresh in memory yet;
I know that we were younger then,
But hearts as true as ours
Have scarcely felt the chill of time,
Or heeded passing hours;
And on our day of happiness
Joy's sun has not yet set;
Then in the Spring time I will love,
For 'twas in Spring we met.

I'll love thee in the Summer, too,
For when the Spring is past,
Thy Summer-smiles so beautifully
Around my path are cast;
And though the hand of time has press'd
Relentless on thy brow,
And age is slowly creeping on,
Still, still I'll love thee now;
For though our Spring of life is o'er
Ripe fruits life's branches fill;
And be it Spring or Summer time
My heart shall be thine still.

AUNT MARY'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

BY A. L. OTIS.

It was New Year's Eve, and just such an eve as it should be, clear and soft—not too cold for the dwellers in poor houses.

But *we* have to do with a substantial country home, where the fire-light's ruddy glow lit up every comfort in the snug sitting-room, and the circle of young faces surrounding its polished fender.

They were talking of the morrow, and of the gifts they had each prepared for father, mother, and aunt Mary—speculating too upon the numerous boxes and parcels Joe had brought from the railway station, and which had mysteriously disappeared immediately after being unpacked.

They hoped aunt Mary would be well enough to be with them, for they didn't half enjoy last New Year, when she was so ill she could not leave her room. Thus the eldest girl, Jane, told the children the story of poor aunt Mary's early trials, which she had often heard in solemn times from aunt Mary's own lips.

Of how she stood, in her first great grief, beside her dying father, and he put her hand into John Harvey's, and his fading lips smiled when he heard John promise solemnly and earnestly that he would deserve her, and cherish her till death did them part. Of how sad she was after he had gone, but what comfort she found in John, who *did* cherish her till death did them part, but that was very soon. John died before they were married, and left her alone in the world, very poor, for his father had been unfortunate in business. Of how several of her father's friends wanted her to go home with them, but she had liked best to go with their father and mother, and what good fortune to them all it was that she had so decided. Of how at first she could not bear to let even their father support her, but had done fine embroidery and sold it in the city until her health gave way, and she was ill for a whole year. That convinced her that she would do well to husband her strength, and submit to receiving what she would gladly have given had *they* needed it. Of how she taught them, and loved them, and cared for them always, but especially when their mother was sick.

Then Jane said, whispering, that she never pitied poor aunt Mary so much as at New Year's

times, because she always seemed to be thinking of her lost friends, and because when one of the children bluntly asked her why *she* never gave presents, she replied that all she had came from their father, and it would only be pretended giving if she took his money to buy them presents. She said it was more blessed to give than even to receive, but that pleasure had been denied her, and she must not grieve, since receiving, which might have been a grief to her, was, by that dear family, made a blessing.

Charles then said hopefully, that he knew she would be well enough to be with them. Hadn't she been getting better and better for months? And he guessed too that she would have a present to give this year, for hadn't she been shut up in her room a great deal lately, and came out of it with such a bright face, just like other people's faces when they were making presents to give way?

The noise of carriage wheels on the gravel interrupted them.

"There goes Joe to the rail-road for mother and father," cried the children, "and we'll see what loads of bundles they will bring!"

Before long the parents arrived, and were ushered into the room by the jumping, dancing, welcoming children. In the midst of the general hilarity, aunt Mary came in, bringing a keen breath of frosty air in her cloak, which, like her bright smile, seemed to diffuse freshness through the room. Then there was another eager welcoming, and some questioning as to what kept her out till starlight.

She said she had been to see Mrs. Smiley, their clergyman's wife, and had been sitting by a west window watching the glowing sunset sky, not heeding the increasing darkness. But she spoke with a little embarrassment.

The children's merry noise continued until later than usual that night, owing to the great excitement of stocking-hanging. But that made them sleep none the later the following day, for before dawn they were feeling those favored receptacles, and guessing their contents with smothered, eager laughter, and sympathetic curiosity.

After the hilarious greetings at breakfast, and the further gift-giving and receiving, the merry

storm abated; all being busy with new books, new games, new dolls, &c. &c.

Dinner was yet to come—that merriest hour of all—when they had time to look at each other, and listen to all each had to say. Some were in the habit of saying such funny things, that every body laughed at everything they said, funny or not. It was the general opinion that what they said *must* be funny. So they had to laugh sometimes because they had laughed at nothing. But this only kept it up merrily.

But on this New Year's day a heavy, dismal cloud hung over that merry meal.

All were seated, and Mr. Waters was just about to carve the turkey, when Joe walked in with letters, saying,

"This one, sir, is marked 'important.'"

"I will open it at once," said Mr. Waters, "if you will allow me."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Waters and aunt Mary: so he broke the seal, sank back in his chair, and turned very pale.

"May I see?" cried his wife, running to him, and looking over his shoulder.

He held the letter so that they could both read it, and in a minute she cried,

"Ah, the wretch! Not to be willing to wait! Just what might be expected of him!"

Aunt Mary looked from one to the other in great anxiety, while Jane and Charles cried,

"Oh, what is it? What is it, mother?"

"Tell them," said Mr. Waters.

"What—the children?"

"Yes, yes. Let us all feel together on New Year's day, even if it be sorrow. It concerns us all, and we shall be happier to keep nothing from them."

He leaned his forehead on his hand, while his wife said,

"Your father endorsed a note for your uncle Henry, never imagining that he was going to fail. That note is due, and this is a notice from the creditor that the debt is now your father's, and that it must be paid in three days. It was cruel to send it to-day. He might have let us enjoy New Year's. Dear Edward, how can you pay it?"

"I must sell this house. I have no other means," he answered. "Perhaps at a great loss, too, but to sell it at all, is bad enough."

The mother began to cry, and Jane and little Moll kept her company. Charles looked defiantly around the table and choked down his tears.

"I wouldn't sell the house for anybody," he said, as soon as he could speak.

"He will sell it for us then," said his father, with a sad smile, "for I have no means of

raising the money, and I could not call upon your poor, distressed uncle for a cent. Ah, I am afraid, children, this is our last New Year's in the old home."

Sobs echoed around the table, for it was a direful sight to see mother leaning on father's shoulder and crying so.

Strange that aunt Mary did not cry too! She did seem moved, but it was differently. She ahemmed and sighed, and looked up to speak, but didn't, and yet looked so much as if she wanted to, but didn't like to. She kept glancing from Mr. Waters to the letters by his plate. The children began to lament in words, and to tell how much they loved the old house, and how sorry they were to leave the garden, orchard, wood and brook, and how fond they were of this and that, till the father's heart was full. They kept appealing to aunt Mary, and calling upon her to mourn with them, but she looked as if she hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry. Yes, once she smiled joyfully! When she saw they noticed this, she became demure as old Tabby. Presently she said gently, "Ah, well, perhaps some of the other letters are from better friends than that one. When your father has time to look over them we shall see."

Mr. Waters looked mechanically at the other three letters and opened one, a very thick one.

He started back again as if a serpent had been in the letter. Something did seem to glide out of it to the floor, but he kept his eyes on the note. Aunt Mary was as white as he was! Mrs. Waters again read over his shoulder,

"A better friend indeed!" she cried, "listen to this, Mary: listen, children."

"DEAR SIR—Years ago, by a kind act, probably unregarded by yourself, you placed me under infinite obligation to you. As part of that obligation was pecuniary, (though more, much more, such as nothing but the heart's best devotion can repay) I now, that I am able, make restitution. If you do not wish to deprive me of the satisfaction of feeling that I have done justly—if you do not wish to overwhelm me with grief, please do not refuse to accept this from one still your debtor.

"December 31st, '54."

Aunt Mary slyly wiped her eyes. Nobody saw her.

"Who can it be? Who can it be? Do help me think, Mary," said Mrs. Waters.

"Is it enough? How much is it?" cried Charles, and began to grope under the table.

Mr. Waters showed the postscript of the letter. It was,

"Please find enclosed the sum of — thousand dollars."

"Here it is," cried Charles, "in real notes." They all tried to guess who sent it, but could not even very distantly imagine.

The next question was, "Should they use it?"

"Oh, certainly," aunt Mary said, flushed and eager. "Just think how much that person would be disappointed if they did not! It was, she was pretty sure, offered with a heart that longed to give it, and it was their duty to accept it."

Mr. Waters said the temptation was too great. It was just about the sum he needed. He must use it, and from the bottom of his heart he thanked whoever sent it.

Aunt Mary blushed very much, but they were all looking at the letter.

"Come now, father," said Charles, "let's see what's in the other letters. Perhaps there's one for me full of blood alleys, or at least, I mean, the promise of some."

"Mr. Charley, none for you. But here is one for aunt Mary, from '—— & Co.'s publishing house, to the care of Rev. H. Smiley.' What's this?"

Aunt Mary sprang up, and crushed the letter held toward her in her hand, and then hid it under the table.

"Willy Smiley didn't keep his promise," she murmured, indignantly.

All eyes and every mouth expressed their astonishment, while aunt Mary looked like an affrighted rabbit in a corner.

Mr. Waters' glance dwelt keenly upon her, while his face gradually flushed up.

"Mary! Mary!" he said. "What! are you determined to load us with benefits? You sent it! I know you did. It is of no use denying it."

"Oh, don't, Mr. Waters," she said, "don't. It is nothing. Don't mention it, pray!"

"But, indeed——"

"Oh, for mercy's sake, Mr. Waters, don't say you won't use it! I shall have plenty more, I know. Only let me read this letter, and I will tell you all about it." She glanced over it, and smiling bashfully handed it to Mr. Waters, who read it aloud.

"If Miss —— will send us another story equal to the last, we will gladly publish it, for '——' (the title of her book) will probably pay both herself and us well. It would be a pity to let such talents lie idle. We say this in order that her extreme modesty and self-distrust may not stand in our way, or prevent her from realizing the profit and fame she deserves."

When Mr. Waters knew that the money he had received, was the profit of a secretly written and published book, which she had exerted herself to write only that she might have the pleasure of giving something to them, he accepted it freely, not to make his young friend unhappy by refusal.

"Hurra, hurra," cried Charles, excited beyond all bounds, "we've got an authoress in the family."

"Thank you for your New Year's present, aunt Mary," said Jane, gratefully.

"What did she give us?" whispered the little one.

"Only the house over our heads," Charles answered.

Mr. Waters' hand clasped Mary's warmly, while his wife's arms were thrown around her, she kissed, and blessed, and thanked her.

Aunt Mary stood smiling and trembling with pleasure.

"I did not intend to tell you," she said, "but now I am so glad that I can talk over my book with you all."

"Please, ma'am," said Joe, from the door, "the cook is here again, and says the dinner will be spoiled. Shall you have it brought in again, ma'am?"

That zealous servant, seeing that they could not touch it in the first gloom of their grief, had taken it back to the kitchen.

"Keep it hot," he said, to the cook, "they're in trouble and need to have it comfortable when they get so they can eat it."

Triumphantly was it brought in again to have ample justice done it on the revival of mirth. The general sentiment of the party was expressed by Charles when he cried out,

"Well, this is the jolliest New Year's!"

A WINTER EVENING.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

KEEN blows the wind around the hill;
The sleet descends like steel;
Sharp icicles hang from the mill,
Or spike the silent wheel.

But what care we? As ev'ning comes
We pile the fire high,
And safe within our ruddy homes
Hear the wild gale go by.

RACHEL VANE.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

CHAPTER I.

"Strong is the life that nestles there,
But into motion and delight
It may not burst, till soft as air
It feels Love's brooding timely might."

"Come, girls! Maria, Eva, Fanny, let's tell fortunes!" cried a brown-eyed, mischievous-looking girl, as she sprang into the midst of a group of schoolmates, who were lazily lounging on the shady lawn in front of "Ryefield Institute;" and, suiting the action to the word, she grasped a handful of daisies and began pulling out the alternate petals, repeating the world-old magic formula of, "He loves—he loved me not, &c.," until she drew the last, and, with a merry shout, exclaimed, "See, he loves *me*!"

"Don't be too sure, Laura, dear," cried a beautiful girl, the tallest of the group, as she shook from her shining braids of hair the white petals which Laura had contrived to scatter over her. "You should remember our reading lesson to-day,

"—— Man's inconstant ever,
One foot on land and one on sea,
To one thing constant never."

"Thanks to Miss Hall for giving us that fine old ballad among her selections."

"But that's just what I like, Maria. Who wants to be tied to one thing forever," replied Miss Laura, with a gay toss of her little head. "Vanity is my motto—I mean to be adored; I don't care how much or by how many—but have no idea of being fettered myself."

"I should think my old aunt Sally wrote those verses, Maria," said the youngest of the group, as she raised her head from the shoulder of one of her companions, and shook back a cloud of sunny curls. "She is always preaching about the falsehood and wickedness of mankind. She says they are a 'dreadful set,' given over to destruction—all but some few like old Deacon Smith and Parson Arnold."

"And so she will never permit you to get married, you poor little chicken," cried Laura, "unless it be to some bald-headed old deacon, or black-coated parson. What a minister's wife you would make, Eva! Just think of it, girls!"

"But I won't be a minister's wife. They always wear such dull-colored dresses, and such

grave ribbons, brown or green. I hate green; besides, I should not like to go round visiting sick people, or to ride first at funerals."

"Well, you shall have a dancing-master for your husband and *chasse* through life: but what sort of a husband will you have, Amy, *ma chere*? It's a pity we don't live under a monarchical government, for nothing short of a king will content you! Speak," added the laughing Laura, flinging over the head of a fair, proud-looking girl a wreath of daisies and butter-cups, which her fingers, busy as her tongue, had bound together with the long spears of grass.

"I would not object to the rank," was the reply, "if so be he were king over himself at the same time, and willing to share his power with me."

"Good! I like the last stipulation, Amy, but about his ability to rule himself I should not so much care, for if he could not do that, he could not expect to rule me, of course. *Comprenez vous, ma chere*?"

"Yes, but now, Miss Chatterbox, tell us upon what kind of a mortal you intend to bestow that dimpled hand and sharp tongue of yours?"

"Come, let's know!" cried the others, seconding Amy's motion, and grasping the flitting Laura just as she was about making her escape. "There, that's a good seat for you," said little Eva Leroy, as she pulled her down beside herself upon the grass and flung her arms about her waist. "I'll keep her, girls. Now speak, Miss Laura!"

"I'm not quite certain," began Laura, with a comical assumption of gravity, "but I think I shall marry an Arctic navigator. One who has plenty of money, and will come home only once in three or four years, and think me the wisest, prettiest, most wonderful, adorable woman in the whole world. He must not come home oftener, or he will find out my faults, and that would never do. It's pleasant to be beloved, is it not, Rachel?" she added, suddenly turning to a pale, brown-haired girl who had joined them just in time to catch her last words.

"Yes, Laura, darling, but pleasanter to love," was the quiet answer.

"That's just like you, Rachel, so odd," returned Laura. "But if you are little queen of

Sheba for wisdom, you are a darling good girl, and you shall have—let me see—a missionary for your husband, and write letters home for our edification. But hark! Emma Rossitter is playing the 'Bird Waltz.' Let's go in and have a dance, girls," and following her lead, they swept across the lawn like a flock of birds, leaving her whom they had called Rachel still seated upon the grass.

She was a slight figure, too thin for beauty—with a face pale almost to sallowness, and features easily overlooked amid the fresh, beaming brightness of the group which had just left her. Yet there was something about the mouth and the small, white teeth when she smiled that was very sweet and winning, and her clear, grey eyes had in them a world of brooding tenderness.

She sat motionless gazing at the flowers that Laura had scattered in her lap, until a pair of white, dimpled hands were laid upon her shoulders, and the flaxen curls of Eva Leroy swept her cheek as she whispered,

"What, thinking of that missionary, Rachel? I don't think I shall let you marry one after all."

"I don't think I shall ever marry any one, Eva," she replied, returning her mute caress.

"Why not? I thought everybody expected to be married some time!"

"Not everybody—or it may be it's because I am so odd, as the girls often say—not like other people."

"Nonsense—if you do look grave when we laugh, and don't care for lots of things that we do—aren't you a great deal wiser, and don't we all like you?—and didn't Miss Mellen say, the other day, that your eyes were prettier than Maria Mason's, for all she prides herself so much on their beauty?"

"Oh, it is not that," returned Rachel, while a bright smile lit up her whole face—"it is not my lack of beauty. I fear, sometimes, I do not think so much about that as I ought—at least of late. When I first went to my aunt's it troubled me very much, because it troubled her; she seemed to feel disappointed that I was so plain. Before I had never thought about it, for I had always lived alone with papa, seeing scarcely any one but the village people, and they never trouble themselves about such things."

"Then why shall you never marry?" asked Eva, returning to the subject with the pertinacity of a pet child, and indeed though "quite sixteen years and three weeks old," as she was wont to say, her confiding, dependant nature, her frank, affectionate, artless manners and sunny temper made her the favorite of the flock, and created a strong bond of sympathy between her and the

deep-hearted, no less loving, but less demonstrative Rachel Vane, whose quiet self-possession was to her a never-ending mystery. "Why will you never get married?"

"I do not know, I was thinking about it when you came back. It may be this; when I was with aunt Dawner I saw a great deal of company, and as I am a very quiet body no one said much to me, and I had plenty of time to watch the visitors and make observations, and it seemed to me that all the ladies were anxious to receive a great deal of attention—to be, as Laura says, adored and worshipped by their husbands and lovers, without seeming to inquire whether their attentions were worth having or not."

"Well, is not that very natural?" asked Eva, opening wide her blue eyes.

"Perhaps so—indeed I suppose it is, and that is why I made that remark. But it would be so impossible for me to care for the attentions of people whom I could not respect—to love any one who was not wise, and good, and noble—some one who by the magnetic force of his will should bind me to him, and take as by divine right all the love, faith, and reverence that my woman's nature can give, (and that sometimes seems inexhaustible) in whose strength and purity I could find perfect trust and repose!"

An older listener than little Eva Leroy—one who had drunk deeper of the chalice of life might have murmured pitifully, "Dreams, mere dreams of the ideal!" But Eva only gazed a moment wonderingly on the earnest, enthusiastic face of the speaker, then exclaimed,

"Why, Rachel dear, you talk just like a book."

CHAPTER II.

"Hers is a spirit deep and crystal clear;
Quicker to look than speak the sympathies."

RACHEL VANE's childhood and girlhood until within the last half year had been spent in comparative solitude. The light of life had gone out in her father's heart in that dread hour when he first looked upon the dead face of his wife, and the living, unconscious one of his infant daughter, and, withdrawing from society, he had lived alone with memory, his books and the pursuit of those branches of natural science, which possess for some minds an undefinable charm.

A distant relation, who acted as housekeeper, had been Rachel's teacher until he assumed that office, for which, in some respects, he was admirably fitted, but in training and directing her intellect, he made the mistake common to minds self-occupied, and forgot the one important

thing in a woman's culture, the wants of the heart.

Quiet, reserved, undemonstrative, that was a realm which he never entered, and he knew nothing of the tumultuous thoughts and feelings that fed upon themselves, or poured through the gate of dreams into the ideal world: thoughts and feelings which might have degenerated into mere morbid sentimentalism, had it not been for the strength, delicacy, and truthfulness of her own mind, which intuitively rejected the false and factitious, and the pure, vivifying influences of the beautiful scenery amid which she had passed her life.

About six months previous to the scene above described, Mr. Vane had been suddenly called from home by the death of his only brother in Havana.

As much business connected with his brother's affairs would detain him there for many months, he placed Rachel, after a short visit to her aunt in Philadelphia, at Ryefield Institute, then celebrated as a "finishing school" for young ladies.

Here she was in a new world, and though teachers and schoolmates pronounced her a little "odd," she soon acquired a quiet influence with them, yet the feelings she excited was nearer akin to respect—even admiration, than the love which she craved. Still as we receive but what we give, it was, perhaps, but just, for Rachel was not a person to readily attain to the enviable condition of Miss Mellen, the principal, which enabled her "to love her pupils all alike." She might love them as herself—or, even better, but not the same, and of all the recipients of her affection little Eva Leroy won by far the largest share.

"They were 'so unlike,'" the girls said, yet hidden beneath that quiet exterior was the same loving, affectionate, womanly heart which little Eva unveiled at the first kind glance; besides the heart does not exact equality of intellect or culture, only capacity for affection, and the young girl clung to Rachel with the confiding, reverential tenderness of a child, a feeling which the three years difference in their ages contributed to deepen.

Beyond all this, little Eva was motherless, poor, and well nigh friendless, for her father, a gay, dissipated man, manifested little interest in his child beyond supplying her with the bare necessities which her position demanded, and Rachel delighted in decking out her fresh, blooming beauty with such articles of dress and ornament as her ample allowance permitted her to command.

CHAPTER III.

"That was wrong perhaps—but then
Such things be—and will again!
Women cannot judge for men."

LET us pass over three years and catch another glimpse of Rachel Vane. She is sitting at a table in her father's library; before her lies an open letter, while scattered over the table are the various implements of writing. She is no longer a school girl, and the responsibilities of her position as the head of her father's household have given a certain serene, self-possessed dignity to her manner, and although time has not brought that beauty which the world worships, it has given to her features that quiet, undecipherable loveliness which wells up from a heart that is at rest.

Something of the cause of this change we can guess from the bright, happy flush that lights up cheek and eye as a gentleman springs through the open French window, and showering into her lap a handful of early spring flowers, says gaily as he sinks into a heavy *fautail* by her side,

"Just see what you lost, fair lady, by shutting yourself up in this dim old room this morning! Look! here are cowslips, anemones, and

"—————Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

"But I wished to write this letter, Philip. I am very glad you enjoyed your walk."

"I did not enjoy it at all; I missed something from the landscape—something from the sky;" and opening a volume of Coleridge that lay upon the table, he reads the poem to that beautiful fragment, "*The Complaint of the Solitary Date Tree*." "I was alone, Rachel," he adds, "and of late I have been learning the truth of the paradox—we double our pleasures by dividing them."

"In other words, how 'there is that which scattereth yet increaseth,'" she answers, playfully, as in folding her letter she half turns her cheek away to conceal the bright flush his earnest tones more than his words have brought there: "so when Eva comes, and I trust it will be as soon as she gets this, you will be richer still."

"No, I beg to be excused. I have grown exclusive too of late, as all men do when thoroughly in earnest," and suddenly dropping his playful tone he adds, "I can divide but *once* with one 'The best beloved'—and Rachel—*dear* Rachel, may I—"

"Rachel, my daughter!" echoed the voice of Mr. Vane from the hall. "Please step this way a moment; Mrs. Hanson wishes to speak with you!"

What more Philip Clevenger would have said, or what it was he read in the one glance lifted to his face as she sprang to meet her father, we can only guess, but this we know, that Rachel Vane scarcely saw the stolid face or heard the prosy words of her housekeeper, Mrs. Hanson, in the beautiful light which had broken in upon her with his words.

Philip, a Southerner by birth, and a Northerner by education, had already lingered away many weeks at Heywood. He was the son of an old friend and distant connection of Mr. Vane. Accident had brought him in contact with that gentleman, who, moved by the recollections of his boyhood, threw aside his reserve and invited him to his house with hearty cordiality. The young man accepted, partly from curiosity, and day after day found him by Rachel's side in the library, or amid the magnificent scenery of the Highlands, until what had at first seemed to him a place too dull and solitary to be endured, left scarcely a wish ungratified.

If Rachel's lack of personal charms had at first disappointed him, a few days intercourse taught him that she was well qualified to be his companion in the world of literature and art, and her simple dignity, her truthfulness, her genuine womanliness, so different from the conventional manners to which he had been accustomed, possessed for his fastidious and somewhat faded taste an inexpressible charm, and therefore it came to pass that no book, or picture, or landscape was quite enjoyed unless she was by his side.

Happy in the present, he had taken no thought of this until the expected arrival of one, whom despite of Rachel's praises, he inwardly stigmatized as one of the "bread-and-butter Misses" whom he had had a surfeit, threatened to disturb his enjoyment. Rachel, with her quick, womanly intuition, had felt something of the truth long before the half-avowal of that morning, but like most delicate, reserved natures she had hoarded the secret in her heart, deeming it so sacred even for Eva's eyes.

"You must love Eva for my sake, Philip!" he had said in reply to some half-jesting, half-serious remark of his, on the day of her friend's arrival. "By-and-by, you will love her for her own."

And he did. Soon after her arrival, Mr. Vane met with an accident which confined him to the house and made his daughter's presence indispensable. Philip and Eva were left dependant on each other for society, and long before Rachel or even Philip dreamed of such a thing, the exquisite beauty, the winning grace and child-like

artlessness of Eva had quite supplanted the former in his beauty-worshipping heart.

We have no wish to paint, if we could, the bitterness of that hour when Rachel, too clear-sighted to deceive herself, first admitted this as a fact; nor how, in half-abhorrence, she shrunk back from the wild and troubled thoughts, that for a moment woke in her heart, and prayed earnestly to be enabled to "overcome evil with good;" or how as she gazed on little Eva's beautiful face, she strove to thrust back all thought of self and still the sharpness of her pain, by murmuring, "How could he help it? how could it be otherwise?"

Very still and quiet was she that night, when Eva stole from her own bed, and creeping in beside her, hid her face in her bosom, and told her the story of her happiness—so still, that had it not been for the throbbing of the heart beneath her head, Eva might have thought her dead.

"To think that he should love me, Rachel! so poor and ignorant, and he so wise and learned!" she whispered. "Are you not glad, dear?" she went on, as her companion did not speak. "I knew you would be, and I could not rest until I had told you."

"Yes, Eva, I am—I must be glad in your happiness."

"That is so like you. You are always so good—Philip says you are," and all night long that fair girl lay folded in Rachel's arms dreaming happy dreams, while the latter strove for strength to say "Thy will be done!"

CHAPTER IV.

"Elle se venge de sa destinée, qui lui refusait le bonheur pour elle-même, en se consumant pour le bonheur des autres."

"NEW YORK, Aug. 10th, 1854.

"RACHEL, DEAR FRIEND—A letter from home informs me that my father is dying, and wishes a reconciliation. I need not tell you how much of sorrow and joy there is for me in the few lines which announce this change. I must go to him, but I dread to leave Eva alone. Will you come and stay with her during my absence? Her health is very frail—how frail, I scarcely dare ask myself, and if you cannot come to her, I shall feel constrained to forego the happiness of seeing my father once more, and hearing that I am forgiven, for my first duty is to her, and I cannot leave her with strangers. She clings to you with all her early, girlish affection, and is it too much to ask, dear friend, when we say, 'Come to us once more?'"

"Very truly and sincerely yours,

"PHILIP CLEVINGER."

At the bottom of the above note, traced in a light, uncertain hand, were these words, "Come soon, dearest Rachel, if not for my sake, for Philip's—life has been anything but bright to him of late, I fear, and his father's displeasure has weighed heavily upon him. Come soon to your old friend,
Eva."

To a stranger there was nothing in the above lines to account for the tears which they brought to the usually calm eyes of Rachel Vane. But she read there a long, sad story of sorrow and disappointment, of family estrangement and hopes gone out in darkness, and the relentless hand-to-hand struggle with the stern realities of life, in which the heart so surely grows heavy and the footsteps weary and slow.

She had not seen them since their marriage, six years before, but she had heard from them by letter, though far less frequently of late, and she knew that Philip's father, a proud, haughty man, had signified his displeasure on his son's marriage by a cold, sarcastic note, disowning him and casting him upon his own resources for support—that the son, too proud to beg for favor, had roused all his energies to meet the demands which his new position so suddenly devolved upon him, and she *guessed* rather than knew, how hard the inexperience and ignorance of both husband and wife, in all that related to the practical business of life, had made the struggle, yet she was scarcely prepared for the change in Eva's health of which Philip spoke.

A week later she was seated in the parlor of the small dwelling which the means of Philip, as assistant editor of a weekly paper, permitted him to rent in a suburban portion of the city. Eva, stretched upon the sofa, with her head resting upon Rachel's lap, was recalling, with the garrulous delight of a child long separated from one she loved, memories of their school days, while Rachel's eyes filled with tears, not for the past, but for the fearful change which had come over that still beautiful face. Finally, Eva spoke of the present, of Philip and the prospects which a reconciliation with his father would now open to him.

"You will be quite happy then," said Rachel, seeing the gentle wife pause.

"Yes—it may be—might be," she paused a moment, and nestling her head still closer to Rachel's bosom, she whispered, "I have something I want to say to you, Rachel, dear—something that I would not say to any one else—scarcely to Philip, for he might feel grieved, poor fellow—but sometimes it seems to me that Philip and I have not been quite as happy as we expected to be—not that I have not been happy—

I could not be otherwise with him—but he, I am afraid, (I've thought about it a good deal of late, Rachel) he has not been so happy as he might have been with a different wife—one who was wiser and better—one who could have helped him more. I never could think for myself, you know."

"But you must not say this, Eva—it is unwise, wrong, and——"

"No, it is not unwise," interrupted Eva, with an earnestness quite foreign to her, "nor wrong to look the truth in the face—you were wont to say so, at least, Rachel, in the old days, though it is not always so pleasant," she added, with an attempt at a smile, as she gathered Rachel's hand in hers and placed it over her eyes. "I have felt, ever since the first year of our marriage, that I could not meet all the demands of my husband's nature. It seems to me, Rachel, that there is such a thing as *occupying* a heart without *filling* it. But I never thought so much about it until after little Julia died—I was so much occupied with her—she was such a little angel, Rachel—so dear——" and the young mother's voice grew choked with tears as she attempted to speak of her dead babe.

Rachel bent over her with a silent caress, and presently she said, more calmly,

"I am going to her, Rachel; sometimes it is as if I felt her little arms drawing me—and Rachel, I want—bend down your head here, my dearest, best friend."

Rachel's head was bowed close to hers, and she whispered a few words in her ear.

"Don't speak—don't answer me now," she said aloud, placing her thin, attenuated hand over Rachel's mouth, "don't answer, but—remember!"

Before another Spring, she had clasped her darling's little hands in that "boundless region of all perfection."

CHAPTER V.

"Wait, and Love herself shall bring
The drooping flower of knowledge changed to fruit
Of wisdom."

"WHAT gentleman is staying with Hunter?" asked Mr. Guthrie of Mr. Livingston Gray, *as*, with a number of other guests of the last named gentleman, he joined the ladies after dinner. "Markham says he met him this morning riding with a stranger."

"A Mr. Clevenger, I think, he called him, from Georgia. I met them also, and asked them to dine here, but they excused themselves on plea of business, promising to drop in on their way home, and take tea with us. From

what was said, I fancy the stranger thinks of purchasing Heywood, if so, we shall know more of him in time."

"Heywood—that was Vane's place, over yonder. Hunter got it cheap, I hear. Vane, the hermit, as you were wont to call him, my dear," added Mr. Guthrie, turning to his wife. "He died when we were in Cuba, I believe. But how come Hunter to get the place for a mere song, Mr. Gray?"

"He was the principal creditor. Vane had been letting things go at loose ends for years—he had no more idea of how his affairs stood, I presume, than a child, and when he died, Hunter took the place at his own price."

"Is his daughter still with you?"

"Yes; she is a noble woman, and an excellent governess. Is not she, puss?" he added, catching by one of her long curls his pet daughter, a child of twelve years, who at that moment entered the room.

"Who?" Miss Vane, papa? She's a darling—not another like her in the whole world," returned the child, as she seated herself on his knee.

It was true Mr. Vane's death had left Rachel portionless and almost friendless; and putting aside all false pride, she had sought and obtained the situation of governess to Kate Gray; and in the unwearied performance of her duty, lightened by the warm love of her pupil, and the kindness and respect of the elder members of the family, had found content. Not feeling quite well she had declined dining with the family that day, and was busy over her book when little Katie came to her room with her.

"Dear Miss Vane, don't you feel well enough to come down a minute," she said, "just one little minute?"

"What for, Katie?" she said, with a smile, as she caught the eager, upturned face in her hands.

"What wonderful object am I expected to accomplish by going down 'just one little minute?'"

"We want you to play 'Rosin the Bow,' and 'Auld Robin Gray,' with variations, papa and I, and mamma said I might ask you, only you are not to come unless you feel quite well and chose to do so."

Soothing the bands of her dark hair, and fastening over her black dress a plain collar of delicate linen, Rachel took the hand of her pupil and descended to the parlor, but she had scarcely crossed the threshold, before Philip Clevenger had grasped her hand.

"Ah, Mr. Clevenger and Miss Vane are old friends, it seems!" exclaimed Mr. Gray. "I was not aware of this, or I should have insisted on the favor of her presence before."

"Friends of many years standing, sir," said Philip, as he led her to a seat, "but I did not anticipate the pleasure of meeting her here. Miss Vane's father and mine were old friends, and some ten years since, I passed several weeks at Heywood."

"Ah, I remember. I thought your name had a familiar sound, but I did not recognize your features."

Saying this, with a delicacy for which Rachel was inwardly grateful, Mr. Gray gave a new direction to the conversation, and left them to themselves, until little Katie came round, and, with the familiarity of a pet, laid her hand on Philip's shoulder, saying,

"Mr. Clevenger, have you forgotten your wish to hear 'Auld Robin Gray?' Miss Vane plays it beautifully."

"No, indeed," and, thus reminded, he led Rachel to the piano.

"There—am I not right?" exclaimed Mr. Gray, triumphantly, as the last strains of that exquisitely arranged old favorite died away. "Isn't it worth dozens of your modern trash, waltzes and polkas?"

Of course they agreed with him, and Philip Clevenger stood silently turning the leaves of the music for Rachel until, after giving a number of pieces both old and new, she arose and took little Katie's hand to retire.

"I have much to say to you—you will let me see you in the morning, Rachel," he said, in a low tone, as he opened the door for her and bade her "good night."

"If you call early; Katie's school hours commence at eight, and we allow nothing to interrupt them. Do we, Katie?"

"Not often; but I wish you would come, for I want a holiday to-morrow, Mr. Clevenger," replied the little girl.

He had "much to say to her," he had said; but, somehow, when he called the next morning, there was little spoken between them. A few words, uttered in a tone as low and almost as tremulous as that in which Eva had whispered her last request to Rachel, were almost all, and, as then, there was no answer in words, nor were they needed, for he felt that the tears upon the face hidden upon his shoulder were happy tears, and the hand he clasped lay unresistingly, and forgivingly in his.

He spoke at length.

"You will not refuse me, Rachel? Have you no answer for me?"

She looked up to him.

The words came as easily and as naturally as her breath,

"I have always loved you, Philip, always—besides, it was Eva's last request!"

A few weeks later, the Grays, especially little Katie, were busy with plans and projects and

preparations for the approaching marriage of Miss Vane: before the mid-summer sun had faded the roses, Rachel was once more mistress of Heywood, and Philip Clevenger no longer *alone*.

HARRY HOIT AND I.

BY HELEN M. LADD.

THERE are things of radiant beauty
And of rainbow hue,
Gems and flowers of other Spring-times
Dipped in memory's dew;
Ah! those bright days, I recall them
With a tear and sigh,
When o'er hill and dale we wandered,
Harry Hoit and I.

Harry was an orphan lonely,
Harry he was poor:
And one Wintry morn my father
Oped to him his door;
His was such a noble forehead,
His was such a soul-lit eye,
And we loved each other dearly,
Harry Hoit and I.

In sweet May-time we culled flowers
All the sunny day,
Where the fringes of the sunbeams
With the waters play;
While the lark sang blithely to us
From her home, the sky,
And we echoed back her warbling,
Harry Hoit and I.

And in Winter, 'round the hearth-stone,
Gathered we at even-time,
Gazing on the shadowy embers,
Listening for the vesper chime,
But its music oft came blended
With the winds low wailing sigh,
At the sound of it we shuddered,
Harry Hoit and I.

When the wind moaned through the branches
We subdued our mirth,
Thinking it the voice of demons
Wandering o'er the earth;
While the old clock ticked more loudly,
And the flame in quaint design
Cast upon the wall two shadows,
Harry Hoit's and mine.

When another Spring-time blossomed
Harry drooped his head,
While the grim death-angel lingered
Near his little bed;
One bright morn the sun was rising
Slowly from the sea,
A good angel came and parted
Harry Hoit and me.

THE LETTER RECEIVED.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

LONELY I sat in my hours of sorrow,
Weeping I prayed for the absent dear;
My sick heart shrank from the coming morrow,
Thoughts of living were thoughts of fear.
I fancied thy bark her swift way wending
O'er the waves of the Southern sea;
"Oh! when," I cried, "this misery ending,
When may I hope a letter from thee?"

When it came—thy silence explaining,
Breathing tenderness deep and true,
Fond tears over the fond words raining,
Dazzled me ere I could read it through.

I flung back the curtain—the night was dreary,
A starless gloom lay on land and sea;
But all in my bower was light and cheery,
—There lay the letter that came from thee.

"Continue to love thee!" while life is left me,
No other image my heart shall shrine;
If Fate of all other loves bereft me,
She paid me fully, in giving me thine.
Duty has parted us—Time is flying—
Thy form in life I no more may see;
But on my breast, in the coffin lying,
Thou'lt find the letter that came from thee.

LIGHTING THE MATCH AT BOTH ENDS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

A SLANDERERS report once travelled with telegraphic despatch, until it reached its victim's ears; who, being gifted with considerable energy, traced it back from one to another, until it stopped with an old woman. On being questioned, she acknowledged the soft impeachment, but could give no more satisfactory reason for her remark than "*she really believed she must have dreamt it!*"

The following, although not quite so precarious in its origin, has been handed about from one to another, until all that can be satisfactorily ascertained respecting the first narrator is that *he was a man*. I tell the tale as it was told to me.

Many spare moments of my early boyhood were spent in endeavoring to solve an enigma—that enigma was my uncle, Elihu Norton. Even now, through the lapse of years, distinctly rise up his spare figure, quick, bright eyes, and "coat rather the worse for wear"—although I have never yet met with that implied curiosity: one that was *better* for it. He was known to be the possessor of enormous wealth; and yet he chose to live in a plain, quiet-looking house, furnished in the most unpretending manner. Other people called him "*queer—I thought him stingy.*"

He did, once upon a time, give me sixpence, at the conclusion of an afternoon visit; but, the next time that I went there, I looked for the expected douceur in vain. The tempting vision of that confectionary window, however, was too much for human flesh and blood to withstand—particularly, when clad, as in the present instance, in a brown linen apron, and only the second or third pair of pants: so, twirling my cap in my hand, I made a desperate effort, and modestly observed,

"Uncle Elihu, I spent that *last* sixpence you gave me for pea-nut candy."

"And I suppose," said he, without the vestige of a smile, "that you would like to have another sixpence to spend in the same manner?"

I preserved a respectful silence; and my uncle, drawing forth a bright, new sixpence, said, just as I was about to make a proper acknowledgment and remove my property,

"That sixpence would buy an hungry boy a loaf of bread—I have concluded that it is better to expend it so than in making you sick."

I was about to tell uncle Elihu that the peanut candy had not disagreed with me in the least, but pride choked down the half-uttered defence; and I left his presence, mournfully sympathizing with the poet, who

"— never had a slice of bread,
Particularly nice and wide,
But it fell upon the sanded floor,
And *always* on the buttered side!"

My uncle's manner was generally so kind, however, that, before long, I forget my disappointment about the sixpence, and visited him as usual.

But, after awhile, my former indignation returned in full force. I was standing in his office, one day, watching him, as he sat writing a letter, upon which he was too busily engaged to look up.

"My son," said he, at length, "I wish that you would light me a match to seal this letter."

I sprang forward with alacrity, proud to be useful on an occasion of evident importance: and, after lighting the match, was about to throw it into the grate. The matches *then* were very long, with brimstone on both ends.

"Stop!" cried my uncle, in a voice that made me tremble, "is it possible that you can be so wickedly wasteful?"

I rescued the match, and stood surveying it in a vacant sort of surprise.

"That match," continued my uncle, "will answer to light again—I *never* destroy them after *one* usage."

"Well," thought I to myself, "if you are not the very meanest old fellow that ever lived!" And, in the excess of my boyish indignation, I felt almost contaminated by being in the same apartment with him, or even in the house at all.

"Wait a moment," said uncle Elihu, "I would like to have you take this letter for me."

He placed it in my somewhat unwilling hands, and impressed the direction upon me again and again.

I sauntered indifferently off, whistling as I went; and finally reached the lane which had been indicated to me as the scene of my destination. On I went, past dirty boys and ragged girls—past scolding women and lazy men—past tenements of various degrees of dirt and

wretchedness—until, at length, the one I sought was easily discerned by its air of cleanliness and comfort.

I mounted the rickety stairs, and was directed to the room by a girl in ear-rings and pink ribbons; who surveyed me critically, as people would examine a fish on dry land, or a salamander out of its proper element. In spite of this formidable discharge of eye-shot, I knocked boldly at the door; and having received permission to enter, I vanished from the sight of my examiner, who still maintained her position at the head of the stairs.

The apartment in which I found myself was "as clean as hands could make it." A small wood fire was burning brightly; and a row of flat-irons were placed before it, ready for active service. At the table, in the middle of the room, stood a respectable-looking woman, whose countenance bore traces of severe struggles—probably with poverty and ill-health. To her I handed the letter, and then sat down to await the result.

A remarkably wide-awake-looking baby in a cradle near by sufficed to while away the time; and I sat making faces at it, and watching its astonishment, as it glanced inquiringly from its mother to me. It had evently been taught not to cry; and I was about to reward its good behavior with a closer acquaintance, when an exclamation from the woman arrested my steps; and I beheld her wiping her eyes with the corner of her check apron.

"The dear, blessed man!" said she, with emotion, "may he always experience the happiness he has given me!"

"What is the matter?" said I, with all the surprise with which those young barbarians, yclept *boys*, witness an exhibition of natural feeling.

"He has sent me twenty dollars," she replied, "for winter fuel."

She must, surely, mean some one else! Not the contemptible individual who had just scolded me for not lighting both ends of the match!

"Who has sent it?" I asked.

"*Who*?" she repeated, in surprise, "*who should* it be but Mr. Norton? This is not the first time that he has done it, either—but for him, I should now be in the poor-house. It is a long story," she continued, in answer to my inquiring look, "but I think that every one ought to know how nobly and quietly he does things."

Had it been another person, I should not have cared to listen; but any history that would throw light upon the mysterious doings of uncle Elihu was welcomed with avidity.

"It is now some years ago," said the woman, "that, on a cold, rainy night in November, I wandered about the streets, seeking in vain for aid for a sick husband and two young children at home. We were almost houseless; our rent was in arrears, and our landlord had threatened to turn us forth at the end of the week. I wandered about in despair; until it seemed as though I should lose my reason. I could not bear to beg; I had always been a respectable, hard-working woman, and beggars seemed to me very much like impostors, until I was obliged to come to it myself.

"At last, I determined that I would speak to every gentleman I met, and ask for *one cent*—surely they could not refuse *that*! The first one that I spoke to gave me no answer, and passed on; the second one said that 'it was too much trouble to put his hand in his pocket for so small a sum;' another laughed, and advised me to ask for sixpence; the fourth—but that was your uncle.

"He stopped, in the rain, and looked at me with a half frown.

"'And what good,' said he, 'would one cent do you? It would not even buy a loaf of bread—why not ask for more?'

"'Alas!' said I, 'I find it impossible to get even that!'

"'Suppose,' said Mr. Norton, 'that I should give you the cent—what would you do then?'

"I told him that I would ask others until I got *sixpence*, and then buy a loaf of bread.

"'Starving family at home, eh?' said he, half to himself, 'but how do I know that you are not a cheat? Such people often seem a great deal more respectable. I was cheated, once, by somebody that looked exactly like you—wonder if it isn't the same?'

"I now began to think that I had stopped a madman in the street, and turned to leave him; but Mr. Norton closed his umbrella with a snap, and fairly pushed me into a baker's shop, before which we had been talking.

"'I believe you know me, here?' he asked.

"The man bowed respectfully; and Mr. Norton continued,

"'I want you to give this woman two loaves of bread, now, and send her the same *every day*, until I tell you to discontinue it.'

"The baker put down my address; and I followed Mr. Norton into the street, too full to speak.

"We next stopped at an umbrella store.

"'Here,' said Mr. Norton, handing me his old one, 'now travel home as fast as you can; and to-morrow, I will come and see you. I shall

expect to see the sick husband and two children all complete—but mind, now, that you don't *borrow* any for the occasion.'

"That bread, the first mouthful in twenty-four hours, gave us all new life; and even my poor husband's face was lit up with a ray of hope. When Mr. Norton came, the next day, I thought of entertaining angels unawares; and he, I am sure, found that I had told him no falsehoods.

"This was but the beginning of a series of good deeds, that he keeps up, even now; for, since my husband's death, I am sometimes rather straightened—although, thanks to Mr. Norton, I am supplied with work that keeps me from starving."

It was my uncle all through, and I could not doubt the truth of her story.

"Is there any answer?" said I, as I stood cap in hand.

"None," she replied, "words are useless to thank him—before I see him again, I will try to send him a more substantial proof of my gratitude."

I now know where uncle Elihu obtained those beautifully spotless shirt-bosoms, whose snowy surfaces seemed a perfect marvel of washer-woman skill. I trotted off, like a wild pony that had suddenly got an idea in its head, and pulled up at uncle Elihu's office. Somewhat embarrassed, I delivered myself in the following equivocal manner:

"Uncle Elihu, I hadn't an idea that you ever gave anything to poor women! I was so much surprised when she told me how generous you were!"

My uncle only smiled, as he replied, "If I did not light the match at *both* ends, my son, I could not do this."

In future, I always felt a respect for uncle Elihu, while blowing out a match that had not been lighted at both ends.

But my uncle's perseverance in keeping his good deeds to himself, and his determination to economize in the smallest trifles, even before those who would naturally misconstrue his motives, often led to mistakes and embarrassments. The story of the Committee-Men is quite a familiar one to those who knew him.

Two members of a society for the relief of somebody, somewhere, heard of uncle Elihu Norton and his great wealth, with the same pleasure that the discovery of a silver mine affords; and, without delay, hastened to secure the treasure.

The hour chosen by them for this friendly visit was the one between daylight and dark,

when people's features resolve themselves into an imperfect mass, and imagination plays strange freaks with the shadows that loom up around.

They were ushered into the drawing-room by a servant, who soon returned to say that Mr. Norton would be there immediately. As the girl delivered her message, she placed too small ends of candle in the articles denominated "save-alls;" and, after lighting them, withdrew.

The visitors looked at each other in astonishment, and a meaning smile passed over their faces.

"How very *small*!" said one, with a contemptuous laugh.

"It is *my* opinion," said the other, "that we are only wasting our time *here*—what can you expect of a man like this who uses *save-alls*? Let us go in search of a more promising object."

"I expect no more than you do," replied his companion, "but I think that it will be somewhat amusing to witness the man's anger when he hears the object of our visit. Perhaps he expects to *receive* money, instead of *giving* it."

So they concluded to await the result; and, just as they had come to this conclusion, uncle Elihu stood before them. He had heard the whole conversation; but he walked in with his usual calm air, and politely bowed to his visitors in apparent unconsciousness of their object. They informed him of it in much the same way that a school boy recites his lesson; for they expected to get nothing, and went through with it merely for form's sake.

My uncle listened attentively, asked a few clear-headed questions, and then, finding that the project was really a deserving one, handed them a fifty dollar bill.

A look of surprise passed between them; and they thanked him in some embarrassment, as they called to mind their rather uncomplimentary observations.

"Now, gentlemen," said my uncle, "I think it my duty to mention that I overheard your conversation, and I am, consequently, aware of your sentiments toward me. Permit me to observe that I consider them somewhat unfounded—were it not for these *save-alls*, that you so much despise, I could not have given you this fifty dollar bill."

The committee-men departed, with a lesson that they never forgot; and my uncle pursued the even tenor of his way

Uncle Elihu was dead; and the bright radiance of a summer morning streamed into the room on the day of his funeral. The sharp features in the coffin were the same that I had so often seen

distorted with a cynical smile when living; and yet, as I bent over the rigid figure, a choking sensation of grief rose up to unman me, and I hid myself in a quiet corner to conceal the tears that I deemed more fit for girlish sorrow.

A massive silver plate ornamented the coffin—the heirs had shown all possible respect to one whose death would be to them a gain; and a line of handsome carriages extended as far as the eye could reach.

At length, however, the funeral pageant was over; and with ill-dissembled impatience, all were collected in the library to listen while the will was read.

That pale man, with the iron-grey hair, had never been remarkable for quickness; but, now, his proceedings seemed worse than slow, as he lingered, half-fondly, over each unimportant sentence. I had expected nothing, and was, therefore, not disappointed; but a murmur of angry

surprise showed that I was not alone in my apathy.

The bulk of the property was left to found an hospital for indigent old men who were unable to work; while legacies to such of his connections as were at all in need, showed that uncle Elihu had not forgotten that “charity begins at home.” A certain sum was entrusted to my care, for the use of the poor woman mentioned above; and in a letter to me, where his wishes were more thoroughly explained, he said,

“To you, my dear nephew, I leave but this piece of advice, for you are not in want of a more substantial legacy; in all the transactions of life carry out the principle of lighting the match at both ends; and you will live, as I have done, to be reviled by the rich, and blessed by those of whom our Saviour has said, ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, ye have done it unto Me!’”

THE DEAF CHILD.

BY M. A. RICE

SHE sat within a lofty room
On cushions quaintly wrought,
Her eyelids drooping tremblingly
As if in painful thought.
She seemed unconscious of the place
With all its gorgeous things.
Then to her side her harp she drew,
Her attitude a listener's too,
While eagerly her fingers flew
O'er its familiar strings.

She was the idol of her house,
For her was treasure piled;
A sickness came, and—she was left
A weak, deaf, suffering child;
And now when waking from the dream,
'Twas terrible to know
That all the sounds she loved to hear,
The harmonies of earth so dear,
Must fall in silence on her ear—
So fast the hot tears flow!

But soon amid the sunny curls
That little hand was pressed,
To chide the fevered, throbbing brow,
And bid the tear-drop rest.
And then the drooping head was raised,
Its soft locks backward flung,
And then the melting deep blue eye
Was peering through the lattice high,
Into a broad and glowing sky.
Where scarce a cloud was hung.

She gazed again upon her harp.
As a fond mother might
Who sees a dearly cherished child
Dying before her sight.
Then staggering to the casement quick,
She panting leaned for rest;
But as she caught the sunset bright,
Her lips half-parted with delight,
The tiny hands were folded tight.
Above a heaving breast.

The tall old trees that round her home
Reared their huge branches high,
Stood like so many sentinels
Against the evening sky;
The low winds gambled with their leaves,
The night-dews silent fell,
Bright blossoms closing their soft eyes
Sent up a perfumed sacrifice,
And earth seemed whispering to the skies,
“He doeth all things well.”

And then the invalid's pale cheek
Was lit with a warm glow,
And angels seemed to touch the lips
That murmured soft and low.
Past was the spirit's discontent,
Soothed was its anguish wild,
Shut out from hearing's wondrous sense,
Vision should be the recompense;
What wondrous beauty Heaven had sent
To charm the pale, deaf child!

THE LEGEND OF LOWENBERG.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE, AUTHOR OF "THE FIRESIDE SCREEN," "LITTLE CLARA," &c. &c.

"It is a romance, and it is not a romance. It is a truth for those who *can* comprehend it, and an extravagance for those who *cannot*."—ZANONI.

INTRODUCTION.

"**THAT** is a noble pile," said the traveller to his companion, pointing to the castle, whose turrets rose darkly against the glowing western sky.

"**It was** a noble pile," replied Frederic, "and a proud banner once floated over those battlements."

"How richly the ivy tapestries the grim old walls," continued the traveller, with his eyes still fixed upon the castle. "I could fancy many a wild and wondrous tale connected with those ancient towers."

"Whoever heard of a German castle without a legend?" said Frederic, smiling. "Lowenberg is no exception to the rule."

"Can you tell me any?" asked the traveller, eagerly.

"I were no true son of Germany, if I could not—but a hill-top at sunset, is no place on which to begin my story. It is time we were turning homeward, and after supper, I will, if you wish it, read to you the legend of the castle."

So, after supper, when the traveller was comfortably settled in a large arm-chair before a blazing fire, the pastor's son unrolled his manuscript, and read as follows:

PART I.

"—It wounds indeed,
To bear affronts too great to be forgiven,
And not have power to punish."—ANON.

"**LEAVE** me, leave me, Gertrude. Talk no more of resignation or forgiveness. I *cannot* be resigned. I *will not* forgive. Tell me not," continued the countess, passionately stamping on the floor, and wringing her hands, "tell me not of peace. You mock me. Time? what can time do but deepen the sense of my wrongs? Hope? what have I to hope for—to live for? Did I not love as woman never loved? Did I not trust as martyr has seldom trusted? And I have been deceived, betrayed, *duped*! Oh! fool, fool that I was! *DUPED*."

"Wilt thou not pray?" gently asked Gertrude.

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"Pray!" repeated the countess, almost shriekingly, "pray!—for what? Heaven's vengeance on the traitor? Pray! what will prayer avail me? Did I not pray for six long years, earnestly and trustingly? Did I not pray for *him*? Did I not, day and night, ask of heaven to keep him safe and virtuous—and is he not stained, loathsome, leprous with sin. Oh! most accursed traitor—oh! most cool and deliberate villain. Pray! to whom should I pray? Heaven hears me not. Wilt *thou* hear me, lost one?" she continued, extending her arms, and gazing wildly around her, "wilt *thou* hear a being as wretched as thou art, without thy guilt? Fiend! demon! wilt *thou* hear me?—wilt thou give me vengeance?"

"Oh, in mercy cease!" exclaimed Gertrude, clasping the countess in her arms, "cease these blasphemous ravings, Irmengarde, or I shall die at thy feet."

Gertrude's terror, her paleness, and her tears, arrested the attention of the countess. She stood for a moment silent and motionless, then sinking on her knees, she hid her face in Gertrude's lap, and weeping, sobbed, "Oh, God, forgive me!"

"Oh, God, forgive and comfort her!" said Gertrude, mingling her tears with those of her unhappy sister.

The proud young heart of Irmengarde had owned no law but its own will, until she saw the Count Von Lowenberg. Many obstacles there were to the union of Irmengarde and Count Herman, but Irmengarde shrunk from no peril, hesitated at no sacrifice for his sake, and she became his wife. Oh! how well she loved him. How quickly did the alchymy of affection turn to pure gold all the baser metal of her heart. The proud, wayward, wilful Irmengarde, grew humble, kind, and self-denying. She, over whose beauty and talents the harsh had prophetically sneered, and the good forebodingly sighed, became the best of wives and mothers.

Did Herman merit this devoted love? Alas! he did not. "Thou art not *false*, but thou art *fickle*," said the poet. Vacillating, selfish, and self-willed, Herman could feel the *passion*, but

not the *sentiment* of love. Constancy?—for *him* the word had no meaning.

The count held a commission in the imperial army. Military duties called him away from home. Irmengarde could not accompany him, and the count forgot alike her love, her virtues, and her charms; or remembered them, only to wish that the ties which bound him to his unoffending wife, could be broken forever.

How did Irmengarde, in her solitary castle, spend the days of her husband's absence? Unsuspicious as she was fond, she believed that he regretted, as she did, their enforced separation. She instructed her children—she taught them to pray with her for their absent father; she governed her household with prudent care; she went forth on errands of mercy among the surrounding peasantry; nor did she, while performing her works of duty and charity, forget to cultivate the mind whose powers her husband had once professed to prize. With beauty undiminished, with mind improved, she awaited his return. "How happy we shall be!" she said to herself, and many a picture of domestic bliss floated before her fancy.

Alas! dreamer—thou sleepest on a volcano's side. The lava flood is rising, and will soon overwhelm thee. Would that thou mightest die without awaking!

Who can describe the bleak and hopeless misery that followed the discovery of Herman's falsehood.

"Every hour that passes," said the countess, "adds to the weight of my burden. And I must try to smile, while my heart is weeping tears of blood. Oh! Gertrude, the horrors of a life thus spent. And I must go on from day to day, from year to year, perhaps, with these serpents stinging at my heart. If it were a wrong that could be repaired—but it cannot—it cannot—the *past* is irrevocable."

"But may not the future, Irmengarde?"

"The future?—what can I hope from a future haunted by the spectres of the past? He cannot even pity me aright. He grieves for the revelation of his own baseness; he feels his own punishment; but my own broken heart he cannot feel for, since he believes that I may yet be happy."

"And may you not?" asked Gertrude, without believing so herself.

"Happy?—yes, Gertrude—such happiness as the frozen and famished Russians extracted from their snows, when they dug among them for the scanty and polluted offal of former plenty.

"No, no. While I can endure I will; when I

can bear no more, death or madness will release me."

And Gertrude could only weep.

The count soon grew weary of contemplating the misery he had caused, and procured a command which obliged him to quit the castle. Relieved of the presence she had learned to loathe, for the proud and delicate Irmengarde could not continue to *love* where she had ceased to *esteem*, she became more tranquil. But it was the tranquillity of the victim when the torturer has left the dungeon. He goes—but the crushed limbs, the bleeding veins, the wounds and the agony remain.

She strove to resume her daily duties, but they were mechanically performed. She did not cease to minister to the wants of others, but she ceased, in a degree, to pity their sufferings. "Their sorrow is not like to *my* sorrow," was the ceaseless murmur of her heart.

She ceased to cultivate her talents; she remembered that she had hoped to please her husband by their display. She tried to resume her habits of intercourse with her children, but she could not talk and laugh with them as she had been used to do, and they, with the quick sympathy of childhood, became grave and silent in her presence, oppressed by the mysterious sorrow they could neither understand nor relieve.

Once she sat alone in her chamber at sunset. That hour she had formerly dedicated to the indulgence of affectionate musings. From habit her thoughts turned to heaven. Her lute lay near her—she took it up, and as she touched the strings her reflections formed themselves into song.

"We met—I sprang to his embrace,
My heart had found its resting-place.
We met—no glowing lip repaid
The tender impress mine had made.
My love, my grief, my truth forgot,
I felt, I feel—he loves me not.
My heart—how soon, poor artless dove!
'Twas driven abroad, alone to rove.
And seek, how vain, how wild the guest!
Some olive-branch on which to rest.
For me there bloomed no sheltering spot,
Peace without, when he loved me not."

She paused for a moment, then sang again.

"I saw a home—it was a lowly cot,
And Toil and Poverty abided there;
Yet those who dwell
Within that cottage cell,
Smile gay defiance to the shafts of Care;
For Love and Faith dwell with them—day by day,
Those angel guards drive Fear and Grief away.
I have no home—the angel guards are fled,
And my heart's first-born lies before me—dead.
"I have no home—I view these lofty halls,
Through tears, that ever pouring, drown mine eyes;

'Hope comes not here'—and these enclosing walls
But echo back to me my own sad sighs.
His bosom was my home; alas! its gate
Has closed another in, and I am desolate.

*"The day creeps by me on reluctant feet,
Timing its steps to my heart's aching beat;
And when outworn my weary heart and head,
I seek for rest——"*

Her voice faltered—she dropped the lute, and burst into a passion of tears.

PART II.

"She who loves
Goes out to sea upon a shattered plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety."
YOUNG.

A WRETCHED year crept away. Irmengarde's strong mind had wrestled with her misery, and partially prevailed. She had acquired the power of suffering without complaint. She had torn her affections away from the unworthy object round which they had so long, and so fondly clung; but oh! the agony of that effort. Those only who have banquetted on love's ambrosia, know how the famishing heart turns from all other nourishment, and craves for that celestial food. And Irmengarde craved in vain. Even the support of friendship's presence was denied her, for Gertrude's duties called her to her own home in Vienna.

The countess was one day informed that a stranger, bringing letters from the count, requested admission to her presence. She descended to the saloon where the stranger awaited her coming, and found a young and handsome man, whose air and dress announced high rank. Gracefully he lifted the plumed cap from his head, and with courteous respect presented the letters. Count Herman desired his wife to receive and entertain the Baron Von Lindorf, as the honored friend of her husband, until he should himself return to the castle.

Week succeeded to week; then weeks grew into months, the baron still lingered, and still the count came not. Irmengarde had received her husband's friend courteously, but with indifference. As a wife she had obeyed her husband's command; as lady of the castle, she was hospitable and attentive; further she thought little about her handsome guest. Gradually, the charm of his manner, the intelligence of his conversation, awoke some slight interest in her mind. Her attention once excited, she, who in poetry and painting so ardently worshipped the beautiful, could not but notice the symmetry of Lindorf's form, the beauty of his features, and the melody of his voice. Irmengarde observed that the baron's eyes were brilliant—she could

not but feel that those brilliant eyes were bent admiringly on her. Her woman heart swelled with mingled emotions. "I can please others, still," she thought—"others can appreciate me, though he, the ungrateful, forgot and forsook;" and her pale cheek flushed.

One after another, the accomplishments of the baron were displayed, and Irmengarde discovered that he who thought so highly of her talents, was himself most richly gifted. She rose in her own estimation. She resumed her intellectual pursuits; she had a companion, a teacher, an admirer; one who never pointed out a fault without insinuating praise. Thus another step was taken. None but those who have sorrowed without hope can understand what bliss it is to feel a new emotion, and that emotion *not a painful one*.

She resumed her social habits; the castle doors were again opened to festive guests. The baron was courteous and delightful in the brilliant circles assembled to do him honor, but he made Irmengarde fully comprehend how much he preferred a quiet hour beside her. Slowly, but skillfully, was the web woven round the unconscious captive.

Irmengarde, with surprise, felt herself more and more interested in the baron's society. With the instinct of her sex she became aware that he loved her. Her wounded self-love was soothed. "He is very amiable," she said to herself, "and had it been my happy lot—but I must go to my grave unloving and unloved. Oh! were these craving affections, was this capacity for happiness, bestowed but to curse me? I, who have loved so fondly, so truly—no matter—I can never love again."

The frozen spring of her affections was thawing, but she knew it not.

The time came when Lindorf, at Irmengarde's feet, avowed his love. She gave him her confidence in return. She told him of her wrongs and sufferings. "Even were I free to love again," she said, "I could not. My heart is crushed. Lindorf, I would not twine the young buds of thy life with the fading flowers of mine. But it is sweet to feel that I am not alone on earth. Lindorf, let us be friends."

"Let it be as thou wilt, sweetest and dearest," said Lindorf, and he passed his arm round her waist, and drew her to his bosom. Irmengarde leaned her head on his shoulder and wept.

And she repeated to herself—"We may be friends. I need not grudge myself the few brief emotions of delight his society affords me. God knows I have purchased them dearly!"

Now that Irmengarde had looks of love to rest on her again, she became attentive to her dress,

and occasionally replaced her long neglected jewels. One day she wore a cross of gold appended to a string of Turkish amulets. When Lindorf entered the apartment she arose to meet him, but as she advanced an expression of extreme pain crossed his features, and he stopped short. "What is the matter?" cried Irmengarde, springing to his side. He repulsed her with a convulsive gesture and averted head. "Those amulets," he stammered, "the perfume." Irmengarde hastily undid the clasp and flung the ornament from her. Lindorf, recovering, kissed the fair hand extended to support him, and thanked her for her kindness, explaining to her that the odor of roses (with which the amulets were strongly scented) always affected him very painfully. Irmengarde summoned her page, who, on entering, presented her with letters which had just arrived from Vienna. She directed him to carry away the amulets, and tore open the letters, exclaiming, "From Gertrude—my dear, dear Gertrude."

"And what does the fair Gertrude tell thee?" demanded Lindorf, seating himself at her feet.

"Something very strange indeed," replied Irmengarde, after rapidly casting her eyes over the epistle; "so strange, that—but listen, and then you shall hear it."

"Some months ago," wrote Gertrude, "thou mayst recollect that I informed thee of the sudden death of the young Lodowick, Count Von Eichenwald. At his death, his noble estates became the property of a distant relation. When the heir took possession, on inspecting the family jewels, a ring of great value was missing. Search was made for it in vain, and it was suggested, that as the deceased count wore it frequently, it might have been buried with him. The vault was opened—thou mayst imagine the consternation that prevailed, when it was known that Count Lodowick's coffin was found open and empty, nor has the body yet been discovered."

"Is it not horrible?" said Irmengarde, raising her eyes from the paper.

"Horrible indeed," replied Lindorf.

After a few more comments, the conversation wandered to other topics—and Irmengarde inquired if Lindorf felt quite recovered.

"Quite," he replied, "but, my Irmengarde, wilt thou, to oblige me, promise never to wear that necklace again? The perfume affects me so painfully."

The countess willingly assured him that she would wear the obnoxious ornament no more.

Time wore on. Irmengarde said every day, "I can never love again;" and every day became

more attached to Lindorf. And now the morning rose brightly, the day passed swiftly, and the sunset brought no gloom, for Lindorf's eyes beamed with unchanging fondness. The wounds in Irmengarde's heart were not healed, but balm was poured into them, and they ceased to ache.

Lindorf loved the chase, and was often absent among the hills. Irmengarde sat in her balcony to listen for his bugle, and watch him bounding up the rocky path which led to the castle. When he came she hastened to meet him; he smiled upon her, he pressed her hands in his, and leading her back to her seat, he placed himself beside her. Together they gazed on the beautiful landscape. The glittering Rhine, with its castle-crowned banks, its lofty mountains, and its dusky forests, with the deep blue sky sparkling above them. They seldom spoke—a look, a pressure of the hand, a murmured word of endearment conveyed their feelings. Irmengarde's heart overflowed with grateful tenderness. Once she said to him, "I was so watched before thou camest. Thou hast brought light into the dungeon of my grief. I think thou must be my guardian angel. Art thou not?" She looked smilingly into his eyes as she spoke, but even in that dim light shrunk back from their wild and sad expression. Who can tell what Lindorf thought or felt at that moment?

And was Irmengarde happy? No. Happiness is a calm and self-approving state. Irmengarde was neither calm nor self-approving. In Lindorf's absence, a sense of danger and sadness pressed upon her mind; she tried to argue herself into the belief that a friendship so pure as hers, a love so tender and respectful as Lindorf's could not produce evil; but conscience, more faithful than reason, cried, "Beware!" Sometimes she almost regretted the blameless misery of the past. Sometimes she prayed that she might be enabled to resign the society of Lindorf; then, hearing his footsteps, she started from her knees, dashed off her tears, and hastened to meet him, exclaiming bitterly, "Oh! it is easy for the *happy* to be good."

PART III.

"How close the air is. I can scarcely breathe. Open the casement, Ida. How dark it grows!"

"A storm is coming on, madam," said her attendant. "The clouds are driving swiftly toward the castle."

Irmengarde was standing before her mirror. "There, that will do. Give me my scarf, Ida." Splendidly attired, and radiant in beauty, Irmengarde descended to the saloon where

Lindorf awaited her, and stealing playfully behind him, put her hand over his eyes. He struck the soft hand away, and sprang from her touch. His features were convulsed as she had seen them *once before*.

"What ails thee now?" said she, amazed.

"That necklace—put it off, I beseech thee," he faltered, in tones of agony. Irmengarde wore that day a superb necklace, to which was affixed a diamond cross. She hesitated, but seeing that Lindorf stood pale and shuddering at a distance, she took off the necklace and placed it on a table, saying, as she threw over it the scarf which had hung on her arm—"There, thou shalt not even see it." Lindorf's beautiful features grew calm, and beamed with love as he approached the countess. "Thou art all goodness, all kindness," said he, kneeling before her, "how shall thy Lindorf thank thee?" He clasped her waist as he knelt, and Irmengarde, leaning on his shoulder, gazed with fond delight on the handsome lover, and passed her white fingers through his glossy curls.

"Dost thou love me, Irmengarde?" said he, at length.

Her eyes answered the question.

"And wilt thou not be mine, sweet one?"

"Am I not thine, Lindorf? Am I not, in heart and soul thy own? Do not I hope to spend eternity with thee?"

"Wilt thou fly with me, Irmengarde?"

"And make myself unworthy of thee? Lindorf, thou art not serious."

"I am not, my noble Irmengarde. But there is a proof of love——"

"Name it, my beloved. If it be what I may in honor give thee, it is thine."

Lindorf clasped her hands within his. "Then swear to me, Irmengarde, by all thou holdest sacred, though we must be parted on earth, to be mine in eternity. Declare that thou art willing to give thyself to me, in heart and soul, forever."

Irmengarde raised her eyes to heaven. She was about to pronounce the oath, but paused to look once more on Lindorf. A vague alarm thrilled through her heart as her eyes met his.

"I will *not* swear," she exclaimed. "Lindorf, release me. Art thou mad? I will not swear."

Did terror and agitation deceive her sight, or did an incarnate demon hold her in his grasp? Those fire-flashing eyes, that altered face! "Thou art mine," he exclaimed, in a voice, oh, how unlike the silvery tones of love, "didst thou not call upon me in thy sinful wrath?—thou art mine, for thou hast, of *thine own will*, cast off thy safeguard."

"Oh! help me heaven!" shrieked the countess, sinking on her knees, while Lindorf still grasped her arm. A gust of wind rushed through the open casement. It blew the scarf from the table, the necklace, entangled in its folds, came with it, and the Cross fell at Irmengarde's feet.

"Fiend, now I defy thee!" she exclaimed, seizing the Cross, and holding it aloft. With a yell of pain and fury the baffled demon quitted his hold.

"By this precious symbol of salvation, I command thee to depart!"

A crash of thunder shook the castle to its base. Still grasping the Cross, Irmengarde prostrated herself, and prayed fervently. When she arose, she was alone.

The same day the dead body of Count Lodowick was discovered lying before the door of the cemetery in Vienna.

Did the countess retire into a convent, and spend her time on earth in prayer and vigil?

No—with a humbled and chastened spirit she resumed the duties of her station. She sought not to win back the worthless love of her inconstant husband, but she prayed that she might forgive as she would be forgiven. Again she comforted the sorrowful, nursed the sick, supplied the needy, and sympathized with all. Again she was the guide and friend of her children, and they "rose up and called her blessed." She strove to give her heart to a better love than that of earth, which perisheth; and when she died, full of years and honors, she left the history of her trials and her temptations for a *warning* to those who may hereafter live, and love, and suffer.

"I DWELL AMONG MINE OWN."

Fan and wide green hills are spreading,
Near the solemn forest waves,
Hard by is a tiny steeple,
Yonder is the place of graves.
Often 'mid these shades I've wandered
Listening to the Autumn tone,

And here, too, the pleasant watchword,
"Lo, I dwell among mine own!"
Sweet content was in the spirit,
In the words, and in the tone,
And I have it dearly treasured—
"Lo, I dwell among mine own."

E. H.

THE TWO MAGDALENS.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

I WONDER if there exists anywhere upon earth a character which one could admire without wishing it improved!

No matter how small the proportions—I have looked among high and low in my life—long for this pearl of price, and have not found it yet.

I mean a character in which every virtue balances another virtue, instead of requiring the symmetry of the whole to be preserved by some corresponding growth of vice or frailty; for nature, we all know, is a genuine artist; order and beauty are the beginning and ending of her creed; she *will* round us off in some way—will draw our most unconscious deeds with the exact proportion of her own elliptical lines, and pile up our characters in pyramidal shapes, whether we wish it or no.

Our hearts are like a certain wheat-field in which the devil planted tares; weed out the bad and you will trample down or uproot the good. Nay, worse, admiring the most beautiful flower of excellence, as it waves in the sunshine above, we have only to glance a little way down the stem and find it grafted into some stock of pride, selfishness or falsehood—wild figs and brambles! And just so, reaching forth our hand to destroy a monstrous growth of ill, without waiting an instant to examine the deformity, lo, there beneath is the stem of some eden-plant, which finding no congenial air to draw its blossoms forth, had suffered the dull earth to send this ugliness climbing up through its passive fibres.

Perhaps it is because we are so prone to excess, and good Piers Ploughman was right when he affirmed that “measure is medicine.” Who knows but our “sin-sick earth” might lift up her head once more among the angels, if we would all follow the prescription!

So many cases in illustration of what I have said are crowding my mind, that I am puzzled to select one, and give the nearest.

For just now the door-bell rang, and there came from my neighbor a kind and cordial note of invitation to be present at the unpacking of a picture she had received from Italy—a Magdalen, a genuine Correggio—for which she had paid more (*this* wasn't in the note) than all my little fortune of dollars and cents.

No sooner asked than accepted—down I threw

my pen, and the above sage observations were checked in the midst, while sun-bonnet in hand, I went across the garden to Madam Leslie's cottage.

The unopened box stood in the hall—the lady was not yet visible, and I passed quietly into the parlor to wait.

How elegant and refined, yet how simple were all its appointments, as through the shade they became apparent one by one to my light-blinded eyes. There were white vases, some modelled after the exquisite relics of Etruria, others of later design, pure and graphic and delicate, as though some great musician had conjured snow-flakes to drift into these forms, and bound them there by the magic of his melodies. Vases of crystal, too, that looked as though they were carved from the very glittering bosom of a water-fall—ethereal as air, and as free from stain; while some of the Bohemian make might have been moulded from the froth at its base—every bubble holding its rainbow petrified.

Leaning quietly against the wall, were portfolios of prints whose beauty was well known to me, for the generous-hearted owner had long ago placed them at my service. The walls were dark with paintings—in that dim light I could only discern the gilded frames, and here and there the white wing of some angel, the gleaming hair of a Magdalen, or the meek, pale face of the Madonna watching above her child. I knew them all by heart, for my good neighbor believed that if it is sinful to conceal one's own light under a bushel, it is much worse to hide those which larger, purer souls have kindled! How benevolent and beautiful she seemed, as the old lady would say this, and with a smile, “My money can purchase these works of art from men—not from God; they are still, as they should be, at the service of all his creatures—and it's a happy thing for me I am rich enough not to care that keeping open house, as I'm in consequence obliged to do, wears out and fades my furniture. So whenever you meet a soul that loves beauty, remember how well I love to display my treasures.”

But now came the good lady herself, her lace cap-borders floating in the summer wind, about a pleasant, thickly-wrinkled face.

"Oh, you've come, dear, and I've kept you waiting. Why *didn't* you open the blinds, and make use of your eyes? Forgive my delay, I had a beggar in the kitchen—thought I never *should* be rid of her. Don't they trouble you dreadfully? Poor things, I never refuse them a meal, but don't approve of indiscriminate charity. Ah, here's the carpenter!" she rattled on.

The box was opened and the picture hung—the curtains of silk damask were, in the old lady's excitement, tied into knots that their shadow meant obscure no beauty in her new treasure.

Mrs. Leslie was something of a connoisseur, and luxuriated accordingly in the wonders of art her picture undoubtedly revealed; the beautiful forehead; the tear-wet eyes; the quivering breathing lips; the long, soft, shining hair—that might have been spun from the purple and gold of an Italian sunset; the exquisite hand, so delicately veined.

It was a wonder, a miracle; and yet—yet—not the Magdalen we think of as a friend of Christ, to minister unto the necessities of those he loved.

Far less was the *woman* pictured there, one whom for an instant Mrs. Leslie would admit to her parlor. But I praised the picture all I could in conscience, and came home.

"Oh, Mrs. Walter," said Biddy, as I entered, "I'm glad you're here at last—there is a poor thing in the parlor taking on so, and waiting for you."

I found her there, a girl of nineteen perhaps, with a face like that of an antique statue, so regular and marble cold in its paleness; but there was life enough in the violet eyes and the wet, silky lashes.

Alas! another Magdalen, one of great Nature's painting!—but such a voice, sweet and fresh as if a violet's odor were translated into sound.

I recognized it instantly. Could this be Mary Wilton—whom I had known so well—through whom I first gained access to the cottage, where she dwelt as Mrs. Leslie's pet and child; a distant connection too—an angel of sweetness and beauty!

I saw in an instant why she had come to me. Deceived and led away by the brother of her protectress, a handsome man of the world—lured by promises of marriage and a whole life's adoration—alarmed too by the old lady's decided negative, she had consented to elope.

Directly she discovered the deceit which had been imposed upon her, for the man was already married, Mary fled—she told me all now—lived alone as long as her jewelry and the elegant

garments in which Mrs. Leslie had clothed her, would support her wants—and then, bred in luxury and idleness, even if she had energy to work, she knew not how to begin, nor where to turn for an employer.

It is an easy thing to say, "Why not work?" "Be fed and clothed," and then go your ways." But, reader, did you ever make the attempt, without the help of advice or early experience, to crowd your way into the ranks of those who earn their bread, and a woman too, a young girl?

"It was not pride or indolence," said Mary Wilton, "if pride were not dead I should have been saved from that chilling repulse, which, though I deserved, I did not expect from Mrs. Leslie; it was," and the lids drooped till their silky lashes touched her crimsoning cheek, "it was the dread of *temptation* that led me here to be driven back to the streets again—a beggar.

"I can live in the midst of damask and rose-wood, and have fine pictures yet, if I choose—the thought keeps coming as if a fiend whispered it. Oh, save me, or I will kill this body. another fiend urges *this*, and save my soul from pollution!"

Need I tell you that Mary Wilton is to abide henceforth as one of my own family? The doors of Mrs. Leslie's cottage will close against me in consequence; but I would not exchange my Magdalen for hers!

Neither can I find it in my heart to blame my neighbor, severely as a stranger might. Had not her generous nature poured forth its gifts and its love so profusely toward the orphan girl, the treatment which she considered rank ingratitude would not have stung her so keenly, and shut out all belief in Mary's penitence. And if undutifulness, ingratitude, sin, deserved in her eyes, has vigorous punishment, would she reverence order and beauty enough to spend all her substance in Etruscan vases—in pictures and prints?

Does not her keen sense of wrong correspond with her keen sense of beauty? and the opinionativeness which will not listen or be convinced—is it not a growth from that decision of character which has led her to walk on so generously and beautifully, regardless of the world's fashion?

With her head full of the Magdalen's gleaming hair, how could she wait to consider that she might be driving the child to a life of sin and utter ruin?

We are safe, the churches say, within our creed. Mrs. Leslie looked in hers and discovered—for we find in any form of words *just what we are looking after*—that she was right; then with her beaming, neighborly smile had come to greet

me in the parlor, and forget the troublesome incident which had occurred.

Just so with Mary Wilton: but for her beautiful girlish faith, her womanly doubt of any evil in the being she loved, she had never come so near the edge of ruin in another world—nor so irrevocably lost her good name in this.

Now as this is no peculiar case, but one out of a world full of equally, often more than equally puzzling ones, there seems only one way left to escape from misanthropy: to take up the Eclectic method in our search for good among mankind; let one man be refined, another considerate, a third just, and a fourth generous; let one write books, another read, and a third find more in them than writer and reader both;

let one woman go about like the Madonna of artists, always with a child in her arms; let Urania study astronomy, Dorcas make garments for the poor, and Phillis cook in the kitchen.

It is annoying to find the ideal which exists so complete in our own minds, and which we long to have reflected perfectly in some neighbor soul, reflected thus as in a broken mirror, only by parts: but we must work by the "Method of Nature;" and looking back at the end of life, may, after all, find one great heap of isolated attributes have arranged themselves so symmetrically at last, that Nature will "adopt" them as she did the pyramids—if not as a temple for worship, then as tomb over our own insincerities and doubts.

THE WINTER NIGHT.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

'Tis a Winter night; a keen, sharp breeze
Makes the icicles shake on the skeleton trees;
But the stars shine bright in the far-off sky,
And the musical bells jingle merrily by.

There are crystal wreaths on the window-pane,
And landscapes frosted with tower and fane,
Which the moon lights up with silvery gleams,
Like the fairy land I have seen in dreams.

Oh! a strange and wonderful artist is He,
That touches the window and jewels the tree;
No other pencil draws pictures so fair,
No jewels are brighter though rich and rare.

Like the smile of a friend, as gentle and sweet
Is this moonlight that falls on the floor at my feet;

But without, it is shining pale and still,
On the snowy valley and shrouded hill.

Like some Fata Morgana vision of air,
'Gainst the evening sky so coldly fair,
Are the penciled outlines of cottages white,
Shadowed faintly forth in the dreamy light.

'Tis a pleasant scene, yet it saddens me,
For my thoughts will turn, loved friend, to thee,
And 'tis but a short and fleeting year
Since thou wert standing beside me here.

This same sweet light then bathed thy brow,
But light more glorious falls on it now;
Then thine eyes were bright with the light of love,
Now thou'rt an angel in Heaven above.

THOUGHTS AT TWILIGHT.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

DAYLIGHT is fading from the earth,
And many a dusky cloud
Is gathering o'er the evening sky,
Its brightness to enshroud.

One ray alone of soft, pure light
Dispels the lowering gloom;
Broader and brighter grows the space
Its starry rays illumine.

Till all the West hath caught its gleam,
And clouds of blue and gold
Are wearing robes of dazzling light,
Sweet Luna to enfold.

Oh! is it not thus when the shrinking soul
To the vale of Death draws near?
Dark clouds and shadows are round the path,
And the heart grows chill with fear;

When faint 'mid the shadows a ray appears—
'Tis a beam from Calvary's height—
Brightly its lustre gleams around,
And bathed in its shining light.

The struggling spirit bursts its bonds,
And in triumph soars away,
Till the growing light is merged into
The full glory of endless day.

THE WOMEN WHO DID NOT CARE, AND WHO HAD NO INFLUENCE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Mrs. EVERONE, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Morris, and Mrs. Burdsil, were neighbors once upon a time, no matter when nor where. On one of the closest and sultriest mornings that ever took its place toward the close of a July, these women might have been seen in pretty much the same mood—how it chanced I don't know—perhaps ill-humor was the epidemic of the neighborhood.

"There, Sally, I wish you would just stop and sew a button on for me," said Mr. Clark, presenting himself to his wife, as she stood elbow deep over the dish-washing pan, in the hottest of kitchens. Of course Mrs. Clark did as requested, but the interruption marred her thoughts, and she forgot to ask her husband for the fourth time, whether or not he would come and fetch her home, if she should drink tea with her friend, Mrs. Everone, that afternoon. Three times she had inquired before, and good Mr. Clark had made no definite answer.

It was not until the button was sewed on, and the husband quite out of hearing, that Gilbert, Mrs. Clark's little son, pulling at her skirts, said, "What did he say, mother? Can we go?"

"There! bless my life!" exclaimed the irritated woman, "your father's gone and never said a word about it. I'll declare, I believe I will never open my mouth again—nobody pays any regard to what I say—I don't believe there is another woman in the world but that has more influence than I have—no difference what I do or try to do, (here she thought of having stooped her dish-washing to sew on the button) it don't make one bit of difference—and if I was to die to-day, I don't suppose there would be a tear shed," and some natural tears filled the woman's eyes at the picture of unlamented death she had drawn.

"Oh, mother, don't," said little Gilbert, his eyes filling too. Mrs. Clark might have seen her influence reflected thus soon if she could have seen anything just then—but she could not, nothing but the dusty peach tree that stood too far from the window to shade it, and moving not a leaf—the swam of flies that blackened the air, and the weary day's work before her. After awhile, however, she became dimly conscious of

the wretchedness of the child, still looking wistfully in her face and pulling at her skirt, and drying her eyes on the towel, she said, "Put on your hat, and go over and tell Mrs. Everone mother will drink tea with her," and no doubt she cared little in her heart just then whether or not Mr. Clark came for her.

She had no influence, even with her husband, she felt, and when one or two tears that would come, fell on the dainty ribbon she was trimming her cap with, she said to herself it was no difference, nobody would ever notice *her* cap, she supposed.

"I had nearly forgotten," said Mr. Morris, turning back to address his wife, after having gone some steps toward the field, "I had nearly forgotten to tell you there is to be a meeting at Squire Dick's to-morrow, to take the case of the widow Smith into consideration. She has been sick, you know, ever since her house burned down, and needs to have something done for her—of course you will go."

"Of course I shall not," replied Mrs. Morris, whose irritability had been heightened by the misfortune of spilling a cup of tea on her new buff-colored dress, which had covered all the front breadth with purple spots.

"Why not?" asked the husband, in astonishment.

"Because I have nothing to give away," replied the wife, shortly.

"I think you might spare some trifle," urged the husband, "but I would go if I did not give a cent, and show a good-will, at any rate."

"I would like to know who sees or who cares what I do? I don't think I shall be likely to give myself trouble for the sake of example, unless I had more influence—it will do well enough for Mrs. Clark, and Mrs. Everone, and Mrs. Burdsil to go, for their movements are of some account."

"Well, well, do as you please, I don't care," answered the husband, disappointed and vexed.

"Ah, I knew it," said the wife, "you don't care what I do, nor no one else does, so I shall remain at home and take my ease," and with an angry toss of the head, she gathered up her

skirt and began dipping the spots in a bowl of vinegar.

Mrs. Burdsil meantime was fanning herself violently with her apron, and wondering why Thomas Bender, the hired man, had failed to split the oven-wood as she directed. "I told him twenty times," she said, "but what is the use—nobody heeds what I say." "He is fast asleep in the hay-mow," said Mary Burdsil, coming in with her apron full of eggs. "Dear me," said the mother, "he has been to the tavern again—I do wish everybody would join the Temperance Society, and put down this terrible trade of drunkard-making."

"Have you joined the Temperance Society, mother?" asked Mary, innocently.

"No, child, don't bother me any more," answered the mother, almost angrily.

"But why don't you if it's a good thing?" persisted the child.

"Because," said the mother, forced to make some excuse, "it would take the united strength of all the influential people in the neighborhood to effect the reform I spoke of, and what could one poor woman like me do?"

The child was silenced but not convinced. She could not understand why her mother should not have as much influence as the rest.

"Well, Jane, what are we to do to-day?" said Peggy Miles to her sister, Mrs. Everone, as she joined her in the shadow of the morning-glories before the door.

"Not much of anything," replied Mrs. Everone—"I don't see but that those who live idly get along just as well as I, who have worked hard all my life, and I am just going to begin, and from this time take my ease—I don't care what anybody says." And wiping her brow, as if she felt the sweat that had been there many a time, she looked the defiance she spoke.

"Oh, yes, you do, Jane, care for what folks say as much as I; everybody cares, and every body ought to care for the opinion of the world."

"The world!" repeated Mrs. Everone, derisively, "what's my world, I'd like to know—Mrs. Morris, and Mrs. Burdsil, and Mrs. Clark? A great world to care for, to be sure—I would not give my judgment for all theirs put together—and hereafter I mean to do just as I please, and have some satisfaction of my life—no one can please one's self and everybody else at the same time, and the person who tries to please everybody don't please anybody—that's just the amount of it."

"Perhaps so," said Peggy, "but it is not very wise, after all, to set one's judgment against that of the world, or indeed to resolve that the

opinions of Mrs. Morris, and Mrs. Burdsil, and Mrs. Clark shall not weigh a feather with us, for I think we should find it quite impossible to be pleased ourselves with what pleased no one—for myself, I expect to find my greatest pleasure in pleasing other people, and for all that keep a trifling will of my own."

"Very well, do as you choose, I am as willing you should have your own way, as I am determined to have mine," retorted the independent Mrs. Everone, "and besides what I do is nothing to anybody."

"But, Jane," interposed the light-hearted Peggy, "I don't want to do as I choose—I want to do as you choose, so tell me what is to be the order of the day's work."

"I told you once," said Mrs. Everone; "I propose to do as I please for the future, and it is my pleasure to begin with doing nothing. Whether I work or play will make no difference."

There was no use in talking to a woman in the mood Mrs. Everone was in, and Peggy seeing and feeling it to be so, said nothing further, and returning to another part of the house, busied herself in examining her last year's dresses. This one she would put new sleeves in, and that one tighten a little in the waist, another required simply to be ironed anew, and another an additional hook and eye—then appeared one quite past further service, and as Peggy held it up to the light to be assured, before she should decide finally, she saw coming down the path and making his way to the door, Mrs. Clark's little son Gilbert—she was hurrying down to see what it was he wanted, when she heard Mrs. Everone say, "Tell your mother I am not able to see her to-day."

"Yes, ma'am," said little Gilbert, hesitating and looking anxiously at the woman, in the hope that she would say when his mother could come, for his new shoes were come home the night before, and a nice summer hat that morning, and all the month past he had been looking forward to a happy visit to Mrs. Everone's. If he had laughed aloud when his father read the newspaper, his mother had immediately frightened him to silence by saying, "Gilbert must be a good boy if he wants to go visiting at Mrs. Everone's." He had one day held five skeins of silk on his little tired hands, while his mother wound, tangled and untangled them; he had weeded in the garden days without number—had picked strawberries and gooseberries, sticking his hands with the latter terribly, evening after evening for the family tea—had gone to bed all alone bravely, though in his heart he was terribly fearful some

big, black monster would come and eat him up: and all these and many more things he had done to earn the pleasure of which he now saw himself so bitterly disappointed. No wonder he hesitated, looked wishfully, and at last ventured to say, "Shall I tell her nothing else, mam?"

Peggy stole softly back, resolved that for once her sister should have her own way without interference, for many and many a time she had coaxed her out of the ill-humored asseveration that she had no influence, and she did not care what anybody thought. Her heart almost misgave her when she seen how crooked the mouth of little Gilbert became, and how the tears rushed into his eyes as he turned the corner of the house, and she would perhaps have remonstrated with Mrs. Everone, had she not seen that she had risen and was looking after the little boy: and that her troubled face showed plainly enough that she cared a great deal even for what little Gilbert Clark would think of her.

There is no way, thought Peggy, she must suffer it out, and so be satisfied with having her own way, and finding her influence.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Everone came in from the field, dragging his broken plow behind him. "What is the matter, Jenny?" he said, with more asperity than anxiety, seeing her sitting in the shadow of the morning-glory vines, and looking as well as usual.

Mrs. Everone caught the tone, she was in just the humor to catch such a tone, and without lifting her eyes from the ground, answered as she rocked herself to and fro, "Nothing, sir."

"Nothing!" repeated Mr. Everone, sharper than before.

"No, sir—what made you think anything was the matter?"

"Why, of course, I thought you must be very sick if you were not able to see Mrs. Clark—hurrying my horses to get home, I ran into the roots of a beech tree and broke my plow—it will cost me a half a dollar or more to get it mended, and for nothing—how did you happen to send such word to our neighbors?"

Mr. Everone had wished to get through just so much work that day, and he would easily have compassed his strait but for this interruption, and now there was the hindrance of mending the plow, and the cost too—no wonder he was a little provoked, for it is not impossible for a good man and a good husband to be provoked with his wife. He looked at the sun, looked at his wife, looked at nothing—then at his broken plow, saying finally, "I suppose I may as well wait till after dinner—most ready, Jenny?" His tone was mollified in the last words, but not so

the ill-humor of the wife—here was her husband come an hour sooner than common, and she had proposed to have dinner an hour later, besides, she had been so engrossed with having her own way, that she had given no thought to the customary preparation. She made no answer to questions of her husband, but hastened to set before him whatever her hand could find, for while the fire of her wrath had been burning, the fire on the hearth had gone out, and to add to her troubles the fruit proved to be sour, and the milk too—of this last fact she effected ignorance, however; so her slender stock would be, she thought, reduced altogether too much by their removal.

"Come, Jenny!" said Mr. Everone, taking his place at the table—he spoke cheerfully, for he would have been glad to scatter the thunder-cloud that was in her face by a little sunshine. But Jenny replied ungraciously that she did not want anything, and resuming her seat, resumed also her enjoyment, as much doubtless as most persons enjoy who have their own way altogether.

"Don't drink the milk," said Peggy, "it is not good"—but Mr. Everone had already partaken of it freely—"nor the fruit either," added Peggy—but the uncomfortable husband said he had already partaken of it, but that he had not tasted it at all, and had eaten simply from the necessity of eating something. "Never mind," said Peggy, coming toward her brother-in-law, and speaking below her breath, "let Jenny have her way this time, depend upon it, it will be the most effectual cure."

So, pulling his hat low over his eyes, Mr. Everone left his wife without speaking further, and with heart heavier than his footsteps, perhaps, dragged his broken plow toward the blacksmith shop.

Peggy's light dinner was no hindrance to her work, and at sunset her summer dresses were in nice order.

Meantime Jenny had remained rocking to and fro as long as she could endure it, for before night the rest became the hardest labor she had ever done. She felt it a duty she owed to herself to have her own way, and for that day, at least, do nothing at all. From her childhood up she had been haunted with the delusion that if she could only do just as she chose, it would be the consummation of her happiness—terrible mistake, as on one day's trial she found it, and as any one else would find, for when we have once cut loose from what was wholesome restraint, we are not long in finding that we have lost our greatest, or rather, perhaps, our best liberty.

She had enjoyed her independence, as I said, as long as she could endure it, and with a head aching, as much with uneasy thoughts as with abstinence, shut herself in her own room, and finished the day with a miserable crying.

A beautiful sunset shone and faded—the cows came gently home, were milked, and laid down to sleep in the pasture that greenly sloped toward the sunset a little distance from her window—the birds sang their good-byes and dropt quietly to their leafy beds—the cherry tree, the pear tree, the lilac against the wall, had each its little concert of hushes and twitters—but in her dark, stilling room, Mrs. Everone saw nothing of the beauty—heard nothing of the music—she was having her own way, and the effect even upon herself was anything but satisfactory.

No doubt she secretly rejoiced when at last the door opened, and Peggy entered, to say that Mrs. Morris, and Mrs. Clark, and Mrs. Burdsil were all come to see how she was. "You see," said Peggy, "they care a great deal for you, if you don't care for what they think."

Mrs. Everone washed her eyes, and made the necessary preparation with a very ill grace. She really did not feel like seeing one of them, she said—could hardly, in fact, hold her head up, and she hoped they would mercifully make their visits short as possible—such ceremonious calls she never enjoyed when she was well—and so at last she appeared, wan and dejected, and greeted her friends a little ungraciously, I am afraid.

Mrs. Morris could not stay a moment, she said, she had left her baby sick, but that she could not rest till she ran over to see for herself how her neighbor was. She had been at work hard and was very tired, but the walk had done her good, she said, and beside, it was a great comfort to find her friend doing so well—and as she spoke, her cheerful and hopeful words, she unrolled the white napkin from the fresh-baked blackberry pie she had brought, in the hope that Mrs. Everone could eat a mouthful or two.

Poor Jenny's heart was too full to say the thanks she felt, and when Mrs. Morris left her, it was with the promise that she would spend the day after the next with her. Mrs. Burdsil had brought a nice, fresh cake, of her own baking; and Mrs. Clark a small basket of the most beautiful, blushing peaches. Mrs. Everone could not but hope, as she accepted the dainty presents, that these two friends would join the other in her proposed visit—a suggestion to which they readily agreed.

It was late when Mr. Everone returned from the blacksmith's shop, dragging his plow behind him. He had been seriously ill all the

afternoon, he said, and had hardly been able to set one foot before the other as he came home. He looked pale and weak, and altogether sick and spiritless as soon as he reached the porch. He could not imagine the cause, he said, but he had never been so suddenly and severely ill in his life. Jenny could imagine, without going farther than the soured milk and fruit which she had so carelessly, so wickedly, she now thought, set before him, and her cheek tingled with shame as she took his head on her knee, and chafed his temples, and smoothed away the heavy hair from the chilly, damp forehead. In the refreshing air of evening, and the recipient of such attentions, the husband felt better directly, as what husband does not under the like treatment, and when Peggy spread the tea-table within the morning-glory curtained porch, adding to the ordinary fare the pie, and the cake, and the peaches, and the family sat down together, they had never in their lives been happier.

Mrs. Everone had not been accustomed to bake either cake or pies. "The making of them requires so much time," she had been used to say, "not to mention the sugar, and spice, and butter." Really, she did not feel that she could afford it.

Mrs. Clark said, for herself, she cared very little for such things, but her husband and children liked them, and she might as well cook one thing as another—it was no trouble at all to slip a pie or a cake in the stove when the oven was heated, as it always was, with the preparation of dinner, and then, too, she fancied that persons felt better who ate what they relished. Jenny thought of the milk and the fruit, and said nothing.

The following day, Mrs. Everone tried the experiment, and found the usual work went forward just so well as common; and besides, if Mrs. Clark could afford to have cake every day, she could. Peggy said nothing, but smiled quietly to think how much Jenny was influenced by what Mrs. Clark thought.

A day of busy preparation was that on which the visitors were expected. Mrs. Everone had not been so gay, nor had she felt so well, she said, for a long time—not one word said she about doing as she pleased. She was learning that to do as we please, is to please other people. Only once, all the day, came a shadow to her face, and that was when she reflected that she had no suitable dress in which to appear. She must and would go to town the very first day her husband would accompany her—her old dresses were so out of fashion, and in truth, so

much worn, that she should make no attempt at renovation. Mrs. Burdsil had such a beautiful new dress and cape, she wished she knew where she bought them.

Peggy did not know, but she did know that Mrs. Burdsil had worn them for five years—changed a little with the changing fashions, to be sure, yet the same.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Everone. "Why I have not in my possession an article of dress which I have had half so long. How very nice they looked." And forthwith she began to rummage in drawers and wardrobes till chairs, table and carpet were heaped with dresses, capes, collars and laces. "Really, Peggy," she said, "I don't know but I can make something of this, and this, and this," holding up one article after another.

"To be sure you can," answered Peggy, and she thought, though she did not add, you would have thrown all these things away but for what Mrs. Burdsil does and thinks, but said instead, "see what I did with my wardrobe, yesterday," and she exhibited her last day's work, which showed her to be abundantly furnished, though from materials greatly more slender than her sister's.

"Oh, Peggy, how pretty you look," said Jenny, admiring her smoothly ironed gingham dress and snowy collar. "I am so mortified to be seen in this old thing," and she pulled down the skirt of her dress, which was much too short, and tried vainly to give some width to the sleeve, which showed funnily in contrast with the ample proportions of the fashion.

Peggy burst out laughing at the ludicrous figure her sister made, as she stood in an attitude of helpless despair, the tears, despite her efforts to restrain them, dropping down her cheeks. "And so, Jenny," she said, at length, trying to control her mirth, "you *do* care a little, after all, even for what Mrs. Morris, and Mrs. Burdsil, and Mrs. Clark will think! But then, you know, though you might have put your wardrobe in order yesterday, you could not, at the same time, have enjoyed the supreme felicity of disregarding every will but your own. You see you have influence on yourself, at least."

"Pray don't speak of it," sobbed Mrs. Everone. "I am punished rightly, and I am sure I shall feel, when my friends see me looking in this beggarly fashion, that I care for what they think of me."

"Dear sister," said Peggy, "wear anything, everything of mine, I was but in jest. Pray don't be offended."

"No, Peggy, only with myself," said the repentant Jane, and steadily refusing her sister's entreaties, she entertained her neighbors in the old-fashioned dress—never so happily.

Still Gilbert thought he should like to live always with Mrs. Everone, so pleasing she made him amends for the disappointment he had suffered.

"What excellent cake! I must get the receipt of you," said Mrs. Burdsil. Mrs. Everone smiled—she had no receipt, and had imitated the cake Mrs. Burdsil had brought her.

"And such nice rolls—how did you make them?" asked Mrs. Morris, holding back her wide sleeve as she reached for another. Peggy explained, for her sister was too much engaged in observing the fashion of Mrs. Clark's cap to be attentive to what was said. Let it suffice to say, the visit was so agreeable to all that Mrs. Everone quite forgot, in the enjoyment of her duties as hostess, that her sleeves were narrow and short, and her skirt of corresponding proportions. When they were separated, it was with mutual regret, and the agreement to meet at an early day at Mrs. Clark's.

Mrs. Everone busied herself in preparation for that visit, you may be sure, for she was resolved to be no whit behind her neighbors. Her cap she made as nearly in the fashion of Mrs. Clark's as she could remember, her sleeves as wide as Mrs. Morris', and nearly one whole day she spent in hem-stitching a handkerchief like Mrs. Burdsil's. On coming at Mrs. Clark's, what was her surprise to find that lady without a cap. "Don't you think I have not worn one a day since I was at your house," she said, addressing Mrs. Everone, "you looked so nice and cool without a cap I resolved to go without too."

"Oh, what a pretty sleeve!" exclaimed Mrs. Morris, "very pretty and very becoming, I have some nearly the same, but I made these," she said, (exhibiting to Mrs. Everone those she then wore) "after the fashion I saw you wear the other day!" And they were indeed quite as short and narrow as the old-fashioned ones of which Jenny had been so much ashamed. Mrs. Burdsil laughed till the tears came, to think how the neighbors had been imitating one another, and taking out her handkerchief to wipe her eyes, it was discovered that she had been making plain ones—just such as she had seen Mrs. Everone use. "I thought," she said, "they looked just as well as the hem-stitched ones, and were so much more economical."

"It is strange," said Peggy, "how we are influenced by one another, and I suspect they are wisest who 'still have judgment left' after

listening to that of others—for it is modification, rather than entire surrender of our own notions, that we require," and in this opinion the ladies finally all agreed.

If any of my readers feel that they have no influence, let them try to isolate themselves for a single day, only a single day, and see what the effect will be.

SYBIL'S BRIDAL.

BY ROSE RIVERS.

SOFTLY blew the evening breeze,
Stealing music from the trees,
Stealing fragrance from the flowers,
Whispering secrets through the bowers—
As in reverie I lay

This I heard the zephyr say:

"Night was weeping to the earth,
Listening to sounds of mirth,
When sweet Sybil stole away
From the beings bright and gay,
Whose blythe songs the silence broke
Till the waiting echoes spoke.
Softly, swiftly to the wood
Stole she on, and breathless stood
Where the darkness lay profound
Over all the sleeping ground.
Only one lone moonbeam lay
With a quivering, misty play,
On the maiden's bended head,
Whence a golden gloom it shed,
As the parting day had smiled
On her golden-headed child.

Soon was heard a rustling sound
Swift approaching o'er the ground;
And a light air touched her form
Like the pressure of an urn;
And a leaflet touched her brow
Like the seal of lover's vow;
And a whisper in her ear
Sounded low, and soft, and clear.

Then her eye grew wildly bright,
With a deep, unearthly light;
Ne'er may mortal hope to meet
From that eye a glance so sweet,
Earthly lips may never press
That fair brow with fond caress;
None may linger by her side
Who is now a Spirit's bride.

On her brow, forevermore
Dwells that touch, till life is o'er;
And that fond protecting arm
Holds her close, secure from harm;
Ever in her heart she bears
That soft whisper, drowning fears;
Doubts and danger come not nigh,
Grief and terror pass her by.
Far apart from noisy strife
Passes dreamily her life;
Hasting, earnest to be free,
Waiting still till she shall see
Face to face, and eye to eye,
Him she loves so faithfully."

Now the stars, through cloudless skies,
Shower on me like Sybil's eyes;
Still the evening deeper grew
Till the tell-tale breeze withdrew,
And the whisperer, it seemed
Of a listener never dreamed.
But with eager ears I heard,
And I made my own each word.

"'T WAS THEN WE BREATHED FAREWELL."

BY CLARENCE MAY.

WE parted when Night's pale, sweet queen,
Walked up the Autumn sky,
And flowers drooped beneath the kiss
Of zephyrs roving by.
When over all the silent world
Was cast a dream-like spell—
'Twas then I gazed upon thee last—
'Twas then we breathed farewell!

And now, amid life's busy scenes,
By distance severed far,
A thought of thee will still come back,
Like rays from some soft star.
And oh, of that sweet Autumn eve,
I'll often, often dream,
As I sit beneath the calm moonlight,
Or the pure stars o'er me gleam!

AUNT THANK'S FIRST JOURNEY.

BY MABEL S. MAITLAND.

PERHAPS I ought not to say aunt Thank's *first* journey—for I think I have heard a vague rumor, an indistinct legend, that a long time ago, when aunt Thank was in her prime—or rather in the first years of her widowhood, (for she has been a widow from time immemorial) she undertook a journey to Dutchess county, seeking whatever relations might still remain to her in that land of the living.

The legend also runs that she travelled on foot, and begged her way, representing herself as a poor, lone widow, returning to her native place to seek aid from her relations. I will not vouch for the truth of this story, for it is vague and unauthenticated; but merely premising that it admirably consorts with her well known character for penuriousness, proceed to relate the remarkable events of the first journey she has been known to take within the memory of the present generation.

I suppose it is necessary, in the first place, according to the custom of story-tellers, to give some account of aunt Thankful—her early history, habits, personal appearance, &c. But permit me here to disclaim solemnly and forever all ties of consanguinity with my illustrious heroine. Not a drop of her blood mingles its current with mine; she is only one of those universal aunts that usually abound in country villages—thus denominated from habit, not affection.

With regard to her early life my knowledge is limited, for her biography has never been written. I believe she was born and married within the last century, in Dutchess county, from whence she removed to our place with her husband, who died shortly after, leaving her sole possessor and administrator of his property. That property consisted of a small house, whose architecture exhibits a happy medium between a hut and a cottage; a small piece of land, barely capable of giving support to a few dwarf apple trees, and to a patch of garden vegetables, that vainly endeavor to thrive in the ungenial soil. Happily aunt Thank's courage did not fail at this important crisis; she gathered up all her energies to struggle with her fate. According to her maxim, "A penny saved was a penny gained;" and from that moment the strictest economy, the most rigid parsimony, were the rules of her life.

By selling everything that was saleable—fruit, vegetables, and poultry, and denying herself almost the necessities of life, she accomplished the darling wish of her heart, and laid by considerable money. Though now comparatively rich, yet her outward circumstances are not one whit improved, for she allows herself no indulgence, but still pursues the same course of unwearyed toil.

Aunt Thank is an accomplished pedestrian, and scarcely a day passes that does not witness her excursions. She lives about two miles from the village, and summer or winter, rain or shine, it matters not, she may be seen taking her rounds with a basket of eggs or apples on one arm, and a smaller basket of medicinal herbs on the other. The most fruitful source of annoyance, in her daily travels, is the swarm of idle, mischievous boys that grace our village, and the fun-loving clerks, who play all kinds of jokes upon her while she is striving for a good bargain. It is a perfect luxury for the youngsters to follow her and annoy her with their pranks. While some of the urchins engage her in an animated dispute, others will steal her apples, supplying the deficiency with pebbles; or accidentally coming in contact with her basket, a general outpouring of its contents will ensue, to the rapturous delight of the young rascals, and the wild and ungovernable fury of the old lady. She declares that those boys almost drive her frantic, and she is sure they will come to some bad end.

You cannot but pronounce our aunt Thank an original, even at first sight; her personal appearance being rather striking than prepossessing. As long as I can remember she has always looked the same. Her form is tall and meagre, though somewhat bent by the weight of years. It would be difficult to guess at her natural complexion; for constant exposure has so embarrassed it that no traces of its original color remain. Her small, grey eyes are keen, sharp and cunning, and they peer down at the meeting of her long nose and sharp chin in a most inquisitive, iniquitous manner. Her usual costume is a dark flannel dress, made in the ancient gored style, that is, of merely a sufficient width to admit a long step—the length of which would rejoice a Bloomer, an old-fashioned cape of some nondescript material, a blue

checked apron—an immense shaker bonnet of antediluvian make, projecting a quarter of a yard over her weather-beaten face, to protect it from the summer sun and wintry blast. Thick leather shoes, with high heels, and soles of an extraordinary thickness to make them weather-proof, with coarse, grey stockings, complete her strange attire; and in all seasons it remains the same.

Her character is described in few words; for her name has become a proverb for all that is miserly. To gain money, and to hoard it, is the one end and object of her life, the height of her ambition. Nothing is beneath her aim—from selling a goose that had perished from cold and starvation to apples, “two for a cent,” and “pennyryal, a penny a bunch.” It is asserted by those whose curiosity has led them to visit her domicile, that she is perfectly oblivious to all outward discomforts. It matters not to her that her floor is broken and uneven, and covered with the accumulated dirt of years. She declares that it wears out a floor to clean it, and no mortal eloquence can convince her to the contrary. Neither does she mind if an old hen takes up its lodging in the middle of her spare bed—or if the pig strays in to explore the interior of the house. These are trifling things and disturb not her equanimity; but touch the old stocking that contains her hoarded pennies, and that touches her very soul—there she is vulnerable.

It was the autumn of 1851 that aunt Thank undertook the memorable journey I design to commemorate. She had a sister living in Pennsylvania whom she had not seen for many years; and having accidentally heard that a gentleman from that town passed through our place on business, and would return the next day, strange thoughts came into her mind. She thought of her long-forgotten sister, their early affection and long separation, and she felt a strong desire to see her again; here was a fine opportunity—she would go with that gentleman, and it would not cost her a cent, for she could take doughnuts and cheese enough in her big “willer basket” to last her all the way. No sooner thought than determined. Fortunately she had no flocks nor herds to leave, and was unblest with those ties of earthly affection that sometimes embarrass us in our mortal pilgrimage. All the preparation necessary for her was to don her black stuff gown and elephant-eared Leghorn, a costume religiously preserved for extraordinary occasions, and consigning her pig and chickens to the tender mercies of her nearest neighbor, with her half-bushel “willer basket” on her arm, she closed the door of her rickety domicile, and

sallied forth one bright autumnal day—a traveler. After a pleasant walk of several miles, she stopped at a fine farm-house where she had often called in the course of her perigrinations, to claim hospitality for the night. She told her hostess her plan—how she was going to visit her sister, and “kalkilated” this gentleman would overtake her the next day at least.

“But did you ever see him?” asked Mrs. B——?”

“Oh, no!”

“Then how will you recognize him?” she said.

“Oh, I shall certainly know him as soon as I put eyes on him.”

“But do you know his name?” persisted Mrs. B——.

“No, indeed! but what’s the use of that? If he only takes *me* I don’t care for his name,” replied aunt Thank.

The next day with unabated hope and courage, aunt Thankful resumed her toilsome march. But alas! for human foresight. Her expected escort did not overtake her, and no one else came along with whom she could ride. After travelling on foot for two days, and accomplishing some thirty miles, she came to a rail-road station, and concluded to try the cars. The cars! aunt Thankful had never seen them, nor heard the whistle, and she was overwhelmed with the thought of riding in those nice-looking houses; it would be a new era in her hitherto uneventful life. They tried to persuade her to take the evening train—but no! she must have daylight for such a mighty undertaking. The sight of the iron monster, as it came puffing and shrieking along with such giant strides, made her heart quake and almost die within her; she was sure it was an uncanny thing. Then her courage rose again; it would be such a nice affair to ride in those fine cars, and to talk about it after she got home. So when the mail train came along she determined to go. Cautiously she ascended the first step, and poking her Leghorn bonnet toward the door, called out in a shrill voice, “Where’s the driver of this ere car?”

The conductor politely advanced to help her in; but unheeding his outstretched hand, she demanded abruptly, “Is there any wimmen aboard?”

“No!” he replied, laughingly, “this is a *mail* train; but jump on, we’ll let you.”

The old lady drew back hastily. “The massy’s sake!” she ejaculated, “I’ll do no such thing—I’ll not trust myself where there’s no wimmen,” and grasping her basket tightly by the handle, she strode indignantly back to her lodgings, amid the laughter of all the bystanders.

"Why on earth didn't you go?" said her landlady, upon hearing her story, "one man is worth two women any time to take care of you."

But aunt Thankful was firm; she would not go till there were women along—she would not share the danger alone with a parcel of uncivilized men, not she. The next train was an express, and aunt Thank resolving to delay no longer, summoned all her fortitude and entered. There were no lack of feminines this time, much to her relief; "There was a hundred if there was one," she triumphantly asserted. She soon found herself seated in the vicinity of fashionable ladies, with whom she entered into conversation, and probably edified with her quaint remarks.

"But oh!" said she, when relating her wonderful adventures to us, "how I trembled when I got on them cars—and I trembled when I got off, I never was so scared in my life. I knowed the engine went pretty fast, for I couldn't count the lengths of the fences, and it made such a *whickity, whackity whew* that I could hardly think at all. And then there was so many strangers looking at me, that I felt dreadfully put out at first. But they all took a deal of notice of me, and talked to me about everything, and pretty soon I felt quite comfortable; except when the cars stopped, and then the engine give sich an awful screech, that I jumped up and run to the door to see what had happened. Soon one told me if I'd keep quiet nothing would happen, but if I kept running round it would knock the cars off the track, and we'd all be killed.

"By-and-by the driver—I can't think of his other name—came along, looking at the little tickets some of the folks had, and tearing off little eseners; though what was the use spilling I don't know. He axed me where I was going? I told him to S—: when don't you think the imperpent critter said the cars didn't stop there? 'Why not?' said I. 'Because this is an express, and don't stop at small places?' said he. I was real mad then. I told him if he wouldn't take me where I wanted to go I wouldn't pay him a red cent. He talked and talked, and so did I—and everybody laughed. I guess he didn't get much ahead of me. When we got to

the next station he told me I must get off there, or go ten miles beyond S—. I told him he was real uncivil not to take folks where they wanted to go, and if I got off there I wouldn't pay him; and I didn't—I think it sarved him right. I walked the next ten miles, and had my ride for nothing.

"I had a proper nice timé visiting, I can tell you, and when I came home I knew all about the cars, and took pains not to get on one of them plaguey express trains again that wouldn't let anybody get off where they wanted to, and only stopped at tip-top places."

Aunt Thank found her relations in quite a prosperous state. She also discovered several people who had formerly lived in our place, and labored perseveringly to visit them all. She would appear in the most unexpected manner, and at very unfashionable hours—at six o'clock in the morning, or just at noon, with a "good morning! I thought I'd just run up to see you, if it was only to say, how d'y'e do, and good-bye: and then I can tell your folks that you're well."

One poor friend of mine dodged her successfully for a week; but she was just as anxious to see him as he was to escape. Finally, the last day of her stay he met her on a bridge, where there was no retreat unless he jumped into the river; and he was obliged to own himself checkmated, and listen to the old lady's congratulations and reminiscences of his boyish days.

Aunt Thank is a much more important personage since she has seen so much of the world by rail-road; and nothing pleases her so much as to ask her about her ride on the cars. It is her favorite topic, and she relates it with much complaisance, chuckling at the thought of *doing* the "driver" out of half a dollar. It is my private opinion that she paid her fare by entertaining the passengers, and that the conductor considered he had fifty cents worth of fun out of the old lady.

For six months after her return, aunt Thankful talked poetry—rail-road poetry, I mean. Her laughs and stories had the true rail-road jingle—and were complete, I have doubt, in metre and measure. Long life to the old lady, and success to all her future undertakings!

WHERE AND WHEN.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Where are those who joined our circle?
Those who shared our scenes of mirth?
They have gone like rainbow-shadow,
Like them passed away from earth.

VOL. XXIX.—1

When our earthly dreams are ended,
When our race on earth is run,
May we hear the welcome plaudit,
"Come up hither, well thou'st done!"

COUSIN KATE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT are you reading, Paul?"

"Tacitus."

"Won't you read aloud?"

"You wouldn't understand it if I did. Don't interrupt me now."

The bride of a year turned away from her husband with a sigh, and sat down apart and alone in the bay window. For the tears in her eyes, she could scarce see the landscape that spread out before her, made lovely as some fairy realm, by the flood of light which the full moon poured over it. The lattice work of the verandah, was lost in the wilderness of vines that fell in wild luxuriance around it; and from the tangled masses of rich, green jessamine flowers gleamed out like stars, and clusters of honeysuckle, red as coral, swayed to and fro in the evening breeze. Every variety of shrubbery made beautiful the sloping lawn beyond. Noble old forest trees flung their shadows on the sward. Avenues of lilacs, magnolias and laburnums led through the grounds, and in the distance swept the hawthorn hedge that encircled all.

Never had Ashlea looked more lovely, yet never before had its young mistress gazed upon it with so sad a heart. Her husband, imagining that he might have wounded her feelings, soon closed his book and followed her to the window.

"What a mope you are, Nelly! Have you nothing better to amuse you than looking at the moon?"

"I was not thinking of the moon, if I was looking at it."

"Well, what were you thinking about?"

"I was thinking of you. I don't believe you love me as well as you used to."

"Fudge! you are a silly little thing. Come here and sit on my knee, until I convince you that I do." He drew her into his lap as he spoke. "Don't you see, Nelly, one can't always be talking love. These long days, when I am in the city, if you would improve your time in reading books that are worth reading, you might learn that there were other things than love, worth discoursing upon by way of variety. I love you as much as ever I did. I am just as unhappy when away from you as ever I was, and

I am not conscious of wishing you any other than you are; only, I do think that you are committing an injustice to yourself in your selection of reading matter."

"I cannot get interested in anything but novels, Paul. I always go to sleep over those stupid books that you pick out for me, and although I try ever so hard to think I am interested, it is only make believe after all."

It was Paul Clifford's turn to sigh.

Helen read aright the disappointed expression on his countenance.

"I know you think that I am not a fit companion for you—I know that I think so myself; but, Paul, I love you dearly—*dearly*; and one of these days, who knows but that I shall turn up a genius. It would be no more wonderful than a thousand things that happen."

Helen could not see the quizzical smile upon her husband's face, or it might have stung her into immediate and resolute action; for in Helen's, as in every mind, there were germs, only awaiting a fostering hand to spring up in strength and beauty. She only felt the tender clasp in which he held her close to his heart, as he said,

"You are a darling, Nelly, and you need never puzzle this little brain with any efforts to become a genius. I should not love you one whit better—no, I warrant me, not half so well."

Helen nestled down upon her husband's broad breast, feeling that her world was there, and that all exertion on her part to be other than she was, was unnecessary, so long as he loved her so well.

And so the summer glided away, and Paul and Helen continued happy after a fashion. She was as much as ever the pet of his idle hours—every wish of her heart was gratified, yes, even anticipated; yet, there were many occasions upon which the young wife keenly felt her own deficiencies, for, as her judgment matured, she saw that she was but a plaything, when she yearned to be a companion. Even Paul, in the few hours which he spent at his home, frequently found himself the victim of ennui, but it never occurred to him that a better state of things might be brought about by a little painstaking on his part.

CHAPTER II.

LATE in August, Helen received a letter from an uncle in New York, stating that if convenient to her, her cousin Kate would make her a visit early in the month of September. It had been several years since they had met, but she well remembered her as a light-hearted, frolicsome girl, somewhat spoiled by her indulgent father, she being the only child, and motherless. Of course, Helen was very much pleased at the prospect of seeing her cousin so soon, and she wrote to that effect. Her fears that her home would prove a lonely place to her young cousin, were removed by the opportune arrival of Maggie Stuart, an old schoolmate. Singularly enough, they both reached Ashlea upon the same day. Paul gave them an hospitable welcome, but after tea he ensconced himself as usual in his library, preferring the society of his books to that of the three children, (as he mentally denominated them) whom he left laughing over the supper table.

Catharine seemed merriest of the three, but her large, dark eyes were of too thoughtful a cast to deceive her cousin into the belief that time had not changed her; and notwithstanding all her witty sallies, Helen was not long in settling into the conviction that her merriment was assumed, but for what purpose, she was at a loss to imagine. One thing she particularly noticed, Maggie Stuart was very attentive to Kate, but to her attempts at conversation, Kate only replied in monosyllables, and even those fell from her lips like icicles, so frigid and distant was her demeanor. Helen wondered how she could be so rude, for Miss Stuart was a most attractive personage. Her laugh was as low and musical as Kate's was clear and ringing, and she was lady-like and gentle in all her movements. Her hair of brownish-gold encircled her head with a halo of brightness, her complexion was transparently pure, her features faultless, and her eyes of that clear, full blue so seldom met with.

After supper, the beauties of Ashlea were shown by its young mistress, and enjoyed to the fullest extent by her fair guests. They did not return to the house until the twilight deepened into darkness, and then Miss Stuart pleading fatigue, retired to her room, and left the cousins to their first *tele-a-tele*.

"I had hoped to have found you alone, cousin Helen," said Kate.

"And here I was rejoicing over Maggie's arrival, sure that it would be so much more pleasant for you," answered Helen.

"Of all persons, I had never thought of finding her here."

"Of all persons!" repeated Mrs. Clifford, "you surely never knew her before?"

"I *knew* of her," was the concise answer.

"If any one has ever told you anything against Maggie Stuart, don't you believe it. She is just as good and lovely as she looks. Perhaps it is some other one of the same name of whom you have heard. I have known of such mistakes before."

"No indeed. She has been too well described to me. She lives with an uncle, does she not, just out of New York?"

"Yes, George Blight, of Blightdale."

"The same one—I knew it was. You will know some day what cause I have to dislike her; but let us talk about something else now. Tell me about yourself, Helen. I suppose you are as happy as a queen."

"More so, I trust. I never imagined that a queen could be a very happy personage. My husband is all that I could desire. I am very proud of him, Kate, I assure you."

"You deserve to be happy," said Kate. "One of your calm temperament, I suppose, could not well be otherwise. You are like a peaceful little lakelet so cradled in amongst the hills that a tempest could scarce ruffle its bosom, but I—I am like a wild mountain torrent dashing and chafing against the rocks that impede its course."

Helen's calm face mirrored the surprise she felt. For a few moments neither spoke. Kate was looking over a portfolio of prints with a wearisome air, when suddenly a crayoned head that she turned up, arrested her attention. She looked long and earnestly at it—took out her pencil and traced a few lines underneath and finally laid it back with the others.

"You look very tired, Kate. Won't you go to bed, now, and to-morrow begin a new life? I am no prophet if it shall not prove a happy one. I shall not let you indulge in these wayward moods while you are under my care."

Kate kissed her cousin affectionately, and bade her good night.

The next morning, when Paul Clifford left for the city, Miss Stuart handed him a letter for the mail.

"A love letter already!" said he.

Kate glanced up in a moment from the exquisitely etched landscape on the goblet that she held, but meeting Miss Stuart's eyes, she fell to examining the glass again.

"Ah, you are too bad, Mr. Clifford, to mistrust me of writing love letters. You have yet to learn that I have the reputation of being heartless," answered Miss Stuart, in a playful manner.

"It is an undeserved reputation, I am sure," said Helen.

"I am not so sure of it," said Kate Gray, in a tone so low that not a word was distinguishable; but Miss Stuart, who saw the lips move, and heard a sound, said,

"Did you speak, Miss Gray?"

"Yes, I did," answered Kate, "I have an ugly fashion of talking to myself. My cousin, here, is going to try to humanize me. Cousin Paul, will you promise Helen the benefit of your advice and assistance occasionally, that she may not become discouraged in her arduous undertaking?"

Paul fixed his expressive eyes upon her.

"Do you believe in——"

"There!" interrupted Kate. "I will not let you prove yourself such a Yankee, as to answer one question by asking another. Helen, when you took a Boston husband, I supposed you would consider it your daily duty to laugh him out of his peculiarities."

"My definition of duty embraced a wider scope. But seriously, Paul, why don't you promise Kate what she wishes you to?"

"Because I do not consider myself competent. Natures like hers submit to no control excepting——"

Again Kate was rude enough to interrupt him.

"What do you know of my nature?" she said, looking eagerly in his face as she spoke.

"Helen has told me somewhat; but in the little I have seen of you, I have found you not a difficult book to read." Turning to Miss Stuart, he added, "Your letter shall be safely mailed."

"I thank you; but won't you do me the justice to read aloud the superscription? After your bantering, I might suffer from unjust suspicion if you did not."

Mr. Clifford hunted through his satchel of law papers, until he found the letter, and read aloud, "Miss Mary Anna Delacroix, care of George Blight, Esq."

Kate, who had looked at Miss Stuart like a hawk ready to pounce down upon her, at any moment when she could be taken unawares, now grew quite meek and dove-like.

"Helen, won't you tell us how you spend your time when alone?"

"I have no method, Kate, but I always find plenty to amuse me. Besides, there is seldom a day but that I have some company. I presume we should have had our house full, had not the death of Paul's mother kept us out of society. Habit has become second nature with me, and I have enjoyed the quiet life I lead, so much, that

I am sure I could never go back with any zest to a different state of things."

"Ah, but you will have to," broke in Maggie.

"Your husband is making himself a name; and who knows but that he may yet be governor. Let me tell you, you will have to brush up, Miss Helen—I beg pardon, Mistress Helen, I should say. A Massachusetts governor's lady ought to be a very wise-acre."

Helen blushed.

"I am sure Helen would grace any mansion as its mistress, be it President's or prince's," said Kate, with eager warmth.

"Oh, of course," replied Miss Stuart, raising her eyebrows a trifle.

"And what is more, she is too good to be the wife of any of the people's servants. If I had my way, she never should stir out of Ashlea, to be found fault with, and criticised, and condemned," continued Kate, enthusiastically.

"Certainly not," replied Miss Stuart. "Should she ever be called to pass through such an ordeal, you should prove your devotion by donning masculine habiliments, and becoming her knight errant."

Kate was magnanimous enough not to notice her sneering tone.

"Should occasion require," she said, "I shall not be backward in doing battle for her, with my woman's weapon. Come, Helen, sing 'Auld Lang Syne' for me."

Mrs. Clifford's voice was very sweet, and Kate, who was a great lover of music, brought piece after piece for her.

"Really, Kate, you must take your turn, now," said Mrs. Clifford, as she left the instrument. "Do you remember that beautiful song you sang for me, years ago, when you were home from boarding-school? Just after your mother's death. That was the last time that I heard you sing."

Kate remembered it well. Under other circumstances she might have forgotten it.

She sat down at the piano, and commenced the prelude.

Kate was a careless player, but what was defective there, was made up by the exceeding richness and power of her voice, which only needed cultivation to perfect its powers.

So completely did she enter into the spirit of her sad song, that when she arose from the instrument, her face was pale with emotion, and traces of tears lingered in her eyes. Helen wondered that after the lapse of so many years, a song associated with her mother's death should have such power over her.

"What a wonderful gift is yours," she said. "You must sing for Paul, when he comes home."

He is passionately fond of vocal music. Come, Maggie, play us something lively now, or we shall all have the blues."

Miss Stuart, who did not sing, was a brilliant performer, but her waltzes and rondos now were played in vain. Kate grew more and more moody—a deeper dejection settled upon her expressive face, and her gloomy eyes filled with tears that would not be kept back.

Helen felt uneasy, and not a day passed but that she wished from her heart that her cousin would give her her confidence. All her advances were met in such a manner, however, that at length she concluded to take no more notice of Kate's wayward moods.

CHAPTER III.

PAUL CLIFFORD found a pleasurable excitement in the society of his wife's cousin, and Helen was glad to see how well Kate appreciated him. Paul generally left his office at an early hour to accompany them in their drives and walks, but as he was almost always Kate's companion, Miss Stuart's acquaintance with him did not progress very rapidly. Indeed, he acknowledged to his wife, that he somewhat shared Kate's antipathy toward her, and Helen, as in duty bound, became more devoted to her neglected schoolmate, exalting her to a still higher place in her affections, on account of these unjust prejudices.

Occasionally, visitors at Ashlea pronounced in favor of Miss Stuart. Miss Gray was considered too blunt—too haughty and independent, but she never gave a thought as to what opinion a stranger formed of her. Those to whom she felt herself attracted, she never failed to please. It was only where she was indifferent that the reverse occurred. Miss Stuart, on the contrary, seemed to have studied Lord Chesterfield's policy in such matters.

One afternoon, Mr. Clifford brought home a college chum of his own, who promised to be quite a brilliant accession to their little party. Reginald Campbell was a Southerner, upon whom fortune had showered every possible favor. A faultless exterior, polished manners, talents, wealth, and withal so well balanced a brain, that he seemed totally unconscious of his numerous advantages.

He made rapid progress in the acquaintance and favor of his hostess and her guests. Kate seemed like another being, until a circumstance, trifling in itself, was the cause of her relapsing into her old ways.

Paul, one evening, took from the portfolio the

print underneath which Kate had scribbled the evening of her arrival at Ashlea.

"Helen," he said, "what does this mean?" reading aloud, "Folke of Montfaucon. A feeling came across Sintram that he must have seen this knight somewhere in by-gone times."

"I am sure I don't know, Paul," she answered. "Let me look at it. Why this is the head that you told me you purchased for its resemblance to your friend, Mr. Campbell." Then glancing from the picture to him, and back to the picture again, she continued, "And so it is like—very like him—only look, girls. Isn't it an admirable likeness?"

"Capital!" exclaimed Miss Stuart. "How do you like it, Kate?"

"I see the resemblance, now that it is pointed out to me," she answered, her face all in a flush, notwithstanding her cold tones.

"And the writing," continued Miss Stuart, "it looks like the marginal notes that you are so given to defacing books with, Miss Gray. Pray tell us the legend of the noble knight—Montfaucon."

"Ah, Paul, we ought to have Maggie's head sketched for Gabrielle. Wouldn't it make a good one?" said Helen.

"And who was Gabrielle?" questioned Miss Stuart.

"Ah, you must read Sintram. You will understand it all then."

Reginald Campbell, who had heretofore been silent, though not unobservant, now said,

"And I must read Sintram. But where are those books, Miss Stuart, with the marginal notes you were speaking of? I am very far from agreeing with you in your opinion of their being defaced by them. On the contrary, I am always interested in a book where I see marks and annotations."

It was all lost on Kate. From that hour she took particular pains to show Reginald that she was proof against his attractions; for she seemed suddenly possessed with the idea that he was fully conscious of them. Her rebuffs, however, only added fresh stimulus to his exertions to restore her former manner; but as day after day passed, and there was no change for the better, he at length fell back upon Miss Stuart's society, whose never-failing sweetness of manner deserved to win her more notice than he had heretofore bestowed.

Mrs. Clifford was sorry that Kate should conduct herself as she did toward Reginald, but still she was far from being displeased in seeing him bestow his attentions upon her favorite. Not so with Paul. From the night when unob-

served he had stood by the library window, and heard Kate liken herself to the wild mountain torrent in its artless course, he had felt an interest in her, which a farther knowledge of her undeveloped character had only served to increase. Paul Clifford, in common with his sex, despised match-making, yet it must be confessed that as he drove Reginald out to Ashlea, the thought occurred to him that he was just the one to teach Kate *the lesson* which he fancied she needed. The wild mountain torrent, he was sure, would never find rest until lost in the broad sea of love.

But now his dream was at an end. Reginald seemed daily to become more and more the slave of Miss Stuart's artless, winning ways, and she in turn was equally devoted. Even his correspondence with Miss Delacroix became a tax, and when Paul had brought her several letters without taking back the accustomed answers, he ventured to make an appeal in behalf of the neglected correspondent.

Miss Stuart seemed much embarrassed. The next morning she handed him a note bearing the usual superscription, but from that date the correspondence ceased. Miss Delacroix, it was to be presumed, had been chilled into silence by her friend's concise answer to her numerous epistles.

CHAPTER IV.

"A LETTER for Kate! directed in a gentleman's handwriting! This is something new—why, Kate, it is the first love letter you have received since you have been with us!" exclaimed Mrs. Clifford, as she handed the letter to her cousin.

A feeble glow spread over Kate's face, which deepened as she recognized the writing. Her first impulse was to go to her room, but catching Miss Stuart's eager, curious gaze, she carelessly broke the seal, and commenced reading it in the most nonchalant manner possible. But Kate was not sufficiently schooled in self-control to enable her to maintain her quiet demeanor. Alternations of joy and indignation were pictured in her speaking face; but Miss Stuart, evidently wearied of watching her, joined Reginald in a walk through the grounds.

Paul, reclining in the bay window at the opposite end of the suite of rooms, let no look nor motion of Kate's escape him; and when she arose with gloomy cheeks and flashing eyes and went up to her chamber, he called his wife to him.

"Helen, has it ever occurred to you that some love affair might be the cause of Kate's unhappiness?" he said.

"I am sure I don't know. Kate keeps her own secrets. She must be a very unhappy temperament," answered Mrs. Clifford.

"You do her injustice," said Paul, "I wish you could endeavor to gain her confidence. When once she has opened her heart to some one capable of sympathy, her trouble, whatever it be, will lose half its power. It is brooding over it in solitude that gives it such strength."

"I cannot help it," said Helen, rather petulantly, "nor am I going to neglect Maggie to encourage Kate's scheme. She is not in the least inclined to make me her confidant, but no doubt *you* would have better success, for it is very evident, Paul, that your partiality for her is *fully* returned. She can always sit down stairs when you are at home."

The tones of her voice, even more than her words, caused her husband to fix his eyes scrutinizingly upon her face.

"Helen!" he exclaimed, "is it possible that I cannot exercise the ordinary demands of hospitality, without awakening in the breast of my wife so mean a passion as that of jealousy?"

Mrs. Clifford's only answer was a flood of tears, and Paul, who had as nervous a dread of a scene as ever a husband had, desired her to go to her room until she became more reasonable.

Meantime, Miss Stuart and Reginald Campbell beguiled by the beauty of the coming eve, had wandered on, and the usual supper hour found them some distance from Ashlea. As they commenced retracing their steps, Miss Stuart said, "I positively dread appearing in the presence of that little fury to-night."

"What fury, Miss Stuart? I cannot imagine that you mean Miss Gray."

"And why not? You do not know her as well as I do. I feel prophetic. Depend upon it, the volcano that has been so long rumbling and seething in its hidden crater, will burst upon my 'devoted head' to-night."

"Why upon yours, Miss Stuart? Miss Gray is surely not so unreasonable as to 'pour the vial of her wrath' upon an innocent person!"

"Well, there is nothing like a candid confession. Mr. Campbell, and to tell you the truth, she imagines me to be the cause of her unhappiness. At Newport, this summer, I was unfortunate enough to have a gentleman fall in love with me, upon whom Miss Gray had prior claims. It seems that she cannot forgive me for usurping her place, although I was so innocent of the intention. We never met until we came here; and really, I have tried hard to overcome her unfavorable impressions. Her cousin tells me that she was always of an overbearing disposition.

Some trouble at home, I believe, is the cause of her visit here. I hope Helen will never have reason to regret her hospitality."

Reginald made no comment. He pulled from a wild shrub which they were passing a flower.

"What a pity," he said, "that so beautiful a flower should be poisonous. I am not sure but I run a risk in gathering it," and as he spoke, he tossed it from him as carelessly as he had pulled it.

However unintentional it might have been, a comparison was suggested to Miss Stuart, which made her feel thoroughly uncomfortable. Their walk was concluded in silence.

They found supper awaiting them. Paul's frown, Helen's swollen eyes, and Kate's flushed face attracted Miss Stuart's observation, and she looked triumphantly at Reginald. In vain he endeavored to restore the good-humor of the party. His badinage was of no avail. The few remarks elicited from Mr. Clifford were quite common-place, and Helen and Kate answered only in monosyllables.

After tea, Reginald proposed a walk to Paul, and the two, arm-in-arm, walked up and down one of the avenues, in close and earnest conversation. Soon after they left the room Miss Stuart followed, and walking cautiously on the other side of the avenue, overheard thus much of the conversation.

Paul's voice first. "Yes, I am afraid you are right. No other surmise could explain Kate's strange conduct. But do not go away yet—give her time, Reginald. A girl like Kate will not long throw away her love upon a man who has proven himself unworthy of it."

"Give her time," repeated Reginald. "It is unaccountable the time I have already given. If I had half the spirit I had supposed in me, I should have left you long ago; but when one line of conduct failed, I was still in hopes that another might be more successful. You saw my devotion to Miss Stuart was entirely unheeded. By-the-way, Paul, I fancy if I only had the inclination, I might urge a suit in that quarter with better success."

"So it seems; but then there is no dependence to be placed on these professed flirts, and Miss Stuart, if report speaks true, stands at the head of the profession," answered Paul.

"I am guiltless of any ambitious desires to convince you of my power," said Reginald, laughing. "I should never fancy *her* for a wife. Bah! What was it you commenced telling me, last evening, about some flirtation between Fred Percival and her?"

"No, you misunderstood me. Fred was telling

me of a rich, old widower or bachelor whom she had entrapped at some watering-place this summer. You know she is dependant upon an uncle for a home, and I suppose she thinks it is time that she had an establishment of her own."

When Paul and Reginald returned to the house, Helen and Kate were sitting alone in the library with closed doors, for the October evenings were getting chilly. Kate on a low seat at her cousin's feet, their hands clasped, thus evincing an unusual degree of confidence and affection.

Paul went straight to his wife and kissed her. Her humid eyes, as she glanced upward, expressed the pleasure she felt at the unexpected caress.

"Mrs. Clifford, I am sorry to say that this is my last evening at Ashlea," said Reginald.

Kate glanced up quickly—their eyes met, and hers fell again.

"Why, Mr. Campbell!" exclaimed Helen, "are you in earnest? I am sure neither Maggie nor I had dreamed of such a thing? Where is Maggie? I thought she went out with you."

No one knew of the whereabouts of Miss Stuart, but presently she appeared, bearing on the skirt of her thin dress unmistakable traces of the dew through which it had been trailing. Helen thought she had never seen her looking so well, and there was indeed an unusual glow in her eyes and on her cheeks, and her red lips seemed smaller and brighter than ever. She was ill at ease, notwithstanding her efforts to appear the contrary, and both Paul and Reginald suspected that their conversation had been overheard.

"Who was your letter from, Kate?" said Paul, then seeing that she hesitated, he continued, "Don't answer if it is any secret."

"I assure you it is not," and Kate glanced at Miss Stuart as she spoke, with a mingling of mischief and contempt. "It was from Miss Mary Anna Delacroix."

The glow deepened on Miss Stuart's cheeks, and her eyes seemed fairly ablaze with passion, but she said not a word.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Clifford. "That is the name of Maggie's correspondent. The letter was from her father, Paul. Kate has been so unhappy ever since she came here on account of her estrangement from him: but it is all over now, isn't it, Kate? Do tell Paul all about it—that's a dear girl. I declare, although poor Kate has suffered so much, I can't keep from laughing when I think what a fool uncle Will has made of himself. May I tell Paul, Kate?"

"It is not very pleasant, Helen, to hear pa laughed at, but tell him if you choose."

Kate's hour had come, and she was wicked enough to enjoy her triumph to its fullest extent. From the corners of her eyes she kept watch of Miss Stuart while Helen innocently went on with her story.

"You see, Paul, uncle Will went to Newport, this summer, and the report of his wealth caused him to receive all manner of attentions from 'manœuvring mammas and designing daughters.' Well, uncle Will's head was completely turned, and he was sufficiently unsophisticated to suffer himself to be caught by a frivolous and unprincipled woman—quite a girl. Kate says she was reported to her as being very fascinating in her ways. No doubt she thought his 'gold' a fair exchange for her youth and beauty. Kate had friends there who wrote to her, telling her what a reputation the lady bore; and when her father returned and informed her of his prosperous wooing, she showed him the letters and remonstrated with him, picturing the unhappiness he would bring upon himself by marrying so heartless and so mercenary a woman. Of course he wouldn't listen to her, and Kate wouldn't listen to him, and the end of it was, she was sent off here in disgrace, and I suppose he went on with his wooing. But now, it seems, the lady has met with a wealthier suitor, and has jilted uncle Will; and his long, well-filled letters to Kate shows that he is anxious to make amends to her, I think—she won't let me read it though, and so I cannot judge how far his repentance goes: I am glad he has been brought to his senses before it was too late. What was the lady's name, Kate?—you did not tell me."

Even had Kate chosen, she had no time to reply, for Miss Stuart, who had scarcely been able to restrain her anger while Helen was speaking, now gave it vent in words. She had started to leave the room, and with her hand on the door turned and looked Kate straight in the face.

"Miss Gray," she said, her voice husky with passion, "you shall repent this night as surely as I know that I have within me the power to make you repent it. One word of mine will bring your father to my feet again." Shutting the door violently she left them.

"Maggie! why what does she mean!" exclaimed Mr. Clifford.

"Cousin Helen you asked me the lady's name—do you not know now?"

"Is it possible? why, Kate—who ever would have thought it? Oh, haven't you been too hard upon her?"

Both Paul and Reginald took Kate's part, and even Helen was obliged to acknowledge that she had merited it all, when Kate had read her certain portions of her father's letter.

CHAPTER V.

MISS STUART took her leave the next morning at an early hour; but to Mrs. Clifford's surprise, Reginald Campbell's departure was indefinitely delayed.

Kate expressed anxiety to return home on her father's account, but neither Paul nor Helen would listen to her, and all agreed that she need not fear Miss Stuart's threat, as no sane man would marry such a woman after her character had been revealed to him. So a letter was despatched inviting Mr. Gray to Ashlea, and Kate awaited an answer.

Helen feared that their house would be lonely to Reginald, and she proposed to her husband to invite other guests—Kate was so unsociable with him, she said; but Paul did not seem in any hurry to obey her request, and somehow Kate and Reginald got on amazingly well together. They frequently took long drives over the country, and as often long rambles through the forests, now glorious with autumn foliage. When in the house they were constant companions over their books in the library, or at the piano in the music-room.

One afternoon they were in the conservatory. Kate with her scissors was clipping off dead leaves. They came to a heart's-ease in full bloom. Helen's scissors missed its destined leaf, and severed the stalk of one of the finest flowers, which dropped and fell close by Reginald's feet.

"A good omen," he said, "I will preserve this and some day you may take compassion upon me, and give me in earnest what I know would not have been mine but for accident."

Kate colored slightly, but did not raise her eyes, nor even attempt a playful reply as was generally her custom. Trifling as was the embarrassment that she showed, it caused Reginald's heart to beat quickly, but the next moment Helen called Kate away, and they both had ample time to compose themselves before they met at the supper table.

Kate came down arrayed in a white muslin. The bright India scarf carelessly thrown over her shoulders was very becoming to her clear complexion. A spray of fuschia trembled in the heavy masses of her black hair, which were so artistically arranged as not to hide the beauty of her classical head.

Reginald thought he had never seen her look

so bewitchingly lovely as when her dark eyes drooped at sight of the yellow heart's-ease, which he wore fastened in his vest. He grew absent-minded, and once, to Kate's excessive annoyance, called her Gabrielle, which made Paul and Helen laugh heartily over the circumstances of the picture which of course it recalled.

This decided Reginald in determining to know his fate that very night; and that it was a happy one, Mrs. Clifford surely guessed, for she stole away from the room she was about to enter, to tell her husband of the strange sight she had seen therein, Kate's head close held to Reginald's breast, and his arm so tenderly encircling her.

There was not so much wild merriment, nor so many jesting words thereafter between the two, but the deep happiness in Kate's eyes, and the subdued tones of her voice were proofs that the wild mountain torrent was indeed lost in the broad seas of love.

It was but a few days afterward that Kate received a letter from her father, ordering her return upon a certain day of the ensuing week. A note was enclosed to Paul and Helen, declining their invitation to Ashlea, and urging their return with Kate.

It was arranged that they should accompany her, but Reginald was prevented by business from making one of the party. He was to follow them as soon as possible, and Kate preferred that no letters should pass between them, until her father had given his approbation to their engagement.

CHAPTER VI.

KATE found her father's mansion brilliantly lighted, and everything in readiness for herself and cousins, on the evening of her return. But her father was not there to meet them as she had expected he would be.

"Where is papa?" she said to the servant who waited upon them, after accompanying her cousins to their chamber.

"We are expecting him every moment, Miss Kate; but he left a note in your room for you, in case you should get home first, Miss."

Kate went into her room. It was on the same side of the hall as her cousins, and a door opened from it into Helen's dressing-room. Helen, standing therein, was startled a few moments after Kate left her, by the cry she heard her utter, and unlocking the door she went into her. Kate had sank down upon the floor, and with her face in her hands was crying bitterly.

"What is the matter Kate? what is the matter, child?"

"Oh, Helen! pa is married, and this very night he brings home that hateful Miss Stuart to take my mother's place. Oh, is it not cruel? What shall I do?"

Mrs. Clifford stood transfixed. She could never believe the words that Kate uttered.

"Impossible!" she said, at length. "Oh, Kate, this is only a joke—some nonsense just to torment you."

"Read—read for yourself," answered Kate, handing the note to her cousin.

Helen took it and read—

"To-night, my daughter, I return with my wife to the home to which I have summoned you. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that the position you hereafter occupy in my affections, as well as in my household, rests with yourself. Miss Stuart has been much maligned, and I rely upon you to treat her with all the deference due to your father's wife.

"In haste, I subscribe myself, as ever, your affectionate father,
WILLIAM GRAY."

"What shall I do?" said Kate.

Helen knew not what to reply, not what to advise.

"I will go and tell Paul," she said. "He will know best."

But Paul was as much astounded as herself. In the midst of their consultation, a carriage stopped at the door, a bustle was heard in the hall below, trunks were carried up the staircase, and it was evident that the new mistress of the mansion had arrived.

"I cannot stay here! I will not!" exclaimed Kate. "Oh, Helen, let me go back to Ashlea."

Helen looked supplicatingly at Paul.

"You are quite welcome to a home with us, Kate; but would it be wise?—would it be polite to leave immediately? My advice is, to remain here until Reginald comes, and he no doubt will insist upon a speedy marriage. Then you can leave without giving your father the offence you would be sure of giving now, were you to take so hasty a departure."

"You may depend upon it," said Kate, "if that woman can prevent it, I shall never see Reginald again."

"Never fear. It would take stronger walls than these to keep him from carrying you away, even were she disposed to separate you. Of course, she will not know of your engagement, and therefore will have nothing to plot against."

In the midst of their consultation, there came a summons to Kate, from her father, who was waiting in his study to see her. She went down reluctantly.

"Well, my child," he said, "I have taken you by surprise, but Maggie preferred it so, and as in duty bound, I waived my own wishes for hers. I have sent for you to say that we desire no allusion to the past. I could explain everything, but Maggie desires me not to, and if she is satisfied, of course I am. It is natural that after the letter I was so foolish as to write you, you should feel some anxiety concerning me, but I have not placed my happiness in her hands, without abundant reason for knowing that it is in safe keeping. You must combat the prejudices that you have formed against her upon my account, for depend upon it, Kate, had you not thought that she had stolen away your father's heart from you, you would not have been so blinded to her lovely and attractive qualities. She is as anxious as I am for a perfect reconciliation with you. Your treatment at Ashlea was a great grief to her."

Kate looked full in her father's face, her eyes flashing indignation through their tears.

"I see—I was prepared for this," he continued. "Really, Kate, there is one thing that I think it my duty to tell you, that you may know how perfect a character you are wronging by your most unjust suspicions. Maggie, at my instigation, went to Ashlea for the purpose of overcoming your antipathy, and it was because she found it impossible to do so, that she resolved to break off our engagement. She could not endure the idea of separating a father and a daughter; nor could she without great self-

denial, submit to the trials that she saw must necessarily be hers, if she became an inmate of the same house with you. So for my sake, Kate, try to see her in her true light."

Kate buried her face in her hands, and wept vehemently. To find her father thus deceived, and yet unable to convince him of his deception, was more than she could bear.

"I hope these are salutary tears," he said, laying his hand tenderly upon her head. "You have been a loving daughter, notwithstanding all your wilful ways, and you will not grieve me now, by persisting in a wrong course. Answer me, Kate, you will not by so doing, close the door of your father's heart against you—will you, my child?"

Kate, thus appealed to, flung her arms around her father's neck, "Oh, father, only love me," she sobbed, "and I will bear everything for your sake."

Her father kissed her, and smiled, as he thought how little she would have to bear.

"Now go, and bring down your cousins, and we will do all in our power to make their visit pleasant to them. How singularly it happened that Helen and Maggie should have been school-mates. Very intimate too, they always were. Remember, Kate, you must not betray me. Maggie did not wish me to make any explanation of that rupture of ours."

"Never fear, father," answered Kate, "I have taken my resolution."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE OLD LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

'Tis ten long years since last we met,

Yet still I dream of thee;

Forgetting that thou art indeed

Lost to thyself and me;

I see thee in thy beauty's prime,

When first I breathed my vow;

'Ere sorrow had its impress stamp'd

Upon thy marble brow;

The vision flies—my soul awakes

To be bow'd down with care;

To curse the day whose sunny dawn

Makes darker my despair.

If to mine eyes, all dark with grief,

My bitter feelings rush;

And tears—unmanly tears shall down

My cheeks in torrents gush;

'Tis thou that bidd'st those waters flow—

And if my tears condemn,

'Tis thou alone in bitterness

Should'st blush and grieve for them;

And oh, remember that my soul

In shedding bitter tears,

Is pouring forth from out its depths

The treasured grief of years.

Ah, me! ah, me! thou can'st not know

The sorrows that I feel,

Or what I suffer for thy sake,

And for thy sake conceal;

My name perhaps forgotten is,

And all I was to thee;

But thine is fix'd upon my brow

A star of memory;

And though the world may fail to read

The record that is there;

Yet it shall burn like secret fires

To doom me to despair.

"DON'T BOTHER ME."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

MR. ALDEN had put on his slippers, seated himself in his easy-chair, and made ready to spend what he called "a comfortable evening," when his little boy came running in from the play-room.

"Oh, pa," cried the child, "you should see what a nice house Helen and I have built."

The father, without even looking at the eager child, answered crossly,

"Don't bother me!"

The face of the child fell. His lip quivered, and he crept frightened and hurt from the room.

We pass on a few days.

It was Thanksgiving. Mr. Alden, after dinner, thought he would take a walk. Just as he was putting on his hat, his little daughter ran up to him saying,

"Pa, mayn't I go with you?"

The face fairly shone with the anticipated happiness. But the father, reflecting that he would have to delay till her bonnet was put on, replied selfishly,

"No. I can't wait. Don't bother me!"

The bright look faded from her countenance. As he closed the outer-door, tears started into the child's eyes.

"Pa," timidly said the little boy, on another occasion, "won't you show me how to do this sum? It's dreadful hard."

Mr Alden was reading the newspaper, and was deep in some political article, in which, as in most such things, there was more abuse than sound argument.

"Don't bother me," he answered, testily. "I'm reading."

On another occasion, Helen was singing, as innocent children do, out of the very joy of her heart. Her father looked sternly round, and taking the cigar from his mouth, cried harshly,

"Who's making that noise? I wish, Mrs. Alden, you wouldn't let the children bother me so?"

One night little Charley had the tooth-ache; and though he tried bravely, could not help crying. His father, woke from sleep, lost temper at last, and would have whipped the child, if it had not been for the mother.

"It's all a whim, that he cries; for it will do no good; and you'll spoil the child," he

answered, out of humor. "I'm always bothered in this way."

These things happened weekly, almost daily. Mr. Alden did not consider himself a selfish man, yet he thought of nobody's comfort at home but himself, till at last he became a terror to his little ones. Their natural instinct of love toward him finally went out, for their little demonstrations nearly always met with a rebuff. If they rushed, when he came home, to climb about his neck, he put them away, saying, "There, that'll do, don't bother me." If they were lavish of their kisses, when the time came for their retiring, it was still, "Don't bother me." If, in their exuberant spirits, they made any excessive noise at their play, their mother, or a servant was sent to bid them stop and not "bother him." And in a hundred similar ways their tenderness was repelled.

Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Alden would be affable enough with his children. He would have them on his knee, help them with their studies, or even join in their plays. But then again, without any reason save the whim of the moment, he would harshly repulse their advances. By this fitful system, worse almost than a steady repulsion, his children grew finally not only to fear him, but to lose all respect for him. They did not reason about the matter, they were too young to analyze causes; but they felt that he was unjust, selfish, and tyrannical.

Gradually, therefore, Mr. Alden's children became estranged from him. When they grew up, they never gave him their confidence, but living in the same house, were almost as strangers to him. He began, as he grew old, to feel the want of their love, and to complain of it as an injustice to himself. "I have done everything for them, that a father could," he was wont to say.

Alas! that which he should have done for them most of all, and which would have won their love, he had not done at all. Their childish, affectionate sympathy he had rudely rejected. Instead of thinking of their pleasure as well as his own, he had selfishly consulted only his own comfort. And now he was paying the penalty.

Yet Mr. Alden had always fulfilled what he

thought his duty to his children. He had fed them well, dressed them well, and educated them well. From none of the amusements suitable to their age were they debarred. In matters pertaining to money he was even a liberal parent. But what is all this, when sympathy and love are denied?

"Don't bother me," was the key to all. It was in what may be called the minor duties that Mr. Alden was deficient. A great sacrifice for the sake of his family he could make. The little sacrifices of personal convenience was the rock on which he split.

ROSALIND.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO.

ESCAPED from realms of Paradise,
Through Heavenly ether borne,
An angel child from God was sent
To bless a heart forlorn.

The mother's arms outstretched to clasp
A joy she once has known,
Closes in loving, fond embrace,
Around her child, her own.

Deep down into the parent heart
Passes a joy divine;
Soft baby hands play on her breast,
Soft eyes upon her shine.

With lullaby she charms to sleep,
A long sweet kiss she sips,
Ever burn on baby cheeks
Love prints from mother's lips.

No warmer nest has birdling found
Than that young mother's breast,
Alas! the nest is shorn and cold,
The parent's arms bereft.

Sitting alone, she makes her moan,
"My gentle bird, my fair,
Oh, where hast thou, my birdling flown,
Far through the upper air?"

With folded arms, that pain to clasp
Again that baby form,

The mother's eye is Heavenward bent,
Watching for light of morn.

The rosy dawn wakes up the earth,
Streams beauty o'er the sea,
Touches the fields with radiant light,
Steals over hill and lea.

And with the morning comes a sound,
Like music in the air,
It's but the softly whispering breeze,
Waking the blossoms fair.

The mother's heart is open wide,
Her ear drinks in the lay,
The music is not of the earth,
It melts in calm away.

No other eye can see the sight,
Looking upward into air,
The mother catches gleams of light
Streaming through the portals fair.

The snowy robes her fingers decked
Her baby's waxen limbs,
And flutter in the golden light
Borne on by angel's wings.

The mother rising from her grief,
Smiles on the dawning day,
And gratefully she blesses God,
Who wooed her bird away.

SERENADE.

BY W. F. B. JACKSON.

WAKE! lady, wake! the moonlight pale is streaming
Over the woodland, meadow, vale and hill,
And countless stars, like jewels rare, are gleaming
Upon the brow of night, so calm and still.
The blushing rose is sleeping in its bower,
The lily pale is bending o'er the lake,
The pearly dew-drop glistens on each flower,
Wake! lady, wake!

Wake! lady, wake! the gentle wind is breathing
Unto the list'ning earth, and eager grove,
And to the woodbine round thy lattice wreathing,
With winning accents, a soft tale of love.

The wild brook hears it, and the shining river,
And, as on golden sands the ripples break,
In sweet entrancing tones they murmur over,
Wake! lady, wake!

Wake! lady, wake! the waning moon yet lingers
To bathe thy features with her mellow light.
Ere the bright morn, with dewy, rosy fingers
Casts off the jewelled veil from mist-robed night,
And chases from his sapphire-tinted palace
The timid stars, that trembling dare to take
Deep, ardent draughts from out thy beauty's chalice.
Wake! lady, wake!

SCOTTISH SONGS AND BALLADS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

It is not every poet who can write a song. A perfect lyric should be single in its theme, should go directly to the point, should never lose sight of the subject for an instant, should be clothed in language at once appropriate and musical, and should glow with patriotic enthusiasm, or melt with tenderness, but always be made vital with the sentiment or idea. Only when the heart is full and the imagination on fire, are thought and passion fused to the white heat of the lyric. It is for this reason that there are so few really good songs in the language. A thousand times poets have said to themselves, "Now I will write a lyric;" and never, when saying this, have they succeeded perfectly. Moore and Bayley are instances in point. On the other hand, some of the best songs we possess, have been written by persons unknown to fame before. "Auld Robin Gray," and a host besides, are examples familiar to all.

The most perfect of our songs are Scotch. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that these have a Highland origin, as the popular mind believes and some writers even assert who pretend to criticism. All the principal songs, which are known as Scotch, can be traced to the Lowlands, where the inhabitants have been substantially of the same race with the English, ever since the Normans conquered at Hastings, the Danes warmed across the German ocean, or Scandinavian sea-kings ravaged the British coasts. The song of the Gael, like his bag-pipe, is rude and wild. But south of his barbarous hills, and all the way to the English border, the land is vocal with sweet lyrics. An able writer has said that every river, stream and lake, every mountain-slope and summit, every pastoral valley, every ruined tower, nay! almost every farm-house in the Scottish Lowlands has been celebrated in song.

It is, therefore, not because the Scotch are of a different race from the English, that the first can show so many songs, and the last so few. Five centuries ago the people south of the Tweed were as lyrical as those on the north of it; and they continued to remain so till down to a comparatively recent period. It is even doubtful if the English, in the age of Chaucer, had not more songs than the Scotch. It is certain that many,

which are now generally thought to belong to Scotland, can be traced back to an English ancestry. So late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, music and song were household companions of the English, almost as much so as with the Germans of to-day. But the great Puritan revolution was as iconoclastic toward rote and rebeck as toward images in the churches, and trampled out song-singing beneath its pitiless hoofs, as remorselessly as Cromwell's Ironsides rode down the cavaliers at Marston Moor. The Restoration, which made a vicious French taste fashionable, did nothing toward restoring the beauty of old English lyrics; and the accession of the House of Hanover, bringing in a coarse, dull court, made the case more hopeless than ever. In this way nearly all the old English songs have perished. But Scotland, by a series of fortuitous events, was saved from a similar doom. North of the border, and up to the very foot of the Highlands, the love of song continued, wherever a dialect of the Saxon English was spoken; and not only continued, but took deeper hold than ever of the popular heart, till it culminated at last in the immortal Burns.

Probably the most perfect song, in any language, is "Ae fond kiss and then we sever." It illustrates, in every burning word, what we have said of the lyric. Its glowing thoughts, intense emotion, and vivid language rush from the poet's soul, like molten lava from a volcano, setting everything a-blaze. Never were words and melody, pathos and passion, so fused together as in the second stanzas.

"I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

But the songs of Burns are too well known to require further mention. It is sufficient to say, that no poet, in any language, has left behind so many glorious lyrics. Next to him, perhaps, comes Allan Cunningham. There is one of his songs, at least, whose superior it would be difficult to select. We allude to that lament of the banished Jacobite, "Hame, hame, hame," which

Sir Walter Scott could never listen to without tears. Compare it with Campbell's "Exile of Erin," and see how far truth and Nature are above artificial trickery.

"Hame, hame, hame! oh, hame fain wad I be!
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame! oh, hame fain wad I be!
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning now to fa';
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But we'll water't wi' the bluid of usurping tyrannie,
And fresh it shall blaw in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame! oh, hame fain wad I be!
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Oh, there's nocht now frae ruin my countrie can save,
But the keys o' kind Heaven, to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyalty
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame! oh, hame fain wad I be!
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great now are gane wha attempted to save,
The green grass is growing abune their grave;
Yet the sun through the mirk seems to promise to me,
I'll shine on you yet in your ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame! oh, hame fain wad I be!
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!"

The ballad of "Helen of Kirkconnell" dates back beyond authentic authorship. It is a fitting companion to the above. Its directness, earnestness, and vivid language, even in the modernized version which we quote, are in the highest style of the lyric

"I wish I were where Helen lies—
Night and day on me she cries;
Oh, that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Oh, Helen, fair beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart forevermair,
Until the day I die.

Cursed be the heart that thought the thought,
And cursed the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died for sake o' me.

Oh, think nae but my heart was sair
When my love fell and spak' nae mair;
I laid her down wi' meikle care
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I laid her down, my sword did draw,
Stern was our strife in Kirtle-shaw;
I hew'd him down in pieces sma',
For her that died for me.

Oh, that I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
'Oh, come, my love, to me!'

Oh, Helen fair, oh, Helen chaste!
Were I with thee I would be blest,
Where thou liest low and tak'at thy rest
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

I wish I were where Helen lies—
Night and day on me she cries:
I'm sick of all beneath the skies,
Since my love died for me."

As perfect a song of its kind, but in a different vein, is "There's Nae Luck About the House." The author was William Julius Mickle, who wrote it not quite a century ago. Burns pronounced it "the finest love-ballad in the Scotch, or perhaps in any other language." The joyous happiness of the "guide-wife," on hearing that her husband has come back safe, becomes infectious as we read, such is the exquisite harmony between the thought and the rhythm, till we can hardly avoid jumping to our feet and dancing with glee.

"But are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel?
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's nae luck about the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat.

Mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockings white as snaw;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—
He likes to see them brow.

There are twa hens into the crib
Hae fed this month or mair;
Mak haste and thrav their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockings pearl-blue—
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath's like caulor air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downricht dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's nae luck about the house,
When our gudeman's awa'."

Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," has written many good songs, but the most famous, perhaps, is "When the Kye Come Hame." As a rural picture it is perfect. Without rising to the power of "Scots Who Hae," or moving the soul like "Auld Robin Gray," it yet makes a lasting

impression in the memory, and is as perfect of its kind. The manner in which "When the Kye Come Hame" is brought in at the end of every stanza, is especially charming.

"Come, all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken.
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame;
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
Nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor yet on bed of down;
'Tis beneath the spreading birch,
In the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loves to see,
And up upon the tapmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love 'tis a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

When the bluart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauld it up his ee.
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Draps down, and thinks sae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines sae bright,
The hail soul to beguile,
There's love in every whisper,
And joy in every smile.
Oh, who would choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame?

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he dawna gang to rest,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—
What comfort can they gie'e?—
And a' the arts that prey
On man's life and libertie.
Gie' me the highest joy
That the heart o' man can frame,
My bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame."

Among the older songs, "Waly, Waly," is one of the most beautiful. The author is anonymous. It first appeared, we believe, in Ramsay's

"The Tea-Table Miscellany," published in 1724. It is as affecting as Motherwell's "My Heid is Like to Rend, Willie," while less diffuse; and the four last lines, perhaps, have never been surpassed.

"Oh, waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-side,
Where I and my love went to gae!
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
And thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd and syne it brak:
Sae my true-love did lichtlie me.

Oh, waly, waly, but love be bonnie
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.
Oh, wherefore should I busk my heid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true-love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me,
St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true-love has forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
Oh, gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gone,
And the green grass growin' ower me!"

Even to enumerate all the good Scotch songs would require more space than we have to spare. We must content ourselves, therefore, with naming merely a few. Allan Ramsay wrote several excellent ones, the best of which, perhaps, is "The Waukin O' the Fauld;" but his lyrics, in general, hardly deserve the praise they have received. His "Widow, Are Ye Waukin," is a good specimen of his freer style. There is an anonymous version of "Barbara Allan," which has singular merit, and is doubtless the original of the English song of the same name, which is far inferior. "Annie Laurie," another old song, is very good. Hector Macneil, who was born in 1746, was the author of several capital lyrics. His "Come Under My Plaidie," satirizes marrying for wealth as unmercifully as Thackeray's "Newcomes." It is almost too bitter, as these lines show.

"He wander'd hame weary, the nicht it was dreary,
And thowless he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw;
The howlet was screaming; while Johnnie cried,
"Women
Wad marry auld Nick if he'd keep them aye braw."

"The Braes of Yarrow," by the Rev. John Logan, is a beautiful song. It is founded on a well known story, made immortal in Scottish ballads, but nowhere told more exquisitely than in Hamilton's "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride." Jane Elliot's "The Flowers of the Forest," now more than a century old, and founded on an ancient ballad written after Flodden Field, all of which is lost but two or three lines, is also very fine. "Matrimonial Happiness," by John Lapraik, is second only to Burns' "John Anderson, My Jo." Susanna Blamire, about 1788, wrote "The Waeifu' Heart," a song of great excellence. And to William Laidlaw, Scott's steward, amanuensis and friend, we owe that affecting song, "Lucy's Flittin'."

In satirical and political songs Scotland is as famous as in those of patriotism or love. "Our Gudeman Cam' Hame," by an anonymous author, first appeared in print in 1776; but is much older. Its satire is almost too broad for modern ears. "The Barring o' the Door," which is quite as old, is jollity itself. "Maggie Lauder," to use the words of Burns, is full of "Scottish naivete and energy." Burns himself has written almost a volume of satirical songs, and among the best is "The Deil's Awa' Wi' the Excise-man," in which the metre goes dancing with rejoicing glee. "Carle, an the King Come" is a chorus as old as Cromwell. An anonymous Jacobite song, under the same title, has considerable merit. We quote a stanza to show how bitter political songs were a century ago.

"When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
And gibbets stand to hang the Whigs,
Oh, then we'll a' dance Scottish jigs,
Carle an' the king come."

In "O'er the Water to Charlie" is a similar stanza. But who can wonder at it, when exile, confiscation and the scaffold rewarded those, who, from a mistaken sentiment of loyalty and duty, dared to fight for the Stuarts?

"It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
Though some there be that abhor him;
But, oh, to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's goes before him!"

"Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie," an anonymous Jacobite song, is characterized by the most terrible invective, directed against that Duke of Cumberland, who commanded at Culloden, and whose merciless cruelty won for him the name of the "Bloody Butcher." This famous song amply revenges the beaten party, at least as far as poetry can. One may imagine the savage laughter with which it must have been hailed, when sung, with closed windows and doors, in some old Jacobite mansion, which had probably stood a siege from the Hanoverian troops. It is, however, too brutal for modern ears. Yet this very brutality paints the age more vividly than volumes of ordinary history.

Indeed, the song has often made the age, the action, or the person it celebrates, more famous than princes and kings. The Highland Mary of Burns will be remembered long after many a name, now thought certain to be immortal, has passed into comparative obscurity. And to all time, if our language survives so long, the wife of the Marquis of Montrose will be known by his famous song, than whose concluding stanza we know nothing more appropriate with which to bring this article to an end.

"But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee evermore."

HEED THY FOOTSTEPS.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

HEED thy feet, oh, wearied wanderer,
Travelling down life's changeful vale!
Gird with strength thy trembling footsteps,
Lest at last thy courage fail;
Even now perhaps they falter,
On the brink of death's cold wave,
And the bright and hoped-for morrow,
Brings thee but a new-made grave.

Youthful dreamer, years are gathering
O'er thy heart's glad sunlight now,
And earth's cares will soon be tracing
Lines across thy placid brow!
Hast thou strength for earth's temptations?
Will they bind thy spirit fast?
Or wilt thou hope and Faith eternal,
Lead thee safe to rest at last.

MANAGING PAPA.

BY CAROLINE FAIRFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

"Isn't it too bad?"

"It is positively shocking."

"Papa is so queer: I wonder if all gentlemen are like him. I'm sure if they are, I'll never marry."

"Nonsense, men are well enough in their way. They only need a little managing. They are a deal of trouble though sometimes."

"Only to think, this is my first summer out: and not to go to Saratoga, when I'd set my heart on it. It is too bad. Don't you think we can coax papa yet, for at least a trip to the White Mountains, or a week at Niagara? It is so dreadfully unfashionable not to go somewhere."

"I am afraid not. When he has once said 'no' in that decided way of his, one might as well attempt to move Mt. Blanc as change him."

"I know it: what shall we do? To think of going off to that antiquated uncle's to spend six weeks, with no other society than that of a half dozen uncivilized cousins, and the rustics they may happen to be acquainted with. What can make papa behave so ridiculously?"

"Oh! it's one of his antediluvian whims, that's all, but I think I know a way to cure him of it. Go we must since he has said it, but if we stay at that outlandish place six weeks then I shall be mistaken," and Miss Ida Cameron compressed her ruby lips and looked determined.

"What are you going to do?" asked Ella, delightedly. "You are so good at managing papa, I'm sure you will accomplish anything you attempt."

"Trust me for that," was her confident reply. But no coaxing on the part of Ella could elicit one syllable of information in regard to her sister's plan. She was just to "wait and see, and say nothing to no one." So after indulging in many fruitless conjectures as to the nature of her sister's plans, she was obliged to give up the solution of the problem as quite too difficult for her thoughtless brain, and rely implicitly on Ida's abilities to "manage papa."

Mr. Cameron was the son of a thrifty New England farmer. At an early age he had left the paternal home, and entered a store in New York as clerk. He was prudent and industrious, grew in favor with his employers: and the lapse

of fifteen years found him a partner in the firm. Meanwhile he had married an heiress, and had commenced life in fashionable way up-town.

Ida and Eleanor were their only children, and as Mr. Cameron had steadily advanced on the road to fortune, it had been his delight to gratify their every desire, and they in return had generally proved themselves good and dutiful daughters. One thing only troubled Mr. Cameron. He had no desire to see his daughters growing up with the dwarfed minds and perverted tastes of mere women of fashion. In their education he had striven to guard against this evil, and the consequence was that their naturally fine minds had received more real discipline and development, than is usual with the daughters of fashionable mothers.

Since Ida's entrance into society, however, he could not but perceive that she was growing more and more artificial and selfish: and now that the time for Ella's debut had arrived, he felt more keenly than ever the danger of exposing them unguardedly to the contaminating influences of the world. While this subject was still lying heavily upon his mind, it chanced that business called him in the direction of his sister's home, and he resolved to pay her a visit.

Before his marriage he had visited her occasionally, but since that time distance, his growing cares, and his wife's distaste for the country, had prevented all intercourse between the two families. Now, however, it occurred to him that if he found Cottage Grove and its occupants as agreeable as he used to fancy them twenty years ago, he might bring his family there to pass the summer.

A pleasant visit confirmed his resolution. The effect of the announcement upon the young ladies we have seen.

CHAPTER II.

COTTAGE GROVE, the home of the Clevelands, was a large, handsome residence, pleasantly situated in one of those charming little valleys which wind among the green hills of New England. Behind it rose lofty wooded eminences, from whose rocky heart came winding down silver murmuring streams, that spread freshness

and verdure over all the valley below. On the other side stretched green meadows and rich mowing lands, while on the rocky pastures, on the far-off hill-sides beyond, the lowing cattle fed, the drowsy tinkling of their bells borne softly on the pure, still air.

In the distance, up the valley, a tiny crystal lake, its pulseless waters glassing the heavy wooded marge that shut them in, and the soft, blue sky that bent lovingly over them.

The house itself was a large, square building, a story and a half in height, with a broad piazza, and wings at either side. The lawn in front was richly studded with elms and maples, and trees of smaller growth, affording the most delightful protection from the rays of the summer sun.

Here lived, in the quiet retirement of a life of leisure in the country, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and their family. William was their eldest son. The two years which had elapsed since his return from college he had spent in travelling, and had only returned a few months before our story opened a handsome, intelligent young man of twenty-five. There was something in his tall, proud form, and dark hair and eyes that half over-awed the young girls of the country around, and his sisters, in merry allusion to the circumstance, called him "Will, the stately." Susie, the next in age, was a quiet, elegant, but warm-hearted girl. While Harry, just from college, and blue-eyed little Annie, were just as full of life and fun as ever were gleeful, untroubled hearts at seventeen and twenty.

The intelligence of the expected visitors produced little commotion among the older members of the family, but while the few quiet preparations were going forward, Harry and Annie were indulging in profound conjectures as to the character of the expected guests.

"I expect they'll think because we live in the country we don't know anything, and so they'll be putting on airs to show off their superior refinement," said Harry.

"I only hope they won't be like those city friends of cousin Celia's, who came last summer to uncle Hawthorne's, and ran on the walls and climbed trees, and chased the cows so unmercifully, because they said, 'Everybody romped in the country, it was all the great fields were good for; and as for the appearance of it, there was nobody to see them who knew any better.' I am sure I could bear anything from them better than such rudeness."

"Well, if they'll only keep out of my way and let my fun alone, I don't care what becomes of them. I fancy they don't know much: girls who are brought up at boarding-schools seldom do."

Susie had entered just in time to hear the last remark. "How can you speak so unkindly, Harry," she said, reproachfully; "I had thought you incapable of such harshness."

"Well, the truth is, Susie dear, I don't like the idea of people coming here to interrupt our pleasures just when I have come, hoping after so long an absence, to have a good time."

"How do you know they will prove an interruption?"

"Oh! city people never do behave naturally when they just go into the country. They either are shocked, and go into hysterics at the first cow they see, or they romp and race about like so many colts let loose."

"Harry, it is really wrong for you to talk so. If you think it, you ought to have sufficient respect for mamma's brother not to say it."

"Well," said Annie, "I suppose we must be resigned, and take it as meekly as possible: but I do feel as if they were going to be an infliction."

It was late in the afternoon, when a great travelling carriage, loaded with trunks and hand-boxes, wound around a hill-road which led to Cottage Grove. Harry and Annie stationed themselves behind a curtain, where a convenient loophole afforded them an opportunity of gaining some idea of their guests before advancing to greet them.

"There comes my Lady Stately," said Harry, as Ida alighted, "a fit companion for Will, only not half as good-natured."

"I like the other much better though," said Annie, as Ella sprang from the carriage and responded heartily to the salutations of her aunt and cousins.

"Oh! she's Miss Harum-scarum, you may depend upon it," returned Harry. "Well, here are the materials for a very good farce, and you and I will have our own fun out of it, my little sis," and he gave Annie's arm such a pinch that she could scarce refrain from screaming, as they went forward to be introduced to their cousins.

Ida was freezingly formal; presented her cheek for Annie to kiss, and extended the tips of her fingers to Harry for the faintest possible shake: and yet as she entered the house and looked around upon the quiet elegance which reigned there, she could not but be surprised at such evidences of taste in the country.

Ella took a hint from her cousin's plain dresses, and donned a cool, simple muslin for tea, but Ida, bent on her plan of showing how very uncongenial was country life to her tastes, came out in magnificent robe *barege*, with Valenciennes laces, and her new set of cameos and pearls. She

noticed that her father blushed as she seated herself at the table, and it pleased her. If she could have seen the sly look of amusement which beamed in Harry's eyes as he glanced toward Annie, her overpowering self-complacency *might* have been a little dashed.

After tea Mr. Cleveland remarked, "The evening is so fine, and the young ladies seem so little fatigued by their journey, perhaps they would enjoy a drive around the lake; the sunsets there are very fine."

Ella was delighted with the proposition, but Ida stiffly declined. "She didn't feel inclined to ride." Her father insisted the rest of the party should not be kept at home for her, so the carriage was ordered, and Mr. Cameron and Henry with Annie and Ella seated themselves; Susie quietly preferring to remain with her cousin, and Will devoting himself to the ladies at home.

The ride was delightful. Ella's earnest and hearty enthusiasm, and agreeable manners, soon overcame the prejudices of her cousins; and when late in the evening, for it was a moonlight night, and the ride had been prolonged, the merry party returned in the best possible spirits. Ida was secretly sorry that she had refused to go. "But then what was a drive in the country, even if it was by moonlight, to a summer at Saratoga?" and she was bent on "managing papa" into a relenting mood. So she resolved more firmly than ever not only not to be happy herself at Cottage Grove, but to make others uncomfortable if she could.

"I am so sorry you didn't go with us," said Ella, after they had reached their room. "I am sure you would have enjoyed it exceedingly. Harry and Annie are so pleasant. Harry is really the wittiest person I've seen in a long time."

"The very perfection of a country beau, doubtless; but, Ella, I am astonished at your rude, boydenish ways. You will have lost all manner by the time you return to the city. If you go on as you have begun, you will end with a ruined complexion, horny hands, and the air of a milk-maid."

"Oh! don't be alarmed for me, I beg of you: so long as Susie and Annie are so very different from the being you describe, I shall not feel very much troubled."

Ida could say no more, for her cousin's grace and elegance had been a constant theme of wonder to her all the evening.

CHAPTER III.

AT breakfast Ida appeared in the most elaborate of morning dresses, while her cousins wore

neat, plain prints. Ella put on the plainest muslin she possessed, and looked much prettier in it than her sister in her elegant robe.

After breakfast the young people proposed a walk in the woods, but Ida was certain she could not endure the fatigue, and again declined accompanying them, greatly to the grief and mortification of her father, and the regret of the rest of the company. Susie and William, however, very cheerfully remained at home and did their best to entertain her: and had she not been resolutely unsociable, she could not but have yielded to the sunny temper of the one, and the charming conversational powers of the other.

They talked of music, and as Ida boasted of her superior advantages for instruction, Will opened a fine piano and desired her to play. She begged to be excused as she had brought no music with her, and it was scarcely possible that her cousin would possess any of her favorite pieces.

"It is possible you may find something here," remarked Will, with a quiet smile. "My sisters usually procure the best pieces as they come out, although of course we have not the advantages which you in the city possess."

Ida looked over the portfolio, and was surprised to find that its contents were quite similar to those of her own. "Was it possible that her cousins was so thoroughly accomplished?" Still she felt confident of her own powers, and selecting a very difficult piece performed it faultlessly. Her execution was commended, and she played several pieces quite to her own satisfaction. Then rising, she said carelessly to Susie,

"You play, I suppose?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply, "we are all fond of music."

"Will you not favor us with a song?"

"Certainly, if you desire it."

She selected a simple ballad, familiar enough to them all, but Ida was fain to acknowledge that never before had she heard it so truthfully rendered. Then followed a piece in which Will joined with his flute. Ida was really a proficient in music, and she was astonished to find that though she might excel her cousins in brilliancy of execution, they were far her superiors in truth and beauty of expression.

The days passed, and Ida still kept up her state, and refused altogether to join in the amusements of her companions. In vain had her father expostulated with her. She only looked angry, pouted, and finally took refuge behind a shower of tears, declaring petulantly, that if she could not go to Saratoga, she had no desire to be happy elsewhere. Her father,

though ever ready to gratify her reasonable desires, knew that it would be but strengthening her evil temper to yield to such a fit of passion, and so he left her to the companionship of her own thoughts.

Ida was alone in her room, and she gave herself up to a hearty fit of crying. She had set out deliberately upon this rude, selfish course of conduct, for the purpose of so mortifying her father, as to oblige him to remove her from scenes which she had hastily judged would be so distasteful to her. But she had failed in accomplishing her end, and now her pride forbade her retreat from her unenviable position, even while her heart told her she would be happier to do so. For gradually it had dawned upon her that Cottage Grove was a charming residence, that her uncle's family were very delightful people, and most conclusive of all, that Ella seemed quite as happy as she could expect to be at the most fashionable watering-place.

The Clevelands, after vainly striving to account for Ida's unamiable conduct, came to the conclusion that whatever might be the cause they were in no way at fault, and so strove to take the least possible notice of it. Harry was, perhaps, most of all annoyed by it. Not that he was particularly attracted toward her, but because to one of his volatile, sympathetic nature, it was positively painful to see any one so resolutely unhappy. At last some unusually petulant freak so annoyed him, that he seized the first opportunity of saying to Ella,

"What is the matter with your sister? Is she a natural hypochondriac, or what is it?"

Ella was vexed, and yet she laughed.

"She is a very good-hearted, sensible girl, usually, but since she has been here, she has been victimizing herself in a manner of which she is heartily sick, but which her pride prevents her abandoning. That is the plain English of it."

"What is her whim? Didn't she want to come here?" asked Harry, quizzically.

Ella hesitated.

"You needn't be afraid to say so; for now that I know you so well, I'm not afraid to tell you, that before you came, Annie and I had made up our minds to have our summer's enjoyment spoiled by you; and I suppose it wouldn't be strange if your ideas of us were no more pleasing."

So then Ella explained the whole of Ida's scheme of "managing papa," at which Harry laughed heartily; and then they laid their merry heads together to concoct a scheme for curing her of her unfortunate whim.

CHAPTER IV.

"FRANK HAWTHORNE has returned from Europe, girls," said Harry, one evening, as he entered the parlor. "He arrived this morning, and has brought an English gentleman with him, Lord F——. I met them down by the pond, and actually had the honor of being introduced to a live lord."

"Is it possible?" cried Anne. "Were you not overcome by the honor?"

"Well, I managed to survive it; but it *was* rather overwhelming."

"How old is he?" asked Ida, with more of interest than she usually manifested.

"That means is he marriageable," said Harry, with a sly twinkle, "he isn't married, and is withal young and fine-looking. So set your caps, girls."

"Do tell us how he looks, Harry," cried Annie. "Has he black eyes or blue——"

"You must wait and see; they are coming here this evening, and I shall leave them to make their own impression. So not another word of information do you get out of me, this day," and with a quizzical smile he left them.

Early in the evening, the gentlemen arrived. Frank Hawthorne was a cousin of the Clevelands, and was warmly welcomed. Then he introduced Lord F——, a tall, elegantly-formed young man, with a fair complexion, and whiskers and moustache that curled exquisitely. He was handsomely though rather showily dressed, and wore a profusion of expensive jewelry. He seated himself near Ida, and commenced a conversation. After a few common-place remarks, he asked,

"Do you rethide in this part of the country, Mith Cameron?"

"Oh! no. My home is in New York," she replied.

"Ah! that accounteth for your thuperior refinement of manner, and appearanth. You muth excuthe me; but everything in thith part of the country is tho rude and unpolithed, one cannot at onthe become accuthtomed to it. Do you not find it tho?"

Ida was indignant. There was nothing rude or unpolished in her uncle's family or residence. Yet conscience whispered that she could not very consistently say so. So she only replied,

"Perhaps you have not yet become accustomed to the difference between English and American manners."

"Oh! no, it ith not that. We have been thopping in New York, and there I find perfect cultivation of manner; but thith is tho far in the country, you know, it ith different."

Ida winced sorely, and changed the subject as soon as possible.

In the course of the evening, Harry invited the gentlemen to join their party in a fishing excursion the next day. The ladies were going, and they hoped to have a pleasant time.

Frank immediately thanked him, and expressed his inclination to accept the invitation if it should prove agreeable to his friend; but Lord F—— “begged to be excused, as the heat would be unthupportable, and he wath not fond of fithing.”

“How ill-bred,” thought Ida, but she blushed; it was precisely the excuse she had given a few hours before.

“You and Miss Cameron seem to be of the same mind,” said Harry laughingly. “She declines going for the same reason.”

“I am happy to find that our tathteth are so congenial,” he said, turning to Ida, with an insipid smile.

Ida was greatly relieved when they rose to go.

No sooner were they out of hearing, than Ella and Annie commenced praising Lord F—— furiously. He was “so well-bred,” “such an air of refinement,” “really, quite a wonder to unsophisticated country-people,” said Annie, innocently. And it was all so earnestly said, that Ida could not suspect they were insincere. She however demurred violently. “He was affected,” “insipid,” “over-dressed,” “rude,” “positively disagreeable.”

“How can you say so?” exclaimed both the girls in a breath. How could she, indeed, when he had copied her own manner so assiduously, and she blushed as she thought of it.

That night Ida’s brain was full of thoughts. She was ambitious, and Lord F——, spite of his disagreeable manners, was a real, indisputable nobleman, for Frank had visited him in England. He was handsome and wealthy, and had paid her as marked attention as was possible during a call. Should she encourage him, or should she not? She fell asleep and dreamed about it, and awoke as undecided as ever.

The days passed on; and Lord F—— came often to see Ida. He found that she seldom joined her cousins in their plans for amusement, and as Frank Hawthorne had joined the pleasure party, he often rode over to pass the hours of their absence with Ida. It was strange, but she grew every day more and more disgusted with him. Yet he complimented her tastes, sympathized with her overpoweringly in her preference for city life; anathematized the country as heartily as she ever had, and ended by feeling ure they were congenial thpirith.

It grew insupportable; yet she dared not in

the least disagree with him, for once, when she had done so, he had informed the family that Mith Ida was growing fond of the country, he wath afraid if she did not thoon return to New York, her mannerrth would become contaminated; and that would be *thuch a pity*.”

At last, one day, an unusually impertinent remark, reflecting upon Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, whom Ida really admired and respected, proved the one drop too much, and she overflowed.

“Her aunt and uncle were *not* unsophisticated, they were persons of superior intelligence and refinement. Cottage Grove was a delightful residence, and the country, at least during the summer, was decidedly preferable to the city.”

Lord F—— was dumb with amazement. There was a merry twinkle around his eye, but he said nothing.

Before he left he invited her to a ride on horseback with him the next afternoon. She did not wish to go, for she disliked his society; and besides, she knew there was a gipsey party planned for the day, which she secretly desired to attend; but then she had not been invited, and she rather doubted if she would be, for she had so often refused such invitations, that it had come to be rather a form than anything else to ask her, and it was sometimes omitted.

“I know, Mith Ida,” he said, “the roadths are very bad, and the thenery is utterly devoid of intereth, but by riding on hortbeback we shall avoid the jolting, and I had hoped my company might atone, in part, for the other disthagreesables.”

“Fudge,” thought Ida, half audibly.

If Lord F—— heard the exclamation, it only made a merry look come in his eye.

“Thank you,” she replied. “I shall be at leisure, and shall be happy to go with you.”

CHAPTER V.

EARLY in the afternoon the gipsey party started for the woods, and some time afterward Lord F—— and Ida were habited for their ride. They both rode admirably, and very soon Ida yielded to the excitement of the exercise, and conversed freely and with enthusiasm. Lord F—— also grew really entertaining, and Ida liked him much better than ever before. The scenery too was very fine, and Ida indulged in many exclamations of delight, which were heartily echoed by her companion. In short, Miss Cameron was in far better spirits than she had been before in some weeks.

They were winding around a hill-road, when suddenly Lord F—— called the attention of his

companion to a beautiful ravine, on whose brow they stood. It was very deep, and just at their left a small stream of purest water fell down for forty or fifty feet over huge black rocks, laving them with its own silver foam, and then with tinkling sound running on over its uneven bed. A rod or more and its course was hidden from view by a wall of foliage, formed by the inter-lacing boughs of trees and shrubs which grew upon its banks. Looking down through the overhanging branches into the basin thus formed, they saw a pic-nic party. The distance was so great, and their view so obscured by foliage that it was impossible to distinguish forms, but a shout of merry laughter came ringing up that told of happy hearts.

"Isn't it charming there?" said Ida, "how much I wish I was with them."

"Do you really?" said Lord F—. "I think I know one of the young ladies there; will you go down?"

"Can we?" she eagerly asked.

"Yes, I believe there is a bridle path just a little further on."

She did not stop to ask how he knew it, but spurred ahead. A few moments more and they were in the midst of the party.

"Ella, Harry, Annie, is it you?"

"Surely, who else should it be?"

Ida was embarrassed for a moment, but the pleasure of the ride had heightened her spirits, and her pride slumbered.

"Haven't you a word of welcome?" she said, gaily, "and can't you ask me to alight? Well, then, I must e'en invite myself," and she sprang lightly from the saddle.

They were all too considerate not to treat the thing as a matter of course, though they gave her a hearty welcome. Lord F— appeared as delighted as any of them, and Ida observed that he had dropped his lisp. But before she had time to remark upon it they were summoned to tea.

A cloth had been spread upon a large, flat rock, and a nice cold collation awaited them. When they were seated around it, Lord F— deliberately removed first his moustache, and

then his whiskers, revealing a frank, manly merry face, and laid them on the ground beside him, and then gravely commenced his repast. Ida looked on in astonishment, a gradual look of intelligence drifted over her countenance. Pride struggled within her, but her better genius conquered.

"I see it all," she said. "Thank you, sir, for I presume your title is as false as your moustaches. Thank you for allowing me the privilege of seeing myself as others see me. I hope I may not soon forget the lesson."

"Bravo, coz, bravo," shouted Harry, while Ella kissed her sister's cheek with tears of joy standing in her eyes.

The plot was soon explained, and the spell broken. Ida found little difficulty in according a cheerful pardon for the deception practised upon her.

Very pleasantly passed the remainder of the day, and the ride homeward in the evening was delightful, and when Ida retired to her own room she confessed to herself that never, in the midst of fashionable gaiety and dissipation, had she been happier than at that simple pic-nic party in the woods.

Ralf Lemaine, an old friend and travelling companion of Frank's, proved a much pleasanter person than Lord F— had been, and that night he mingled in her dreams—without his moustaches.

There was a bridal at Mr. Cameron's not many months later. Very beautiful was Ida in her robe of spotless white, and very happy looked the bridegroom as he stood beside her; and everybody pronounced Mr. and Mrs. Ralf Lemaine the handsomest couple of the season.

Ella and cousin Harry were bridesmaid and groomsman, and as he parted with her that evening his arm was around her slender form, his lips upon her forehead, and then he whispered in her ear words that made her hide her blushing little face upon his shoulder.

Mr. Cameron often smiles and says, "Managing mammas" often accomplish wonders, but never before did so much good result from "MANAGING PAPA."

THE WHITE STAIRWAY.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

A WHITE sheet woven in the clouds,
Enwraps the silent hills, which lie
Like giants sleeping in their shrouds,
Clasped in the blue arms of the sky.

Upon the mountains furrowed brow,
By Summer's awful thunder riven,
The winds are heaping banks of snow,
Building white stairways up to Heaven.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

BY JENNY A. STONE.

Nor one of us girls believed in it, oh, no! and yet we were determined to hear what the old witch would say.

"You must knock, Kate," whispered Ella, as we reached the door.

"I won't," I answered, stoutly, but as the rest all drew back, I advanced and gave a timid rap. The door opened instantly, and we saw, not exactly the sybil our imaginations had conjured up, but a woman who looked enough like the witch of Endor to have been her twin sister. You may laugh, but I saw the old lady once, at an exhibition of wax figures.

"Walk in," she said, in a voice that sounded to us very hollow and ghastly indeed. We looked at each other, and silently obeyed.

"Sit down," she muttered, waving her hand toward a row of wooden chairs that stood against the wall. I could hardly keep from laughing at her solemn manner, and I saw that Ella, who, by-the-way, is a sister of mine, was in much the same condition. However, I have more command over my risible faculties than she has, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the old witch frown as her silvery laugh rang through the room.

Laura Bell looked frightened, and cousin Mary was absolutely shedding tears. "Endor" pretended not to notice them, and busied herself in putting together a few dirty cards that lay scattered over the table.

Then she turned to Laura, and asked her if she came to have her fortune told. She was answered in the affirmative, and opening a side door, which none of us had noticed, she motioned Laura to follow her. The poor girl looked at me imploringly, and starting to my feet, I asked the old witch if I might go with her, thinking all the time how strange it was that I, the youngest of the troop, should be endowed with such superior courage.

"Not if you wish your fortune told," she answered, solemnly. I immediately disclaimed any such intention, told her I only came with the other girls for the sport of the thing, and at last gained an ungracious assent.

Following our guide, we entered a room so cheerless and desolate, that one might almost believe every ray of natural light was shut out forever, and the tallow candle that burned dimly

upon a low shelf, served only to heighten the mystery of dark corners and cupboards.

I felt Laura's hand tremble in mine. I looked at her, and she was colorless as marble.

"Laura," I whispered, "you do not fear her prophecies? Come, let us go home—you are not well, your hand is cold as ice."

"Wait, Kitty, wait," she answered, earnestly, "my heart burns like fire, if my hands are cold. Don't leave me," and she grasped my dress tightly. I felt strangely, and the old witch's voice rang in my ear like a knell.

"Young lady," she commenced, "I am the voice of Fate. Give heed to my words, for I can read your very heart and soul—your past and future."

Involuntarily I uttered an impatient "pahaw," but Laura looked at me again, imploringly, and I said nothing.

The sybil continued, "You have loved once, and the object of that love is lost." Fearfully I gazed into Laura's eyes, as the image of Will Stanley, as I saw him last, rose up before me. She was pale, very pale.

"Go on," she whispered, hoarsely. The woman raised her voice. "But you will love again—you will wed another." "Never," whispered Laura, and an unnatural glow, for a moment, succeeded the pallor on her cheek—it was gone, and she leaned against me for support.

"You will wed another, and you will have bitter cause to regret that you ever did so. Your life will be long and weary. Is it enough?" questioned the woman, as she glanced at Laura's rapidly changing features.

"Too much," I answered, almost angrily, as I drew the half fainting girl from the room.

Ella and Mary had been consulting together, and were full of courage when we entered. "Are you ready?" asked the woman, who had followed us to the door. "Yes, yes," they answered, "which shall come first?"

"You may come together," she replied, "for so will your fortunes lie."

Gaily whispering to each other, they entered the fatal door, while I sat in the dim November twilight, waiting, with Laura's head upon my shoulder. She was weeping bitterly, and my own unbelief had been terribly shaken. Oh, I knew

how well she had loved poor Will Stanley, and how their faith had been plighted when she was almost a child. Her gentle heart was yet bowed beneath its first, great sorrow, and the fortune-teller's hand had probed the wound most cruelly, without bringing a shadow of hope to soften the pain it inflicted. Will Stanley left her when she was but sixteen, for a few months absence. Four years had passed since then. For three, she had worn mourning in memory of the lost one—not so deep as that which shrouded her young heart. Could she love again? Something seemed to whisper “yes”—it was strange, this fortune-teller's power.

In about half an hour Mary and Ella returned, but the woman did not come with them. Silently they laid some money on the table, and we all left the cottage together. I saw they were in no mood to answer questions, and we walked home slowly and in perfect silence.

The next day, as Laura and cousin Mary were preparing to go home, I laughingly asked Ella what the witch said to her. She refused to tell me, and to my surprise Mary did the same. They never told me, and never even smiled when the subject was mentioned. But Laura's secret was mine, and I determined to watch it closely.

Six years have passed since our visit to the fortune-teller, and I, the wild, careless girl of fifteen summers, have been transformed, oh! so strangely, into a sober, thinking woman. Reader, would you learn the fulfilment of the prophecies?

Cousin Mary has long been resting beneath the church-yard mould. Her young heart soon found its mate. “They were lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided.” Her chosen one sleeps beside her, and on the smooth stone above them are traced these words, “Herbert and Mary.” Close to the turf, on the very edge of the marble, is a name, “Ella,” showing whose hand raised that token to their memory.

And she is sitting here beside me, that sweet sister of mine, with a dimpled cherub in her arms, given to her keeping by our dead Mary. And I know by her tearful eye and quivering lip, that she is tracing in little Herbert's face the image of his lost father. Ella, dear sister, you are not the first who has loved “not wisely,

but too well.” I am thinking of the sybil's cottage, and of the fulfilled prophecies. Yes, Ella's fortune and cousin Mary's have been strangely woven together. She visits their grave daily, with little Herbert at her side. For his sake she will be always what she is now—nobody's Ella but our own.

Laura Bell, the gentle, the good, was married four years ago, this very day, to a man whom she now detests. I do not know whether she fancied she loved him at the time or not, but I do know that since the day Will Stanley set his foot on American soil—three years since—she has been a changed creature. Oh, to see her sacrificing her young affections on the altar of duty—wringing out her very heart's blood to satisfy the demands of one, who is a stranger alike to honor, to truth, and to love. To see her walking by his side, a living statue of despair, and then to watch her pale cheeks glow, and the joy-light sparkle for a moment in her eyes, when the love one of other years comes before her vision, comes alas! too late to redeem the past: and yet he is blameless, and on her head this weight of woe must rest. And the demon beside her rejoices in her misery, and strives to crush her still further down into the depths of despair. Oh, to see all this, and to know that she must still live on, when life is weary to her spirit as a twice-told tale—poor Laura! my heart bleeds for her.

And what if I am to be Will Stanley's bride? It is Laura's wish, she has prayed me to accept his entreaties, though I withstood them long. I could forgive him for loving Laura first, but I could not forget that she loved him still. But she has told me that could she choose for him, I would be her choice above all others.

And we are to be married to-morrow, and Laura will be here. Oh, how willingly would I give up my place at his side, could the past be all forgotten, and Laura stand there as of old. Dear Laura! it cannot be, but I may wish it for your sake.

And when I stand proudly at Will's dear side. Will, so much older and wiser than I, Laura's pale face will seem to glide between us, and I shall weep even in the midst of my joy.

F A D E D.

THE bloom on the heart has faded,
And the light of youth has gone—
Life's sunniest spots have shaded,
And clouded one by one.
The faith that the heart has cherished,
Has sped like the mists of morn,

Its brightest hopes have perished,
Like flowers that the blasts have torn.
But Bethlehem's star is shining,
It beams as in olden time;
It knows no dim reclining,
It glows in a fadeless clime.

L. L.

NIGHT AND DAY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It was indeed a "feast of roses" not all unworthy of comparison with the oriental pageant of that name. The occasion upon which Mr. Wilmot's elegant mansion and grounds were thrown open to such a brilliant assemblage of guests was a joyous one, for the marriage of his only daughter was celebrated on that bright June morning.

Emma in her youthful loveliness vied well with the flowers that strewed her pathway, and fell in wavy garlands all around. She stood in a bow of roses, and beneath the clear blue sky took those vows that conferred upon her the holy dignity of wife. Congratulations followed, and in many a glass of sparkling wine, health and happiness were pledged to the newly wedded pair. The bride, in responding, raised a crystal goblet to her lips, and bent forward to sip its contents, but suddenly started back leaving the bright beverage untasted.

"What is the matter?" whispered her husband.

"'Twas but a thorn on this overhanging rose that slightly pierced my brow; 'tis nothing, and see how beautifully the flower is reflected in my glass!"

Aye! lady, and there too lurks a thorn that ere day shall "sting thee like an adder."

She did not think of this, but quaffed the wine and brighter flashed her eyes—more roseate grew her cheek. The happy groom had plucked the blossom, cut off the offending thorn, and placed the flower in her bridal wreath.

Oh! that he could have taken the sting from the wine cup too!

A handsome residence in Brooklyn became the home of James Lowrie and his lovely wife, and their splendid dining-rooms were often filled with gay parties of intelligent, refined, and aristocratic friends. Everything that wealth could purchase, skilful artists design, or taste suggest, was made to contribute to the pleasure of their guests. There were music, paintings and sculpture to gratify the most enthusiastic amateurs; there were refreshments to satisfy the most fastidious palate. A conservatory filled with rare plants and bright plumaged birds; vine-wreathed balconies and verandahs open to moonlight, and the breeze allured those who wished temporarily to

withdraw from the brilliant throng. But chiefly, the lady of the mansion strove to render happy all who came within her sphere. Her beauty, varied accomplishments, and fine conversational powers admirably fitted her to be the presiding genius at such scenes.

So a few years glided by, and the proud husband became still prouder of his wife. But an increasing family and multiplied domestic cares at length wore upon Emma's naturally delicate constitution. The stated reunions were not entered into with her former zest, and proved quite a tax upon her failing energies. Mr. Lowrie, however, enjoyed them so much that she could not propose giving them up, and when those evenings came she would recruit her exhausted strength and drooping spirits by taking, first a little wine.

The frequent use of stimulants creates an increasing demand for them, and with Emma they soon became indispensable on other occasions.

After awhile it was remarked that she was losing her "spirituelle" and delicacy of feature; that she was more excitable than formerly; still no one dreamed that her increased gaiety of manner, lively wit, and impassioned vocalization in song had now their origin in wine! Yet so it was! insidiously and by slow degrees the serpent that ever lurketh in the ruby cup had her entailed within its life-poisoning folds. The daughter, sister, wife and mother, once so radiant in charms of person and of mind, was now the victim of that *destroyer*, which, like death itself, ever "loves a shining mark."

In the lassitude that followed unnatural exhilaration, the drowsy morning hours passed in bed, an unquiet flash and fading of the eye, the gradually acquired sensual expression of those exquisite lips, and an angry irritability of disposition, James Lowrie at last read, with horror and dismay, the evidences of confirmed inebriation in his idolized Emma. Her doting father saw it too, and her proud-spirited brothers; all, alas! arrived at the truth too late for their warning words to have any effect.

It is needless to describe the downward progress of this fair and gifted woman; to open to the public those blotted pages of her life history. Entreaties and expostulations of her distressed

husband were unheeded; the cries of three neglected children fell in vain upon her ear. Her own beauteous person no longer attired with neatness and taste, but slovenly in the extreme, became an object of loathing even to those who loved her best.

This entire debasement of his household divinity, and a disordered and comfortless home, became at last intolerable to the proud and sensitive Mr. Lowrie. One morning he left as usual to attend to business in New York, and returned no more.

It was long after his departure before Mrs. Lowrie admitted the appalling fact that she was a *deserted wife*! And more, that she merited her fate, having proved recreant to the trust of a fond husband's happiness given to her keeping.

Then she awoke from her infatuation to realize the dreadful position into which she had plunged herself and family. It was not, however, until her father had removed the children, and forbidden her all intercourse with them, that she saw the sun of her domestic happiness entirely set, and deep guilt and woe attain their midnight meridian in her soul.

Fallen as she was from a lofty moral and social height, there was still an abyss below, over whose verge she already hung toppling. A long spell of sickness ensued, and like a loosened fragment threatening every moment to give way, it arrested her there. From that point she looked downward and upward—forward and behind. In the one direction all was darkness and despair; from the other, a single ray of light let in through the avenue of contrition upon her soul. To continue onward was irretrievable ruin: to return—the toilsome ascent of one bruised and weakened by the previous fall. *She chose the latter and was saved!*

Reinstated in the paternal home, her whole time was devoted to the education of her daughters. All knowledge of their mother's fault was kept from them, and their father mourned as dead. No tidings of him had ever reached the poor repentant wife.

Ten years had elapsed. In the autumn of 1850 a brother of Mrs. Lowrie visited St. Louis, and had occasion to transact some business at a bank in that city. He was struck with the countenance of one of the officers. For a few moments memory was busy in trying to associate a name with those familiar features. Another glance revealed similar thoughts agitating the mind of the person observed, still another penetrating look, and the words "Mr. Lowrie" escaped his lips.

Startled as was the individual thus addressed,

he made a hasty signal for silence and beckoned Mr. Wilmot from the room. The recognition had been mutual: and almost overcome with emotion in his eagerness to inquire about the family, Mr. Lowrie (who was known at the west by the name of Lansing) could only articulate the words—"wife—children?"

"Well—when I left," was the brief reply.

"And——" faintly uttered Mr. Lowrie, as if he wished but feared to know more.

Divining the import of his brother-in-law's marked question, Mr. Wilmot replied smiling,

"Entirely reformed, and assiduously devoted to the education and care of her daughters, than whom our city boasts none of greater promise or loveliness."

"What do they think of me?" anxiously asked the truant husband and father. This was not so readily answered, for Emma Lowrie had not mentioned her husband's name in many years, and not even her own family could tell aught of her real feelings concerning him. * * *

One month from that time, in the handsomest private parlor of the Planter's Hotel in St. Louis, sat a lady—alone. She was in the prime of life, very beautiful, but her features bore an expression of deep, past suffering, a shadow, as of premature decay and present anxiety; yet there was a sweet, subdued look that contrasted strangely with the air of dignity and pride that characterized her person.

Her dress was of black velvet, made plain and high, and perfectly fitting an exquisite form. Upon her neck was a small, elegantly wrought collar, fastened with a diamond pin. A ring set with the same precious stones glistened upon the forefinger of her left hand, while on the third appeared that plain golden circlet which imposes such a precious burden of love and duty upon the heart of her who receives it. Her right arm supported her head, and a beautiful arm it was, as half revealed amid the fall of rich lace that peered from beneath the velvet sleeve. The lady half reclined upon a crimson-covered fauteuil which formed a fitting ground for her striking and graceful figure. The soft, bright radiance of a solar lamp fell full upon her face, which was pale with forced calmness.

Soon the door opened—a gentleman was announced, evidently expected, yet she rose not to receive him, and words of greeting, if any such were contemplated, died in silence upon her quivering lips. For a moment, the visitor seemed paralyzed too—the next instant, and the two were clasped in each other's arms.

The single word "forgive!" welled up in sweetly repentant accents from the hearts of

both, and the long separated wife and husband were reunited once more.

As James Lowrie gently seated his almost fainting wife, the single white rose that adorned her raven hair fell from its place; he picked it up, and while readjusting it among the curls, said, "It is indeed my own Emma, even to the attire in which I most loved to see her."

"A trifling coincidence occurs, too, in this our second reunion," said his wife, "don't you remember placing one of these your favorite flowers in my hair the morning we were married?"

"Yes, dearest, but that had a thorn, and this has none."

The lady's eye glistened, and her cheek and brow were suffused with a blush of shame as she thought of the thorn that had pierced their wedded hearts, even to sundering, for long, long years. But conscious penitence and true contrition for the past, mingled with high resolves for the future, restored her to composure, and rising from her seat, she said, "Now come with me, I want to show you my treasures, *our children*."

She led him to another room, and pausing

upon the threshold, pointed to a group that Guido would have rejoiced to perpetuate in colors of living light.

Before a harp stood a young girl of fifteen, who seemed the very incarnation of beauty. Her attitude was grace itself, as with fairy touch she swept the strings in accompaniment to the song that gushed from her rosy lips. Another, quite her peer in loveliness, and but little her junior, sat upon an ottoman by her side, sportively crowning with a wreath of scarlet berries and green leaves, the youngest of the three who reclined at her feet, and seemed absorbed in listening to the music.

And these were his own! The children from whom he had been so long banished through their mother's error, which was now so nobly redeemed in restoring them thus to his arms.

Was he altogether faultless who forsook them in that darkened time?

We strove not to rend the veil of guilt and sorrow that for awhile obscured the fortunes of this family; now let us forbear to gaze too long upon the brightness of their present joy, lest it dazzle us and we see not the instructive lessons this over true history affords.

"NEVER COURT BUT ONE."

BY S. W. HAZELTINE.

I HAVE finished it, the letter,
That will tell him he is free;
From this hour, and forever,
He is nothing more to me!
And my heart feels lighter, gayer,
Since the deed at last is done—
It will teach him that when courting,
He should never court but one!

Everybody in the village
Knows he's been a wooing me;
And this morning he was riding
With that saucy Anna Lee!
They say he smiled upon her,
As he cantered by her side;
And I'll warrant you he's promised
To make her soon his bride!

But I've finished it, the letter,
From this moment he is free—
He may have her, if he wants her,
If he loves her more than me!
He may go—it will not kill me—
I would say the same, so there,
If I knew it would, for flirting,
It is more than I can bear.

It is twilight, and the evening
That he said he'd visit me;
But no doubt he's now with Anna,
He may stay there, too, for me!
And as true as I'm a living,
If he ever comes here more,
I'll act as if we never,
Never, never met before!

It is time he should be coming,
And I wonder if he will;
If he does, I'll look so coldly—
What's that shadow on the hill?
I declare, out in the twilight,
There is some one coming near—
Can it be? yes—'tis his figure,
Just as true as I am here!

Now I almost wish I'd written
Not to him that he was free;
For perhaps 'twas but a story
That he rode with Anna Lee.
There! he's coming through the gate-way,
I will meet him at the door,
And I'll tell him still! I love him,
If he'll court Miss Lee no more!

A DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



AGAIN we are before our readers, in our department "How To Make One's Dress." Our pattern, this month, is that of a new and beautiful style of a dress for a girl five or six years old. The engraving represents this exquisite dress complete. No directions, further than those supplied by the engraving, are necessary for this part of the dress. But the body of course is more difficult. We accordingly give, on the opposite page, six diagrams by which to cut this portion.

No. 1. Is the half front of body with cross-bars. This part may be cut all out of one piece, or the bars may be sewed on; they may also be made of ribbons.

No. 2. Side-piece of the back.

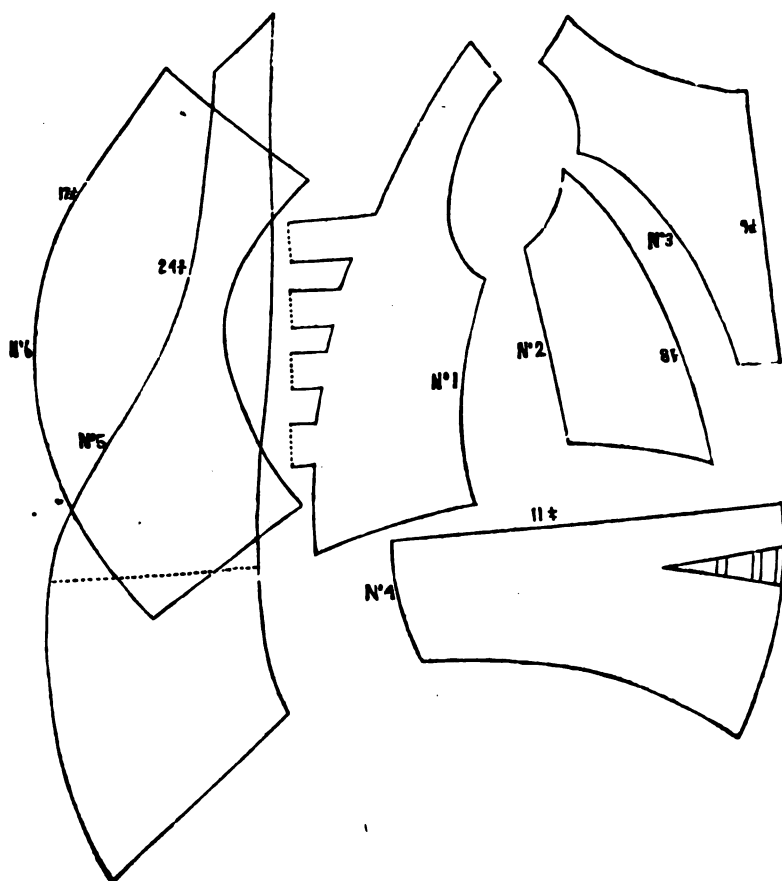
No. 3. Back.

No. 4. Half the sleeve. This part is cut double like an ordinary sleeve, then an opening is made by making a slit with the scissors of the length indicated here; then sew on three bars.

No. 5. Revers with opening on the shoulder, and bar as on the sleeve.

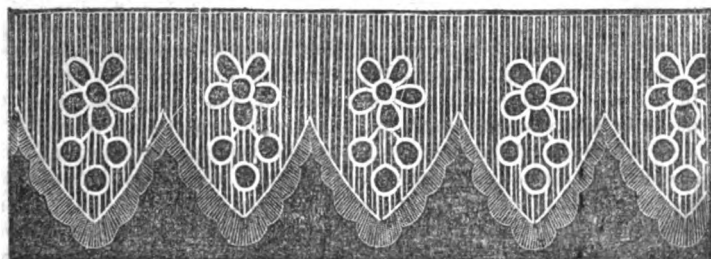
No. 6. Basquine with opening at the side, and bar as on the revers.

We repeat what we said in the December number. We are always ready to give, in this department, patterns for any article of dress, or for any fashionable novelty, on being addressed through the publisher.



TRIMMING FOR CHILD'S DRESS,
IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



ENGLISH working cotton No. 24 and 30. The former is used for the flowers, and the latter for the leaves, which should be considerably raised before being overcast.

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS IN TATTING OR FRIVOLITE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

For a considerable period the art of tatting, long disused in this country, has been revived in the fashionable world; and like many other things which have disappeared for a time, has acquired greater lustre and beauty than it ever before possessed.

The exercise of the art of tatting, as known to our grandmothers, was merely an elegant apology for exhibiting a pretty hand and brilliant rings; the actual production was never more elaborate than a neat, but rather substantial edging for a child's dress or a lady's frill. No wonder that our friends on the other side of the Channel christened this apology for a lady's idleness pre-eminently by the appropriate term, *Frivolite*. At the late French Exposition of Industry, however, some very beautiful and elaborate specimens having been exhibited, this kind of work again became the rage, both in France and England; and doubtless the elegant pieces of tatting which may be seen in our own exhibition, will tend yet further to keep the work popular.

The only necessary instruments are the shuttle, or short netting-needle, and a gilt pin and ring, united by a chain. The thread used for *frivolite* should be both strong and soft; something like knitting-cotton, indeed, but of a rather different kind to that fabric. The only article really suitable for this work is manufactured by Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, who, recognizing the unfitness of all other cottons for this purpose, have spun a thread expressly for tatting. This article is at once so soft that it never twists, and so strong that it will bear the *jerk* with which the knot is formed. It is made in three sizes, termed Evans' tatting cottons, Nos. 1, 2, and 3.

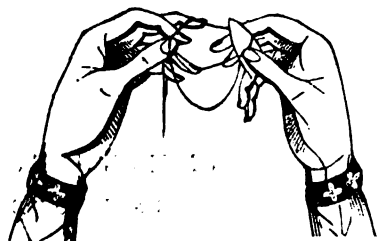
The first point to be attended to in tatting, is the mode of holding the hands. The shuttle, filled with thread in the manner of a netting-needle, should be held between the thumb and the first and second fingers of the right hand, about half-a-yard of the thread being unwound. Take up this thread two or three inches from the end, between the thumb and first finger of the left hand, letting the end fall in the palm of the hand; pass the thread round the other fingers of the right hand, keeping them rather apart

from each other, and bring it again between the thumb and forefinger, thus making a circle round the extended fingers.

Two stitches only are used in tatting, and it is usual to do each alternately, as a prettier edging is thus formed than can be made in any other way. This is, therefore, called the *double stitch*.

The first stitch to be learned is termed the English stitch. This is made in the following manner:

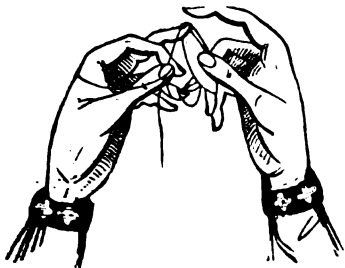
Let the thread between the right hand and the left fall toward you, (as will be seen in the engraving) slip the shuttle under the thread between the first and second fingers, and draw it out to the right rather quickly, keeping it in a horizontal line with the left hand. It will be found that a slipping-loop is formed on this thread with that which went round the fingers. Hold the shuttle steadily, with the thread stretched tightly out, whilst with the second finger of the left hand, you slip the loop thus made under the thumb.



I may here remark that when tatting will not draw up, it is because the operation is reversed; and instead of the loop being formed by the thread round the fingers, it is formed by that connected with the shuttle. This is usually caused by the worker letting the thread from the shuttle hang loosely instead of drawing it out, and holding it at full stretch.

There is very little difference between the French and the English stitch. It simply consists in throwing the thread in a loop over the left, and inserting the shuttle *upward* under the circle round the fingers, instead of *downward*, as in the English stitch.

The engraving below gives a clear idea of the manner in which this is to be done. The shuttle is drawn out, and the stitch formed exactly in the same manner as in the previous stitch.



The two stitches thus made form one double stitch; and when as many are done, *and drawn close to each other*, as may be directed, the stitches are held between the first finger and thumb, and the other fingers are withdrawn from the circle of thread, which is gradually diminished by drawing out the shuttle until the loop of tatting is nearly or entirely closed. The tatted loops should be quite close to each other, unless particular directions to the contrary are given.

Sometimes tatting is ornamented by a succession of tiny loops, something like pearl edging; these are made with the pin previously spoken of.

Slip the ring on the left hand thumb, that the pin, being attached to the chain, may be ready for use. Make as many double stitches as the directions prescribe, twist the pin in the circle of thread, and hold it between the forefinger and thumb whilst making more stitches; repeat.

Tatting should always be done with a very cool, dry hand.

Common tatting is merely a length of tatted loops, with or without picots.

Trefoil tatting is done by drawing up tightly three loops, made quite close together, and then leaving a short space before making more. The Trefoil is sewed into shape afterward with a common sewing-needle.

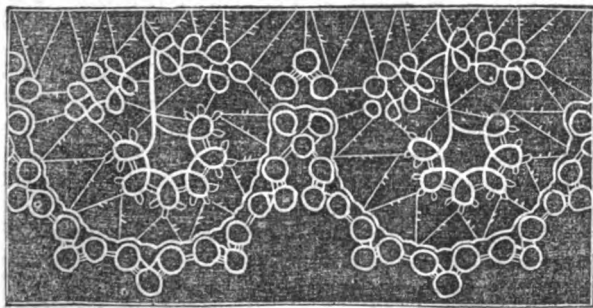
A pretty variety may be made by trimming a number of large loops with others very much smaller, which should be sewed round them. In this case a little distance must be allowed between all the large loops.

I should always advise learners to use coarse crochet silk for their first attempts in tatting, as it is very much easier to do with this material than with any other.

Tatting is usually sewed on net, for collars, &c. I, however, greatly prefer the effect when the tatting is formed into a solid mass by the aid of Point-lace stitches. Diagrams of these were given last year.

LACE IN FRIVOLITE FOR SLEEVES.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



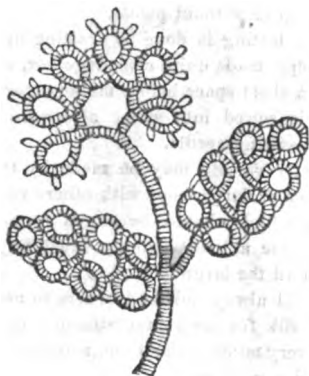
The lace is formed of sprigs and edgings in frivolite, connected by bars in Venetian and dotted Venetian, with an English rosette worked in the centre of each flower. The sprigs are made quite perfect in themselves; then the article to be made being cut out in colored paper properly scalloped, they are arranged on it, and the edging made to fit. The paper must

be large enough to allow margin beyond the edge, and must be lined with a bit of cloth. After the sprigs and edging are tacked on, the connecting bars and rosettes are to be worked. Those who prefer it may lay the frivolite on net, and appliquez it; but this mode does not produce so rich an effect. The design given is extremely pretty for a collar, the edge of which should be

slightly scalloped only. In other respects it should be made up just like the sleeve.

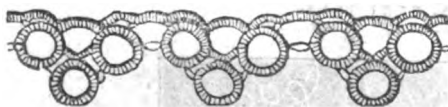
MATERIALS.—Evans' tatting cotton, No. 3, steel shuttle, fine pearly pin, and common sewing needle.

FOR THE FLOWER.—Having filled the shuttle, thread the needle with the end of the cotton, allowing a long needleful of thread; but do not



break it off. Hold a loop of the thread between the finger and thumb of the left hand, and with the needle work on that part of the thread attached to the shuttle, 16 common button-hole stitches. Draw up the thread from the shuttle, so that the loop quite disappears; then with the shuttle begin to work the leaf, leaving the long needleful of thread attached to the work.

LEAF.—1st loop.—9 double stitches, 1 picot, 8 double. Draw it up, but not tightly.



2nd.—3 double, join to the picot of the last, 6 double, 1 picot, 3 double. Draw it as before. To join loops of tatting, make a picot on the first of the two to be joined, and at the corresponding place of the next draw the thread which goes round the fingers of the left hand through the picot. When a loop is sufficiently drawn out, slip the shuttle through it and tighten it again over the fingers. Loops thus connected are much firmer than they could otherwise be.

3rd.—3 double, 4 join, 6 double, 1 picot, 3 double. Draw up this loop rather tighter.

4th.—3 double, join, 8 double, 1 picot, 3 double. Draw it up quite tightly.

5th.—Like the third.

6th.—Like the second.

7th.—3 double, join, 9 double. Draw it up like the first.

Now with the needle, work on the bars of thread at the base of the loop, thus: 8 button-hole stitches on the 1st, 2 between; 8 on 2nd, 2 between; 6th on 3rd, 2 between; 1 on 4th, 2 between; 6 on 5th, 1 on the thread between. Slip the needle between the two after the second loop; draw it out leaving a short bar of thread, on which do 6 stitches, 1 more between the 5th and 6th loops; 8 on 6th, one afterward, and connect as after last loop between the 1st and 2nd; 1 more before the 7th; 8 on 7th loop; and take one button-hole stitch, to join the first and last loops together at the stem. This completes the leaf.

STEM.—44 button-hole stitches with the needle.

FLOWER.—First loop.—4 double, * 1 picot, 3 double, * 4 times, 1 picot, 4 double. Draw it up quite tight; and when you have worked down the stem to the first leaf; repeat the leaves, allowing half an inch of thread between it and the stem. Covering this with button-hole stitch after the leaf is finished, will bring both the needle and the shuttle threads to the main stem. Work down that to the end and fasten off.

THE EDGING.—Double the thread, and begin with the needle with 8 button-hole stitches, 1 picot, 8 more button-hole stitches. Then use the shuttle.

1st loop.—4 double, join to the picot, 12 double, 1 picot, 4 double. Draw it up quite tightly.

2nd.—4 double, join, 12 double, 1 picot, 4 double. Draw it up quite tightly.

3rd.—4 double, join, 7 double, 1 picot, 3 double, 1 picot, 4 double. Draw it up to correspond with the 1st. 20 on the bar of the first 10 button-hole stitches: 2 between it and the 2nd; 1 on the second; 2 between it and the 3rd; 10 on the 3rd, slip the needle through the 1st, and work back on the bar 12 button-hole. Then 8 on the thread, join to picot; 10 on the thread, 1 picot, 8 on thread.

1st loop of 2nd Pattern.—4 double, join; 5 double, join to picot of the 3rd loop; 7 double, 1 picot, 4 double.

Proceed with the remainder as in the 1st pattern.

This edging is very suitable for infant's dresses.

For straight lengths a few more stitches must be worked on the threads between the patterns. Work 9 button-hole stitches on the thread, before the next loop.

2nd to 6th loops (inclusive).—4 double, join, * 3 double, 1 picot, x 4 times, 4 double. Draw it up tightly, and work 9 button-hole stitches after every loop.

To WORK DOWN THE STEM.—Having done 9

stitches after the last loop, lay the long piece of stem evenly on the finger, and parallel with it, the thread connected with the shuttle. On this thread work a series of button-hole stitches, passing the needle through one of those of the former line after every stitch, and thus making a double line. Of course 9 stitches must be left at the beginning of the flower, before the 1st loop, as well as after the second.

ORIENTAL NECK-TIE.

MATERIALS.—A pair of large needles; eight-thread Berlin wool; white, six ounces; scarlet, orange, green, blue, and black, one ounce each; and Chine wool, one ounce.

To be knitted in Brioché stitch—that is, bring the thread in front, slip one, knit two together; repeat. Cast on with the Chine wool thirty-nine stitches, and do three rows. Then the other colors in the following order: White, four rows; Chine, four rows; orange, four rows; blue, four rows; black, six rows; green, four rows; scarlet, four rows; Chine, four rows; orange, four rows; blue, four rows; white, four rows; Chine four rows. Do about three-quarters of a yard of white only. Then the other end, reversing the order of the colors, so that they may correspond. Knit in a handsome fringe at both ends. This comforter is equally suitable for a lady or gentleman.

SMALL GIMPS IN CROCHET.

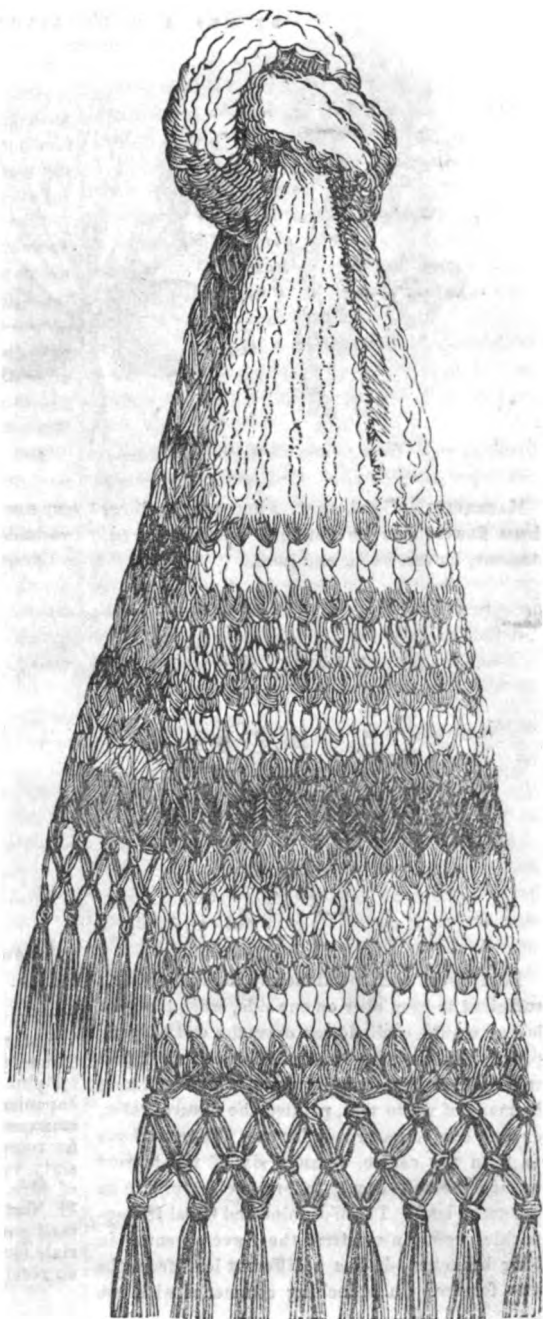
The pattern for this is in the front of the number.

MATERIALS.—Marsland's griffin crochet cotton, No. 6; crochet hook, No. 13

No. 1.—Make a chain the length required, and then work back in dc. This is a very neat little trimming for children's dresses; and if required to be made of silk, and purse twist be used, will be found to answer every purpose for which a narrow gimp may be required. It forms also an excellent substitute for the braid which is run on the skirt of a dress, as the wools of which it should then be made, can be procured of any shade whatever which the braid itself cannot.

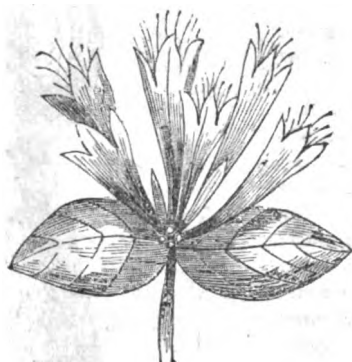
No. 2.—Make a chain of the length required, and on it work 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1.

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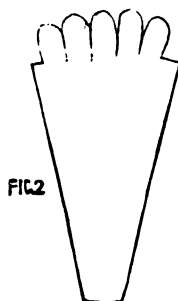
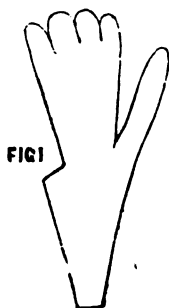
DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING HONEYSUCKLE.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—Coral, sweet-scented and yellow, these flowers can be obtained ready stamped, stamens, leaves, buds, and gum.

very small leaves and a bud, then two leaves and two buds, two leaves and two flowers, two leaves and four flowers, increasing the number of leaves



Fold down each petal nearly in half, leaving sufficient to gum over on one side, when the gum is dry mould each flower over the end of your plyers, slip the stamen through, touching it first with gum to keep it in its place. The buds may be made of white wax, painted the natural color, or they can be had ready for use. Take six buds to form the centre, arrange six of the flowers around the buds evenly to form a cluster: slip on the green leaf. The Woodbine and Coral Honeysuckle grows in clusters, the Sweet-Scented in long branches—it has a different leaf from the two former. In branching commence with two

and flowers in proportion to the length of the branch.

*** MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for Japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 81 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

EMBROIDERED COLLAR, FULL SIZE.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



MATERIALS.—Fine jaconet muslin, on which the design is well traced, a yard of *any* narrow thread insertion, and embroidery cotton, Nos. 30, 40 and 50.

This style of collar is of a kind entirely new; it contains a centre and border, divided by a line which may either be worked in open-hem, or formed by a piece of pearling. This is laid on and fastened by a line of buttonhole-stitch, after which the muslin underneath it is cut away.

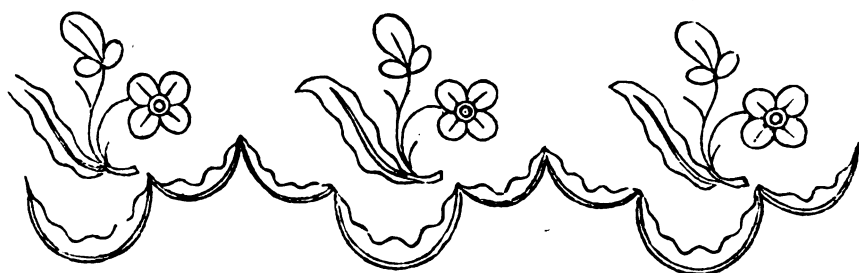
The flowers in this pattern are almost entirely overcast, the large ones being worked in outline only, with a veining sewed up the centre of each petal, and a double round of buttonhole for the centre, with a single spot of English lace worked in the glaze thread. There is no *satin-stitch* whatever, every part being either in *Broderie Anglaise*—that is, pierced and sewed over—or worked in raised overcast-stitch.

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

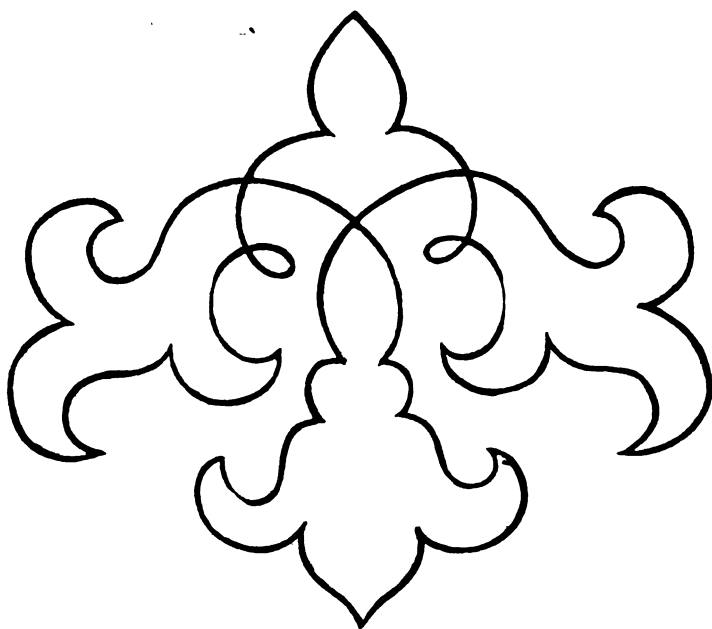
To be worked with fine English working cotton, No. 100. The two large pointed leaves, the top of the large flower, the top of the buds, and part of the grape-leaves, are to be done in French

knot. The long, feathery leaves, and the stems, are to be worked in satin-stitch; and the tendrils in over-stitch; while the long, serrated leaf is to be filled in dots done in buttonhole-stitch.

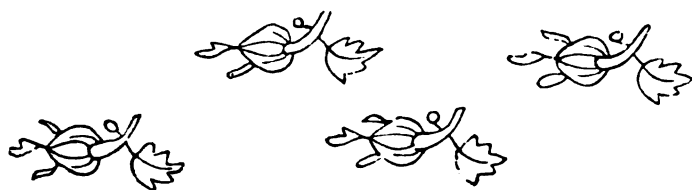
EMBROIDERY, BRAIDING, ETC.



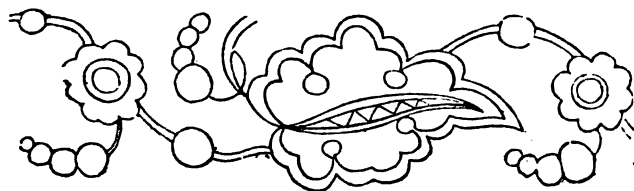
EMBROIDERED SLEEVE.



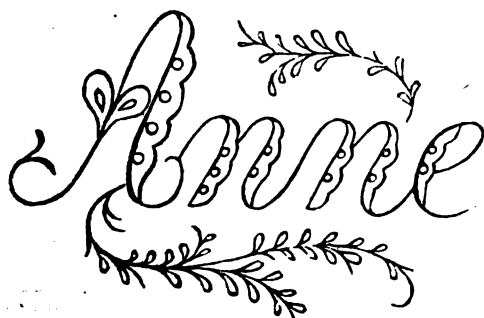
BRAIDING.



EMBROIDERED MUSLIN.



INSERTING.



NAME FOR MARKING.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HAS HE COME YET.—It happened not very long ago in our good city of Philadelphia. Every day she went down to that particular wharf, at which the great steamer was expected, asking the same mournful words, "Has he come yet?" And heart sick at the repeated "No"—heart sick at the forced smile of the anxious agent—dying, almost, whenever she saw groups standing together, and caught the words, "Glasgow"—"lost," she would go home to that old, crazy house, and read that letter for the hundredth time.

"My dear old mother," it said, "you shall be so happy when I get back, for it was all true about the fortune, and now we shall have money enough, thank God! I mean to put you in a pleasant house; (how I long to get you out of that old tumble-down) I mean to buy you lots of good shawls and blankets, and we'll have plenty of hot meals, please God! and you shall never go again to the slop-shops, to lug home great bundles of work, and sit and sew all night for sixpence. Yesterday I engaged a passage in the City of Glasgow. She's a staunch and handsome boat. It will be for all the world like sailing in a comfortable parlor; nothing to compare with the old lumbering thing I came out in. I had a chance to go back in the same barque, but I thought for once I'd come like a gentleman, and see how it seems to have plenty of money. Keep up heart, mother, and pray for
ALFRED."

It is a dark, stormy morning. The rain falls drearily—the steerts are dismal and deserted—and the pavements are slippery with mud.

The poor old porter with his wooden leg looks wearily up street and down. Not a job yet. In mournful rows stand the carriages in front of the hotels. Under ragged umbrellas the old apple women sit, munching hard crackers for the morning meal. All visible humanity looks wet and uncomfortable. Here she comes, the poor, old widow. Weak and faint she drags her weary feet along, and as she passes, the wooden legged porter rubs his eyes with the back of his hand, and slowly turns to watch her out of sight. She has had no breakfast—and yet she is not hungry, for oh! she dreamed a dream; she saw her boy—her Alfred. He had come home, triumphant with success, radiant with happiness, and folded her in his arms. Look—how the sunken eye is lighted up. Watch how eagerly she scans every countenance! And now, as she nears the wharf, her whole frame seems sinking. One superhuman effort—on she totters through the mist. There stands the agent, anxious, restless.

"Oh! sir," and she clasps her withered hands, "Have you heard any news? Has he come yet?"

"No—and never will," says a harsh, but solemn voice.

God help the poor, old mother! See, she has tottered to a log, and sitting down, her grey head falls upon her hands. The day wanes apace. Teamsters whistle, wharfingers go tramping by her. A ragged boy gathers sticks close to her feet, peering under her limp bonnet. She never moves nor looks. The rattle and din of business grows noisier.

"I say, old woman!"

He shakes her roughly.

"Old woman—wake up—heavens! Jack—she's dead; look."

Her poor hands have fallen, revealing the glassy eyes, the sunken features. The dream is a wonderful reality—mother and son have met.

There was a meagre funeral that day. It took place in our good city of Philadelphia.

OUR LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.—As editors, if we are proud of any one thing, it is of our list of contributors. We only echo the general voice, when we say, that it is so far superior to that of the other ladies' Magazines, that there is really no comparison. We wished, at first, to have a story from each of our best writers in this number; but the list was too large; and besides, illness and other causes prevented our hearing from all. Yet the reader may look in vain in the January number of any cotemporary, for such articles as those furnished by Alice Cary, Mrs. Bache, Martha Russell, Mrs. Fairfield, A. L. Otis, Mrs. Denison, Ella Rodman, Hetty Holyoke, Clara Moreton, &c. &c.: and yet these comprise but a portion of our regular contributors. For there is the author of "Susy L.—'s Diary," there is Virginia F. Townsend, there is Carry Stanley, there are E. W. Dewees, Alice Gray, and a host of others. With such a list of writers, the reader is always sure of variety. We are proud to say, also, that not one of them ever pens a line, which we, or they in after life, would wish to blot. Their stories, even when they convulse with laughter, or agonize with the deepest pathos, never lose their purity of thought and expression. It is this characteristic, quite as much as their intellectual ability, which renders them unrivalled as a *corps* for a lady's Magazine.

THE KNICKERBOCKER GALLERY.—This being the season for Christmas and New Year's gifts, we call attention to the "Knickerboker Gallery," published by C. Huerton, New York. This beautiful work contains articles from nearly all the contributors to the Knickerboker Magazine, that is from most of the eminent authors of the United States: and each article is accompanied by a portrait of the

writer. Among the names are Bryant, Halleck, Lowell, Longfellow, Boker, Leland, Taylor, Cozzens, Benjamin, and Lewis Gaylord Clark, the witty editor of the "Knickerbocker." The volume is tastefully printed and bound; and contains several hundred pages. Nowhere else can so complete a gallery of portraits of American authors be had. It is a peculiarly appropriate present for a person of intelligence and refinement to give or receive; and can be had, bound in cloth gilt, for \$5.00, or in full Turkey morocco for \$7.50. Address C. Hueston, New York.

ABOUT "CLUBBING."—The editor of the Litchfield (Ct.) Republican is a wit. Here is what he says, on the subject of "clubbing," in his notice of our December number!

"Now's your time to put your heads together, and form clubs. Give Peterson such a *clubbing* all the way up hill, that he will remember it for a long time to come. Show him no *quarter*, but *spot him* with *five and tens and twenties*, until he is convinced that you mean to carry out this *club law* to its full extent. He richly deserves it; and the more *clubs* you raise, the better he will like it. He is not altogether unamiable. Send your addresses to CHARLES J. PETERSON, No. 102 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. You will *club off* something better than *chessnuts* from that tree, by so doing."

To which we add, *club away*, one and all. For the harder you *club*, the less chance there is that any rival will *beat us*.

Goupil & Co.—For the privilege of copying "The Speaking Likeness," published in our December number for 1855, we are indebted to Goupil & Co., print-sellers, importers of prints, &c., New York. The print was from a copy-right engraving, which that enterprising firm had just published, and which is having an immense sale. Goupil & Co. are at the head of their profession. It would be worth while for those desirous of adorning their parlors, boudoirs, or other apartments, with framed engravings, to write to Goupil & Co. for a catalogue, in order to select from their collection. G & Co. are liberal in terms as well as prompt.

THIS MONTH'S ENGRAVINGS.—Are they not beautiful? How "cunning" the infant looks, in the first mezzotint. What elegance and grace in the fashion plate. Nor could anything be more effective than the "Departure of Rachel." The "Lighting the Beacon," also is capital. While no two resemble each other in the least.

TO THE POINT.—The Carlisle (Pa.) American, after apologising for having unintentionally copied some of our stories without credit, says:—"Peterson contains, monthly, the choicest and most appropriate stories and poetry we can find anywhere, gems which we take pride in transferring to our columns, and which we feel certain our lady readers read with widly and pleasure."

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS IN CROCHET, EMBROIDERY, &c.—We shall give, this year, a series of monthly articles, containing elementary instructions in Crochet, Knitting, Netting, Tatting, Embroidery, Broderie Anglaise, Point-Lace, Shell-work, Hair-work, &c. &c. These will be in addition to the usual monthly patterns of novelties in these several species of work. Thus, "Peterson" for 1856 will contain, besides its tales, poetry, &c., a complete lady's work-table book, with instructions for every description of fancy work. We begin, in this number, with "Tatting."

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.—We call attention to this capital journal, advertised on the cover of the present number. We believe it to be altogether the best weekly published in Philadelphia; and it is certainly the cheapest. The proprietors are men of enterprise and energy, who pay liberal prices to secure, in every department, what they consider the very best talent. As a *news*, not less than a *literary* paper, the "Dollar" is pre-eminent. Those persons, who wish to subscribe for it in connection with "Peterson," can have both, for one year, by remitting \$2.50 to us.

PETRIDGE'S PUBLICATIONS.—Petridge & Co. have in press two novels, which deserve great popularity, for their merit is unusual. One is "The Lost Love," and the other "The Wife's Trials," and having seen extracts from both, we agree with the London Athenæum, in saying that they are the best novels, of their kind, lately written. Petridge & Co. will rapidly earn a reputation for their books if they continue to issue such first-rate publications.

MRS. ANNA BACHE.—We introduce, this month, to the readers of "Peterson," Mrs. Anna Bache, a lady already in possession of an established reputation. The present number contains both a poem and a story from her pen. The exquisite finish of her style, in the "Legend of Lowenberg," will, we are sure, attract almost as much attention as the masterly manner in which the incidents are conceived and developed.

BEAUX AND BELLES.—An editor, out West, says that the girls, in his neighborhood, would rather have no beaux than not have "Peterson's Magazine." He adds that the belle of the village was won, at last, by one of her lovers subscribing for a copy for her. She yielded, she says, not to the bribe, but because the act proved his excellent taste.

THE ONE FOR THE LADIES.—"I have learned from one year's experience," writes a lady, "that 'Peterson Magazine' is the one for the ladies, and that no one should be without it."

KEEPING PROMISES.—The Miami (Ohio) Visitor says:—"Peterson invariably performs all his promises." And so say all who know us.

QUANTITY OF READING.—The three dollar illustrated Magazines give only twelve hundred pages, yearly. "Peterson" gives nine hundred. This is one hundred more than the proportion, as eight hundred for a two dollar Magazine is as much as twelve hundred for a three dollar one.

ERRATUM.—In the quotation from "O'er the Water to Charlie," on page 72, read the last line as follows:
"And Charlie's foe before him!"

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Christian Year: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year. By the Rev. John Keble. Elegantly illustrated by Schmolze. 1 vol. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.—This is a work well known to the intellectual and religious public. It is a series of Christian lyrics, appropriate to the various festivals of the church, such as Christmas, Easter, &c. &c. Several inferior editions of it have been issued, but we are glad to see it, at last, in a form befitting its great merit. The publisher, Mr. Butler, tasteful as he always is, has really surpassed himself in this superb edition. The paper is white and thick; the type large; and the page beautiful; while the illustrations, nine in number, are line engravings, designed and executed in the best style. It will be, we predict, the favorite gift-book for the holiday season, among the moral and religious portion of the American public. Such a work is worth whole library of trashy annuals, or even a room full of worthless knick-knackereries; for it informs the mind and improves the heart, as well as gratifies and fosters the taste for the beautiful.

Christian Theism. The Testimony of Reason and Revelation to the Existence and Character of a Supreme Being. By R. A. Thompson, M. A. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A merchant of Aberdeen, Mr. Burnett, who died in 1784, bequeathed a fund to be applied, every forty years, to the foundation of premiums, open to public competition, for the encouragement of essays on the subject of the present volume. The first award, under this will, was made, in 1814. The book before us is the successful treatise under the second award, being adjudged to be the best, out of two hundred and eight offered in competition. We find it a lucid, powerful, and conclusive demonstration, not only of the existence of a Deity, but of the existence of one with the attributes assigned to Him by the Bible. It is an unanswerable argument in favor, not merely of Theism, but of Christian Theism. It is not unworthy, indeed, to accompany Butler's "Analogy." The two books should stand side by side in the library.

Almack's. 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brothers.—A novel of fashionable life in England: but much better than such things usually are. Price fifty cents.

The Gloria In Excelsis: An extensive collection of new Church Music. By W. Williams. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—The author of this compilation is organist of Boudoin Square Church, Boston, and professor of music at the Charlestown Female Seminary. It is, therefore, presumable that he is competent to the task he has undertaken. The "Gloria In Excelsis" consists of hymn tunes, anthems, sentences, chorusses and chants; includes an entirely new and practical arrangement of the elements of music; and contains, in addition, a variety of vocal exercises and glees for social gatherings, singing-schools and choir practice. So far as we are capable of judging, the work is a very meritorious one. We commend it to the attention of churches, schools and families.

The Wager of Battle. By W. H. Herbert. 1 vol. New York: Mason Brothers.—A stirring tale, illustrating the relations between Saxon and Norman, and depicting English manners, in the twelfth century. Some of the chapters are intensely interesting, particularly those describing the escape of the fugitive across the sands, the rise of the tide, and the destruction of the pursuers. Edith, the heroine, is a lovely character. We own to a predilection for the historical novel, because, if honestly and capably written, it not only affords intellectual pleasure to the reader, but gives, as in a mirror, the very spirit of the past.

Klosterheim; or, The Masque. By Thomas De Quincey. With a Biographical Sketch by Dr. Skelton Mackenzie. 1 vol. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall.—The genius of De Quincey is not less perceptible, in this fugitive story, now first published in America, than in his famous work, "The Confessions of an Opium Eater." The interest begins with the first chapter, and is maintained breathlessly to the last. The scene of the story is in Germany, the time the "Thirty Years War." Not the least valuable part of this edition, is the life of De Quincey, which Dr. Mackenzie has contributed.

Hoaryhead and McDonner. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is an old friend, one of the popular "Young Christian Series," but very greatly improved in matter, and adorned with numerous beautiful illustrations. Mr. Abbott stands at the head of American writers of his class. His keen sympathy with youth, his agreeable style, his eminently religious tone, and his faculty of being didactic without becoming dry, form a combination of qualities we meet with in no other cotemporary author. We recommend this book as peculiarly suitable for a gift.

Speeches in Congress. By Gerritt Smith. 1 vol. New York: Mason Brothers.—This volume will find many readers, even among those who hold different opinions on temperance and slavery from the author, for sincerity always commands respectful attention, and nobody, we believe, denies Gerritt Smith's strict conscientiousness.

The Widow Bedott Papers. By Frances M. Whicher. With an Introduction by Alice Neal. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We entirely concur with our lamented friend, the late Joseph C. Neal, to whose journal these papers were first contributed, that they are the best Yankee sketches yet written. For while on the one hand, they are free from the vulgarity and coarseness which occasionally mar "Sam Slick," on the other, they exhibit a keener wit and a nicer discrimination of character. Nor do we know any comic sketches, even those in a broader vein, which are so mirth-moving. At the time of their original appearance, they not only won the popular ear, but received the approbation of all critical readers; and we are glad, therefore, to see them collected into a volume, and incorporated, so to speak, among our standard literature. The death of the fair author was a serious loss to the American public. Several capital illustrations, as comic as the text itself, have been contributed by Dallas, the talented designer and engraver. The volume in other respects also, is a credit to the publisher.

The Works of Charles Lamb. Edited by Thomas Noon Talfourd. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The "gentle Elia," as he was lovingly called, lives again in the affectionate labors of Talfourd, in these two handsome volumes. We see, not only the author and letter-writer, whose quaintness, humor and kindliness, as exhibited in his writings, have won for him the regards of thousands; but the identical Charles Lamb himself, whom even the boys of Christ Church loved, who was the centre of the charming little social parties where Mary Lamb presided, and who, when the audience hissed his play, forgot his authorship in sympathy with the crowd, and hissed as loud as any. It is a delightful book. No cultured person, that loves kindliness in human nature, but will consider these volumes a treasure. The writings of Lamb never lose their charm, nor his letters their strong-hold on our sympathy. The story of his life, moreover, preaches a better sermon, than even the pulpit always gives, in favor of self-denial and meek Christian charity. A portrait of Lamb is prefixed to the first volume.

Salust, Florus, and Valerius Paterculus. Literally Translated, with copious notes and a general index. By the Rev. J. S. Watson, M. A. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Some tutors object to these translations as injurious to students. Our own experience is, that, if used with discretion, they are very beneficial. The notes greatly increase the value of this translation, which we recommend as the best of its kind.

The Child-Wife. From the David Copperfield of Dickens. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The third of the highly meritorious series for juveniles, in which Dickens' works are arranged for young children. A beautiful illustration adorns each volume.

Scenes in the Practice of a New York Surgeon. By Edward H. Dixon, M. D. 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.—This is a volume of great merit, and is unique in character also, so that it cannot fail to attain a large circulation. It consists of a series of sketches delineated from life, alternated with didactic chapters on the means of preserving health. The sketches are drawn with a bold, free hand, and are often even painfully interesting. The didactic chapters are written in a popular style, and abound with valuable hints. We particularly recommend to mothers those on croup, whooping-cough and scarlet fever. The chapters on consumption, and those on the pathology of a fashionable lady, are likewise invaluable. Dr. Dixon says that pure air and exercise, thick shoes, and occupation are the best preventives of consumption; and that the neglect of either, much less of all of those, involves the greatest risks. Several spirited illustrations by Darley adorn the volume.

Crotchets and Quavers; or, Revelations of an Opera-Manager in America. By Max Maretzek. 1 vol. New York: S. French. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—There is hardly a page in this book which does not abuse somebody, or retail some bit of scandal in violation of the courtesies of life. A few persons, here and there, are praised, but this is done, it seems to us, only the better to assail others. Still, a good deal of insight into opera matters, and not a little amusement also, may be gathered from the volume, which, it must be confessed, is smartly written, too smartly, say many, ever to have come from the pen of Max Maretzek. One libel suit, at least, has already grown out of the work.

Mexico and its Religion. With Incidents of Travel in that Country During Parts of the Years 1851-52-53-54. And Historical Notes of Events Connected with Places Visited. By Robert A. Wilson. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The title of this volume very fairly sets forth its character. The author propounds several heterodox historical and other opinions; among the rest that the received accounts of Cortez's conquest are fictions. The volume is handsomely published, and contains numerous graphic illustrations.

Winnie and I. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby.—A pleasant story of modern life, written by a new aspirant for literary fame, but one who will have no reason to regret her devotion to authorship, if all her works prove as acceptable as this. The character of "Winnie" is most felicitously drawn. Mr. Derby has published the volume in a very neat style.

The Studio. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here the twelfth number of that excellent series, "Harpers' Story Books" for juveniles. "The Studio" is devoted to illustrating, in a style to be comprehended by children, the theory and practice of drawing. Every family, where there are little ones, ought to have this series.

The Queens of England of the House of Hanover. By Dr. Doran. 2 vols. New York: Redfield.—The same sprightliness, which distinguishes Dr. Doran's former books, characterizes this also. Spite of a somewhat dreary subject he has made a really fascinating work, a something between the famous Jesse's "Memoirs" and Houssaye's "Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century." At this particular time, when Thackeray is delivering his lectures on "The Four Georges," these volumes, devoted to the wives of those kings, are especially *appropos*. Everything that was accessible has been ransacked for material by Dr. Doran, and he has succeeded in getting much that is not only fresh to general readers, but throws a new light on many of the prominent actors. The volumes are handsomely printed.

Frank Hilton; or, The Queen's Own. 1 vol. New York: Garrett & Co.—This novel is a cross between Cooper's Indian tales and Lever's military fictions. The events principally transpire in and about Aden, a post lately seized by England, on the southern coast of Arabia. The hero, sent an envoy to a neighboring sultan, is captured by hostile Bedouins, and passes through a series of stirring and almost incredible adventures, before he finally escapes. The desert scenes are capitally done. Bits of it almost recall the Arabian Nights. In fact the story has such life and action, that though often verging on the improbable, it never fails to interest the reader.

Juno Clifford. 1 vol. New York: Appleton & Co.—A novel by an anonymous hand, but written with great power. Juno Clifford, with her majestic beauty, her tropical passions, and her frantic love, rightly gives title to the book. Some of the scenes have an almost breathless interest. The character of the hero is a noble ideal, as is also that of his gentle wife; while others interest by their naturalness, or the force with which they are drawn. We trust that the novel-reading public will hear from this author often.

Lily. By the author of "Busy Movements of An Idle Woman." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a novel of more than ordinary merit. The scene is laid in South Carolina; and the description of Southern scenery, life and manners, are excellent. "Lily," the heroine, is a beautiful character. The author is a lady, residing in Charleston. No less a critic than Thackeray, the great satirist and novelist, has pronounced her one of the most able of American female writers.

Richard the Fearless. By the author of "Redcliffe." 1 vol. New York: Appleton & Co.—The story of Richard, the youthful duke of Normandy, told in a style to suit the comprehension of youth, and resembling in this respect, as well as in its romantic interest, Scott's "Tales Of A Grandfather." The volume is especially suitable for a Christmas, New Year's, or birth-day present. It is handsomely embellished.

Smike. From the *Nicholas Nickleby* of Dickens. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is the second of that admirable series of juvenile books, of which we have already spoken, and in which the attempt is made to bring down Dickens' stories to the nursery. The author's words are retained as far as possible, but extraneous characters and incidents are rejected. In the present case, the three volumes of "Nicholas Nickleby" are cut down to one small volume, in which the story of "Smike" is fully told. The book is neatly printed. We commend the series, as far as it has appeared, to those who wish to select gift-books for children.

Glenwood; or, The Parish Boy. 1 vol. Boston: Shephard, Clark & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—As genuine a Yankee story as ever was written. Every village in New England has its counterpart in the characters depicted by the author, and nearly every one could furnish, within men's memories, a series of similar incidents. It is this Flemish-like fidelity which is the charm of the book. All authors, who succeed, paint, as this writer does, from what they see. The book exhibits a large-minded and charitable spirit. We hope to hear from him, or her, again. The volume is handsomely printed and tastefully embellished.

Letters To A Young Physician. By James Jackson, M. D. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—The author of this volume is one of the oldest and most eminent physicians of Boston. In these letters, he embodies the results of his experience, as an extensive practitioner, on consumption, the management of infants, fevers, and diseases generally. The book is invaluable to a young physician. It will be found of benefit also in the family, as it is written in a plain style, avoiding all technical terms. Dr. Jackson, we see, discountenances that excessive use of drugs, which has been considered, by many, so serious a fault of old physicians.

The Forayers. By W. Gillmore Sims. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—Another of the revised edition of Sims' novels. Everybody, pretending to a library, should have these beautifully printed works. Sims, as the head of the school of Southern historical romance, takes rank with Irving, the delineator of the Dutch settlements on the Hudson, and with Cooper, the magician of the sea and the prairie. Two superior illustrations embellish the number.

Table Traits, With Something on Them. By Dr. Doran. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—Dr. Doran is always racy and amusing. In this volume, selecting the table for his theme, he wittily discusses it, under every aspect, historically, socially, philosophically, poetically, &c., &c. A volume like this, which we can dip into, lay down, and resume at will, yet sure of being always agreeably interested, is a treasure.

Cante. A Story of Republican Equality. By Sidney A. Story, Jr. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Published in the neat style in which this firm issues all their books.

Madame De Sevigne's Letters. Edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. 1 vol. New York: Mason Brothers.—That enterprising firm, Mason Brothers, has begun the publication of a series of volumes, of which this is the first, devoted to the letters of eminent letter-writers. The present volume contains a selection from the best epistles of Madame De Sevigne, and is the first attempt, we believe, to bring those celebrated letters, in any shape, before the American public. The epistles are models of style, and ought, on that account alone, to be in the hands of every intelligent woman. In addition, however, they paint the manners of France, two centuries ago, with a vividness one never sees in stilted, methodical histories. The volume is issued in excellent style.

Patriarchy; or, The Family: Its Constitution and Probation. By John Harris, D. D. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—This is by the author of that excellent work, "Man Primeval," and is a continuation of the subject there introduced. In "Man Primeval" the constitution and probation of individual man were traced. In "Patriarchy," the constitution and probation of the family, which is the development of social man, is exhibited. We regret that the press of books on our table, this month, presents our saying more, at present, respecting this very superior work.

Geoffrey Moncton; or, The Faithless Guardian. By Susanna Moodie. 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.—This new work, by the author of "Roughing It In the Bush," will find many readers. The story is full of incident, and is, perhaps, the one, of all Mrs. Moodie's, which she considers her best. The publishers issue it in quite a handsome style.

Rose Clark. By Fanny Fern. 1 vol. New York: Mason Brothers.—The story of an orphan girl, in which the errors of a certain description of Orphan Asylums are exposed. The tale is quite unequal, parts being written with great power, but other parts exhibiting negligence and occasional departure from good taste. The volume is beautifully printed.

Border Beagles. A Tale of the Mississippi. By W. G. Sims. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—A revised edition, handsomely illustrated, which all should have, who wish a presentable series of Sims' novels.

Estelle Grant; or, The Lost Wife. 1 vol. New York: Garrett & Co.—A novel of American life, handsomely printed and bound.

NEW RECEIPTS.

To Whiten the Skin.—Slice a quarter of a pound of old Castile soap, and place it in a jar near the fire, pour over it half-a-pint of alcohol; when the soap is dissolved and blended with the spirit, add one ounce of glycerine, an equal quantity of oil of almonds, with a few drops of essence of violets or otto of roses, then pour it into moulds to cool for use.

For Making Cold Cream.—Take a drachm of white wax, the same quantity of spermaceti, two ounces of oil of sweet almonds, and an ounce-and-a-half of spring water. Dissolve the wax and spermaceti in the oil of almonds by placing them in a pipkin, near a fire, or in a vapor bath. Pour the solution into a mortar, and stir it about with a pestle until it grows cold and is quite smooth; then pour in the water, little by little, and keep stirring the mixture until the water is thoroughly incorporated with the other ingredients.

No Silks look well after washing, however carefully it be done; and this method should therefore never be resorted to, but from absolute necessity. It is recommended to sponge faded silks with warm water and soap, then to rub them with a dry cloth on a flat board, after which to iron them on the inside with a smoothing iron. Sponging with spirits will also improve old black silks. The ironing may be done on the right side, with thin paper spread over them to prevent glazing.

A Good Lip Salve may be made in the following manner:—Take three ounces of oil of almonds, three-quarters of an ounce of spermaceti, and a quarter of an ounce of Virgin wax. Melt them together over a slow fire: when well amalgamated, remove the mixture from the fire, and keep stirring it till cold. Then add a few drops of oil of rhodium.

THE TOILET.

THE HANDS.—Nothing contributes more to the elegance and refinement of a lady's appearance than a beautiful hand. A well-formed hand, white and soft, with tapering, rosy-tinted fingers and polished nails, is a rare gift; but where Nature has denied symmetry of form and outline, it is easy, by proper care and attention, to obtain a delicacy of color and a grace of movement which will place it sufficiently near the standard of beauty to render it attractive.

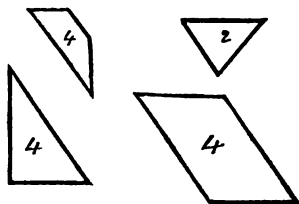
Gloves should be worn at every opportunity, and these ought invariably to be of kid or soft leather. Silk gloves and mittens, although a pretty contrivance, are far from fulfilling the desired object. Night gloves are considered, from the unctuous substances with which they are prepared, to make the hands white and soft, but they are attended with inconvenience, besides being very unwholesome. A moderately warm bran poultice laid on the hands about once during a week is a very excellent application. It must be remembered that the color of the skin of the hands, in common with that of the whole body, is dependant, in a great measure, on the general state of the health. The hands should be washed in tepid water, as cold hardens them, and predisposes to roughness and chaps, while water, beyond a certain heat, makes them shriveled and wrinkled. In drying them, they ought to be well rubbed with a moderately coarse towel, as friction always promotes a soft and

polished surface. Stains from ink or other causes should be immediately removed with salt and lemon juice—a bottle of this mixture should stand ready for use on every toilet. The soaps to be preferred are such as are freest from all alkaline impurities.

The palm of the hand and the tips of the fingers should be of a pale pink color. Moderate exercise of the arm and hand are the best means of promoting this natural glow. The beauty of the nails depend, in a great degree, upon the treatment they receive; they ought to be frequently cut in a circular form, neither too flat nor too pointed. The root, which is sometimes called the half moon, from its crescent shape, should be always visible. It is whiter than the rest of the nail, and is connected with the vessels which supply the nail with nutriment for its growth and preservation. When the nails are disposed to break, some simple pomade should be frequently applied, and salt freely partaken of in the daily diet. A piece of sponge, dipped in oil of roses and fine emery powder, gently rubbed on the nails, gives them a polish, and removes all inequalities.

Many ladies think that all sorts of labor is to be avoided, if the hands are to be kept elegant. But this is a mistake. Care is all that is required. In fact, it is only by using it, that the hand can be made to acquire that freedom and pliancy, without which there can be no grace. A hand, kept idle, grows clumsy and loose-jointed.

PRACTICAL PUZZLE.



Cut out fourteen pieces of paper, card, or wood, of the same size and shape as those shown in the diagram, and then form an oblong with them.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—A BALL DRESS OF WHITE SILK, with two jupes, over each of which is worn a deep lace flounce, reaching to the upper band of crimson velvet which edges the jupes. Corsage low, and very much pointed in front. The bretelles are formed of lace. In the front of the corsage is placed a bow of crimson velvet. Sleeves formed of two puffs, with rows of lace. Head-dress of crimson flowers and green leaves.

FIG. II.—A WALKING-DRESS OF DARK SILK.—Skirt long and full, and ornamented in front with drop buttons put on in zig-zag form, decreasing in size as they approach the top of the skirt. The basquine is closed up the front and trimmed all

around with buttons like those on the skirt. These buttons rise from the waist and pass over the shoulders, forming bretelles. The sleeves are demi-long, and trimmed with buttons. Bonnet of white satin, ornamented with rows of black velvet. Very full cap trimming.

FIG. III.—TALMA EUREKA, from the establishment of Molyneux Bell, No. 58 Canal street, New York. This beautiful affair is made of black satin velvet, with gores of moire antique set on, with moss trimming. The yoke is of velvet, made in a point; the collar of moire antique, edged with moss trimming, and finished with tassels.

FIG. IV.—THE REGINA MANTLE is made of black velvet, and is circular in form, with a slight droop behind. The trimming consists of two rows of very rich black lace over tulle grenadine. Above the upper row of lace, there is a row of exquisite embroidery executed in black silk, intermingled with jet bugles. The pattern of this embroidery, which is novel and curious, represents flowers and birds tastefully grouped together. A narrow row of lace trims the top of the mantle, and tapers to a point at the front of the waist. The bonnet is of Albert blue velvet, trimmed with a torsade of satin of the same color, intermingled with black lace, and on one side there is a drooping feather of mingled black and blue. Under-trimming bouillonnes of white tulle and pink flowers.

FIG. V.—BALL-CLOAK, called the jaguarita, a material called *duvet de cygne*—white, very light and soft, so as not to rumple the toilet. The cape is ornamented with a white silk fringe as well as the sleeves, which fall like those of the old talma. Around the neck is a rich galloon. The peculiarity of this article of dress consists in its not opening at the breast; but it fastens at the shoulder in crossing, and is good shelter from the cold.

FIG. VI.—DRESS OF BLACK SILK, trimmed with black velvet. Body high, very close, terminated by a lappet of seven or eight inches deep. Sleeves composed of a round jockey, a puff and a flounce. A velvet, an inch and a half wide, is placed square on the back, and goes up on the shoulder to come down and end on each side. Six cross bands of velvet, cut to a point at each end, with a button on each point, are put on like frogs. The bottom of the front of the lappet is trimmed with short pieces of velvet ending in a point, on which a button is placed. The jockey is likewise trimmed with velvet, and on the arm is a velvet bracelet. The puff of the sleeve and its flounce are confined in velvet loops. Skirt very ample, with three flounces, each having a hem an inch and a half wide.

FIG. VII.—CHAMBER TOILET.—We present to our readers as a new fashion, but not a becoming one. It is only a Parisian caprice. It is a head-dress composed of velvet and embroidered muslin. Two tufts of velvet loops are brought to meet, gradually diminishing, on the back hair. The muslin foundation is small and trimmed with a band which falls behind,

small from the side. A Louis XV. robe de chambre, made of white silk, embroidered with dahlias *en jaraniere*, and trimmed with a plaited ribbon of colors to match. This robe de chambre comes rather high; it is cut square in the back and in front. It sits close at the side, where the widths of the skirt are joined at the waist. The body is slightly gathered at bottom. The body and skirt are open straight down from top to bottom. The corners of the bottom on front are rounded off. A ribbon plaited in double plaits, borders the neck, the shoulder, the two sides of the front of body and of the skirt, as well as all round the bottom of the latter. The sleeve is trimmed in the same way on the arm and on the founce. The dress worn under it is muslin, with a founce for undersleeve and two founces on the skirt. The back is formed of three large double plaits, which continue all along and form a train behind. The sleeve, plain at top, is trimmed with a founce gathered in large double plaits. A cord passes under the plaits and confines the waist; the ends hang down in front.

FIG. VIII.—A BONNET of claret velvet, ornamented with rich claret-colored feathers on the front, and a fall of deep black lace behind.

FIG. IX.—A BONNET of pink silk, with a drawn front, between which and the crown is placed a bow of pink ribbon spotted with black, with long ends. A row of black lace edges the cape. Pink flowers and black velvet leaves for the face trimming.

FIG. X.—A CAP the foundation of which may be of white silk or tulle. The trimming is of narrow white blonde edged with black, rows of black velvet, and bows of white ribbon, edged with black velvet, and velvet ends.

FIG. XI.—A MUSLIN CAP, with embroidered and valenciennes insertions forming barbes on the ground with deep valenciennes.

FIG. XII.—CIRCASSIAN HEAD-DRESS.—(Front View.) This elegant turban is suitable for the opera or for evening parties, and it has the recommendation of presenting a variety amidst the head-dresses of flowers and ribbon now so generally worn. The turban is formed of a small Indian scarf of light texture. The ground is white silk, and of a soft, pliant, gauze-like substance. The stripes, which run horizontally, are of gold and of silk, of bright showy hues. The end of the scarf, which hangs down at one side, is finished with a broad fringe of gold, intermingled with silk of the colors introduced in the stripes.

FIG. XIII.—BACK VIEW OF THE SAME.—The back hair, which may be either plaited or twisted, is fastened in a *chignon* very low down. The scarf, lightly twisted, is first pinned at one end under the *chignon*, then passed, as a bandeau, round the head, and finally turned round the *chignon*, or plaiting of hair, the end being passed under the bandeau and hanging loosely on one side.

FIG. XIV.—A SLEEVE composed of lace with the puffs of tulle, ornamented with bands of narrow black velvet. A tulle ruffle falls over the head, also ornamented with velvet.

FIG. XV.—A COLLAR formed of lace insertion and edging, ornamented with rows of narrow black velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new patterns in almost every material yet introduced for autumn and winter out-door dresses, consist mostly of stripes or chequers, and much variety is obtained by the tasteful arrangement of colors. Some of the most beautiful of the new silks have broad, perpendicular stripes, figured with a running pattern of flowers of various hues. The clan tartans may be mentioned among the chequered patterns likely to gain general favor. Dresses of striped and chequered patterns are well suited for mourning, as they admit of a good arrangement of the hues usually adopted in that style of costume; for instance, black, violet, grey, and white. Some of the new mourning dresses of black silk have founces bordered with a chequered design in black and grey. Others, composed of black silk, are ornamented with violet or grey stripes, either perpendicular or in the *bayadere* manner, and the stripes are either plain or figured.

PLUSH has recently been employed for trimming dresses intended for half-mourning.

Some of the new velvet jackets are richly embroidered and trimmed, with a fall of lace nearly half-a-yard deep. The sleeves, reaching just below the elbow, are edged with a frill of velvet, over which is placed a frill or fall of lace. Three narrow ruches of ribbon fixed to the under part of the velvet frill sustains the trimming, and permits it to flow loosely and gracefully over the undersleeve. These jackets are fastened in front by buttons, either of silk, lace, enamelled, mosaic, or gold.

The exceedingly large COLLARS are not generally worn, neither are they becoming.

The long feathers bordering the fronts of BONNETS, will replace the little tufts, so recently worn. Bonnets are made with fronts a trifle deeper than those recently worn; but the crowns continue to be small. The *bavolet* in the newest bonnets is very deep, and is made to droop in the middle, the depth being greater at that part than at the sides. Very full trimmings will be fashionable during the winter, and a trimming at the edge of the brim will be very generally adopted. A bonnet of the shape just described has been received from Paris for the purpose of serving as a model. It is composed of drab-colored *gros-de-naples*, and is trimmed on the outside with black lace. A narrow rouleau of curled feather, of the same color as the bonnet, passes round the edge of the brim. The under-trimming consists of blonde, intermingled with flowers in cerise color velvet, and bows and ends of velvet of the same bright hue.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A BOY OF TWELVE OR FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.—Pantaloons of cinnamon colored cloth. Paletot of grey cloth, trimmed with

rows of black braid. Wide brimmed, low-crowned hat.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF STRIPED CASHMERE.—The trimming of the potticoat comes just below the dress. Cloak of velvet in the sacque form, trimmed with a rich figured galloon. Muff of Siberian squirrel skin. White silk bonnet with a full face trimming.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY OF DARK BLUE VELVET.—The skirt is trimmed with a row of wide black braid. The body is high and plain, and made with a lappet. Sleeves very long, and fitting rather tight to the arm.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL ABOUT FOUR YEARS OF AGE.—The skirt should reach but little below the knees. It is trimmed with two rows of braid. The body is low and made with lappets and bretelles, both of which are trimmed with braid, and edged with fringe. Between the bretelles the body is embroidered.

FIG. V.—A BASQUE OF WHITE PIQUE.—This mate-

rial is woven so as to have a quilted appearance. The basquine is trimmed with a Victoria braid, and white linen fringe.

FIG. VI.—A JACKET OR FROCK FOR A CHILD TWO YEARS OF AGE.—The breast-piece of this jacket is made of English insertions between two rows of Valenciennes, joined together and trimmed with a narrow Valenciennes slightly gathered. The lappets are trimmed in the same manner, as are also the short pagoda sleeves. A long nausook band is attached on each side under the arms and carried round behind to fasten this little garment, the back of which is always made loose.

FIG. VII.—BOY'S FROCK.—Skirt ornamented with two rows of broad black velvet. The body is cut square on the shoulder, and trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet, diverging from the waist, and forming points as they approach the neck. Between these rows of velvets buttons are placed. Full puffed sleeves, finished with ruffles.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

THE MAGAZINE FOR 1856.—We offer this number to the public as the handsomest ever issued by a two dollar Magazine. All we ask is that it should be compared with others, or even with the three dollar Magazines. We give some twenty extra pages in it, as a New Year's gift to our friends. Last year, we nearly doubled our circulation, and as the country is more prosperous and our Magazine better than ever, we expect to quite double it this year. All we ask is that those who see this number will exert themselves to get up clubs, or procure single subscribers.

In several points this Magazine surpasses all others for ladies. 1st. It is the only one that gives original stories wholly. 2nd. These stories are of a higher order than in any cotemporary. 3rd. Its steel, colored fashion-plates are the newest and prettiest. 4th. Its mezzotints are the most beautiful. 5th. Its crochet, embroidery, and other patterns, are the choicest. 6th. It gives the most reading matter, in proportion to its price. 7th. The promises made, at the beginning of the year, are more than fulfilled before its close. In proof of these several assertions, we could quote the testimony of newspapers, from all sections of the Union, if we had room to spare. No lady need hesitate, therefore, to stake her veracity on the fact of these points of superiority in "Peterson's Magazine."

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible and deduct the exchange.

AN AGENCY FOR PATTERNS, &c.—Having been solicited, from various quarters, our "Fashion Editor" has consented to act as agent for the purchase and transmission of patterns, jewelry, &c. &c. In all cases the money must accompany the order, which should describe, as fully as possible, the article desired. Address the publisher at your risk.

FOR THREE DOLLARS.—For three dollars we will send a copy of "Peterson," for one year, and also a copy of any one of the two dollar weekly newspapers. For three dollars and fifty cents we will send "Peterson" and "Harper," for one year.

FOR ONE DOLLAR, we will send, post-paid, either the "Port-Folio of Art," or "The Gift-Book," each containing fifty engravings. Or either may be had gratis by getting up a club.

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Additions of one or more to clubs received at club prices.



rows of black
hat.

FIG. II.—

CASHMERE.—
just below the
form, trimmings
Siberian square
full face trim

FIG. III.—

VELVET.—The
black braid.
with a lappet
tight to the

FIG. IV.—

YEARS OF
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braid. The
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FIG. V.—

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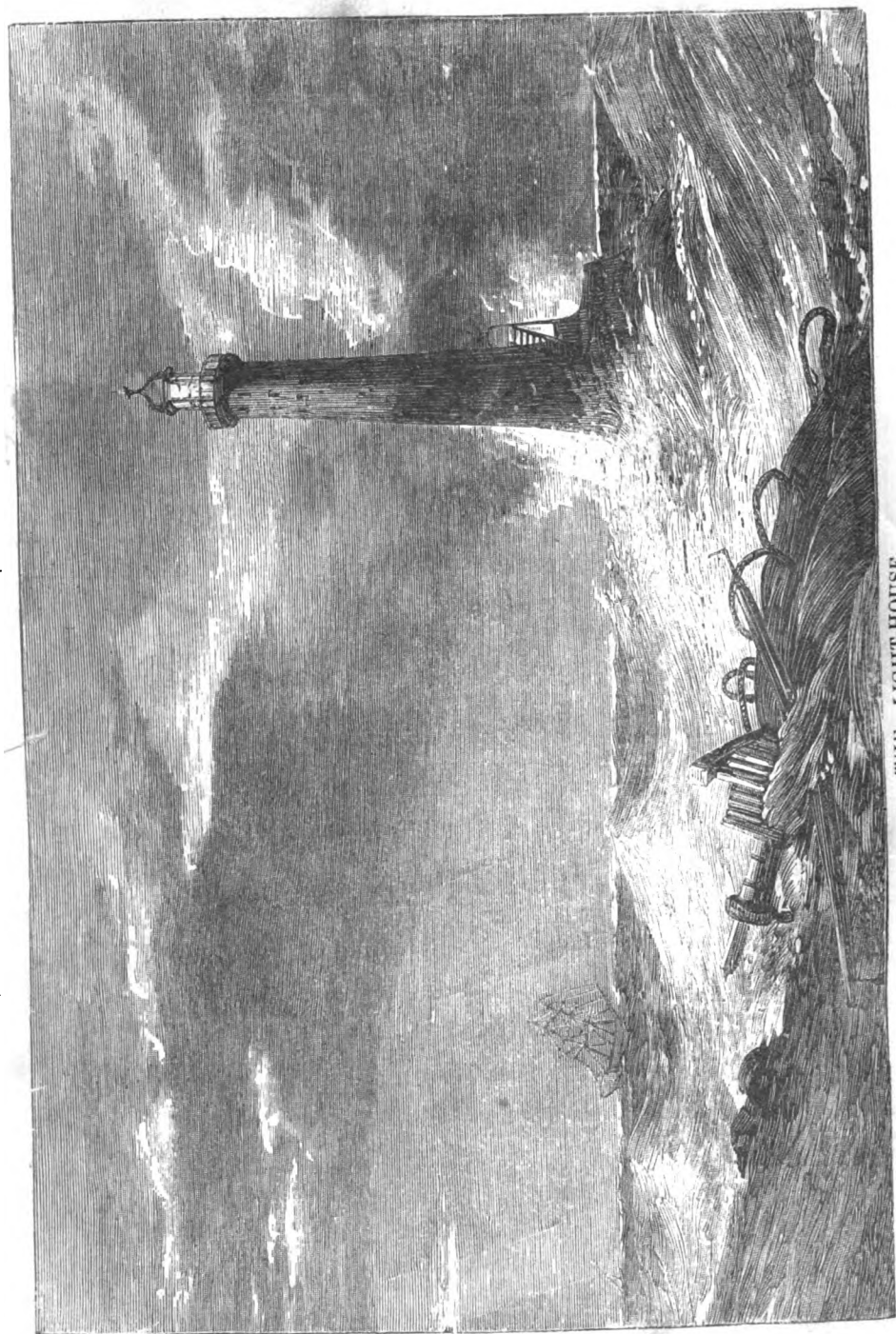
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— 1864 —

LES MOULDS PARISIENNES

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THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

PLAINED NETTED WINDOW-CURTAIN.





BONNET.



CAP.



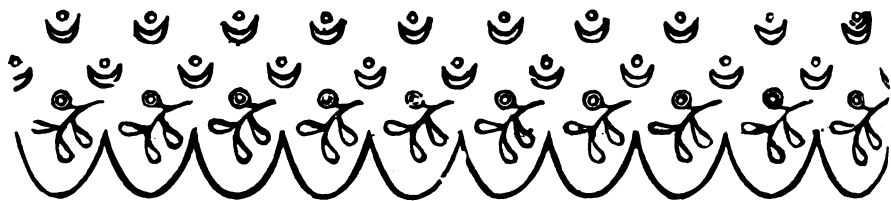
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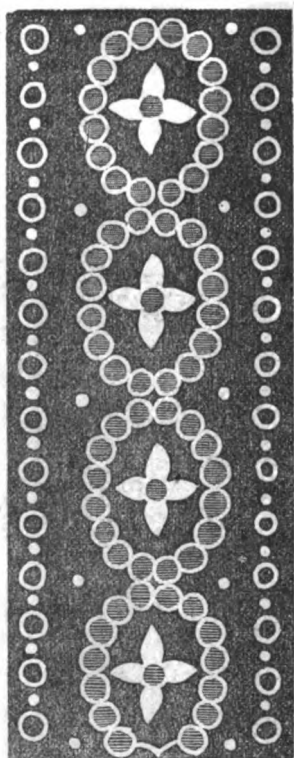
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NEW STYLES FOR CLOAKS.



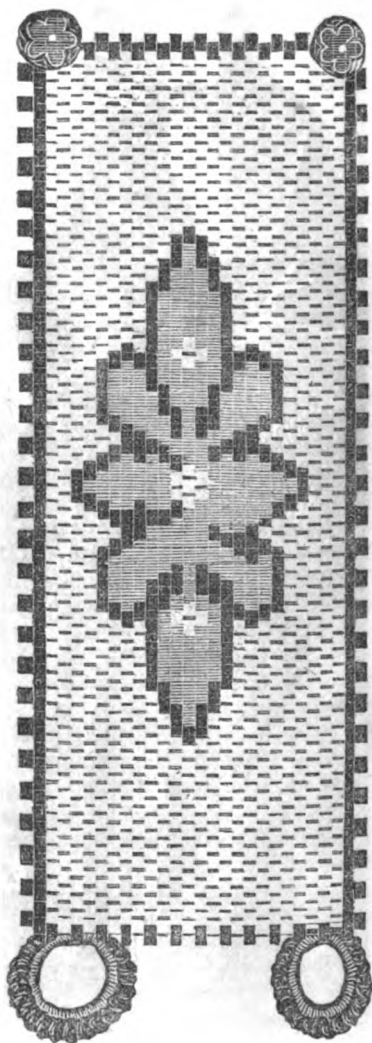
EDGE FOR INFANT'S PETTICOAT.



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NAME FOR MARKING.



NAPKIN RING.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIX.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1856.

No. 2.

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.

CHAPTER IV.

AND whence came the young woman who made her advent in the last chapter? So fair, so gentle in her manners, and yet with an authority of character that made itself respected, how came she to know the aged couple, whose home was hereafter to be her own?

For years she had been the inmate of an insane asylum. At first she entered this frightful life from a keen desire to find some place where her daily bread could be earned in seclusion, mingled with a gentle wish to benefit humanity in some way, poor and forlorn as she was. The desire to render good to others always brings its own opportunity, and the desire itself is one of the brightest and safest steps toward happiness when the soul is troubled.

Of her life in the asylum, its pains, its revolting scenes, its cruel restraints, we have at present no disposition to write. It was the destiny of this young creature to mingle with these scenes, before her character had acquired its natural strength, and through this fiery furnace her spirit came forth, pure and strong as gold, mingled with the unimpressible metals that give strength to its purity.

In this institution she found Edith Ford, a woman who had been for years buried from the world in its gloomy chambers. From the first, a singular fascination drew Catharine toward this woman, whose madness was full of child-like trust and poetical refinement. In moments of excitement, Edith's mind seemed burning with thoughts that, in a sane person, capable of conversation and contiguity, would have produced the most thrilling poetry. There was nothing

gross or selfish in the poor lady. Her grief had a depth of wild pathos in it that won belief in its reality; her sadness was plaintive in its expression as the notes of a night-bird, when it has no listeners but the quiet stars and motionless leaves. Her joy was that of a child, wayward and angry sometimes, at others full of graceful wit. But these moods seldom came to heighten her monotonous existence. Her general life was mournfully poetical, helpless and gentle, with her broken fancies and yearning desire for some far off object, which she spoke of vaguely, and with a confused strain of affection always speaking of HIM, but without name, and shrinking back with a sort of terror when any one inquired directly who this being was, who wove his memory with her thoughts forever, and yet seemed a myth even to her.

So Catharine loved this woman, almost as if she had been the child in years that she had become in mind. The woman returned her affection in her own wild way, giving through her heart the love and obedience which her brain could neither understand nor control.

At last, after many years of isolation, it was suggested to the parents of this poor woman, that a residence at home might prove beneficial to a patient, who seemed to be gradually collecting her stray thoughts into form under the loving guidance of her nurse. Thus, from her long residence in the insane asylum, Catharine came with her patient, to make a new home on the Island.

It was like Paradise, that serene abode, full of quietness and surrounded with the fresh luxuriance of spring, after the hushed turmoil of an insane asylum, where the atmosphere was heavy

with suppressed groans, and wild cries broke the midnight stillness.

The old people, with their refined simplicity, so still and almost caressing in every word and movement, were in gentle harmony with the place. For the first time in her life Catharine breathed with a deep, full sense of enjoyment.

There was a library in the old house, filled with such books as lead to thought, suggesting to the imagination and strengthening the reason. An intellect of no ordinary cultivation must have selected these volumes, for they were in various languages, and each work was of the choice productions of its nation. But Catharine remarked that none of these volumes had been printed within the last thirty years, though up to that period the literature of many nations was gathered. This fact gave her food for thought, and with a curiosity unnatural to her, she began to conjecture for what purpose and by whom this rare collection had been made. Why had it been discontinued so suddenly, and how chanced it that a collection of so much value in all respects had been left untouched, till the dust of years almost obscured the original richness of the bindings?

Another thing aroused conjecture also. The library was on the ground floor, occupying the extreme end of one wing of the building, to which a large bay window had been added, filling the room with pure light and enlarging it at the same time.

When Catharine first entered the room, about a week after her arrival on the Island, it was buried in darkness, for long, wooden shutters were closed over the windows; and though it was early daylight, when the fresh, young morning was full of brightness, she was almost repulsed by the dusty and dim atmosphere.

But she had received permission to visit every part of the house, and use everything it contained at discretion, for the comfort of herself and her companion.

With considerable effort she forced opened the sashes and flung back the shutters from the dusty pains. The morning sunshine came up through the valley in its first golden brightness, and drifting through the pendent branches of a weeping elm, that sheltered the whole wing, poured in a flood through the window, till dust floated like a cloud of golden moats all around.

It seemed to her almost like sacrilege, thus to have let in the broad light on an obscurity of so many years. The book-cases of dark wood, richly carved and set with plate-glass, took the sudden light gloomily, and glimpses of the gilded bindings come dimly through the accumulated

dust. The bronze medallions that formed centre pieces over each case were scarcely discernible, and the crimson hangings upon the wall behind, though enveloped with a deep velvet pattern, seemed faded to a brown tint. Two sides of the room were occupied by these book-cases; but on each side the door, which opened opposite the bay window, several pictures were hung, themselves veiled with cob-webs, and their costly frames gleaming out from wreaths of dust. Two or three chairs of various patterns stood under these pictures, and slender bronze statues, each holding a gilded branch for lights in its hand, stood on either side of the window. In two of these branches, wax candles, half consumed, still remained, while others had burned low, leaving the golden sockets full of wax, now of a dull grey color.

As Catharine looked around, she felt the desolation of the room oppressive, and intuitively half-closed the shutters, thus preserving the partial gloom which seemed so congenial to the place.

Why was it that this scene of neglected splendor, this treasure of intellectual wealth, half buried in the past, fell so gloomily on her spirits? What was the room to her? And why was she there, except to ascertain what capacities of home comfort the place afforded for her unfortunate charge?

She could not answer these questions. Her heart beat heavily, and her eyes grew dim with a sort of foreboding terror, as she looked around. Yet a strange infatuation kept her in the room. She longed to know what the books contained, by whom they had been collected, and by whom read.

This curiosity at last overcame the pressure upon her nerves. She arose, and opening a fold of the shutters again, surveyed the room a second time. It was early sunrise, and she had a full hour before Elsie would awake, or the family be abroad. As the light gradually flooded through the room, she became self-possessed and more resolute. The superstitious feeling, that had at first swept through her nerves, yielded to a feeling of imaginative curiosity. She opened one of the book-cases, almost with a feeling that it had life, and could be pained with, the sharp wrench which she was obliged to give the lock. As I have said, the books were in various languages, and Catharine could read but two, her native tongue and the French, which she had caught up almost without effort by associations in early life, with persons to whom that language was most familiar; but she took down the Italian, German, and Spanish authors, with that

vague reverence which we always feel for a thing beyond our comprehension, and was seized with a quick thirst of the knowledge they contained.

Here was a new world for the young woman, a world of fresh sensations and never-ending variety. She had fallen unawares upon a mine of thought, unappropriated, beautiful thought, from which she might carry away new life, and not diminish the original stock by a single idea. Here was happiness. Here was a solace for the baffled hopes and recoiling affections that had burdened her soul so long. She would no longer seek for joy among the living. The dead had left her the essence of their lives, and she would read their books, she would learn all these strange languages, she would live in the past lives of those who had become benefactors to humanity, by gathering the immortality which belongs to them from the past, for the benefit of generations yet to come.

With these thoughts, Catharine turned over the pages of an Italian poem, that she had taken from the shelves. The very strangeness of the words had its fascination. She panted to wrestle with her own ignorance and overcome it with a single effort. But a sound in the house awoke her from this train of thought. She had duties to perform. Life was not given that it might be wasted in vague dreams and useless expectations. She closed the book, and wandered around the room, anxious to redeem it from its state of neglect, and yet reluctant to disturb the repose in which every object had rested so long.

As she stood, a light breeze swept up the valley and blew one of the shutters open, filling the room with light again. She noticed now a small mosaic table, half shrouded with a heap of what had been drapery cast over some object in the centre. Catharine lifted this drapery and found underneath a gilded bird-cage, which protected as it had been from the atmosphere, looked comparatively bright. The bottom was covered with seed husks, and among them lay a little heap of gold-tinted feathers, which seemed like a sleeping canary. But as Catharine bent over it, her breath disturbed the feathers, and they began to quiver, while one or two were dislodged and floated softly through the wires.

Again Catharine was saddened. How many years must it have been since the poor bird, of which nothing now remained but the plumage, had starved to death in its cage? Who could have been so cruel? What evil thing had left all this gloom and desolation behind?

She lifted the cage softly and wiped the dust from the black marble on which it stood. With the first sweep of her hand there shone out,

from the glittering stone, a wreath of white jessamine and orange blossoms, inlaid into the jetty surface with that exquisite skill known best to the Florentine artizans. Leaves of malachite, veined with many tints of green, were interspersed with the blossoms, and all looked fresh and pure as if the stone mockery had been wrought but yesterday.

Here was a new theme of interest for Catharine. Some bridal garland seemed to have left its shadow on the stone, only to mock her curiosity. Surely all these strange and beautiful objects could not have been gathered for the enjoyment of these two old people; for then they could not have been so completely left to moulder into ruin.

When her conjectures reached this point, she was called from the room by the low tinkle of a breakfast bell, which warned her of the hours she had unconsciously given to this unsatisfactory train of thought. She hurriedly shook the dust from her garments, and went out with a strange, guilty feeling, as if she had been intruding into a sacred place.

How pleasantly the old people received her, as she entered the little breakfast-room that morning; and how could she help the red flush that rose to her temples, when they kindly inquired what had occupied her all the morning. She was about to answer, but a glance from Elsie, who looked unusually serene and tranquil as she sat by her mother, was an unaccountable check upon her. There was no meaning in that dark, mournful look, and Catharine had encountered it a thousand times; but some unacknowledged intuition kept her silent; she could not force herself to speak of the room which she had just left.

CHAPTER V.

CATHARINE did not speak of her employment that morning. Some unaccountable restraint was upon her, and she could not force her tongue to ask the questions, that were constantly forming themselves in her mind.

The old people were unusually quiet and gentle. Pleasant dreams, or, what is perhaps better, innocent thoughts, had filled their souls with sweet serenity. Since their daughter had returned, imperfect in temper and intellect as she was, their home had brightened into a Paradise around them. They called the poor woman by a thousand sweet terms of endearment, as if she had been still a child, and they indulging in the first bright joys of parental life. It was beautiful to watch the holy workings of nature

in those old hearts, as they sat by the breakfast-table that bright spring morning side by side, with their daughter languidly reposing in an easy-chair on the opposite side of the table. In the wanderings of her intellect, she had retained exaggerated vestiges of a taste originally luxurious and imaginative. Now the dress, which had once been splendid, became picturesque, and at times fantastic, but it was always arranged with a certain effect that bespoke great original refinement. She delighted in strong contrasts, rather than incongruities of color, and invariably rejected all fabrics that were not of the most delicate and costly of their kind.

This particular morning she had arrayed herself with peculiar care. Her white muslin morning-robe was elaborately embroidered down the front and over the bosom. She wore dainty slippers of crimson Russian leather, embossed with gold; and had tied a small lace handkerchief under her chin, which mingled softly with the profuse wealth of tresses, which she had been at great pains to train in long ringlets, evidently with some vague reminiscence of her childhood. There was nothing very fantastic in this certainly, but the kerchief on her head, and the muslin of her robe, was of that pale yellow tinge, which nothing but time can give; and the gold upon her slippers was tarnished till it seemed like bronze.

Besides this, poor Elsie had made still more striking additions to her toilet. Over the muslin robe she wore a long, ample gown of crimson satin, lined with a lighter tinge of red, which was fastened at the waist with a belt of crimson morocco, united in front by an antique golden clasp.

There was something in this dress, and in the evident satisfaction with which Elsie exhibited herself in it, that touched some hidden memory in the old people. They looked at each other furtively, as if anxious to know what impression it was making; and at last the old lady's eyes quietly filled with tears, while a flush stole over her husband's forehead, as if old memories were carrying the blood hotly to his brain.

Catharine saw all this, and it added to the perplexity of her thoughts. But no one spoke. After a little, the old man bent his head with a sort of start, as if the thought had just struck him, and asked a blessing on the food, a duty which had never been delayed before by any worldly thought in many years. Catharine remarked that his voice was indistinct, and the few words which fell from his lips came singly and at intervals, as with an effort of pain.

Elsie had not spoken all the morning. There

she sat, in her easy-chair, eyeing her strange dress with a vague smile, as if wholly absorbed by it. She shook out the satin folds of her robe, tightened the golden clasp at her waist, and smoothed down the yellow and costly lace that fell over her hands, with dim, self-complacency, smiling now and then on her parents, but uttering never a word. At length she seemed satisfied with her finery, and turned her eyes upon the window.

"Shall I open it?" said the dear old lady, still with tears in her eyes.

The daughter did not reply, but a soft smile came to her eyes, which still looked longingly through the sash. An old pear tree was just in sight, clouded with white blossoms; and a pleasant wind rippled through a thicket of lilac bushes and snow-balls, that grew nearer to the window, shaking their dew and perfume at once upon the air. The smile upon Elsie's face grew brighter. She stood up, and looked earnestly through the window. A gleam of intelligence shot over her face.

"The bee-hives—the bee-hives—who has broken up my bee-hives?" she murmured, in a tone of vague displeasure. "What have they done with my bee-hives, mother?"

The old woman's eyes glistened through their tears. It was the second time that Elsie had called her mother; and the very heart seemed blossoming afresh in her bosom, as she listened to the holy sound.

The bee-hives. Elsie's bee-hives. Alas! they had been taken away from beneath the old pear tree more than twenty years. The bees had been left to plunder the adjoining thickets and clover fields, year after year, while no one touched the honey; and thus they had hived in neglect, dispersed, and left their cells empty, so long that the old people had almost forgotten that they ever existed.

"The bees! oh! Elsie, they have gone to the woods," said the old man, in a voice of touching apology. "We did not kill them, we never gathered an ounce of their honey. You do not mind that they are gone, Elsie dear?"

"Oh!" answered Elsie, wearily, as if the effort to remember had exhausted her. "Gone, are they? what for? why did they go? How every thing slides, slides, slides away, and I keep running after, forever and forever running after. Oh! I am tired!"

The old people looked at one another, and at Catharine hopefully.

"Let her rest," said Catharine, in a gentle whisper. "Perhaps it may end better than we think!"

"Yes," said the old man, stealthily clasping

the withered hand of his wife, "let us watch. She may wander back to her youth again, and forget all that has passed between."

"It may be so—God help the poor child—it may be so," murmured the old lady, casting looks of wistful tenderness across the table, while her daughter began to eat daintily, putting on airs like a child entrusted with a fork for the first time.

It was remarkable that the old lady never spoke of her daughter, though an elderly woman with waves of grey in her hair, except as "the child," or "the dear young creature." To her those white hairs had no significance of age, but were the marks of a deep sorrow, over which the mother's heart mourned perpetually.

The breakfast was finished in silence. Catharine, usually so attentive to every movement of her charge, sat pre-occupied and thoughtful. The old people dropped back into their habitual calm, and Elsie still amused herself by arranging and re-arranging the folds of her robe, claiming admiration for the effect by child-like glances at her mother. Perhaps they were right, the woman certainly did seem to be going back to her childishness again!

When Catharine arose to go, Elsie, following out the wilful instincts of her new character, crept close to old Mrs. Ford, and clung to her dress, entreating to be left, which flung the old couple into a state of absolute delight beautiful to behold. It was the first time their child had been content to remain alone with them since her sojourn in the house. Now she clung pleadingly to her mother's dress, and seating herself upon a low stool at her feet, began to amuse herself by arranging scraps of silk, which she found in her mother's work-basket, with great nicety as to the colors, which made the old people look at each other with mournful smiles, it put them so in mind of old times when she was indeed a child body and mind.

Meantime Catharine had gone back to the library. She would summon no help, but, closing the door which shut her out from the rest of the house, began to work diligently, cleansing the books from dust, and re-arranging everything exactly as she had found it. In the progress of her task, she was constantly falling upon some new object of interest. The books we have spoken of held forth a sort of enchantment which turned her from work. The bronze medallions took a new interest after the dust had been removed from their delicate lines. But beyond this, was a vague feeling that she had a personal interest in redeeming those beautiful objects from neglect. The very atmosphere of

the place seemed familiar, as if she had breathed it before. At any rate, a new vista of life opened to her from that room. It contained the means of knowledge, the power which should be to her in the place of lost happiness.

It was two days before this room was entirely in order, for it was only at intervals that Catharine could visit it, and her labors were performed with a guilty feeling, as if every wave of her brush must inflict a pang upon the old people who trusted her so thoroughly.

Had any one asked the girl why it was that she left the pictures to the last, and the meaning of the strange thrill that checked her whenever she approached them, no answer could have been obtained. She would have called it a foolish superstition perhaps. Indeed she did chide herself more than once for this vague feeling that possessed her, and imputed it to the general impression that she was intruding on sacred grounds, which had seized upon her from the first.

When all was finished, the crimson drapery taken from the table and arranged that it might flow over the bay window, or fall in rich waves against the black walnut casement on each side, when the great library chairs were dusted and in place, and the mosaic table shone out and bright, with the bird cage in the center turned slowly and walked toward the picture.

Again the strange chill arrested her. A veil of gauze hung like a dusty cob-web over paintings, and the frames gleamed out dimly misty from the crimson walls. She stood wondering, holding her breath. How many years had that dusty web concealed the canvasses which she was panting to look upon? Who had placed it there? Why had it never been removed? Perhaps it might prove the portrait of old Mr. Ford, or that dear old gentlewoman, his wife.

These thoughts kept her motionless till curiosity became painful. With a faint laugh at her own irresolution, she sprang upon a library chair and tore away the gauze.

What a beautiful creature she must have been, this Elsie Ford, with those lustrous eyes, that peachy bloom of the cheek, and those lips so full and ripe, like strawberries with the June sunshine upon them; and the smile too, hovering like the shadow of a honey-bee about the mouth, dimpling it softly at the corners. How beautiful Elsie Ford must have been!

Catharine's eyes filled as she looked upon the portrait, and traced back its dim resemblance to the stricken woman whom she had just left, catching like an infant at the sunbeams that came into her chamber window. The bright,

beautiful life, so charming in the picture, had all faded out from the original being. That image on the canvass seemed vital, Elsie the picture. Catharine sunk down to the easy-chair and wept. After a time she went to the pendant of this picture, still oppressed by the strange dread which had followed her ever since she first entered the room. A sweep of her hand carried away the gauze from this picture also, and that which was behind seemed to chill her into marble. She did not breathe, the color left her lips, and she retreated slowly backward, mute and astonished. It was the portrait of her husband, the man who had abandoned her and her child to disgrace and starvation. Her own husband, for say what they would, deny it as he might, the man yonder, smiling upon her from the crimson of the wall, with his clear grey eyes and chesnut hair, *was* her husband. All the perjury on earth could not change the truth. It was a terrible shock at first, this sudden appearance of the man who had wronged her. How frankly those eyes looked down into hers; that smile hovering around the fine mouth: her heart swelled to meet it with a great throb of joy. Those curls—chesnut with a gleam of gold in them—how often had she swept them together with her own hand, and laughed at the playfulness of impatience with which he had brushed them back to their place on his white forehead.

These memories were too sweet and too painful. The joy of the past was upon it in a soft rosy cloud, but underneath lay the black thought that he had wronged and left her, in defiance truly, but still it was there, darting like a flash of lightning now and then through her heart.

In this struggle of joy and anguish she sat down, gazing up wistfully at the picture, and though she knew that it was lifeless, beseeching it to speak one word, and tell her that he was blameless, that the miserly old woman, his mother, had maligned him, and she would believe his first breath, believe even a look against the whole world, against facts, against truth itself.

Thus half madly, the poor girl, the wife that had no husband, who had been a mother and was childless, pleaded with the dumb, smiling picture.

At last the sound of her own voice fell back upon her like a mockery. She hushed her weeping and grew still, but the yearning affections, which are the perfume of womanhood, grew out of passion into thought. She pondered over her whole life, not yet a long one, nor scarcely

eventful, for the most terrible suffering as often springs from common-place circumstances as from startling romance. It was a life of feeling, of endurance and doubt rather than action: so far destiny had been wrought out for her. She had neither chosen nor rejected it, gloomy it had always been. Save the few months, when love had filled her dreary lot with sunshine, so glorious that her heart ached to think of it, existence to her had been a dreary thing. But the very absence of earthly friends, had unconsciously lifted her thoughts to a higher and holier power, and there she had learned to look trustingly. She was young too and healthy, thus life was not altogether a desert. Though much of it had been spent in an insane asylum, and the rest marked by orphanage and desertion.

Desertion, ah, there was the question, which had never yet been entirely put to rest: and now with that bright, honest face looking down upon her from the wall, her whole nature rose up against the conviction. He had died suddenly, or something would yet arise to clear him from the evil suspicions that she—wretch that she was—had dared to harbor against him.

These thoughts became a conviction. Her face, still wet with tears, was bathed with smiles. A holy faith in him she had loved so truly filled her soul, and the happiness therefrom rose and sparkled like starlight all around her. Her hands were softly clasped; her lips murmured a prayer for the forgiveness she would not grant to herself. She began to love the old library and everything in it, for being the scene of this sweet revelation. She had found her husband again.

As Catharine sat pondering over these thoughts, full of happiness and thanksgiving, the door was softly opened, and Elsie Ford stole in cautiously, and like a timid child that had gone wilfully astray.

Catharine sat still buried in the easy-chair with her back to the light, which lay full upon the two pictures. Languid from the emotions through which she had just passed, and held in thrall by the very quiet with which Elsie had entered, she sat motionless, watching the poor creature as she glided through the room.

The crimson drapery had been drawn over the arch of the window, falling a little apart in the centre, through which came a column of light upon the portraits, leaving the remainder of the library bathed, as it were, in the gloom of a warm twilight.

For a moment Elsie looked around as if bewildered. She had flung aside her crimson robe after one elaborate toilet, and now appeared in

a plain morning dress of pure white, loose from the shoulders down. A band of scarlet chenille twisted lightly together, gathered up the long tresses of her hair, which she had arranged in fantastic waves and masses back of her head, as we find it in antique statues. In truth, all Elsie's fantasies in dress had a classic grace about them, which perhaps sprang from some early taste, brightened into the picturesque by insanity. Thus, in her sweeping white dress, and with the glowing scarlet in her hair, she moved across the room, pausing every step or two, and listening as if she feared that some one might follow her.

A gleam of sharp intelligence shot across her face as she saw the bird cage, and darting toward it she opened the door, chirping softly with her lips, as if to call the bird forth. But the jar that she had given to the cage, and the air set in motion by her drapery, took up the heap of plumage that she had taken for a bird, and sent it floating through the room. She dropped her hand from the cage door, and drooping downward in sad despondency, turned her head from side to side, glaring with a woe-begone countenance at the feathers as they quivered from her sight, and settled down like soft gleams of gold in the dusky corners.

"Gone, gone—all alike—all alike," she muttered, in a low, tearful voice. "So it is always, always, everything that loves me dies—everything that I love melts into air, or turns into some wicked creature and stings me. My poor bird, my pretty canary, why did I come? why did I let these wicked hands touch his cage? they have driven him off, turned him into a wasp that will sting, sting, sting, oh!"

She shrunk back from the light, and held out her hands with the palms outward, as if warding off the insects that she fancied herself to have created.

"I can't help it—how can I? If these cruel things start to life with a touch of my finger, it is his fault, not mine; he drained the fresh life from my soul and filled it with this wickedness. If it kills all beautiful things, and turns them into vipers and stinging insects that come back upon me for food, eating and biting at my temples day and night, how can I help it?"

The poor woman uttered these wild words with a low cry of anguish, fighting the air with one hand, and gathering the folds of her morning robe up over her face with the other, as if to protect it from harm.

At last she looked up fearfully and with a shudder. What she deemed the swarm of yellow wasps no longer flew across the light, for the last

feather had settled upon the floor—and their absence seemed to give her relief.

As the drapery fell from her face, it was clasped again between her folded hands, while a dull stillness fell upon her. She was looking at her own picture.

Catharine held her breath, for she was awestricken by the changes that swept over that pale face. Never, in all the changes of her insanity, had she seen that expression on Elsie's face till now. At first the face took an expression of dull surprise, mingled with an undercurrent of contempt, as if she fancied that some one were attempting to impose upon her. She drew a step nearer, holding her breath, advancing timidly as if she expected it to fly away at her approach, as the bird had done. When she saw that it remained crowned with light and smiling upon her, the poor woman stole closer, and at last touched it with her finger.

A look of wild amazement swept over her face. It had not disappeared with her touch. It smiled upon her yet. No venomous thing had sprung from those parted and smiling lips. It was herself gazing upon herself. She was there—and it was there—oh, how that poor brain worked and toiled to solve the question of its double self. Was she, the creature of pain, with her temples full of fire, which had no power to melt the snow from her hair, an evil growth from the loveliness before her, and that perfect still? After wandering so many years, with age upon her limbs, and a curse at her heart, had she come back upon her own young self to be met with smiles and pleasant looks, as if no wickedness had ever crept between them.

How was it that this beautiful woman, Elsie Ford, Elsie, no, no, she would not speak or think the name that would wound the beautiful young creature, and for the world she wouldn't do it; she who knew so well what pain was, and how sharp a pang the sound of that name had been before her own heart became so clouded and heavy. No, she would be very kind to the poor young creature, it would be a pity to drive that smile away, and see those red lips growing pale and blue with such loved words as she could utter but would not.

But how came Elsie Ford there, surrounded by so many beautiful objects, and with the sunlight dancing and sparkling over her hair, as if it were playing upon the neck of a raven? She remembered well that these long tresses had been cut off, and the dress of amber damask taken away. In its place—oh, she remembered that with a cry of anguish—in place of that robe they had bound her arms under a human

garment, so strong, and scant, and coarse. Oh, she remembered more, a thousand times more, but it was all so confused, flame, smoke, tears, cries breaking around her as she had seen (for Elsie there had been where the mountains was) Vesuvius, clad in ashes, and crowned with clouds of smoky flame. But how was all this? How had Elsie Ford come out from this fiery furnace so beautiful, so pleasant to look upon? It troubled her poor brain to make it all out. Ah! now she had it once more, Elsie had not been into the valley and shadow of death. It was herself only, the evil growth cast off by the beautiful one who had been so full of trouble. He had not killed Elsie, only herself, and not even that. Death would have been very pleasant at his hands, that was perhaps why he had let her suffer so much, but not die.

Poor Elsie! Some gleams of reason were struggling through all this wild talk, and this confusion of thoughts, and every ray of consciousness was a pang.

She turned from the picture at length, shaking her head wearily, as if the struggle for memory had worn her out. Then her eyes fell upon the other portrait, the handsome, bright-looking man who had left so strange an impression upon Catharine.

Her eyes grew larger; her lips parted, and with a long, breathless gaze she sunk slowly to the floor, like a snow-wreath touched by the sun, and shrouded her face.

Catharine arose and bent over the prostrate woman.

"Elsie, dear Elsie, speak to me!"

There was a movement of the white drapery, and a low moan.

"They are together, they two together yet, and I, oh, me—oh, me."

She did not lift her head again, but went trembling and drooping from the library, moaning all the way. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY VISION.

BY MARTHA CAMERON.

ALL day long a weight of sadness
On my weary heart had lain;
All the night I heard the tempest
Beating on the window pane.

Heard and thought how like our life is
To a Wintry day and night;
Long and bitter cold the darkness,
Few and short the hours of light.

Few and short, and oh! how vainly
When life's evening has come on,
Mourn we strength and vigor wasted,
Weep we for our work undone.

Weep we for the hopes of morning;
For the high resolves of noon;
Hopes and high resolves but ending
In the darkness of the tomb.

Such had been my sad communings
Yesterday and yester night;
While a sorrow which I name not,
Banished sleep till morning light.

Banished sleep till the grey twilight
Of a cold December morn,
Slowly chasing back the darkness,
Bade life up and struggle on.

Then as closed my weary eyelids
For a whispered morning prayer;
Sleep's relenting angel touched them,
And to visions bright and fair

Gently led; and then she gave me
(How I could not tell so well,
But I held them, and their fragrance
Lingers round me like a spell.)

One white rose and two moss rose-buds,
Set around with mignonette;
For as many costly jewels
I would not that dream forget.

I would not forget the lesson
It has taught my waking hours;
Pure, and meek, and gentle-hearted,
Were the language of those flowers.

And I humbly took the teaching,
Lower bowed my stubborn will,
Learned that for a patient spirit
Life has much of sunshine still.

Still 'mid storms a quiet pathway
To the gentle heart is given;
And the pure dread not its closing,
They are only nearer Heaven.

THE LAST WORSHIP.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

STEP softly—speak low—the white-haired man is gone. Love, grief and prayer were unavailing to keep back the spoiler. What brings the tears afresh as yon fair girl bends to weep? Dreamily her eyes wander over the large print of the old family Bible hallowed by his side. She remembers well the last time his dim and aged eyes were bent above it. She stands by the little oaken table; there is his arm-chair—there are his spectacles—his staff is in its accustomed corner—all things speak of him—but he is not there.

The fair-haired girl is dreaming. To her vision it is again the hour of worship, and the great Bible lays on his knee. There is majesty in his voice, though it trembles as the broken tones of a mighty wave that is spending its strength upon the shore for the last time. And he reads with closed eyes—for his soul is all familiar with the grandeur of those noble words,

“I knew that my Redeemer liveth.”

And when it is finished, there is something like the awe the heart feels in the wide hush of Nature before she gathers her winds for elemental battle. But he gazes about him and smiles, and the living band breathe freely again—there is so much sweetness in that smile.

And the prayer that follows—oh! that last prayer! Oh! the tremulous entreaty of those uplifted arms! The glory reflected from the shining brow, whose thin locks fall like the silvery silk over a bending ear of corn fully ripe.

They look through tears upon him. His form is no longer bent—and a lambent fire plays in the faded blue eyes. Not a tone falters—not one of his lambs is forgotten in that last petition.

He prays for his Mary, fragile and blue-veined; she whose slender thread of life has been so often nearly snapped asunder. And he pleads for Thomas, his first-born, who stands in the might and stature of manhood, wishing that he had bent his stubborn knees instead; his rugged face wet with the tears he has ever till then restrained.

Nor is the Benjamin of his love forgotten; he who has never spoken an unfilial word to the

old man; he, so like his mother, that her very angel seems to dwell in his soul and speak in every look and action.

And then they sit down. It seems as if some insensible cord binds them together closer than ever, to-night.

There are choice spirits waiting for Thomas; the cheek of a beautiful girl pales as the hours speed, because Benjamin tarries; and a group of girlish friends pause in the midst of their innocent mirth to wonder what has become of Mary.

Still they hover around the old man, their father. He never seemed so dear before. His voice was always soft—now 'tis music; his smile always sweet, but now 'tis seraphic. And even after they have bidden him good-night, they keep returning—Mary for one more kiss; and the others with affectionate words, telling him how careful he must be, and certainly to ring for them if the fire goes out.

And once in that never-to-be-forgotten night he *does* ring for them. *The fire is almost out.* It blazes at times in the hollow eye; it kindles in the sunken cheek, but its light is the fitful gleam of struggling life, fanned by the lips of death.

Thomas, strong though he is, and with the scar of honorable battle seaming his brow, shakes like an aspen; and the groans that would echo through the house he keeps down with a crushing hand.

And Benjamin totters like a child, and sinks nerveless and weeping at the bedside. Mary, alone, with no color in her cheeks, lifts the dying head to her bosom, and there he peacefully breathes out his being.

It is over; the vision is gone, and Mary, in her sable garments, stands an orphan, her hands clasped upon her father's old Bible.

Yes, step softly—speak low—the white-haired man is gone.

He is gone. As when a towering oak is missed, the eye still glances upward where stood the trunk, so in every familiar place the glance of love seeks to shape out the tall, venerable form of the aged patriarch.

In vain. But there is a green spot sacred to memory.

Yes! for there, every grassy blade is hallowed; every dust-atom precious as gold. For, lying with the garments of death drawn softly around him, and watched by never sleeping angels—there, after a “night of storm,” the dear old father awaits the morn of resurrection.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

BY CARRIE BARRETT.

Oh, let me turn aside from this lone way,
Which long hath come at bidding of my feet;
In those unbounded peopled walks to stray;
There let this silent throbbing beat to beat,
Commune with Nature; mute with thousand tongues,
Inanimate with living springs of life,
Unheard and voiceless with its world-wide lungs,
Amid this loud and unharmonious strife:
Oh, let this fount within by love be stirred,
And her soft cadence be no more unheard.

I pass without, unchecked, with hope to find
Those holy chords that vibrate to this will:
This will—the yearnings of ungoverned mind,
Breathing for pity, loudly deep, and still.
The evening zephyr, and the forest gale,
Seem but to fan some burning glade ere past.
Yet bear the light of life's ethereal vale,
Too dear for mortal tongues, too bright to last;
My cheek, my brow, heeds not, my *soul* they fan,
And waken love, and hope, no'er woko by man.

Why do we this rich soil so thoughtless pace?
Why so unmeaning turn our eyes above?
There dwells the wealth of Time's unended race—
There myriad voices chant, attuned to love.
Each hill, each stone, earth, rock and valley each,

In the loud anthem mingled, join to raise
Their soul-ful echoes far beyond the reach
Of mortal's ear to hear, or power to praise;
Save when enraptured by this living dream,
Our souls are turned to the harmonious theme.

Eve's dawn! Behold this strangely beauteous sight!
Each thing of Nature with accordant strain,
Responds to each, and stars shut out the night—
Deep silence echo sounds o'er hill and plain.
The boisterous owl that wakes the midnight hour,
The breaking waves that on the beaches roll,
The mighty thunders that reveal like power,
Strike deep on listening earth; but on the soul
More deep th' unfathomed waves of Nature's song,
Which loud in grandeur, pass unheard along

Oh, Holy Land of sweet communion! fain
Would I forever dwell, by all unseen,
Where no wet lids, no furrowed brows remain,
To sigh to others that a wreck hath been;
A boundless, lone retreat; a day of night,
Reflecting beauties fashioned as above,
Where airy beings pass in shades of light,
And heart-prints linger on the sands of love;
Where countless voices in accordance send,
Their silent wish for *all* to be a friend.

OH, WELL DO I REMEMBER, LOVE.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Oh! well do I remember, love,
The time when first we met,
The hour, the spot, the words we spoke,
I never can forget.

I cannot tell what made them dear,
They're nothing to repent:
Who that inhales a flower's perfume
Can tell what makes it sweet!

We gazed upon the starry skies,
Upon the silent lake,
As spell-bound by a witching spell
I did not care to break.

You plucked a daisy from the sod,
And wreathed it in my hair,

Then half in earnest, half in jest,
You asked if I would spare

A single rose-bud from my wreath.

I gave it on the spot,
And said, that ere its bloom were shed,
The giver 'd be forgot.

'Tis doubtless so, thy heart now holds
No record of that hour;
Alike forgotten is the gift.
And her who gave the flower.

But I, oh! I can no'er forget,
And still that hour to me
A bright oasis, ever green,
On life's dark waste will be!

COUSIN KATE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 66.

CHAPTER VII.

It was wonderful to see Mrs. Gray in her new sphere. How, under the circumstances, she could so adapt herself to her situation, was a source of wonder to Paul and Helen.

If she enjoyed her triumph, she did not show it. In vain Kate watched for some display of the malice she had expected to detect—the tyranny she had fancied would be exercised over her. In no way was there anything of the kind discernible. She took no advantage of her husband's complete devotion, but seemed quite as anxious to pay deference to his tastes and wishes as he was to consult her own.

Helen soon settled back into her former opinion of Maggie, and thought it charming that uncle Will had found so fond a wife. Kate, on the contrary, felt as though she was living on the side of a volcano, which at any moment might pour the whole tide of its fury over her. And Paul, in writing the news to Reginald, declared that the days of witchcraft were revived, so wonderful and so complete was the transformation.

The visit of the Clifford's was abruptly terminated, by letters from home, announcing the arrival of relatives; and Kate, with sorrowful forebodings, saw them take their departure.

Vincent Blight, a cousin of Mrs. Gray's, had been a frequent visitor at the house since her marriage; and his attentions to Kate became so marked as to annoy her exceedingly. Much against her own wishes she had consented to accompany him and his cousin to the opera, as her father had made it an especial request. It was the evening of the day on which the Clifford's left.

Mrs. Gray on her way down, with her opera cloak over her arm, met a servant on the stairs with a card. She extended her hand.

"It is for Miss Kate, madam," he said, retaining the card.

"It is all the same, John—give it to me."

Mrs. Gray took it and read, "Reginald Campbell."

"I am going back to my chamber, and I will take it up to Miss Kate," she said, "and, John,

when Mr. Blight comes, show him into the library."

Mrs. Gray went to her own room, and tearing the card into atoms threw it in the grate. Then crossing the hall, she looked into Kate's room.

"Not ready yet, Kate? Why, you look as though you had been crying. I declare I am half a mind to go without you."

"I wish you would," answered Kate.

"Oh, nonsense! come along," said Mrs. Gray, with an air of assumed playfulness, "you'll make a capital foil for me, you look so like a fright to-night."

"I shall not inconvenience myself for such a purpose," answered Kate, coldly, "my head aches, and I do not choose to go."

"Very well, have your own way," and Mrs. Gray closed the door, saying to herself, "Let me be as successful in my next undertaking, and all will be well."

She looked very charmingly in her pink satin opera cloak with its ermine border, and the bands of her soft brown hair so skilfully interwoven with red pearls. At least so thought her cousin, Vincent Blight, as he encountered her in the hall. With eager haste she drew him into the supper-room.

"He is here! Reginald Campbell! What we do must be done quickly and efficiently. Do you go into the library and stay ten minutes at least. Then come into the parlor and converse with me as though you had just left Kate, and she were your *fiancée*. I will draw you out. The better you sustain your part, the more hope of final success. Speak of Kate as being too much indisposed to go to the opera. Fortunately she will not go. Don't disturb Mr. Gray—he is in his study."

"I understand; but, Meg, we shall be confounded late at the opera."

"I do not care for that. Remember, on no account betray that we are cousins."

With a self-possessed, easy air, Mrs. Gray entered the parlor.

"I am very sorry. Mr. Campbell, to be the bearer of ill news, but Kate is too much indis-

posed to see even as old a friend as yourself this evening."

"This is unfortunate," said Reginald, real annoyance depicting itself on his features. "Would she not make the effort, Mrs. Gray, if you tell her that I am obliged to return to Boston in the first train to-morrow, on my way to Liverpool?"

"She is not well enough to come down, Mr. Campbell; you will be obliged to excuse her," said Mrs. Gray, with cold dignity.

Something in the snake-like glittering of her eyes reminded Reginald of her throat, which he had supposed executed in her marriage. She would carry her revenge farther, he thought. He knew that with so little time before him everything was in her power, and although it humbled his pride, he would not give up without making one more attempt to see Kate.

"Under the circumstances, Mrs. Gray, if you will accompany me, I can see no impropriety in my visiting her in her own room."

Mrs. Gray's lip curled. "I do not know to what *circumstances* you allude. The gentleman whom her father wishes her to marry, and to whom she is not at all wanting in the bestowal of her favors, I left but a few moments since with Mr. Gray in her chamber."

An incredulous smile spread over Reginald's face.

"I see you do not believe me," she added, her eyes glittering with passion.

"Rather improbable," said Reginald, with a half-careless, half-defiant look. "Can I see Mr. Gray?" he continued, "or is he too much *indisposed*?"

Mrs. Gray's answer was interrupted by the entrance of her cousin. A few common-place remarks followed the introduction of the gentlemen, when Vincent, addressing Mrs. Gray, said,

"Kate looks badly this evening. We must not let her dissipate so much."

"It is not the dissipation out of doors so much, I fancy, as it is the late hours within," she answered, with a sidelong nod of her head toward him—her gestures and her looks expressing more than her words.

"What do *you* know of our late hours, Mrs. Gray? Kate surely has not been complaining of me?" questioned Vincent, really looking guilty, as well he might.

Reginald, who now arose to take his departure, bowed with cold hauteur to Mr. Blight, reiterated his regrets at Kate's indisposition to Mrs. Gray, and without making another attempt to see Mr. Gray, left the house.

"Foiled! by St. George," said Vincent,

throwing himself back in his chair. "Who would have thought we should have had so little trouble? Come, *ma cousine*, let us be off. I don't want to lose *Casta Divini*."

"Have patience! I tell you everything depends upon to-night. To-morrow he sails for Liverpool, and Kate must be irretrievably yours before his return, or she will never be. I must make Mr. Gray go with us to the opera, or Reginald Campbell may be coming back to have an interview with him; and then much good will all this have done us."

Mrs. Gray soon returned with her husband, who, flattered by his wife's evident desire for his company, was only too happy to give up the quiet evening he had promised himself, and obey her summons. Vincent Blight joined them, and as they were going out of the door, Mrs. Gray ringing the bell, said, "Mr. Gray, hadn't you better tell John that Miss Kate must not see any one this evening? She has such a frightful headache that I would not like to answer for the consequences if she was to be annoyed with company. I am positively afraid of brain fever."

"Indeed! hadn't I better go for Dr. Livingston?"

"Oh, no, if she is only kept quiet she may sleep it off. Hurry—there's a dear."

John answered the bell, and Mr. Gray executed his commission to the letter.

"Miss Kate must not see a soul, this evening, John. She is threatened with brain fever. Remember, not at home to every one."

"Very well, sir," answered the unsuspicious waiter, and the door closed, the carriage rolled off, and they were gone.

Meanwhile, Kate, sitting in her chamber, thinking over her disappointment in not sooner seeing Reginald, and wondering why he did not write to her father, if that odious law suit, of which Paul had told her, still detained him, heard their departure, and scarcely conscious of what she was doing—more to cool her burning cheeks perhaps than for any other reason, threw up her sash and looked down the street until the rumbling of the carriage died away. Next, the heavens all glorious with stars enchain her attention, and she could not repress the tears that came to her eyes as she thought of her dead mother; and of the one who so unworthily filled the void in her father's heart which that mother's death had made. She recalled the petty deceptions that she was daily, yes, hourly cognizant of, and her proud, truthful spirit rebelled at the subjection it was under. She was fully aware of the intentions of Vincent Blight, and knew also that his cousin forwarded them in every

possible way. Her father's partiality for him was also evident; but she had determined at the first word from her father, to make to him a full confession of her heart, and she was sure that nothing more would be necessary to enlist him on Reginald's side. Still she had occasional fears of his wife's influence over him, and the suspense was becoming very wearying.

So wrapped was Kate in her own meditations, that she was not conscious of the manly figure on the opposite pave, that pacing and repacing the flag-stones observed her attentively. It was not until he had crossed the street, and stood directly underneath her window that her attention was engaged.

"Kate!" called a whispered voice. Her heart gave one bound and answered, "Reginald." Away from the window, and down the staircase to the front door, she flew like a deer—as noiselessly and almost as quickly. The one moment that Reginald held her to his heart repaid her for her days of anxiety.

As she led the way to the library, he whispered,

"I have been here once before, this evening, Kate, and was positively denied all hope of seeing you. I think you had better take me where we shall be the least likely to be disturbed; for I have much to say to you."

They went into the study, an inner room connecting with the library, and there Reginald told Kate of Mrs. Gray's stratagem, and the part Vincent Blight had borne in it. They discussed their plans and prospects for the future, Reginald suggesting that if she kept his interview a profound secret until his return from Europe, she would probably be met with less persecution on his account.

"Ah, Kate, it grieves me to leave you with such people," he said, "if you would only consent, in half an hour I would put it out of their power to annoy you."

Kate colored to her temples, but she answered firmly,

"That would be doing injustice to poor papa. No, Reginald, we will do our duty."

So it was arranged that this engagement should be kept secret until Reginald's return, when he could plead his own cause with Mr. Gray; and meanwhile Kate was to make all preparations for her marriage immediately upon his return, with her father's consent if it could be obtained, and without it, if not.

His presence in Liverpool was only required for a few days, and should the passage both going and returning prove favorable, he thought the entire period of his absence would not extend

over six weeks. Some few minor arrangements were entered upon, such as would forward their wedding taking place at Ashlea, if Kate's father proved obdurate, and then Reginald reluctantly took his departure, and Kate returned to her room and wept herself to sleep.

Mrs. Gray, peeping in on her return from the opera, was well pleased at the evidences of Kate's having passed an unhappy evening in the solitude of her chamber by the traces of tears on her cheeks; and in the morning she was still farther convinced of the success of her plot, by ascertaining through John that no one had called after her departure.

Vincent Blight dropped in to dinner. Kate found it more wearisome than ever to listen to his flattery, and her absent-minded mood was noticeable to all.

A bold move in the game between Mrs. Gray and her cousin, recalled Kate to a full consciousness of what was going on around her.

"So your friend, Reginald Campbell, sails to-morrow. Do you know how long he has been engaged to Miss Kingsley? She looked very well last night."

"I do not know, for the engagement was reported to have been broken off at one time, but his appearance at the opera with her last evening would seem to confirm the subsequent rumor of its renewal. However, I should not have much confidence in *his* engagements. I can count at least a dozen to whom he has played the devoted in as many months."

"Ah! that solves an enigma for me," said Mrs. Gray—then looking archly at her cousin, she continued, "I did not know his reputation. Now, Vincent, upon *my* authority you may add two more to your list. Kate and I met him at Ashlea; and you may believe me, when I assure you, that in turn, he was a most devoted chevalier to us. If Kate were honest enough to confess the truth, I think she would acknowledge that her frequent sad moods of late, have some connection with the memory of her whilom most devoted."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Gray, looking up from his plate, which heretofore had seemed to absorb his attention.

Kate, who had listened quite calmly, confident, from her previous knowledge of their stratagem, that every word they were uttering was false, now lost her self-possession and her temper. All her good resolutions were forgotten, and her face was pale with passion as she answered,

"Take care, Mrs. Gray! Do not tempt me too far, for you are more in my power than you imagine yourself to be."

Mrs. Gray cast a meek, appealing look at her husband.

"Kate!" said he, "will you never curb that ungovernable temper of yours? Leave the table! and do not disgrace it again with your presence until you can show more respect to my wife."

"Let me intercede for her this time," said Vincent Blight.

"I wish no one to intercede for me," said Kate, as she proudly left the room.

"Her temper is a great grief to me," said Mr. Gray, sighing, and looking at his wife. "Her misunderstanding of you is so wilfully persevered in. I will give her time to reflect upon it. See that she remains in her room for a week, Margaret. It is a punishment that she deserves."

"Are you aware that in the fulfilment of such a decree, the innocent will be made to suffer also?" said Mr. Blight.

"How so?" questioned Mr. Gray.

This led to Vincent Blight's declaring himself to be the lover of Kate; and he received her father's consent, and his promise to push matters to a speedy termination.

It was now the beginning of November, and a wedding at Christmas all agreed would be a desirable adjunct to its festivities.

CHAPTER VIII.

KATE, unaware of her father's command, kept her chamber from choice; and as this did not suit Mrs. Gray's plans, she instigated her husband to send for her to come down to the drawing-room. Reluctantly Kate obeyed; and to her relief she found her father alone.

"Your obstinacy, Kate, is very painful to me," he said. "Why will you not give Margaret the apology that you owe her, and join our family circle again?"

"Never, father!" answered Kate, with great firmness. "Never! I would not so violate my own conscience, for I owe her no apology."

"Well, well, say no more. You will never live happily under the same roof, and I fully agree with Margaret in thinking that a speedy marriage is the best thing for you."

Kate remembered Reginald's advice to make no opposition, but on the contrary, to assist in preparing for a wedding if so urged to do, and that he should not be at fault if he did not gratify them with one; although the groom might not be of their choosing. So Kate meekly folded her hands, and her father continued,

"Margaret has told me of *that* Campbell's attentions to you, and his subsequent desertion. This accounts for the gloom and irritability

that have characterized you of late. He is a scoundrel!"

"Father!" interrupted Kate.

"Hear me through," he continued. "Now, of course, you have seen your folly, and Margaret's disinterestedness in warning you of him; and it is our joint wish that you receive the addresses of Mr. Blight with the consideration that they merit from a man of his position. He is aware of your previous unfortunate attachment, and is willing to trust to time to influence you in his favor. By Christmas, Kate, we are all desirous that the wedding should come off."

"Oh, father! oh, father!" sobbed Kate, alarmed out of her fancied security by the nearness of the time; for she knew that unforeseen circumstances might possibly prevent Reginald's return until long after that period.

"Not so soon, father, for pity's sake! If you have any love left for me—for the only child of your first wife. Oh, think of *her*, father, and of the happy years you spent with her, and *have mercy on me!*"

Thus conjured, Mr. Gray's heart softened, and the promise was given that Kate required, viz: that the wedding should not be announced, nor urged upon her before spring. Earnestly Kate longed to confide in her father, but she dared not do it while he continued so blindly attached to his wife. She was, therefore, obliged to go on with the preparations he had ordered her to make, but she treated Vincent Blight with a coolness little short of disdain, persisting in her refusal to listen to one word of love from him. So long as he conversed upon common-place topics she endured his presence, but the moment that he offered a renewal of his addresses, she maintained a scornful silence, or haughtily left the room.

On one occasion when she had walked off in this manner, he said to his cousin,

"That girl will never marry me. I am only making a fool of myself hanging around her."

"She *shall* marry you," answered his cousin. "Be satisfied to leave things to me for the present; and when she is your wife you can take your revenge for the airs and the affronts she shows you now."

"Zounds! *that I will*," replied Vincent, with hearty earnestness. So the shopping, and the making up continued as usual, and Kate's trousseau promised to be one of the most magnificent of the season.

Of course Mr. Gray approved of everything that his wife selected, and as his eyes glanced over the elegant fabrics, and costly laces that were frequently displayed, he thought that most

certainly Kate must now do justice to the wife he had chosen. One morning when he had been called in to consult as to some choice of goods, he left the room with a sigh, completely discouraged in his hopes; for Kate's face and manner but too plainly showed the aversion she could not disguise.

Kate followed him into his study, and flinging his arms around his neck, said,

"Do not think me ungrateful, pa! Indeed—indeed I am not, but I feel so guilty with all these beautiful things you are buying for me. If I only dared to tell you all." Then, frightened at what she had said, she darted from him, and in her own chamber bewailed with bitter tears the loss of the love her father had once borne her.

Ah, Kate, it was not lost! For a time weeds might choke the fountain, but nevertheless the pure water gurgled and gushed underneath, and some day with resistless force would sweep before it the worthless things that obstructed it in its flow.

Such thoughts came to Kate, and fortified in her belief that truth would in the end triumph, she dried her tears and resigned herself to the course of events.

CHAPTER IX.

It was Christmas week, and Mr. Gray had accepted an invitation to pass the festival day at Blightdale. Of late he had pondered much over Kate's strange looks and restless ways, in connection with what had escaped her in his study; and he feared that he was doing wrong in subjecting her to the attentions, which he could not fail to perceive that she received as persecutions. Left to himself, he would have withdrawn the consent he had so hastily given, but he could not find it in his heart to oppose his wife, who was so determined upon the match.

Kate herself grew fairly feverish with expectation, as the hours when she might begin to look for Reginald drew near.

The day before Christmas, Mrs. Gray accompanied her cousin to Blightdale, to superintend some preparations for the expected guests—her uncle's family being absent in Europe. It was arranged that she should pass the night there, but fearing that if she were not at home to enforce Kate's accompanying Mr. Gray to Blightdale, Kate would persuade her father to go without her, Mrs. Gray was to come in town the ensuing morning with the ostensible purpose of going to church, after which they were all to drive out together.

Kate passed the evening pleasantly, alone with her father in his study.

Mr. Gray was more than usually affectionate, and Kate found it more difficult to keep her secret from him than it had ever been before. (Once or twice her father saw her brush the tears from her eyes—tears that would gather there despite all her exertions to keep them back; and at length he said,

"What troubles you, Kate?"

"It is a secret that I have to keep from you, pa, and it is *that* which troubles me. I never thought to keep *such* a thing from *my* father."

"And why do you *have* to keep it from me? Is it your duty not to disclose it?"

"No, no, it is my duty to tell it to you, I suppose, else I should not be so very miserable; and yet I am afraid to tell you. Oh, how I wish I could."

Mr. Gray changed his seat, taking one beside his daughter, and caressingly drawing her head to his breast, so reassured her of his love that the whole tale would have been disclosed to him, had not the entrance of a servant interrupted them.

"A strange gentleman wishes a private interview with you, sir," said John.

"Very well, show him into the library," answered Mr. Gray, and he shut his study door as he went in.

It was a long time that Kate sat there—thinking of her father—thinking of Reginald, and of all that might keep them apart. Indistinctly, from within the library, she heard low tones as of one speaking earnestly—frequently her father's voice breaking in, but her mind was too much occupied with herself, to give more than a passing thought as to who might be the intruder—unwelcome, she certainly fancied, for her father's tones were petulant—growing more so, and his voice louder, until at length she caught the words.

"How dare you, sir? *I tell you it is false.*"

Kate sprang to her feet and listened intently for the answer.

"I am sorry, sir—I am *very, sir*; but I have told you nothing that your own daughter cannot substantiate."

She pressed her hands tightly over her heart, and her cheeks, which had been flushed like the heart of a rose, grew white as marble. She knew that it was Reginald who had answered.

Mr. Gray flung open the study door, his cheeks aglow with passion, and called, "Come here, Kate. If you love me, child, prove to me that this man has spoken falsely."

Reginald opened his arms, and Kate with a

low cry of joy flew into them, hiding her face from sight.

"My God!" exclaimed Mr. Gray, "what does this mean? Have my wife and daughter both deceived me? or do my eyes and ears play me false?"

"Father!" cried Kate, springing toward him, "you cannot know how I have hated the deception that I have seemed to practise. But my lips have never told you a falsehood—have they, father? I felt guilty toward you, but I was so afraid that she would make me marry her cousin in some way, if she knew Reginald was so soon coming back for me. Do forgive me, father, and think how much I had to fear."

Mr. Gray sat silent and moody in his chair.

There was a long silence. Reginald and Kate did not care to talk, for they were happy enough in once more finding themselves together. Their interchange of looks was more eloquent than words.

At length Mr. Gray aroused himself, and questioning Kate, found that in every particular her story agreed with Reginald's. He could not but be convinced, and yet the struggle that went on within his bosom was a violent one. His sense of justice, however, conquered, and he groaned rather than said,

"Yes, I know all—I see all now. Noonday could not be plainer: but strange as you may think it, Mr. Campbell, the infatuation is not yet over. Here, take Kate while it is in my power to give her to you, for heaven only knows the influence that woman has had over me, and what I might be tempted by her to do I cannot answer for. God bless you, my daughter, and forgive me for wronging you as I have often done."

Kate tried to answer, but for sobbing she could not find her voice. Neither could she join in the conversation that then ensued between her father and Reginald, and the conclusion of which was, that the wedding should take place at an early hour the following morning in church; and Reginald, winning Kate's consent, left her to make the necessary arrangements.

Kate passed the night in packing her trunks, every now and then running down to the study to bestow some caress or some word of comfort upon her father, whom she could not persuade to retire, and who sat waiting for morning in a state of feeling better imagined than described.

It was nearly dawn when Kate's task was completed, and thoroughly wearied out, she flung herself upon the lounge for a few moments of rest. Fortunately she slept, and so soundly that she was not disturbed until the morning sun poured a radiant flood of light into her chamber.

A weight of gloom, for which she could scarcely account, hung upon her spirits. How different would have seemed her bridal day had her own mother been living. She dreaded for her father the anger of his wife—an anger which she knew would be increased four-fold in Mrs. Gray, by the remembrance of the assistance which she had so unwittingly given in providing the bridal wardrobe.

But Kate had not many moments to dwell upon such a topic. When she went down to the library, pale and tearful, she found one awaiting her there, whose eyes, radiant with happiness, could not fail of communicating somewhat of their joy to her own.

Mr. Gray, of course, accompanied them to the church, giving his sanction to the ceremony that made their hopes, and aims, and interests one; but he could not be persuaded to go with them to Ashlea, as both Kate and Reginald desired.

Kate parted from her father with a heavy heart. She could not help reproaching herself for allowing him to meet, alone, the storm of anger, which she knew must inevitably fall upon his head when Mrs. Gray should discover how she had been outwitted. But it was her father's desire that she should leave the house before the return of his wife; and she could not do otherwise than obey.

CHAPTER X.

A WEEK delightfully spent at Ashlea, and then Paul and Helen accompanied Reginald and Kate to the city, to stay a few days with them there, preparatory to their leaving for their Southern home.

In their private parlor at the Tremont, they were making merry over certain remembrances of past days—Paul especially delighting in the embellished account he was giving of Helen's flirting jealousy of her cousin, when they were interrupted by the arrival of letters which had been sent up from Paul's office. Kate looked anxiously to see if there was one for her, for she had not received a line from home since she had left. One with a black margin and seal met her eye.

"Oh, my poor father! he is dead!" she screamed, springing from her chair, and grasping the letter from Paul's hand. Then, as she recognized her father's writing, she fell back in her seat powerless to open it, so great was the reaction.

Reginald opened it, and found tidings within which would render necessary their immediate departure for New York. The death of Mrs. Gray

was simply announced—no particulars being given as to the cause. All were greatly shocked by the suddenness of the news.

Kate and her husband reached home the same evening, finding Mr. Gray more composed than they could have anticipated. His wife's death had occurred under very painful circumstances. She had returned from Blightdale a few hours after the departure of Kate and Reginald.

Upon learning of their marriage, and the assistance her husband had given them, her rage was fearful. Pale with passion she confronted him in his study—unaware that the whole tissue of her falsehoods had been unravelled to him. Mr. Gray listened quietly at first, but becoming indignant at the charges she brought against his daughter, he replied with the severity she merited. Stifling with passion, she attempted to answer, but to her husband's exceeding alarm, and to the quieting of her own fierce excitement, the blood gushed from her mouth, and faint with fear her husband bore her almost senseless to her chamber. The physician, who was immediately sent for, ordered that she should be kept entirely free from excitement as her only chance for recovery. On the third day the hemorrhage was renewed with such violence that very little bones remained;

but the succeeding day she rallied, and seemed so much stronger that Mr. Gray was greatly encouraged. Those flattering symptoms soon disappeared, and she sank gradually—the last words she uttered being a prayer for forgiveness.

After Kate's return, her father yielded himself up like a child into her hands. The blow was a heavy one to him, for he had been idolizingly fond of his beautiful young wife, and Kate knew it, and felt for him in his sorrow; while Reginald was so wanting in sympathy as to imagine that had he found his wife so lost to principles of right, as Mrs. Gray had proven herself to be, he should have thanked Providence for taking her off from his hands.

At Greenwood a costly monument marks her grave, and the sad-faced, lonely old man who visits it so frequently remembers her last prayer, and hopes that a merciful God answered it even at the eleventh hour.

Vincent Blight went to Europe soon after his cousin's death. His mortification at the turn events had taken was excessive; but in his set, where the affair was a nine days' wonder, rumors are now rife of his having found consolation in the charms of a young American lady whom he had met in Paris.

THE PRICE.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

They weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver. And the Lord said unto me, "Cast it unto the potter; a goodly price that I was prized at of them"—Zachariah xi—xii, xiii.

What are these wounds in thy hands? Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends—Zachariah xiii—vi.

THEY sold Him. Yes, by man was sold,
The Lord of life and glory;
And angels wondered when was told
To them, in Heaven, the story:
And friends exulted, in their glee,
Over a fancied victory.

What price for Him, who, Universe
Her boundless wealth releases?
Nay, miser, clutch not thus your purse.
It was but thirty pieces!
A goodly price weighed out for Him,
To whom bend down the seraphim.

Nay, tell no more of worthless pelf;
Forge fast the golden fetters,
Nor heed how Judas hung himself
Nor yonder starving debtors.
For cheap must be such grovelling thing
Since thirty pieces sold a king.

Fill high the sparkling cup of wine
Despite the blight that sears
Yon fair young face, that, meekly, up
Looks through the blinding tears:
The price for which men sell their Lord
Is always spent at Satan's board.

We sold Him who creates the gold,
Our Lord, our life, our glory,
Well may we shudder when is told
In Heaven or earth the story;
Yet Jesus from the guilt releases
For even less than thirty pieces!

We sold and sorely wounded Him,
Our Saviour, life, and glory,
Yet, when He to the Father told
Of us the fearful story,
He said, "They know not what they've done,"
And thus His Heaven for us was won!

WHAT CURED MANNING'S ENNUI.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

CHARLES MANNING was young, rich, well-bred, gifted, handsome; possessed enough talent and energy to rule an Empire with success: and this, added to all his other gifts and graces: gave an air of dignity which no mere fop can acquire, because it grows alone from innate worth and genuine self-respect.

I had not seen this miracle of a youth since we parted at college—both eager to begin the life for which we had labored so long to prepare ourselves. I left him—what I have described above—and after a lapse of ten years found him all this, and more.

We happened to meet on one of the Hudson River boats, recognized each other quickly, and became so absorbed in recalling old times and comparing subsequent experiences, that before we knew it, the sun, to watch whose setting we had gone on deck with our cigars, rose again in the East; and still we smoked and paced the deck, and moralized like two grey seers of ninety, instead of the gay youths we had parted at nineteen.

Life had befriended us, and we had kept the resolutions with which we entered its lists. Poor and unknown at first I had fought my way, and become a prosperous country physician: Charlie had studied law, but with no intention of practising. The ten years I had spent in working hard to earn my daily bread, he had employed by working harder to make his daily bread palatable. He had travelled at home and abroad; had worn out Washington, Newport and Saratoga; knew every distinguished man and every pretty woman in the states; had been courted and flattered to satiety; had refused the hand and fortune of several heiresses, sometimes offered by themselves, sometimes by their papas. He had written a poem, endowed a starving college, settled a minister at large, established a charity school, and ended the rapid and careless enumeration of his good deeds with,

"No use, no use in them all!—one is hollow as another. This fine world for which one meant to do so much was too far gone before we began: and in my ear the old machine already *more* than 'begins to grate' 'On its last legs and desperately sick'—can you prescribe for it, doctor?"

"I can for one of its inmates," I responded,

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laughingly, "if he will promise to adopt my remedy."

"Say on, I am listening. What's the disease?"

"Ennui of the worst kind; glorious energies rusting into themselves, and beautiful affections grown torpid with neglect."

"Good! You have guessed. But bring your elixir."

"Settle down in life—marry some woman who will *live* down your prejudices, and draw out what is good in you."

He laughed the merry, ringing laugh of college days; and I knew then he was curable. "Bring your crucible and your books of Alchemy then," he said, "and *make* this wonder; for she doesn't exist in New York or Boston, in London, Paris, or Vienna. But for dread of the harness I knew it would prove, I should have 'settled' to a profession long ago, and grown soberly contented as you are, my fortunate chum. Do you think then I'm going to walk open-eyed into a tangle of responsibilities and connections, such as these wives bring? When I am doing my best to endure the lovely doll you prescribe, to have a host of wife's relations interfering, and—oh, the remedy is worse than the disease!"

"But," I persisted, "without a crucible I can find you this impossible woman—yet suppose she's neither dazzlingly beautiful, nor rich, nor very robust in health?"

"Suppose everything you like, my dear fellow. it's rather severe though; poor, homely, and sickly all at once!"

"But surely you needn't care for her lack of wealth."

"I *do* care: it is one-tenth advantage to possess money, and nine-tenths to know how to spend it. Cooked-over-meat, made-over-dresses, sham-finery, parlors barricaded against the sun; no, I thank you! my wife may throw her ingots into the Hudson on our wedding day, but she must have possessed them, once. I am fully resolved too, to join the Shakers at Lebanon: they are sensible mortals, see that earth yields only food and drink, secure that, and *so* drink and feed till earth-worms feed upon them. This wonderful woman lives—in your village. I'd like to see one recommended by so excellent a judge as yourself; though I'm too thoroughly

confirmed a bachelor to have any other motive than curiosity. Why, look there, for a specimen of married life!"

He pointed to a group among the passengers, a woman still young, with a thin, worn, miserable face, and scantily clad, talking vehemently to a man—her husband—who seemed prematurely old—mere bones, and wrinkles, and rags, with a cadaverous face made duller and more repulsive by leering, blood-shot eyes. A swarm of children lurked in the back-ground, and hid behind trunks and band-boxes, with which the deck was strewn; peeping forth with dull, frightened faces. Nine of them Charlie counted; concealed, not garmented, in dirt and rags, with shocks of stiff, black, tangled hair—they looked more animal than human; more akin to wild-ares and wood-chucks, than to the gifted man who stood beside me watching the scene.

We had neared our landing-place, and the woman was striving to make her husband comprehend the fact. The louder and more passionately she talked—while purple veins swelled out on her pale forehead—the less he understood; for the man was inebriated, and could only make his loose, wet, unmanagable lips utter, in an intoxicated drawl, "S'posin I am drunk: wha'd'ye 'spose I care for you? Nothin' but my woman." His tone as he emphasized these last two words, conveyed in itself a history. But we questioned the wife; and glad to find more intelligent listeners, she answered, though in the same excited, snappish manner, to which her spouse had so evidently grown accustomed.

"Where'd we come from? The hills there, 'tother side of the river: what they call the White Oak Settlement. Where we going? Out West; tired o' being called anti-Renters; and I want to drag *him* away from his old habits, if I can. All my children—yes, the whole nine; and it's more than I can hope if we get settled before there's a tenth. Hard to feed them. I guess you'd think so—one woman working for nine mouths, yes, ten, eleven—for *he* hasn't earned a cent these years—"

"That's what I married you for," drawled the man.

"How do I clothe them?" she went on, without heeding him. "In rags; and that only by begging. Summer time they can pick a few berries, but it's hard work! Come, John, take the baby, at any rate; and I'll look after the trunk and the rest of 'em." Baby in arms, John staggered out of sight: the woman fell into a loud altercation with the baggage-master: and we walked on, Charlie full of the new illustration to his theory of this life's worthlessness.

"Where's the use," he said, "in charity and reform when they go so little way back, when their objects are, like these, *born* of drunkenness and imbecility; nurse woe and wrath with their mother's milk? Did you see the infant turn away from her breast to watch the woman when she scolded? And think what a *childhood* for the rest: laughing at their father, hiding away from their mother's rage; and what a home! no comfort, no beauty, no love! Can we blame prison convicts for obeying instincts which were born in them? You and I have done the same, and win praise for it!"

I could only murmur—and thank heaven for it—that you may trust children to find beauty and objects of love anywhere; but these living arguments are not easily refuted. I slyly consoled myself with the thought that culture or time would come for presenting equally cogent ones on my side of the question.

While Manning and I were discussing the respective merits of two hotels, uncertain at which to pass the approaching Sunday, I recognized in the crowd of strange faces which thronged the landing, that of another college friend, Harry Eddy. He greeted us eagerly and warmly, and would take no nay to his invitations: we must see his house, his estate, his children, Mrs. Eddy; we *must*, he asked it as a favor, his man had already taken our valises from the hackman, so we went.

Shall I ever forget that wearisome, splendid visit!—or Charlie's laugh as he met me in the city afterward: for he retreated Sunday noon on plea of an urgent engagement; I, a stranger, had no such fortunate excuse.

We walked on velvet, we lounged on satin—my country coat was reflected in thousand dollar mirrors—the paper-hangings were pearl and gold; the curtains of heavy brocade and airiest lace, invited you toward prospects that would make an artist wild; the table glittered with silver and gold, and its viands would rival those at the banquets of Antony and Cleopatra; the silver-hinged doors opened noiselessly; the servants came without a call.

I was thoroughly dazzled at first: accustomed to simple village life, and having until then esteemed Kiddeminster carpets, yard square mirrors, a print or two on the walls, a vase or two on the mantel, and a case of books, something beyond the common, and even elegant.

Why it was I could not tell, but I made my parting bow to Mrs. Eddy with an unspeakable feeling of relief; and for the lavish attentions which had been bestowed upon my insignificant self, returned less real gratitude (though perhaps

for this very reason, more protestations of the same) than many a time when I had passed a pleasant evening beside a neighbor's kitchen fire; where hearty welcome, and some old man's strong sound sense, or his son's honest, straightforwardness, and keen though homely jokes, had given more refreshment to my soul than the rich man's cakes and wine, though served in silver.

I confessed this, and asked the reason.

"Reason!" he answered, merrily, "I felt a foreshadowing of it in the shake of Harry's hand; and confess my own apparent willingness to accept his invitation, was only a ruse upon you. I wanted to give practical demonstration of what a nice dilemma your prescription might lead me into. All that nonsensical pomp—hollow glitter—ostentatious hospitality, deceive only the uninitiated. I have penetrated behind the scenes in more than one of these magnificent homes, hollow! hollow! these people live for the outside; and to make a grand show give up comfort, culture, peace, all the real luxury of existence; abuse their servants, defraud their children, deceive each other—and exceed such people as those we met on the boat, as far, in making trouble in this life, as Lucifer himself exceeds his smallest imp."

I began to think Charlie's prejudice amounted to absolute monomania, as he went on,

"I feel this insincerity, and the unnaturalness of this mode of life, oppressing me like an atmosphere when I enter the house of which it has taken possession. I escape at the earliest opportunity, and take long, deep breaths as I go home, wondering whether there's light, and dew, and air enough in the sweet heavens to wash out, some day, all the impurities of earth. But, doctor, tell me more about that model woman—let me see! saintly—that means a bigot; homely, sickly, and poor—did you say *old* too and very fascinating?"

"Why you must know that a few summers since, these same Eddys came to our village of Sharon, spent some months there at the hotel, were frequent guests at my house, and very unlike the people I found at the elegant estate on the Hudson: unpretending, grateful for the smallest attentions, though dreadfully bored with Sharon, I must own.

"During the last weeks of their stay I observed another member in their family: a pale, quiet girl, whom they did not introduce—and yet who attracted me by her very unobtrusiveness. She was always busy too, though with some trifle of embroidery, so I could hardly suppose her to be a serving girl. She fascinated me, so I watched her more closely, and found that though seldom answering, she heard, and made inward com-

ments upon all that passed. If the sun was setting brilliantly, Mary's silent absorption in watching it turned the attention of all thither; if a case of suffering and want was described, while Mrs. Eddy turned from the subject as painful, you saw tears in Mary's eyes. If you quoted a wise or witty speech, in some magnetic way she made you feel that it pleased her; if you said aught insincere or unfeeling, her eyes left the everlasting work a minute to glance at you in denial and disapprobation: a look so quiet you couldn't resent it, and yet which haunted you.

"Once—the day before the family departed—I met Mary walking alone, and made her talk: her face shone like Stephen's! her thoughts were pure as pearls and fresh as violets, always uttered in that unconscious, quiet, fascinating way.

"I asked Hal about her last Sunday, 'Oh, she was,' he said, 'a weak, mystical, half-witted thing—a cousin of his wife's—they pitied her, invited her to this visit in the country on account of her health—but he remembered she made herself very useful in keeping the children still.' Yet I, staid disciple of medicine that I am—of all professions the most prosaic—was completely enchanted by this meek 'quieter of children.'

"Some angel who came unawares to uplift and heal that excellent family; and finding them incurable went back to heaven; no woman take my word!"

"So be it then," I answered, bent upon retaliating for the ruse he had played upon me—"but, Charlie, speaking of splendid people, do you remember Frank Leslie?"

"Yes, indeed, another glorious man lost by lapsing into married life. The poor fellow has been cruelly tried in business affairs; has lost his all, and works like a slave now to support his wife and family; only keeps them alive by superhuman exertions—think of the drudgery! Eddy told me about it: and I mean to look him up, will you go with me?"

"Right gladly!—but shan't we look up our paragon of womanhood first?"

"Don't speak of it! that she's one of the Eddy tribe is sufficient for me. But I am in earnest about Frank."

We found the house soon. As we entered the parlor, I saw Charlie glance at the undraped windows and imitation walnut chairs, as if comparing this with the luxurious apartment to which Frank had so often welcomed us in the days of his bachelorhood.

But some vestiges of former elegance remained: a piano, rare books, engravings from Raphael, Guido, Correggio, and—

We did not wait to look farther—the picture about the blazing fire was better than any on the walls. Supper over, the little family had met after the day's work to enjoy each other's presence. Mrs. Leslie disarmed prejudice at once by her gentle, lady-like demeanor. Frank made us forget our pity in his joy at meeting old friends again, and the pride with which he introduced us to the inmates of his house. The bright-eyed children, directly we were seated, climbed back to their station, two on the father's knee, and one on a cricket close beside him; while a fourth—in answer to a beckoning smile—crept behind our chairs to sit on the sofa with the young lady who had been introduced as Miss Armitage, Mrs. Leslie's sister.

It was raining out of doors, and the wind howled angrily: perhaps this added to the look of cheer, security, and peace in that little parlor! I cannot recall our conversation. I remember that Miss Armitage opened the piano at our request, and Charlie said played divinely; her music was most beautiful to me when Mrs. Leslie's sweet, low voice, and then one by one the children's voices, chimed with it, as they sang their little evening hymn. I have heard Grisi and Sontag, and Jenny Lind, but never any music so like that of angels, as the songs of childhood always seem to me: and *these* children, with such bright intelligence in their faces—such an air of culture and refinement! I could not wonder that Manning went wild and begged for more. I saw him looking too, as they stroked the father's hair with their little dimpled hands, laid their sweet faces to his, and watched him while he talked. He heard them say their prayers at last, and went to see if they were safe in bed. The little elves had bewitched him out of his weariness and worldliness at once. For all his cares and losses, he was lighter-hearted than either of his guests.

After the children went, with their sweet voices haunting me, I was ready to depart also; not so Charles Manning: he had taken away Miss Armitage's work, and on pretence of examining it, had drawn her into conversation; would it never end! The storm had ceased, and the stars were bright before I could entice him home.

He praised Frank, praised the children and Mrs. Leslie, and the piano and pictures; not a word about Miss Armitage.

I ventured to ask an opinion.

"She will vanish by to-morrow morning," he exclaimed, "she is one of the angels beyond mistake: and so it was cruel in you to hurry me away while she *did* last. But if that pale, poor, homely, fascinating damsel of yours were——"

"Were named Mary Armitage?" I interrupted. He wheeled me round in the moonlight to look into my laughing face.

"You cannot mean it! then for once in my life I am caught in a snare—your unsophisticatedness threw me off my guard. But you were right, her talk is like pearls and violets, and she herself is a pearl of worth, and wisdom, and purity, if any man could be so fortunate to win her! *She* homely and poor!"

Any one can guess a little way into my sequel: that in a few months wedding cards came from "Mr. and Mrs. Manning, Waverly Place." I wish the remainder were conveyed as easily—that I could have you into their model home, map out the pathway of their beautiful lives, and tell how courtesy and hospitality abide there, not in marble statues alone, but in actual presence: how besides the rare pictures on the wall, and the well filled library, refinement and culture exist in the very atmosphere; how with the luxury and splendor we found in Harry Eddy's cheerful home, are combined the sense of comfort and security we found in Leslie's little parlor. It is as if that great, glittering, lifeless show of existence we meet so often, were informed with a living soul that grows, aspires, and enjoys.

I do not know more active and efficient workers than the Mannings, in all plans to "bridge over the great gulfs of ignorance," and call, "come up hither," to the fallen, whether by sin or want; but generously as their efforts and their gold may be bestowed, I do believe they help the world on more by what they are, than by what they do; by leading the way in paths they recommend to others, by keeping their own home so pregnant with sincerity, freedom, and love: for it is an easy thing to demonstrate the excellence of virtue, the beauty of disinterestedness, quite another to prove the possibility of translating them into life.

"For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true."

HUMAN LIFE.

Youth, with a vessel thousand-masted,
Ploughs the sea at morning light;

Age, with shattered skiff escaping,
Calmly drifts to port at night.

MIRIAM NEALE, HER WEAKNESS AND HER STRENGTH.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow!"

She murmured over the words to herself, in a kind of dreamy abstraction, as though she were trying to impress the truth which they embodied on her mind—a truth so strange, and vast, and incomprehensible, that now, standing face to face with it, her heart could not realize it.

She, Miriam Neale, stands a few feet from the chamber window, with one arm resting on the bed post. Her home is a large, old-fashioned, yellow house, with a deep yard in front, but the last night's clouds have lined this, and the road beyond, with one unbroken breadth of snow.

Miriam does not see this, though she gazes out of the window, for her heart is looking inward. What a fair, sweet, earnest profile it is that droops forward till it almost touches the carving of the old bed post.

You would hardly imagine it had seen twenty-one summers, there is so much child-like simplicity about it, and yet there is strength and character in the casting of the small, sweet mouth, and oh! what a world of depth and feeling in those large, glorious eyes—eyes that are like a clear forest lake, filled with twilight.

On the bed, on the chairs, all about the dreaming girl, are scattered dresses, scarfs, embroideries in rich contrast with each other.

There is the rose-colored morning robe, with its crimson trimming; the maroon riding-dress; and by itself, as though propinquity to its more substantial neighbors might, in some wise, endanger its consistency, hangs a white embroidered dress—which tells the whole story, you see at once all these are part of a bride's *trousseau*.

And this is what Miriam Neale is trying to realize, though, as I said, it is very hard, even with such tangible evidence about her.

But in a little while, her thoughts move off to the past. She sees a quiet, summer afternoon, and a happy-hearted little girl, gathering buttercups, and clover buds, in the grass plot at the back of the house. Then Elizabeth, her sister, almost twelve years older than herself, comes out and takes her hand. Her face is very white, and her voice is hoarse as she whispers, "Miriam, mamma is dying."

The little one does not clearly understand this, but they go together into the bed room, where the father, the doctor, and several of the neighbors are standing, all looking very solemn.

Miriam is lifted up to the pillows, a pair of thin arms are drawn around her neck—a pair of lips press her own—so cold that their touch sends a thrill to her heart; and when she is taken down, Miriam has a mother no longer. Then she remembers how, in less than two years, her father followed his wife, and so her memory follows up the road of her life—it is a long, green, shady one, with few, to others, prominent dates, or mile-stones.

Miriam was not like other girls, and her inner life was the best part of her, but nobody dreamed of this, not even Elizabeth, in whose arms she slept every night.

Indeed, two persons could not be more essentially unlike than the two sisters. Elizabeth's character was sterling, practical, energetic: Miriam's dreamy, gentle, esthetic, her very movements keeping time to the rhythm in her soul.

When Elizabeth discovered that all the property her father had left his children, was the old yellow homestead, which had been his grandfather's, she immediately cast about in her mind for some plan by which she might support herself, and the little one to whom she stood in the place of a mother. She settled upon a trade, and with her to decide, was to act. For the last sixteen years, she had been the favorite dress-maker of the village, supporting herself and Miriam by her labors.

The elder sister loved the younger one with a kind of protecting, maternal affection, and as the other evinced a greater partiality for books than anything else, Elizabeth spared no expense, which her limited means afforded, in perfecting Miriam's education.

And standing by the cherry bed post, the young lady sees all this, as her thoughts move up the past, to that day nearly two years ago, when Mr. Hewitt came to their home for the first time.

How well she remembered it. Mr. Hewitt was a tall, noble-looking gentleman about forty years old, with very bland, though rather elaborate

manners; and his sister with her magnificent dress, and patronizing airs, quite fluttered Miriam, who was washing up the dinner dishes, and went to the door in the gingham apron, she had tied on over her pretty muslin dress.

Miss Hewitt, who was visiting at Lawyer Gaines, called to engage some dressmaking, but Elizabeth was absent, and so she left her orders with Miriam.

The girl thought she should not have asked her to repeat them so often, if the gentleman had not kept his eyes fastened on her face during the whole time.

Somehow, Mr. Hewitt had a great many errands to the yellow house, during his stay in Meadow Brook.

Miriam and he were frequently thrown together, and the girl grew to like the stately gentleman, and wondered how the neighbors could call him cold and haughty.

The girl's fresh, impulsive, transparent nature charmed the world-weary man, and he thought that his heart might learn the song of its youth again, with that young, bright head sheltered upon it.

One afternoon—it was in the early autumn, and Miriam had been out in the woods all day with her books—she entered the sitting-room hastily, her sun-bonnet swinging in one hand, and her torrent of rich brown curls flowing over her flushed cheeks. To her unspeakable surprise, Mr. Hewitt sat by the side of her sister, her hands clasped in his, and both were talking low and earnestly.

"Come here, Miriam dear," called Elizabeth, for the girl was hastily retreating. There was a smile of unusual softness lurking about Elizabeth's mouth, and a look of triumph in her eyes, which Miriam could not interpret. Blushing till her cheeks were the color of the half-opened moss-buds in the garden, she came forward, and the elder sister said, "Miriam, we were talking of you, and Mr. Hewitt has just made a request of me, which does us both great honor. It is that I will give my little sister to him, and he will make her his wife." She smoothed down the folds of rumpled hair, fondly, and proudly.

Miriam's brown eyes wandered from one to the other in a mass of bewilderment, making her look handsomer than ever. She was a child still, though she was coming into her twentieth summer. At last her head sank on Elizabeth's shoulder. "I do not know what to say," she whispered.

It was done with so much simplicity, that both her auditors laughed, and loved her better than ever. So the matter was settled, Miriam

was the promised wife of the rich widower, William Hewitt.

The gentleman was desirous of preparing a new home for his girl-bride, so they were not married immediately. Meanwhile it was arranged that she should remain with her sister, and Mr. Hewitt should provide masters for the completion of her education.

Once a month he came from New York to see her, bringing her costly presents, and seeming every time fonder, and prouder of her than ever.

Miriam's memory glances through all this, and now, (do you see?) a change comes over her face. It droops forward still farther, the mobile mouth softens, and quivers, the thick lashed eyes fill with a kind of twilight sadness—oh, there is a name written, laid away, and locked up in Miriam's soul: it is *Lewis Cleaveland*.

He was her drawing-master last summer, and the only son of the minister in the Presbyterian parish, adjoining that of Meadow Brook. He was very poor, and glad of any opportunity whereby he could, by his own labor, remove part of the burden which weighed so heavily on his father, that of defraying his expenses at college.

Lewis Cleaveland came twice every week that summer, to the yellow house. He was an artist, proud, talented, impulsive, with a thin, pale, but unusually attractive face, and that kind of social magnetism about him, which always ensures a man the favor of women.

You have guessed the rest, reader. Few persons could see the minister's son without being warmly interested in him, and Miriam was a child no longer. Mr. Hewitt had made her a woman, but he had never fathomed the deep wells of her woman's nature,

Lewis Cleaveland knew, as did every one else, of her betrothal to the wealthy widower. But he looked farther into her soul, than the husband elect had ever done, and to look there was to love Miriam Neale.

The teacher was honorable, and he never told Minnie this, though often when he saw that bright, graceful head bent over the drawing, a longing that he could hardly resist, would come over him, to fold it for one moment close to his heart.

His pupil too was not used to concealing her feelings, and sometimes when he laid his hand on hers, to define a line or curve, he felt the little fingers tremble.

And I doubt whether, plighted though she was to another, Lewis Cleaveland could have resisted the voice of his heart, but he had no home to offer Miriam.

She has not seen him since September, for then the college term commenced. How pale and strange he looked, the afternoon that they parted. There is a mist coming into her eyes—ah, Miriam, Miriam, it is not thus a woman should think of another than her bridegroom on the last eve of her girlhood.

Sadder, and sadder, grows the drooping face. Her eyes wander over the dresses scattered around her. A little shiver crawls slowly over her frame. "If there were only some one to whom I could lay bare my heart," murmurs the poor bride-elect. Then she thinks of Elizabeth, the dear, kind, grateful sister, who has been to her in the place of the mother that lies under the snow; but an after thought negatives the sudden impulse, "Elizabeth would never *understand* it."

At last the corners of the old chamber begin to grow dim. It is the last night of the old year, and the shadows fall early.

She hears Elizabeth's step on the stairs.

"Goodness! Miriam! you've let the fire go almost out," is her preliminary ejaculation. "If you don't leave off your old habits of sitting all alone, and dreaming, I don't know what Mr. Hewitt will think, dear me," vigorously adjusting the half burned sticks. "I hope Tom Jones won't forget the pine to trim the bride's loaf. Don't you want to go down and see it, and not sit shivering there, Mrs. Hewitt of to-morrow evening?"

Miriam put off her sad face, and came toward her sister.

"Let the cake go now, Lizzie," she said. "Sit down here, and put your arms around me, for I want to talk with you. It is the last time you will ever sit so, with Miriam Neale, you know."

The elder sister was softened. She sat down on a low stool, and drew her arms around Miriam's neck. The fire leaped up in the chimney, and the two faces, so unlike in their whole tone and expression, brightened in its glow.

"What a beautiful home you will have, dear," commenced Elizabeth; for her ambition was much gratified with this marriage. "It will be one of the handsomest on Fifth Avenue, all built of stone, with bay windows, and then the inside will be like a palace, with its crimson curtains, and Parisian carpets, and you, little sister, will be mistress of it all!"

The girl smiled faintly. "But I wouldn't wonder if my heart should sometimes look off with a great longing to this old yellow house, and the chamber where I've been so happy. Oh! Lizzie, tell me you love me just this once, for my heart is very weak!" and the tears broke forth.

Elizabeth soothed her, very much as she would have done a child, chiding her one moment for her want of character and self-control, at such a time, and the next, painting gorgeous pictures for her future, and telling her that Mr. Hewitt had promised they should come back every summer, and that he would have the old house thoroughly rejuvenated, and made an elegant country seat.

Then they heard a rolling of carriage wheels outside, there were loud voices at the gate, and both the sisters sprang up, exclaiming, "it is Mr. Hewitt."

Three years had passed. The afternoon was very sultry, and Mrs. Hewitt sat in her chamber, at the hotel of a fashionable watering-place. The wind that came up faintly from the ocean, tarried dreamily among the musline curtains, and the lids dropped over the languid eyes of the lady who sat by them, as its cool breath touched her forehead.

She is little changed. The world may have given a touch of stateliness to her manners, and subdued somewhat the old buoyancy of her spirits, but the face, pure and sweet, that leans against the silken cushion is still that of Miriam Neale.

The door is opened lightly—so lightly that it does not arouse her, and a gentleman of middle age and noble presence steps softly up to the lady, and leaning over her chair kissed her forehead.

She springs up with such a start that her hair leaps from its fastenings, and bounds down to her waist.

"Why, William, how you scared me!" she says, clapping her small hands, and joining in his laugh.

"Did I, my pet? Well, you looked so pretty I couldn't help it. Beside I was in a great hurry, and couldn't stay to say, 'by you're leave' this time. I must start for New York in half an hour, Miriam."

"William!" The tone abridged a whole chapter of entreaty, surprise, disappointment.

"I know it's too bad, darling, but it can't be helped. That outrageous law suit imperatively summons me, and spite of the heat I must hurry back."

"And how shall I get along without you, in this strange place?"

"You must make acquaintances, dear. There'll be plenty of young gentlemen who'll be overjoyed at the opportunity of exercising their gallantry for Mrs. William Hewitt."

There is a half scornful curve of the lady's under lip. "I shall give them no opportunity

for doing so. I'll stay in my room till you get back."

"No, you mustn't, for the sea air will do you little good in that case. But there comes the cars. Miriam, my precious wife, take care of yourself till I return for you." And he is gone.

This scene, reader, will give you the key to Miriam's married life.

Wealth, affection, watchful tenderness made it outwardly very bright, but there were longings and needs in his wife's nature that Mr. Hewitt could never comprehend. She felt for him a quiet, clinging sort of affection, very much such as a child would have for an indulgent parent.

Her heart had not forgotten the old name, but it did not throb to it now—it was like a pleasant tune of our childhood, that we have not heard for many years; and yet it may be that somebody, on a quiet, summer evening will start the old strain under our window; and then, how the other years come up from their graves, and rustle through our memories!

Every winter Elizabeth came to her sister's magnificent city home, but she had been an invalid for the past year, and imagined the air of Meadow Brook best agreed with her.

For two days Mrs. Hewitt kept her promise, hardly leaving her, however; but the third morning a great longing took possession of her to wander down to the ocean, and listen to the great ballad rolling out forever from its deep heart.

"I could slip out easily by the back piazza," murmured the lady, and go through the lots down to the sea-shore, and see what the waves will say to me. It will be so delightful wandering down there all alone."

A half hour later, Mrs. Hewitt was walking up and down the sands by the sea-shore. The waves crept almost to her feet. She listened to that great psalm, whose alpha the angels heard before the morning stars sang their triumphant melody over the new earth, and it filled her heart with inspiration.

She loosened her bonnet strings, and the sea wind tossed her bright hair about her face, and kissed her cheeks into a rosier glow. She looked very beautiful. What a pity there was no artist at hand.

There was one. A few rods from her where the shore curved inward, he sat under a clump of trees sketching the rocks on the west, their bold, quaint outlines looking very picturesque in the rosy morning light.

Mrs. Hewitt came upon him very suddenly, for neither had observed the other.

"Mr. Cleaveland!"

"Miriam!"

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The names were spoken with the first involuntary start, and then they stood still looking into each other's faces. I think Miriam recovered herself first.

"Our meeting will not be the less pleasant that it is unexpected, I trust," she said, giving the young man her hand with a smile, and if Miriam Hewitt's smile was like sunshine to all others, what was it to *him*?

"No," he said, grasping the little fingers warmly, "only the more agreeable for its suddenness. But are you quite alone, Mrs. Hewitt?"

"Yes. I am staying at the hotel. My husband was suddenly called to New York, and will not return until Saturday. I came down here this morning, for the first time, to enjoy the scenery and listen to the ocean chant."

His large, deep, grey-blue eyes told better than his lips did his joy at their meeting. She took the bench which he had occupied, and he threw himself on the grass at her feet.

They were old friends, and they talked of the past. The world had treated him very kindly since they parted. His paintings were earning him fame and wealth. He told her so.

"And you have been in New York for the last year, and never called?" said Miriam, reproachfully.

"No. I heard of you as the fêted, courted, fashionable lady, but I could think of you only as my pupil in the old, yellow house, with the sunshine looking through the windows, and laying a golden crown on your head as it drooped over the paper."

He had a deep, rich, mellow voice. Miriam turned away her face, for the tears were in her eyes.

"I was very happy there," she sighed.

"If I had known you had not changed I should have come, but I feared to find an elegant, self-possessed lady in the place of my old pupil. And the memory in my heart was better than such a reality."

"Ah! how little you know me," she said, mournfully, half speaking to herself. "One's surroundings and the world's applause are so small a part of life, sometimes I feel that divine is a negation of all that is noblest, and deepest, and truest in me."

"Do you? After all the world hasn't spoiled you, my pupil," and his pale, proud face looked into hers with a mingling of adoration and tenderness, which a rapt devotee might feel for the divinity of his worship.

Then he remembered she was the wife of another, and the thought was a death pang to his heart.

But they sat together and talked hour after hour. Nature had tuned their souls alike, and they could not help it if their feelings toned down into one harmony.

Lewis was boarding in the village, and would not leave until the next week, so before they parted, they made an engagement to visit a small but very picturesque lake, some ten miles from the shore.

"I shall call for you at ten, Mrs. Hewitt," said Lewis, as they rose to leave.

"Thank you, I shall be ready. Mr. Hewitt will be so much obliged to you for your attention. He advised me before he left, to throw myself on the charities of some chivalric gentleman, but the society of most of them is a poor exchange for my own thoughts."

"But you do not number me among these?"

She turned her clear, shining eyes upon him, "Of course not, Mr. Cleaveland."

He thanked her with a glance, and with his lips, by kissing her hand. And then they both went home.

The next day has a history very much like its predecessor. When Miriam looked on the little lake lying in its green cup between the great hills, she clapped her white hands in her old girlish way, and said, "I *must* draw that, Mr. Cleaveland."

And he found a fine position for the view, under some shady sycamores. And they both sat down on the grass, and he leaned over her and watched the growing of her picture just as he had done in the old-fashioned sitting-room of the yellow house.

Once there came over him a temptation that he could not resist. He laid his hand on the lady's and checked the movement of her pencil.

"May I ask you one question, dear Mrs. Hewitt, that is in my heart, one that I hardly know whether our relative positions will warrant me doing?"

The little fingers throbbed under his pressure, and there was a whisper,

"You may ask it."

"Have you been happy for the last three years?"

"Yes—quietly, comfortably so. I am very dear to my husband, and he is kind, oh! how unspeakable kind and tender to me."

There was another question on Lewis' lips. "*Do you love him?*" but he had been brought up a Christian, and he remembered this was *six*. It was a great temptation. To his honor be it written, *he did not ask it*.

They made an engagement to visit the cliffs next day, but that night Miriam Hewitt went

home with a troubled heart. She had looked into her soul and read the secret there.

"Stop at once, you are the wife of another," whispered a conscience that fashionable life had not rendered entirely callous.

But Miriam murmured, "it would be so impolite to refuse him after I have promised to go, and it shall be the last time, for Mr. Hewitt will be here day after to-morrow. I will be true to my husband, and Lewis shall not guess—" a burst of tears concluded the sentence. Oh! Miriam! Miriam! the good angel in your heart looked sorrowful.

And what of Lewis Cleaveland? Alas! for the wreck of honor and principle,—alas! for the memory of his childhood's teachings, of his duty to man and his love of God.

Miriam was his idol, his incarnation. For three years her memory had stood alone in his heart, loved hopelessly, but with all the wild fervor of his deep, impulsive, poetic nature.

And now they had been so strangely brought together, how *could* he give her up? "I cannot live without her. I know too, she loves me, for I have read it in those glorious eyes."

A storm of wild, mad passion shook his soul, and in the midst of it he whispered, (oh, shame! Lewis Cleaveland!) "*to-morrow I will ask her to go with me!*"

They had come down from the cliffs, whence they had looked off, and read a passage of earth's grandest poem—the ocean.

At the foot of the cliffs were some elegant private grounds, which the generous proprietor threw open gratuitously every summer to the visitors.

And now under the whispering of its green trees, in words of thrilling beauty, and passionate love, Lewis Cleaveland told his story. "I love you as man never before loved woman. Fly with me, for it is our only happiness," was its alpha and omega.

And Miriam Hewitt bowed with a low groan, her white face upon her shaking hands, and cried,

"Lewis! Lewis! do not tempt me, I am the wife of another."

What sophistries he urged, endorsed not by her conscience or her reason, but by her heart—how long and eloquently he pleaded a cause whose very thought was sin, and shame to them both—I cannot tell. But at last Lewis Cleaveland wrung a consent from the lady to meet him at the back garden gate of the hotel, when the stars had looked for a half-hour out of the sky, and—be pitiful to her for she loved him, and you know not how great was the temptation.

It was night again, and Mrs. Hewitt looked out from her window, and saw the first stars moving softly into the sky.

What a day it had been to her—a day! it seemed a year, a life, an age, as she stood there by the window and looked up at the clear mournful stars.

She had seen none but the waiter since morning, though she had been beset with callers, for it was ascertained that the beautiful Mrs. Hewitt was at the hotel, and everybody was on the *qui vive* to see her.

All was arranged now—a small package lay on the chair beside her, and she had only to tie on her bonnet and go out.

All day long her mind seemed (and it is generally the case before the *first* commission of a great wrong) in a state of bewildered confusion, and she looked upon herself as an automaton moved by a fate she could not resist.

But with the first glance at those clear stars, the friends of her childhood, a change came over the lady's heart.

All the years of her life walked up, each like a bodily presence, and took their seats around her, and looked down solemnly, mournfully into her soul.

Then these faded away, and the act she was about to commit stood up before her in all its fearful darkness and criminality. Shudderingly she looked, and the voice of love ceased to speak in her heart.

She thought on what must be her husband's agony and Elizabeth's shame, and of that future life, whose very love would be remorse, and then her tears broke forth—tears which were her salvation.

She sank upon her knees and prayed, and when she rose up Miriam Hewitt had found her strength.

Calmly she put on her bonnet, and went down through the long garden to the back gate.

It was the hour appointed, and she found Lewis there, while the carriage stood a few rods distant.

"My darling! my darling! you have come to me, never more to be separated," and he would have folded his arms around her. But she softly put them back, saying,

"No, Lewis, the mists have fallen from my eyes. I have come to tell you I cannot go with you."

"Miriam!" he staggered back and looked at her.

Oh! it was well she had prayed that night, the old prayer of her childhood so fervently, else her loving heart could not have resisted the

pathos of those eyes, else she must have yielded to the touching despair of that word. But she did not, not even when he held her hands and prayed her to have mercy on him, and not doom him to the arid, barren life that, without her love, lay before him.

"It is sin, Lewis, sin against God and man. I cannot do it," she answered, with the tears pouring thick on their clasped hands.

"It is sin, I cannot," she repeated.

They were a long distance from the hotel, for the garden was very large. Nobody was in sight.

He might easily then have overpowered and forced her into the carriage; but even in the mad blindness of that moment Lewis Cleaveland was too honorable for this.

She said, at last,

"I must leave you, Lewis. It is agony and wrong for both to prolong this interview. May God help you as I cannot."

She had turned from him. He stretched out his arms. "Miriam come back and tell me once more that you love me."

A gush of tenderness swept over her heart. She turned back, and brushing away the heavy hair from the broad forehead, she pressed a long, fond kiss upon it.

But for her tears she did not speak, and when Lewis Cleaveland looked up, he saw only the gleam of her white dress as it went through the garden gate.

She had scarcely re-entered the grounds, when she heard her name called,

"Miriam, my pet," it cried. "Here I've been waiting for you for the last ten minutes. Why, little wife, how white you look! Where have you been?"

It was Miriam's husband. He had returned a day sooner than he expected. She did not answer him, but fell senseless into his arms.

The next week, before Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt left the hotel, a note was placed in the latter's hands. It bore neither date nor signature, but the lady recognized the handwriting.

"Miriam, my beloved," it ran, "you were right—all right in this matter. I see it now, that my madness is over, and thank God that you saved me from this great sin. To-morrow I leave for Italy. In my heart I shall carry you."

Two years went by, and Miriam was a widow. Mr. Hewitt left her all his great wealth. She mourned for him as a loving child would for a tender parent.

She was young, beautiful, wealthy, and for these the world courted, well nigh worshipped

her, but her heart was the heart of Miriam Neale.

Two years more, and Mrs. Hewitt was a wife again. Very happy she was with her artist husband; but when he parted the brown curls from her sweet face, and called her his "always angel," she answered, "It was God's strength then, Lewis, made perfect in our weakness."

TRUTH.

BY MRS. SARAH A. COREY.

AN Eastern princess tells the tale,
(We all have heard it oft and well,)
Of young Aladdin and his lamp,
Where magic virtues seemed to dwell.
He of obscure and humble birth,
But in this treasure owned no store:
And though a rude, unpolished thing,
'Twas wealth to him—he asked no more.

For when with sure, unwearied hand,
A touch he carefully applied,
And breathed with heart sincere and true,
A wish, 'twas ever gratified.
A constant friend his lamp became,
And charmed each tedious hour away:
Till ever present by his side,
His toil was sweet, his heart was gay.

Success his wishes multiplied,
Wealth poured her treasures at his feet,
While friends rose suddenly to view,
And flatterers strove his will to meet.
Blessings were showered upon his head,
Honors came thick'ning round him fast,

Till at the height of worldly power,
Forgotten was his lamp at last.
Alas! his honors, wealth and fame,
Departed sadly one by one.
His lamp neglected, sold for pelf—
And though redeemed—the charm was gone.

Thus within reach of every heart,
The lamp of Truth burns pure and clear;
And like Aladdin's, rough and rude,
Through use its virtues will appear.
Secure this boon, if you would win
Life's choicest gifts—life's greatest worth.
Guard it with zealous, watchful care,
It has no counterpart on earth.

Should honors, fame, or wealth be thine,
Let not success ensnare thy heart;
And let no flatterer's melting tongue
Persuade thee with that boon to part.
Should crowds of sighing friends approach,
I care not of how fine a stamp,
Receive them not, if in their hands
They carry not the magic lamp.

THE SEA-WEED.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

It grew where Ocean heaves—
How strangely fair!
Its amber buds and filmy leaves,
Perchance have decked some Nereid's hair.

In Amphitrite's bower
Perchance 'twas found;
Or twined by sea-nymph's hand, in mirthful hour,
Her Triton's shell has crowned.

On that soft lyre
It may have hung,
Whose transformation strange, in notes of fire,
Erin's sweet minstrel sung.

But wherefore waste,
Flower of the Sea!
These wild conjectures on the silent Past?
I'll tell what thou shalt be.

For me were brought
Thy graceful garlands from their ocean bed;
Oh! it is sweet to be, in Friendship's thought,
Kindly remembered.

Thou shalt recall
Full many a pleasant hour,
In the gay circle of the festive hall,
Or calm, domestic bower.

Looking on thee,
Kind wishes for thy giver shall arise;
And many a prayer for his prosperity,
Ascend the skies.

Be honors for his brow,
That ever stainless bloom!
Heaven a long life of virtuous joys allow,
And holy hopes to light him to the tomb!

SARAH RICHARDS.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"That seems like a smart, little girl I saw as I came in," said Mrs. Burke to her friend, Mrs. Evans. "Have you taken her to bring up?"

"No; she is making her home here till she finds a place, or rather till I find one for her, for she is a stranger in town. Her people reside in the village that my husband came from; so he, for old acquaintance 'sake,' took charge of the girl, when he was coming home after making a visit to his uncle in the village, last week. It seems her father has become so dissipated that he does nothing at all for his family; and his wife, being unable to provide for all the children, has concluded to hire this Sarah out. Richard thought that I might find her useful; but I think it never turns out well to have a half-grown girl for help where there are children near her own age. There is mostly too much ill-humor and trouble between them. So the most I can do for her is to hunt up a good place. Do you know any person that would be likely to want her?"

"I am thinking of a family, the Floyds, in — street—do you know them?" asked Mrs. Burke.

"No."

"I have a slight acquaintance with Mrs. Floyd through Mrs. Walker—you know her, of course?"

"Yes, by sight, but we are not acquainted. She goes to our church."

"Yes, I thought you knew her. Well, the Walkers having a small family, rented a part of their house to the Floyds some time since, so when I visit Mrs. Walker I generally see Mrs. Floyd. And it strikes me that I heard her once speak of her desire to get a small girl, to take care of her child; she has only one, an infant, just learning to walk."

"That might be a good place for Sarah," said Mrs. Evans.

"I think so. Mrs. Floyd seems like a nice, clever woman, and there are only the three in family. I am on the way to Mrs. Walker's house now, so if you wish I will speak to Mrs. Floyd about it?"

"I shall be very glad to have you do so, for I have been trying to find a good place for her, but without success."

"How old is she?"

"Almost twelve."

"Rather too young to live out, for most persons seem to have no conscience in their treatment of such girls. But I will see Mrs. Floyd, and call again on my way home."

Mrs. Burke proceeded on her errand. Mrs. Floyd at once agreed to take the girl, at a half dollar per week, and the next day Sarah Richards was installed in her new home. She often "ran in" to see Mrs. Evans, and professed to be well pleased with her situation; her work was easy, and Mrs. Floyd very kind.

One day Mrs. Burke, being on a visit to her friend, Mrs. Walker, stepped into Mrs. Floyd's sitting-room to inquire how Sarah came on.

"Very well, indeed," was the reply. "She is quite smart and willing, and so good-natured that baby is getting attached to her, which is a great relief to me. She is thoughtful, too, for one of her age, for she would like to save her wages to send to her mother; but that cannot be for some time, as she needs some new clothes."

At this moment Sarah entered the room, and laid a parcel and some change on the window near Mrs. Floyd. The latter took up and counted the money, saying, as she put it in her pocket,

"Just like you, Sally, you will always give people the regular price for things. That is all the fault I find in Sarah yet," she added, turning to Mrs. Burke, "she is no hand at getting any thing cheap."

"She is almost too young for that," replied Mrs. Burke, looking kindly on Sarah, whose cheek was flushed with mortification.

"Too young!" repeated Mrs. Floyd. "I have a niece of eleven years only, who is already cute at getting a bargain. She never will give people what they first ask for things. I have often been amused in the market to see her insisting on having a cent or two taken off the price of meat, while many full-grown women have no more sense than to hand out the highest sum the butcher chooses to ask. But she has great tact in such matters. So have I. I seldom give the full price for any article. To be sure the saving is only a trifle on each thing, but, as the old saying has it, 'A penny saved is two-pence gained.'"

"I have no fancy for such saving," said Mrs. Burke. "It seems to me that one's trouble and

loss of time is but poorly compensated by the trifles saved."

"But if one likes a thing it is no trouble, and as for loss of time, I generally find the days long enough for all I have to do; a few minutes now and then is no loss to take account of."

"But one is apt to lose temper on these occasions," returned Mrs. Burke, laughing, "especially if the bargain turn out to be no bargain, as is sometimes the case; and surely *that* loss is worth considering."

"*My* bargains always prove to be bargains," said Mrs. Floyd. "It's from want of practice that people are so often over-reached in bargaining. I intend to make Sarah smart and shrewd in buying for me, and one of these days, when she is buying for herself, she will find the knowledge useful."

Mrs. Burke did not think proper to contest the point, and the subject was dropped.

Time passed. Mrs. Walker went to spend a day with Mrs. Burke, and in the course of conversation Sarah Richards was mentioned.

"I am afraid all is not right with her," said Mrs. Walker. "Something occurred last week to arouse my suspicions, and I resolved to tell you all about it the first opportunity. On Friday afternoon Mrs. Floyd sent her to market for butter, and she bought some of the finest I ever tasted for only twenty-five cents a pound—at least so she said."

"That was very low," said Mrs. Burke. "I have been paying thirty-one cents, or even higher all the season."

"So have I. Mrs. Floyd herself was so convinced of its cheapness that she sent to buy more. I happened to be out at the time. As soon as she had ascertained that I had returned, Mrs. Floyd ran down stairs to tell me of the butter, and offer to let Sarah go for some for me if I wished. But as I still had my bonnet on, I thought I would go myself, after learning from Sarah in what part of the market it was to be had. She said she was afraid I would be too late, as the man had nearly sold out when she went the second time. I went, however, but could find no one answering her description of the farmer, although every stall was occupied, and I priced butter at each one, and the lowest price asked was thirty cents."

"Strange," said Mrs. Burke. "Did you see any like what she had purchased?"

"Yes, I found the same print, but the farmer assured me that he had not sold any of it less than thirty-one cents, and would not take twenty-five if one person bought all he had. When I went home, Mrs. Floyd said laughingly, that I

should have sent Sarah, for I always was a poor hand at buying things cheap; but Sarah was much confused, for I kept my eyes fixed upon her, as I suspected immediately that a desire to gratify Mrs. Floyd had led her to do wrong. I am sorry if it is so, for she seemed a well-instructed and well-disposed child."

"I must inquire into the matter," said Mrs. Burke, "since it was through me she was sent to Mrs. Floyd's. I certainly thought it would be a good place for her."

"So it is in all other respects; but Mrs. Floyd has an insatiable desire for getting things cheap. I have frequently heard her find fault with Sarah for her dulness in this respect, and when she does occasionally get a thing cheap, as in the case of the butter, she praises her highly, and says she will be a smart girl yet. I am curious to learn how it will be about the butter to-morrow, for Mrs. Floyd is going to deal regularly with the *reasonable* farmer."

"Then I will allow things to take their course this week, and on Monday I will call at your house and try to ascertain what's going on."

On Monday, accordingly, Mrs. Burke called on Mrs. Walker, and was informed that Sarah had to pay twenty-eight cents for the butter on Friday, and had moreover been told that in future she must not expect to get it less than the regular market price. Mrs. Floyd was chagrined on learning this, but consoled herself with the reflection that the previous saving was something; and she was in the best possible humor with Sarah, as the latter had found in the street a little pair of morocco gaiters which fitted the baby exactly.

"That's a likely story," said Mrs. Burke; and in a few moments she rapped at Mrs. Floyd's door. It was opened by Sarah, whose countenance had been wont to brighten at the appearance of Mrs. Burke: but now she colored and cast down her eyes on perceiving her, and resumed the sewing on which she had been engaged; while Mrs. Floyd was praising her good conduct highly, and laughingly assuring the visitor that she was learning how to get bargains, in proof of which the butter, as well as some other purchases, was instanced. Suddenly the baby tottled toward his mother, and pointing up made unintelligible efforts to gain her attention. She arose, and saying that bub was so proud of his new gaiters that he must show them, took from the mantel-piece a pair of red gaiter-boots, which on receiving, he carried to the visitor. While pretending to examining and admire them to please the child, she said, carelessly,

"These must have come from Mr. Evans."

store. I always think his small gaiters have a neater finish than any others."

She kept her eyes on Sarah as she spoke, and observed her face crimson as it bent lower over her work, while Mrs. Floyd said, "No, they did not come from there," then added, "though they might have been purchased there for what I know. Sarah found them on Saturday afternoon when she was out late. Luckily they just fit bub, and he is so pleased with them that I have to keep them on the mantel where he can see them."

Mrs. Burke, now confirmed in her suspicions, after a few remarks on indifferent subjects, bade Mrs. Floyd good-day, and returned to her friend, to whom she said,

"I am fully persuaded that those little boots were taken from Mr. Evans' store. I must watch for Sarah and question her."

Mrs. Burke had not long to wait till Sarah appeared, and taking her by the hand she led her into the parlor, and by questioning her with mingled kindness and resolution ascertained, that, "being unable to satisfy Mrs. Floyd in finding bargains, she had on several occasions pretended to get things cheap, and made up the difference from a trifle Mr. Evans had given her when she was leaving his house; that she had also borrowed a quarter-dollar from him to pay the extra price for the cheap butter, which had, in reality, cost thirty-one cents." She also acknowledged that she had taken the gaiter-boots from his store.

She had once seen a veil lying on the pavement as she was going of an errand, but before she could reach it a boy had picked it up; on mentioning this to Mrs. Floyd, she was told not to be so slow in her movements, and to keep her eyes open as she went. After that she had kept a look-out for "lost goods," but could never find any. On Saturday when Mrs. Floyd could not get money from her husband to buy gaiters for the baby as she desired, she had said, laughingly, to Sarah, that she wished she could find a pair. Sarah, therefore, went to Mr. Evans, with the intention of getting them from him on credit. But then afraid that this might some time be made known to Mrs. Floyd, she gave up the

plan, and as the table was covered with infants' gaiters, from which a lady was selecting some, she slipped a pair under her shawl.

"So it seems, Sarah, that along with telling falsehoods almost without number, you are also learning to steal," said Mrs. Burke.

"I didn't think it was stealing," sobbed Sarah.

"You did not think it was stealing," repeated Mrs. Burke, slowly, "to take Mr. Evans' goods secretly—without his knowledge."

"I intended to pay for them," said Sarah. "Mrs. Floyd is keeping my wages for me to send to my mother in a few weeks, and I thought I would pay for the boots out of that, and give Mr. Evans the money I borrowed from him."

"How many have been led to a similar act by this plausible intention," thought Mrs. Burke, as she proceeded to set the matter in its true light before the young delinquent. Nor was her task difficult, for Sarah had been too well instructed not to be able to perceive and acknowledge the error into which she had fallen.

Mrs. Floyd, resenting Mrs. Burke's interference with her girl, angrily accused her of "having some underhand motive, perhaps a desire to get Sarah away for herself or some of her friends," and becoming more incensed at that lady's expostulation, ordered "the ungrateful girl," out of her house immediately. Mrs. Burke, therefore, took Sarah home with her, and soon after induced her husband's mother to take charge of her. Old Mrs. Burke sent her to school, and brought her up with much care, which was not thrown away, for in after years Sarah was a comfort to her benefactress, as well as to her long suffering mother.

Mrs. Floyd always persisted that it was mere envy, at finding her so well suited in Sarah, that had prompted Mrs. Burke's "insolent interference." She was unable to realize, that through her pet notion of bargaining, she was unconsciously exerting a baneful influence on one so young, with principles unformed. But Mrs. Burke disregarded her imputations, and profiting by the incident was cautious afterward how she recommended situations, especially for children, of the peculiar difficulties in temptations of which she was ignorant.

NOVEMBER.

No bud to bloom, no beak to sing,
No flower to greet the eager eye,
No Oriole with sunny wing,
No song between the earth and sky.

No blossoms on the learded briar,
No berries on its faded stem,
No green amid the leaves of fire,
No sun to shine from Heaven on them.

G. W. B.

THE COUSINS.

BY MRS. G. M. RIDDLE

It had been decided that Anna Vernon should spend the ensuing winter in the city. Of course she was blessed with a rich uncle, what country girl is not? And he it was that sent an affectionate invitation to Mrs. Vernon, that her eldest daughter should share the pleasures of his Isabella's first winter in society. Great was the commotion which the invitation had excited in Anna's breast.

It has been said that the chief aim of a young lady of eighteen—who has just finished at a boarding-school, is to be well married. It has been added, that it is their fixed belief that such a termination to their day-dreams can only be effected by a series of startling events, perils and rescues. The charming Anna was not entirely exempt from these little foibles. The adulation of all the beaux of the village since her return from school, was enough to spoil wiser heads than hers. Their attention, however, did not meet with much favor. There was Mr. Bennet, the only lawyer in the place, but he was "too old. Tradition whispered that he was on the shady side of thirty." Then there was Charley Wilton, but he was "too young, only her own age." Then there was Caleb Cross. "But what a name! how could she ever make up her mouth to say dear Caleb? No, no; she would never settle down in the Darby and Joan style." As she thought of her promised trip to the city, where such an assortment of beaux would be offered for her selection she grew quite impatient of her village admirers. Wild visions of future conquest danced through her head as she overlooked her box of ribbons, and tastefully remodeled some bewitching bows for her neck.

The weighty and momentous question of the travelling-dress had at length been settled. Anna, for a long time, was unable to decide between the respective merits of a grey de beige, with a basque of the same trimmed with black velvet ribbon, such as Miss La Mode wore, or a tan colored merino, with a veil of the same hue, which was so irresistible on Miss Dashwood. The de beige at length carried the day. And now all was in readiness for her departure, save the arrival of her escort, a Mr. Norton, whom her uncle had written would be happy to take charge of her. Mr. Norton at length appeared,

however, and proved to be quite a respectable, elderly gentleman, quite to Anna's disappointment, for with her usual vivid imagination she had depicted him as young and handsome.

Anna was certainly very bewitching in her neatly fitting travelling-dress, with the indispensable linen collar, and killing little cuffs, and the *halo* of a bonnet, which only added to the piquancy of her appearance, without hiding a single curl or shading one laughing dimple. Many were the glances directed to that part of the car where she sat. We are forced to say, however, that she reached her destination without any startling incident, save her almost losing her heart to a youth with "beautiful black hair and such thrilling eyes," who saved her from falling as she made a mis-step in getting out of the cars. Anna repaid him with a smile of gratitude, which seemed to sink very deeply into his heart, for it was evidently with a profound sigh of regret that he saw her borne away by the crowd.

It was night when the travellers stopped before her uncle's door. When safe within its walls, all doubts of a hearty welcome were removed, by the very affectionate greeting which she received from her beautiful cousin Bella.

Isabella Clinton was an only child. Her mother had died when she was quite young, and Mr. Clinton never having married again, her home education had been confided to the care of his maiden sister, a gentle, amiable lady, who had, as far as was in her power, endeavored to supply the place of a mother to the orphan. This lady had fancied of late that her niece should have a companion nearer her own age, and hence Anna's invitation.

Anna was soon very happy in her new home, and was almost as much of a pet in the family as her cousin. Anna admired Bella excessively, and described her to a bosom friend and confidant in Clairville, as "tall, aristocratic looking, and so pale, with such magnificent hair and eyes of *midnight hue*," which is all we dare quote from a crossed description of four pages. Isabella seemed much older than her petite cousin, perhaps on account of her more sedate temperament, and quiet manners. Though living in the city, she had been more secluded than most country

girls, and had sought for society in books, which had been judiciously selected by her father. Anna, as she became more intimate with her cousin, looked for Bella to make her the confidant of some romantic episode of her life—some unfortunate love affair perhaps. But she was forced to believe at last that her stately cousin thought but little of beaux, or of her coming advent into society.

One day Isabella happened to speak of Mr. Albert Denton, who had been an inmate of their family for many years, and was her father's junior partner, and held in much esteem by him. He it was who had always taken her to the few places of amusement which she had visited, whenever her father could not accompany her; in fact she quite regarded him as a brother. But Anna seemed rather incredulous, the more as she had described him as young and handsome, and at the first mention of his name, she established her cousin as the future Mrs. Albert Denton, without the possibility of a change. A few evenings after, however, the gentleman in question made his appearance, and what was Anna's surprise to behold in Mr. Albert Denton, her *vis-à-vis* of the railroad car, the gentleman with "such *thrilling* eyes," who seemed very happy to renew her acquaintance. "Now here," thought Anna, "was a dilemma. Could she think of wasting her artillery of attractions on one who was evidently destined for her cousin's husband, if not by Isabella, certainly by her father, or why should he place in him such confidence? No, certainly not; how could she repay their kindness and hospitality with such base ingratitude?" So she resolved, with great magnanimity, "to sacrifice her own feelings on the altar of friendship."

Though far less enchanting than usual, Anna could not refuse her uncle's request to play and sing his favorite airs. Yet in spite of her resolutions there certainly was a greater display of her musical powers than was *quite* necessary, and far more distracting smiles bestowed upon Mr. Denton, as he gallantly turned the leaves of her music book, than the occasion seemed to require.

Anna, that night, congratulated her cousin on her future prospects, wishing her all manner of happiness—"that her hopes might never be blighted by the cold hand of disappointment—or chilled by the withering breath of time—that her path might be strewn with flowers," &c., &c. Chattering on in one incessant strain, to the great amusement of Isabella, who laughingly told her that she had certainly mistaken her vocation, or she would be furnishing romances to a devouring public for a shilling a volume.

Still as she did not deny "the soft impeachment," Anna was more than ever convinced that she was right in her surmises. At last, receiving no answer to the very important question, of "when is it to be? and who was to be bride's maid?" she discovered that her cousin was fast asleep.

It was now the joyous season of the holidays, when happiness and mirth, pleasure and folly, trip hand in hand. Cards were received by Isabella and her cousin, for a party at Mrs. Langly's on New Year's Eve. Anna was in a new ecstacy of delight. She suggested at once that her cousin should wear a crimson velvet dress, with pearls in her hair, like a favorite heroine. "And pray, what will *you* wear?" said her aunt, smiling at her earnestness. "Oh! my Swiss muslin, with corals on my neck and arms," said Anna, with a scarce perceptible sigh. But Miss Clinton evidently thought otherwise, and resolving to adopt Anna's suggestion, with regard to Isabella; she selected at the same time, one for Anna, which, if not quite as costly, was equally beautiful and better suited to Anna's style.

The morning of the eventful day arrived, and with it two superb bouquets for the young ladies. Anna was on a tip-toe of excitement to know who could be the donor, and strove in vain to find some hidden missive beneath the glossy leaves; but to no purpose. Isabella assured her that they could be from no other than a Mr. Redwood, who had called a few evenings previous with Mr. Denton. "Mr. Red-head, you mean," said Anna, "why he is actually a *Methuselah*. Believe me, he has done with such vanities long since." "I doubt it," said Isabella, "at all all events he was much struck with you, Anna." But Anna evidently thought otherwise. At all events, her attention was called to her new dress, which had just been sent home, and for which she could scarcely find words to express her admiration.

Anna was dressed and ready at least two hours before the time. "And now she would run down," she cried, "and have a good practice." "Armed and equipped for conquest," said her uncle, as she came tripping into the parlor. "To the eyes, uncle, and am I not irresistible?" "You certainly do look like some spring flower," he answered, "quite unfitted I am afraid, however, to bloom in a city garden." She could not forbear glancing at the large mirror opposite, and there to her surprise saw reflected another figure, that of Mr. Denton, who now came forward from a distant corner of the apartment. "How provoking, that he should have heard and seen such an ebullition of self-satisfaction," thought Anna. But he seemed entirely oblivious of any other

sentiment than a profound admiration of the author he had been studying; and he discoursed with great volubility with Mr. Clinton, upon some point of ethics the book contained, until Mr. Clinton was suddenly called out, and then of course Anna was obliged to entertain him. This she did, very agreeably, by giving him an account of an excursion which she had taken with her uncle and cousin the day before. She described how they went on board a ship of war which was stationed in the harbor, and told how very gallant the officers were. "She must confess," she added, "to a slight predilection for a uniform." She then descanted upon the admiration which some of the officers had evidently shown for her cousin, and dilated on the indifference with which Bella had received their admiration. Next she declared what an incomparable character that cousin was, and what a blessing she would prove to any man who could gain her affections. And so she rattled on, with a volubility which greatly amused Mr. Denton. She was a perfect enigma to him, and so entirely unlike any other young lady he had ever seen, that he was interested all the more; and even when the stately Isabella appeared, in all the glory of her crimson velvet and pearls, looking radiantly beautiful, she was far less attractive to him than her bewitching cousin.

It was evident that the whisper of admiration which greeted the cousins, as they entered the saloon of Mrs. Langly's, had less reference to Anna than to the peerless Isabella. Known as Mr. Henry Clinton's heiress, that alone would have been sufficient to attract the eye of the crowd, and Anna, though she had been far more attractive, might have been entirely overlooked, if she had not shone in the reflected light of her cousin's honors.

And now, over the tessalated floors, fair forms are gliding, music pours its enchanting strain; and voices, scarcely less sweet, float on the perfumed air; feathers wave, diamonds flash; there are smiles on the brow of beauty; soft speeches on the lip of manhood.

As Anna neither polkaed nor waltzed, she seemed entirely satisfied with an occasional quadrille, more particularly as Mr. Denton was so kind as to amuse her between the dances. As they watched the jeweled belles glide gracefully through the dance, Anna expatiated in such rapturous terms on their loveliness, that Mr. Denton discovered that she possessed within her own breast a jewel far brighter than those which flashed on the brows of the beauties before him, viz: a *heart free from envy*. "She was sorry to monopolize so much of his time," she said

frequently; but the gentleman did not seem to have any such compunctions, and did not take the least pains to introduce other gentlemen; and as for dancing with Isabella, was it not an impossibility, surrounded as she was by a bevy of admirers, and when not dancing, seemingly engrossed by her old friend, Mr. Seymour.

"Who is Mr. Lansing Seymour?" inquired Anna of her cousin, as they recounted the pleasures of the evening. "He is an eminent lawyer of this city, and quite an intimate friend of papa's. Now I see you have set him down as among the antiquities of the past—but I do not imagine him much older than Mr. Denton," said Bella, demurely. "But as I was going to tell you he has been in India some two or three years, to settle some business for his brother, which may partly account for the 'bronzed complexion' of which you spoke. *He* used frequently to visit papa, and it often happened that when I had ensconced myself in the library to practise some difficult lesson, he would be sure to present himself, papa telling him not to mind 'that child's drumming,' and it seems that as a child he has always regarded me, until to-night." "He met you in all the splendor of your youth," said Anna, quickly, "how glad I am that you wore that crimson dress, you looked so splendidly." "Such gross flattery can but fall very harmlessly," said Bella, laughing. "But poor Mr. Denton," said Anna, "will be in despair, I thought he looked sad." "You little gipsy, you know better; if Mr. Albert Denton left your side this night, it was at Mrs. Langly's particular request, who, I know, sent him on some commission; and if he was doubly mine, I should consider that I had not the shadow of a chance; for if there ever was an arrant little flirt, you are the one, cousin mine."

The winter passed swiftly and pleasantly. A short essay into fashionable life seemed to satisfy Isabella, much to the delight of her father, who did not approve of the indiscriminate acquaintance which often follows the constant attendance of balls and routs; and so an occasional party or concert, with a visit to the opera now and then, completed their round of dissipation. Anna, too, seemed as well satisfied as her cousin to remain at home, *provided* a certain gentleman formed one of their circle, which same gentleman seemed to find plenty of leisure to do, and as Mr. Seymour had renewed his intimacy with Mr. Clinton, a very pleasant reunion at his mansion seemed to follow as naturally as the evenings came round. When an excursion was planned, it seemed to be quite as settled a thing that Mr. Denton should take charge of Anna, as that Mr.

Seymour should escort her cousin; and Anna was only too happy to have it so, without asking her own heart why she was thus happier in one presence—more joyous beneath *one* approving smile.

Blithe as a bird, carolling the live-long day, was Anna Vernon. She had quite decided that Mr. Denton was entirely indifferent to her cousin, (she knew that long ago, the deceiver,) when that gentleman manifested a sudden change of demeanor toward herself. It first revealed itself by his absenting himself altogether for several evenings, and when he did appear, "what a change was there," for she noticed what a less interested observer would not have perceived, that those thousand and one little attentions were wanting, which had spoken eloquently to her heart heretofore. At first the change was felt rather than seen, but at length he seemed entirely indifferent to her presence, confining his attentions chiefly to Mr. Clinton, who generally sat in the back parlor, and there Mr. Denton would ensconce himself, talking politics by the hour. He showed too a sudden devotion to Miss Clinton, and would sit by her side, assort her colors, wind her worsteds, and admire her embroidery. If a new singer was to be heard, he would immediately beg the honor of escorting Miss Isabella, and then Anna could but accept of Mr. Seymour's invitation, which she imagined was given only with the coldest politeness.

On this account alone, she would much have preferred staying at home, which she did whenever she could find an available excuse, though she generally had too much spirit to refuse, and would rather bear the infliction of even Mr. Redwood's company (who still followed her at a respectful distance) for a whole evening, than have Mr. Albert Denton imagine that she cared one whit for his sudden desertion. If asked to play, her music seemed entirely unappreciated. Mr. Denton was never in the least concerned when his favorite airs were sung in a manner that might have touched a heart of stone. Poor Mr. Redwood seemed to feel, as he patiently turned the leaves of her music-book, that his dim star might be in the ascendancy. "This," thought Anna, "was the unkindest cut of all. To be bored to death with attentions which Mr. Denton knew she despised." Yet he never came to her rescue, but evidently enjoyed her perplexities. If she had not so cordially disliked her antiquated beau, how quickly she would have revenged herself. Nothing seemed bright—concerts were dull—parties ennuied her. The change was great, and she felt it keenly. Her uncle rallied her on her home-sickness, as she

would now every evening seat herself by his side to read the daily news, instead of joining the circle in the parlor; for the indefatigable Mr. Redwood never failed of making his appearance, so that Anna scarcely felt safe from an open avowal of undying attachment, except at her uncle's side, who declared that she and his daughter had certainly changed characters, so gay was Isabella, so sober the once light-hearted Anna. He liked not the change, for though he loved Anna's society, he would much have preferred to have heard her laugh ring out loudly and merrily as in former days. Anna was glad to disguise her real feelings under the plea of home-sickness, and she began to talk seriously of returning, when a letter from her mother hastened that event.

And now all were loud in their persuasions for her to stay; even Mr. Denton "was sorry that Miss Vernon was going to leave." Mr. Redwood, after repeated attempts to see her, indited four pages in her behalf, filled with "thoughts that breathed and words that burned," or *verses burned* shortly afterward, and the desire to flee from his presence only hastened Anna's departure. With a heavy heart she was gathering up her treasures—mementoes of happy hours—tokens with which such varied associations were connected as would serve to light up some future dreary hour—and tears were actually falling on the withered leaves of her last bouquet, which she was stowing away in one corner of her trunk for safe keeping, when her cousin's voice, begging her to come down into the library, arrested her sad occupation. "I have a secret to confide in you," said Isabella, drawing her into the dimly-lighted room, "and yet I hardly know how to commence;" and she sat for some minutes holding her cousin's hand seemingly undecided, when Anna, whose love for mysteries had in no wise abated, gently reminded her that "she was waiting." "Well, what I have to say concerns a mutual friend of ours, Mr. Denton, who has, greatly to my surprise, this morning, declared himself. And now what answer shall I give him?" Anna continued gazing into her cousin's face as if to gather the full import of her terrible words; then threw herself on the sofa, burying her face in the pillows, while the tears came thick and fast. "Why, my dear, little cousin, I scarcely expected this of you," said Isabella, after Anna had wept herself calm. "But—but," said Anna, "I—thought—you was going to marry Mr. Seymour." "I did not say that I was going to marry anybody," said her cousin, gently, "I merely said that Mr. Denton had declared himself in love; I did not even

hint that *I* was the object of his passion; for I ought certainly to have abandoned all hope, when Mr. Denton proved himself such a willing captive to the silken chains, which a certain little lady (quite artlessly no doubt) wove around him. Besides, did I not warn Mr. Denton, who was quite too ready to come at the beck and call of his lady-love, against a precipitate and imprudent avowal, telling him that she who had fascinated him so completely, had a natural horror of having the course of her true love run too smoothly; and did I not advise a change in his tactics, causing him to feign an indifference which he never felt, a sudden devotion to myself which nearly drove him distracted? And has he not suffered as much as is necessary to gratify all romantic whims; and may not the term of his probation, which he has thought so tediously, hopelessly long, expire? But here he comes to speak for himself," said Bella, hastily leaving. "Such unparalleled presumption!—such unmitigated assurance should receive no encouragement," said Anna, rising to follow her cousin. But Mr. Denton was so earnest in his solicitations, that she should remain, and looked really so unhappy, that Anna consented reluctantly, of course, to hear him. How long she kept him in painful suspense, we are unable to say; but probably some time; for several hours elapsed before they were seen by any other member of the family; and then Mr. Clinton, becoming impatient at having dinner delayed such an unwonted time, sent a servant to break in upon their discussion. Mr. Denton walked into the dining-room as coolly as if he had just come from a philosophical lecture, talking constantly during the dinner hour (which Anna thought would never end) of the sudden rise of some rail-road stock, in which Mr. Clinton was interested, or some other subject equally entertaining; thus effectually shielding Anna from all observation. But after the ladies had retired, Mr. Clinton (whose senses had seemed obtuse as to what was taking place around him) was informed that proposals had been made, and were under serious consideration for the hand and heart of Miss Anna Vernon.

"I shall take good care to warn uncle Clinton,

before I leave, of the unexpected talent for plots and mysteries developing itself in his innocent daughter," said Anna to her cousin, on the evening of the eventful day. "Why," replied Bella, "I should be but a poor scholar if I had not profited by the constant example set before me, and the precepts ever falling from your lips." "Oh, I, poor, little I, am thrown entirely into the back-ground," said Anna, "and I expect nothing else but to hear, that, at your very first offer, you have eloped in coach and four. Just think how well it would read, 'elopement in high life,'" &c. &c. "Quite a temptation, indeed," said Isabella, "but after your departure I intend to console Mr. Redwood." "Such stupid, stupid concerts," said Anna, "for with Mr. Seymour for an escort I was generally edified by a discussion on the characterless women of the nineteenth century; the coquettish propensities of ladies in general; (and I know he would like to have said *mine* in particular) so that between his lectures and Mr. Redwood's unparalleled devotion, 'twas hard to choose." "Well, you must confess that, 'All's well that ends well,' and perhaps you may like Mr. Seymour better some day." "Oh, I feel even now an appreciation of his virtues stealing over me, and am ready to extend my hand in cousinly love."

Mr. Denton accompanied Miss Vernon home. And were they married? Not immediately, dear reader. Mr. Denton returned to the city, but he was so much pleased with country life, or so afraid perhaps of the influence of Anna's old beau, that he made frequent tours to that part of the world, under pretext of "inhaling the mountain air, enjoying the fine fishing," &c. &c. The ensuing autumn, however, Anna received a bidding to her cousin's bridal, who was, as Mrs. Lansing Seymour, to start immediately for the World's Fair. And so she consented at last to put an end to the protracted wooing of her lover, who was the bearer of the despatch, all the sooner, perhaps, as he urged her to join Mr. and Mrs. Seymour on their contemplated tour; and then too she was so anxious to see Paris, from whence such loves of bonnets came.

So "all went merry as a marriage bell," and in September the whole party sailed."

LINES.

I HAVE gathered a wreath of choicest flowers,
Still fresh with the dews of morn;
And the purest one of Flora's train
Is the rose without a thorn.
But, Fanny, I'd twine for thy youthful brow
A wreath of immortal bloom,

Which may shed a halo of light around,
And brighten the deepest gloom.
Such flowers are Virtue, Love and Truth,
They bloom in Innocence's bower;
Oh! cherish and guard these holy spells,
They adorn Life's latest hour.

M. M.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

BY FANNY FISHER.

A PRETTY village is Fairydell, with its vine-wreathed cottages, its brown farm-houses, and its stately mansions; and it lies encircled by blue hills, that shut out the din and strife of the great world of commerce. In the stillness of the summer mornings we listen to the unearthly scream of the whistle, as the ponderous locomotive speeds by in the distance; but the iron horse himself finds no pathway through this quiet valley, he enters not the charmed precincts of Fairydell.

The old ruin of a school-house, that occupies a commanding position on the village green, is the least picturesque part of the place: and yet, with it my story has most to do. It is a square, two-story, red building, and its steep roof is surmounted by a large belfry. On the opposite side of the street, a little to the right, towers the old church, its tapering spire shooting far upward into the blue sky, where a gilded weather-cock sparkles and flashes in the noonday sun. A few paces to the left stands the drygoods store; and white cottages, with pretty, shady yards, cluster thickly around the green.

I have a faint recollection of sitting on a low bench, in that noisy, crowded school-house, through the long hours of a summer's day, with Peter Parley's geography in my hand, gazing listlessly out through the open window at the waving branches of the trees, and wishing I was a blue-bird at liberty to sing all day amid the cool, green leaves; of being aroused from that blissful reverie by a shake of the arm to recite my lesson, which, of course, I was unable to do; and of being condemned to stand upon the floor, where, after deluging my apron with tears, I succeeded in committing to memory those charming lines,

"The world is round, and like a ball
Seems swinging in the air;"

of the great poetic beauty of which, however, I had no just appreciation in that early state of existence.

Miss Loring was the first teacher of whose features I retain any recollection. She was a prim old maid, renowned for solemnity of countenance and strict discipline in the school-room; in fact, a perfect model of a New England school

ma'am. Under her dynasty, whispering was forbidden; but how could little, restless creatures sit like statues, with folded arms, all through the day without once opening our mouths? Fanny Henderson and I transgressed frequently the first day, and when at nightfall the question was asked, "Have you whispered to-day?" I was surprised to hear Fanny promptly reply, "No!" When the question was repeated and addressed to myself, "I answered more truthfully in the affirmative. Then Miss Loring arose, seized the ferule, and commanded me to hold out my hand. I obeyed, and fast and heavy the blows descended upon the tender palm; and that was my first day at school.

That summer, Fanny Henderson, Katie May and I, were elevated to a seat on the high bench back of one of the writing-desks, where our feet dangled far above the floor, which we could not touch even with our toes; yet we were quite reconciled to the change, for the huge desk served as a sort of screen, affording us superior facilities for mischief.

A beautiful little creature was Katie May. A perfect shower of curls danced around her bright face, which like a mirror reflected all the mirth and sunshine inherent in her nature. But Fanny Henderson, though not so pretty as Katie, was by far the most mischievous of all my playmates. She would always contrive to eat an apple or a nut without being detected; and the pocket of her little gingham apron was the depository of a vast assortment of contraband articles, such as primers, pin-cushions, rag-dolls, scraps of calico, and bits of candy. Many a play-house she erected on the writing-desk, which outwardly presented the appearance of a pile of books neatly arranged; and if Miss Loring chanced to fix her stern eyes upon us, Fanny's face would instantly assume the most demure expression imaginable, and she would study so diligently, that after advancing a few steps toward our desk, the teacher would invariably turn aside to punish some more noisy and less artful rogue.

One day, while searching on the map for some mysterious town that was nowhere visible, I was quite shocked by the announcement that Fanny's Dolly was dead, that the time appointed for the funeral was noon, and that she was to be buried

in the sand-bank just around the corner. A long procession of girls, each with the corner of her apron lifted to her eye, followed Fanny's Dolly to the grave, where she was deposited in a match-box coffin; and probably her remains still lie peacefully in their resting-place, unless some dirt-loving urchin has disturbed them, while procuring sand for the manufacture of mud-cakes.

How happy we were, those bright summer noons, while wandering through the meadows in search of violets and strawberries; or eating our dinner down by the brook at the foot of the old maple tree, that formed such a charming shade close by the water's edge. With what a relish we ate, while some one of our group of young gipsies related a fearful tale or marvelous anecdote, the details of which had been generally gathered while listening stealthily to older folk. Fanny was our favorite story-teller. She had a wonderfully vivid imagination; for it was she who told us that the bears, that devoured the wicked children we had read about, were still imprisoned in the cellar of the old church; and many were the pairs of curious eyes that peered through the loop-holes, in the stone-work which formed the foundation of that building, to ascertain the truth of her statement; and one, the most credulous of our number, even asserted that she could see bright shining eyes glaring at her out of the intense darkness of the vault-like cellar.

It was that same naughty Fanny, who informed us that a wild man lived in the woods, through which the road we took at night led homeward; and who gave us such glowing accounts of the elves and fairies, that haunted the dells and dingles of the forest, holding such glorious revels on the dewy greensward in the moon-lit summer nights. With what a solemn manner when we arrived at a certain spot in the woods she would call aloud,

"Timothy, Timothy Titus,
Come out of the woods to bite us."

This invocation always sent the whole troop of us running as fast as our feet could carry us, through the cool, refreshing shadows of the woodland, laughing, and yet looking half fearfully back over our shoulders, with the expectation that some frightful apparition would start up from out the recesses of the forest.

A few acres of beautifully level land stretched away back of the old school-house, and was known among us children as "Uncle Jim's meadow." It was pleasant, in a bright mid-summer day, to see the light and shadows flitting over it; to watch the tall, rank grass ripple

and roll in large billows like an emerald sea, as the summer wind swept across it; and to breathe the pure air that stole in through the open windows, so fresh and sweet with the perfume it had gathered from the clover blossoms. What sport it was, when we were playing hide and seek, to secrete ourselves amid the fragrant grass, with the blue sky smiling so blandly above us, and the birds singing so sweetly around; and there await in laughing expectation the moment when our hiding-place should be discovered.

Then how gravely we listened, when the owner of the land came to the school-house with a complaint, that the grass was so tangled and beaten down that he had found it quite impossible to mow it, and a request that we should be forbidden to enter the meadow any more. But sorely was the poor man's patience tried; for the ensuing summer a new school-mistress was installed in office; and again we ran and raced through the meadow, heedless of all consequences.

Brother Ben went to school with us in the winter season, when a lady teacher was considered incapable of governing the unruly assembly. Ben was a stout, sturdy young rogue, constantly performing some mischievous feat; and as often as he received the merited punishment, I considered it my duty to shed a few tears over his sufferings; and Katie May, sweet Katie, always wept in sympathy, for Ben was one of the most favored of her boyish admirers, and the one who bestowed on her the most princely gifts of nuts and candy.

Sometimes the school-master, whom we mentally denominated a great savage, would seize the lock of hair that hung over Ben's forehead, giving it a jerk that threatened to eradicate it wholly. Then oh! how our hearts ached for poor Ben and his tortured scalp. Sometimes his ear was pulled and twisted till it assumed the most brilliant scarlet hue; then again he would be seized by the collar of his coat and dragged rudely over the writing-desk to the dusty floor, where the blows of the ferule could be administered with better effect.

Great was our consternation, one day in mid-winter, when we had been called together at the usual hour, at finding that Ben did not make his appearance. He was absent through the afternoon, but joined us on the road homeward, and made me promise that I would not mention his absence from school to our parents. The next morning Ben entered the school-house, accompanied by the other delinquents. While crossing the room to take their seats, they were arrested by the teacher, who commanded them to remain

where they were. One of the boys was then despatched to procure a sapling from the maple tree on the opposite side of the street. He soon returned with a long, smooth sprout; but at the first blow, the whip cracked and broke into several pieces, a number of rings having been cut around it very neatly with a jack-knife, so that it was entirely useless. A good sprout was finally procured, and one after another of the offenders received what is termed by school-boys a "sound flogging;" and were sent to their seats, until at last Ben remained standing alone upon the floor.

"Take off your coat, sir," said the school-master, sternly.

"I can't," replied Ben, pointing to a huge padlock that hung suspended from the button-hole of his coat. "I left the key at home."

"I'll learn you better than to address any of your insulting remarks to me, sir," exclaimed the now enraged teacher, his face white with passion. A moment sufficed, with the aid of a sharp bladed knife, to free the padlock from the button-holes through which it had been passed; the next, Ben's coat was jerked rudely off and thrown one side: then the blows fell fast and heavy. Ben seemed to us like a martyr, so heroically he endured his sufferings. Not a moan escaped his lips, not a tear dimmed his ruddy cheek.

At last the teacher seemed wearied, and sent our young hero to his seat. At noon, we saw Ben sitting on a log in front of the school-house, with a jack-knife in his hand, whittling away on a piece of pine; so Katie and I put on our little hoods and stole out, with our hearts full of sympathy, to console him in the dark hour of affliction. "What is the matter, girls?" said he, glancing up with an arch smile on his face.

"Oh! he whipped you so hard," murmured I.

"And it must have hurt you so dreadfully," sobbed Katie.

Ben gave a little low chuckle, as an evidence of satisfaction, winked one of his grey eyes knowingly, and finally leaned back against the school-house, his little plump figure shaking with bursts of hearty laughter.

"Well now, girls," said he, at last recovering breath, "I want to know if you've been crying all this time on my account. You needn't ever shed any more tears for me. I can take care of number one, I tell you. It didn't hurt me one bit."

We stared at him as he said this, and he paused a moment to admire the curious little image he was carving on a piece of wood to embellish a wind-mill. At length he continued,

"Well now, girls, if you wont cry any more, I'll tell you all about it. We had been skating on Long Pond all the noon-time, and just as the school-bell rung, Jack Sheppard slipped into an air-hole in the ice, and it took us a long time to fish him out; he was wet as a drowned rat, and so faint and chilled that we had to go home with him. Then we knew old Bates would give us a good flogging without asking us why we were out so late; so we concluded to stay and skate the rest of the afternoon to get the worth of the flogging. Now, girls, you see there's nothing like a little contrivance in such matters; and I got to thinking, last night, that perhaps the padlock wouldn't answer, so I went up in the garret and found an old sheepskin hanging on one of the cross beams; and I set up half of the night fitting and making a kind of garment that I put on with the rest of my clothes this morning. I tell you, girls, it was all I could do to keep from laughing, when the old fellow began to lay on the whip. I kept my face straight as a deacon's, though; but it was such fun to see him work so hard; and all for nothing, ha! ha! ha!"

Katie and I laughed in concert. Just at that moment a snow-ball, packed hard, came whizzing over my head, knocking Ben's hat high in the air, and dashing into Katie's upturned face. I caught a glimpse of Fanny Henderson's sparkling black eyes, peering out from behind the entry door to watch the effect of the missile she had sent. But Ben's eyes were not so keen as mine; had they been, Fanny might have expiated her sin by a plunge into a huge snow drift close by.

I think even then, child as she was, that Fanny looked with no pleased eye on the rare loveliness of Katie's sunny face. We were merry, laughing school-girls—yet alas! sweet Katie May, the happiness, the sunny brightness of that early time was no type to thy future life; dark and heavy were the shadows that fell around thy pathway in later years; and while yet a maiden, we saw thee laid in the dark grave, with the peace of death on thy fair face, and its stillness in thy heart.

About the time we were beginning to consider ourselves "young ladies," a select school was established in the upper room of the old school-house. The pupils were mostly the older scholars from the district school, and the teacher engaged was a student from Yale College. We school-girls thought him very handsome; he had such a noble forehead, such large, dark eyes, such a lovely moustache. To be sure some of the old men shook their heads when they spoke of his extravagance in smoking, and shrugging

their shoulders, hinted that he was very dissipated; but how could we believe that? What strolls we had through the woods in search of wild flowers to analyze! What pleasant rambles by moonlight to make astronomical observations—though I think our teacher liked much better to watch the constellation of starry eyes that sparkled around him, than any that shone in the firmament above.

If we violated any of the rules of the school, one reproving glance from those dark eyes was more effectual than an hour's lecture would have been; though Fanny, the little rebel, would sometimes flash back defiance from her great black orbs, when detected in any piece of mischief.

One day she had been eating a handful of nuts, and finding no way to dispose of the shells, she asked the teacher to assist her in solving a difficult problem in algebra. He immediately sat down on the bench beside her and commenced ciphering busily, while Fanny, with her eyes on the slate, and evidently watching the process with the deepest interest, adroitly deposited the shells in the pocket to his coat. When a few moments after he drew out his handkerchief, a whole shower of nut-shells rained down upon the floor. But not the slightest flush dyed Fanny's tranquil face; and, with an innocent look of surprise, she met the inquiring glance of his dark eyes.

Saturday afternoon was the time appointed for reading the compositions we had written, and for the speaking of pieces. Jack Sheppard was our favorite declaimer: we used to think he would become a second Forrest. To Dick Miller we gave the title of the "bare-footed orator."

He was a tall, slender, white-headed fellow, and generally made his appearance on the platform dressed in the most outlandish style, his elbows protruding from the ragged sleeves of his coat, his pantaloons much too short to reach to the tops of his shoes, when he condescended to adorn his feet with any such superfluous articles; and his long white hair standing out in every direction. How he delighted in drawing out some of Clay's, or Webster's grand speeches, that perhaps when falling from the lips of those great statesmen had electrified thousands. How furiously he brandished his long arms, twisting his droll face into an infinite variety of contortions, that always produced the effect he wished, that of convulsing his audience with laughter.

For many years Fanny Henderson reigned as the village belle. Ah! a sad coquette was Fanny, ruthlessly breaking the hearts of her hapless victims. Some time since a young clergyman came to Fairydell, and he still preaches in the old church. His labors were blessed with a great revival. Fanny was one of the converts, and a short time after, she and the young minister were married. Ah! Fanny! naughty Fanny! little did we think when school-girls, that you would become mistress of the pretty old parsonage, and figure so conspicuously at sewing societies, prayer meetings, and donation parties.

But time works many great changes. I can scarcely realize, as I glance up from the sheet of paper before me, that the thoughtful student, the pale intellectual gentleman, sitting by the library window yonder, is Ben, the sturdy young rogue of other days, the hero of the sheepskin.

THE ROSE.

BY VIOLET VALE.

THE rose, the rose, is lovelier far
Than any flower that grows.
When dawn unbars her golden gates
She blushes like the rose.

When bashful glow thy beaut'ous cheeks
They're like that sweetest flower.
When tears drop from thy eye-lids meek,
Twin roses in a shower.

Fair Peri float in ruddy shells
Upon the silvery tide.
When sunset sparkles on the deep,
'Tis like a rose-leaf dyed.

The nightingale his sweetest notes
Chants on the rose's breast.

And fairest things, with jewelled wings,
Alight on it to rest.

And roses wreath the Eastern maids
To deck their flowing hair,
When wand'ring in the moon-lit vales:
Themselves almost as fair.

When morning dews rest on its leaves
With pearly lustre clear,
The ardent sun, with gentle hand,
Soft wipes away each tear.

With fragrance fades the rose's breath,
As swans with music die,
And even from its scattered leaves
Sweet odors gently sigh.

MARIA HAMMOND v. s. ABIJAH HILDRETH.

BY ALICE CARY.

THE oldest and most comfortable, and I may add also the most influential families of our neighborhood, are the Hildreths and the Hammonds. They were, in fact, in the time of my childhood, the Montague and Capulet among us; but while everybody knew the almost mortal enmity existing between these rival families, there were few who had any conception of the origin of difficulties. Indeed I think Mrs. Maria Hammond and Mr. Abijah John Hildreth, would each and both have found it difficult to nullify the charge of willful and malicious persecution and hatred, often and often preferred against them in the social courts of our neighborhood, if either or both had been called on to testify at the witness-stand. But what of that? John Abijah and Maria could each enumerate reasons sufficient to him, and herself, why they should and of right ought to hate and persecute and malign each other to any extent inactionable at law.

Both families had their partizans, of course, and the servants of both bit their thumbs at one another most heartily whenever they knew the law to be on their side, and muster days and Fourth of Julies these zealous advocates would often meet, and they never parted without increased contempt on both sides. Timothy Bottom was the head man of Abijah, and William Tromdown the head man of Mrs. Maria—therefore, Timothy Bottom invariably addressed his neighbor as Bill Tromup, and Mr. William Tromdown, on his part, saluted his adversary as Tim Top, though doubtless if his name had been Top he would have been as careful to say Bottom. The young, long-tailed colt which Timothy rode, Bill took special pleasure in denominating old bobtail, and the plump pony ridden by Bill, Tim took equal delight in disparaging as “long legs.” When Timothy saw the old mill and market wagon of Mrs. Maria Hammond approaching, he would be sure to drive his own team against the fence, or running with might and main climb a-top the fence, if it chanced that he was walking, and shout with all the strength of his lungs, “clear the way for the queen’s coach! Clear the way all obedient subjects, or you will be run over and killed—make way for the queen’s coach.” But if it really were the old barouche of Mrs. Hammond, and himself driving a team

of strength to warrant a collision, he would not, for his life, have allowed the wheels to vary one hair’s breadth from their position.

“You must not do such things! they are beneath our dignity,” Mr. Hildreth would sometimes say to Tim, on hearing one of these proud exploits, but he was sure to smile when he said so, as if well pleased with his man’s stout maintenance of his might, for he knew the difference between might and right, and Tim was sure to conceal his laughter with his hat as he affected seriousness, and replied that he could not get his wheels out of the ruts—or said something else equally transparent.

Bill found means enough of revenge and annoyance, in turn, but his crowning satisfaction was, to “take up” and advertise John Abijah’s old brindle bull, whose unruly habits often brought him into the fields of Mrs. Hammond. Once a month, or less often, for years and years there appeared in the county newspaper a notice to the effect that a stray bull had been taken up by Mrs. Maria Hammond, supposed to be forty years old, and appraised by William Bottom and somebody else, at five dollars; accompanied with a request that the owner would take him away and pay costs.

Now the aforesaid animal was of fine blood, and his owner’s estimate of him differed materially from Bill’s.

Tuesdays, the days Tim went to market, Bill scorned to appear in town—no respectable farmer was to be seen there on that day, he asserted—it would do for those who dealt in six-pennies, but Friday was the only day for a farmer to go to market who had any regard for his reputation. If Bill chose a blue coat, Tim appeared in a black one, and if Tim’s potatoes grew large and fine, Bill was sure to say, any body could grow fine potatoes who but all his soul in a potatoe hill—for his part, he had more respectable crops, more valuable crops, and his mistress fed *her* potatoes mostly to the pigs, at any rate. And when Bill’s corn crop was the admiration of everybody. Tim said it was all stock and no ear, he preferred to grow corn that showed in the crib, though he cared little about corn—it was a vulgar sort of grain, but natural enough for those to stick to it who had been

raised on it. In truth, there was no end to the back-biting, and badgering, and bickering between these little men, though for no cause under the sun that either knew of.

Mrs. Hammond owned a pew in the finest church of the nearest city, and her man, Billy, drove her there regularly every Sunday, and said Billy was sure, people said, to drive with especial style and flourish, and crack his whip long and repeatedly as he passed the residence of Abijah John: there were some folks, indeed, who did not hesitate to say that Mrs. Hammond pulled her silk skirts all on the side of Abijah's house, when she passed, and that she twisted her neck always, so as to keep the plume side of her bonnet toward Abijah's windows. And furthermore they said that she found in her own heart a less weighty motive for joining the church, than in the fact of her neighbor being out of it. Probably this was not true: nevertheless I am afraid she secretly rejoiced that Abijah John perversely and wilfully staid out of the saving pall. She might never have reduced her complacent satisfaction in view of the fact, to this last analysis; doubtless she did not; and doubtless she believed herself to be helping justice when she directed Billy to destroy every pumpkin vine that crept from his field into hers.

Oh, it is true, we all know it is true, that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.

Mrs. Hammond knew this was true of Abijah's heart, and he was equally sure that it was very true of hers, but in their own bosoms they feared to look closely and know how dark it was. A pressure of circumstances must needs crush some of us before we even see what is in us, while upon others a little unexpected sunshine is sufficient to bring out all the deformity—we feel humble in our good fortune, and proclaim what adversity could not compel us to submit to.

From different points of observation we get very different views of things, and perhaps if Mrs. Hammond could have come down from the summit of scorn and hatred, from which she was accustomed to observe her enemy, the ideas received of him might have been softened. But Mrs. Hammond could not be made to believe there was any view to be taken of Abijah John except the one she had taken. How could there? Of course there could not be, except by persons who were prejudiced, and predetermined to make black white. She did not make white black—of course not. She saw things just as they were, and if other people were a mind to see the truth, they would see just as she did.

When Mrs. Hammond heard of a wrong per-

petrated by Abijah, she was pretty sure to say she supposed his religion allowed him to do such things, but she guessed he would find out after awhile how it was with transgressors; and those who heard her, always felt that she felt it not unlikely that Abijah John Hildreth would murder somebody, appropriate his money, revel in it and gloat over it, and that furthermore it was not unlikely he would afterward wake up in torment, and desire her, Mrs. Maria Hammond, to bring him a drop of water to cool his tongue, and that she could not do it for the great gulf; but it seemed to those who heard her that she *would* not if she could.

Many a time Abijah John looked through his closed shutters, or peeped from behind curtains at his foe as she rode past on her way to church, and many a time he said if she was a Christian he did not wish to be one; and many a time he said if a person only belonged to the church, he supposed it sanctified whatever they did, they had bought their ticket, and were bound to go through, no matter what poor sinners they run over in the way. At any rate, some folks who were in the church did things that he, who was out of the church, would be very sorry to do, and while profession was made the cloak to cover secret sin, he, for his part, preferred to make no professions; and all this, of course, had special application to Mrs. Maria, who, Abijah supposed, or affected to suppose, would commit crimes by the score under the cloak of religion, and at the same time hope to deceive God himself and be admitted into heaven.

If it happened that Abijah was walking in his yard when Mrs. Maria came by, he would turn his back upon her, or rivet his attention upon a blade of grass or an insect, rather than suffer her to feel herself observed by him. In appearance Mrs. Maria was equally unobservant of Abijah, and so fearful were they of betraying the curiosity they felt, each in the other, even to their men, Tim and Bill, that they had not, really, seen each other for ten years prior to the opening of our story.

Nevertheless Mrs. Maria said very often that old Bijah grew homelier every day of his life—she wondered if his own son was not afraid of him; she was quite confident that he must have frightened him very much in infancy, if some wise precautions had not been observed in accustoming the baby to the sight of his father.

If it happened at any time that the wonder was expressed in her presence why Mr. Hildreth never married a second time, and it sometimes happened that widow ladies, and maiden ladies

did feel, and did express such wonder, her notion of the capabilities of even the dullest intellect were outraged—could any fool be so stupid as to inquire why Abijah John did not marry a second time, the wonder was, how had he found anybody at first.

When Mr. Abijah put a new roof on his house and added a wing, Mrs. Maria put a new roof on her house, and added two porches—and when Mrs. Maria had shutters hung to her windows, Mr. Abijah had shutters and blinds hung to his. When Mrs. Maria employed a landscape gardener, Mr. Abijah employed two landscape gardeners. When Abijah painted his house white, Mrs. Maria painted hers red, and when Abijah ran up one of his chimnies very high, Mrs. Maria ran up all of hers very high. So in all things they were rivals as well as enemies. And so it was that Mrs. Maria's house was greatly larger than she required or could use, and furnished at much larger expenditure than it would have been, but for the fear of being outdone by her enemy; and the same was true of Abijah's house and its appointments.

But for this strange enmity our neighborhood might never have boasted its two most imposing edifices. Far as the eye could see anything, it could see the tall chimnies of those rival houses, from which the very smoke seemed to turn in opposite directions.

It was hard for most people to tell whether Mrs. Maria or Mr. Abijah had the finest shrubbery, and the prettiest flowers, but it was an easy thing for either themselves or their head men to decide. No wonder when this state of things existed between the parents, that Miss Julia Hammond and Master Walter Hildreth grew up to youth in entire ignorance of each other, and each strong in the belief that the other was an embodiment of everything ugly and evil.

These rival heroes of Hildreth and Hammond afforded alternate annoyance and amusement to the neighborhood. Many was the social party deprived of its very head and front, ay, and base and capital, because of this monstrous antagonism, for who ever presumed to invite both Hildreth and Hammond, was sure to deprive himself of the society of both.

Deacon Goodway, whose position was about on the first step below the great platform on which reigned Maria and Abijah, was a sufferer in his society, feelings and ambitions—for his life he could not see why Mrs. Hammond should not like Abijah John, in whom he could see much to respect and admire, nor why Abijah could not understand that Mrs. Maria was a most worthy

and interesting woman, with more beauty still to boast of than half the girls.

Time and again he had been baffled in his efforts to bring these people together, for sure was he that if they would but consent to exchange civilities the abhorrence would vanish.

"Don't now, deacon, don't now," urged Mrs. Goodway, moved by wise premonitions, when she saw the deacon buttoning his coat one coolish evening early in November—"come now, you'll just be sticking of your own head in a bumble-bees nest, and what's the use of it?"

"Polly," said the deacon, facing about, "you know there is no man in the world more willing to bear advice than I am, and I never so much as set a mouse-trap without consulting you—you are aware of that, Polly, and no man can be more sensible than I am"—here the deacon's voice faltered, and he advanced a step or two toward Polly, who sat knitting in the corner—"more deeply and humbly sensible of indebtedness to judicious advice and counsel than I am sensible of my indebtedness to you, Polly." He had come close to her as he was speaking, and now he put his hand on her plain white cap, as softly and tenderly as he had placed it on her bright hair twenty years before, and as she looked up to smile he kissed her cheek just as he did when her lover—where trepidation used to be there was confidence now—that was all the difference.

"Yes, Polly," he added, in a firmer voice, "I am always glad to hear your advice, and what you have said is very sensible, Polly, very sensible." He turned toward the door again, erect and self-sufficient, adding, "nevertheless, I think I'll venter!"

"You know best," timidly answered Polly, taking the corner of her apron from her eye, and she resumed her work complacently and calmly, humbly and happily, feeling very much as if the deacon had acted upon her advice as well as listened to it. How could she see the predetermination to "venter" upon his own independent resolution, just then?

Once or twice a year there arose between Deacon Goodway and his wife some little disputation, with some such placid conclusion as the above. The deacon lived in a big brick house, with two big, square rooms in front, and a big hall between them, and once or twice a year it was his habit to build big wood fires in the two big fire-places of the two big rooms—kill the petted calf, or in other words a dozen big chickens, and bring to the house big pumpkins and apples, enough for the winter supply of the neighborhood, from which Mrs. Goodway

selected a sufficiency, and baked big pies and tarts for a Thanksgiving dinner, or New Year's night celebration, or both

If the deacon said, "It is the fashion this year, Polly, to have roast pig for supper," Polly acquiesced without a word, believing devoutly it was the fashion for that year—and if the deacon said, "It will be a new thing to have the plum-pudding after the coffee," Polly thought it would be a new thing to have the plum-pudding after the coffee, and accordingly she served the plum-pudding after the coffee: but when the deacon said, "I feel alike toward all our neighbors, don't you, Polly?" She saw what he was drifting toward, and said that in the main she did feel alike toward all the neighbors—that was, she would not lay a straw in the way of any of them, in fact, she liked them all well enough, and would do one a good turn as soon as another—but to say she had not her little preferences, she could not conscientiously.

And when the deacon would add, "Well, Polly, you don't feel so hard toward any of them that you would not ask them to the dinner, or the supper, do you?"

She was pretty sure to say that she liked the fat in its way, and she liked the fire in its way, but her common sense told her it would not do to put them together.

Then significance would assume plain words, and arguments for and against the propriety of inviting the rival families at the same time, would be heard and answered, for as the deacon said, he was always willing to *hear*. So it invariably ended in the asseveration of the deacon that Polly knew best, and the declaration, notwithstanding, that he would "venter," and in the feeling on the part of Polly that the deacon knew much the best, that listening to advice was as good as acting upon it, and that, in fact, he did not *venter* at all.

And so it came time after time that Deacon Goodway stood in the midst of his friends a mortified and disappointed man—the apex of his ambition unattained. He always said he hoped and believed, even till the last guest was departing, that his excellent friends Maria and Abijah had been detained, probably by some pleasurable interference, and that one or both would yet present themselves and complete all that was lacking, (which was almost nothing) to make the occasion one of perfect beatitude to himself. And Mrs. Goodway never, never said, (I wish there were more like her) "Didn't I tell you so?" nor "It's just as I expected," but, on the contrary, she smiled as though to her the occasion were beatitude.

If Mrs. Maria and Abijah John were a mind to remain away from so much pleasure, why that was there own affair, but no cause of discomfort to her. She only smiled this inward state of feeling, for it was not her custom to say she felt no disappointment, that, she thought, would seem to indicate there was something to be disappointed about. She had a strange notion that a great deal may be expressed in a smile, and in that quiet way she told the deacon that his course was lofty and honorable, and that she, for her part, didn't care what anybody said, she believed he did everything as nearly right as mortal could do. All this she tried to smile, and there are suppositions enough in favor of the conclusion that she made herself understood to warrant the smiling experiment on the part of wives, who may sometimes have found more noisy methods of communication a failure.

However, the deacon was not the less annoyed by his losses, nor, in reality, the less determined to push his favorite project into fulfilment. It was a sin against heaven, he used to say, and a scandal to the neighborhood, and a disgrace to himself, who had done so much to create better feeling, that a man and woman would be foolish enough to hate, when they might love each other just as easily if they would try half as hard.

"There's little Walter and Julia," he often exclaimed, "they have got nothing under heaven agin one another, and yet they believe one another wicked as a black-snake." And as they grew older, and each to *his* apprehension, grew worthy and beautiful, he said more and more frequently, "There's Julia and Walter—shame, isn't it?" And once he said, quite breaking down any little reserve of indifference Mrs. Goodway might have felt, "Just think, Polly, if you and I had been brought up to despise one another, our innocent minds poisoned, and for no fault of ours, what a waste of happiness there would have been; what a waste, Polly!"

And Mrs. Goodway half wept and half smiled her overwhelming realization of the waste, and from that time the deacon was more fully resolved to break down, if he could not melt down, the useless barrier that divided his neighbor Hammond from his neighbor Hildreth.

Therefore Mrs. Goodway had said more faintly than at some previous time, "Don't, now, deacon," when she beheld him buttoning his coat for the inevitable errands. She thought of what a great waste there might have been, and almost hoped her good man's venture might result more favorably than former ventures.

The evening wind blew pretty roughly, as the deacon went along, now and again giving one of

his closely-shaven cheeks a sharp cut, but what cared the deacon! Was he not about to witness the conclusion of a terrible battle, take into his own hand the swords of two hitherto mortal enemies, and crown them himself with loving reconciliation? He could almost see the long-offending brindle bull roasting in the hetacomb to be made in honor of the victory. No, he didn't feel the wind cut him, he rather thought he cut the wind. Mentally he complimented the moon, as broad and yellow she came through the black tree-tops—for he felt that he could afford to compliment her, and that in some way her shining was for his sake, and that of the mission he was bound on.

He unlatched the gate noisily, and with a free, fast tread walked down the graveled path and rapt loudly at Mrs. Maria's front door. He did not hear the hearty "come in!" he expected, and his courage went down a notch. He shuffled and shrugged his shoulders, and tried to say to himself, "How they would hurry to open the door now, if they knew it was me," but his spirits were slightly dampened. A step was heard in the distance, "Mrs. Maria herself, I'll wager a thousand dollars!" mused the deacon—"she felt that it was me—I feel things: the door will fly open now." Deacon Goodway, it must be understood, always took the sunny view of things.

Hardly and rustily slid the bolt—"that bolt will be kept shining with the frequency of neighbor Hildreth's visits after awhile," mused the deacon. Then the key turned half way round, and refused to turn any further, then grated and creaked and was turned back again, and then turned half way again, then back, then with a jerk it went round.

"A flash of light, and a great embrace of warm air will welcome me in," thought the deacon, and he winged his eyes in anticipation of the dazzling effect, as the door should be thrown wide open, but it turned cautiously, and stood still when a narrow aperture had been achieved, and peeping from behind it the deacon beheld, not the timid, half-blushing face of Mrs. Maria, which up to that moment he so confidently expected to see, but the broad, bold, and something surly one of Mr. William Tromdown, instead. The deacon's courage went down another peg, and the more, that no great warmth and light met him, as he had expected; but rallying, as it was his hopeful nature to do, he laughed aloud, intending only to smile, and saluted Mr. William Tromdown as Bill Tromup, supposing he had perpetrated a most agreeable joke. No smile, however, brightened the face of William—it was

bad enough to be branded as Tromup by the villain Top, he thought, let alone being so designated by other people.

"The wind blows as mad as a March hare, to-night, doesn't it?" queried the deacon, chiefly for the sake of saying something, as he followed the tiny, flickering candle-light of the head man, who replied, after a perceptible silence, "I don't know, I am sure."

The deacon stoutly resolved that his courage should not be taken down another notch, and rubbing his hands briskly together he made haste to say, in a welcomed and equalizing way, "how is mistress, Tromup?"

"Mrs. Hammond, if you speak of her," said the man, "is very well I thank you, sir."

"Mistress in?" continued the deacon, in the same assumed familiar style which said, "we are both glad, ain't we?"

"Yes, sir, I believe she is," replied the man, in an even tone, and one that was colder than the air of the hall they were passing through; the deacon *felt* this, and *felt* the air too, which seemed not only cold, but damp, like the air of a sepulchre, but he said, "how warm and comfortable your house is!"

The dignified and much offended head man condescended no reply, whatever, but cautiously unclosed a side door, and shading his candle from the sudden puff of wind which came as he did so, he indicated by a look rather than a gesture that the visitor might go in, if he had the audacity to disturb a quiet woman (who had no wish to see him) and monopolize all the fire she had.

The deacon went in, dampened in spite of himself, the last look of William had so plainly asserted that he would boldly tread where angels dare not gaze.

"Bless us! how cosy we are," exclaimed he, boldly brushing past other salutation in the familiar good-nature, induced by the picture of the roasting brindle, and as he spoke, he approached the modest and shrinking fire, before which in a stately chair, and stiff black silk gown, sat Mrs. Maria Hammond, reading in a heavy, old book, illustrated on one side of the open page by a picture of such ancient men and ancient women, as the deacon never remembered to have seen in his life. There was a musty smell about it he did not like half so well as he liked the shining and click of Mrs. Goodway's knitting-needles. The great brass and-irons were dreadfully bright, icily bright, and not silvery bright, as were Polly's at home—the corners were swept clean too, so clean they were cold—he thought he would like a little genial

ashes, even better—he saw and felt all this at a glance, but he saw too the receding sunny side of imagination, and to that he spoke when he said, “how cold we are.”

Mrs. Hammond smiled a faint, far off smile that seemed to say, “we are very comfortable, sir, and don’t thank you specially for recognizing so obvious a fact.”

The deacon saw his mistake, and saw too, a little more faintly the receding sunny side, and hastened to make amends by bowing and shaking hands with all the grave politeness he knew how to command.

Mrs. Hammond, slightly conciliated, rose partly from her chair of state, but kept the place in the book from which she appeared to have been reading, with her hand, as she said, “you see you are interrupting me, and I appeal to your courtesy, to your humanity to make the interruption brief as possible.”

“What have we here?” begun the intruder, seating himself quite near Mrs. Maria, and making an effort to draw the old book toward him, an effort which Mrs. Maria slightly resisted, at least by not assisting.

“Ah! yes, yes,” he continued, when he had examined the prints, not knowing very well what else to say.

“Some of those pictures are very funny, I think,” spoke Julia Hammond, putting down the algebra over which she was burning her face in the corner, and coming to the deacon’s relief most opportunely. —

“There is a little table,” she continued, placing one before him, on which to rest the volume, and reaching toward her mother for the candle, who, purposely oblivious, said coldly, “what do you want, my dear?”

“The light, for Deacon Goodway, if you please, ma.”

“Certainly, but I am accustomed to have people say what they want;” and Mrs. Maria pulled at her skirt on which her visitor had accidentally set his chair.

“Pray, pardon me,” said the deacon, blushing red, “but I feel so at home here, I am sadly careless, I fear.”

“Not at all, Deacon Goodway,” replied Mrs. Maria, smiling a smile that might have been made of shavings, as for any warmth or depth there was in it.

“What shall I say, what shall I say now?” was the appeal the deacon made to his wits, but he smiled and looked interestedly on the pictured page.

“That’s a singular looking man, isn’t he, Deacon Goodway?” spoke Julia, a second time

coming innocently to the rescue, and placing one finger on the picture of a knight in ancient armor.

“The deacon thought he had never seen so perfect a finger—then he naturally looked at the hand, and that was perfect too, and then at the face, which was altogether lovely, and so in its expression, if not in features, it must have appeared to any one.

Just as her pleasing attentions were in some sort bringing back the sunny side of things, and the visitor was on the very point of dashing boldly into the subject of his thoughts, Mrs. Maria tinkled a small bell at her elbow, and immediately the door opened a very little and William Tromdown appeared.

“She is about to order an armful of hickory wood and a bowl of cider,” thought the deacon, still observant of the sunny side; but as he settled his chin a little more comfortably in his collar, his courage fell three notches—right down at once.

“Did you lock the front door, William?” asked the mistress, severely.

“I believe so,” replied William, bowing low.

“You believe so! Don’t you know?”

“Not positively—I think I locked it. I will see.”

“See that you do—I have told you often enough to keep that door bolted.”

William bowed again and disappeared, saying as he withdrew, he hoped to goodness he had not left the door unbarred.

“Mercy on me,” thought the deacon, “this is all my fault—I wish I had fifty dollars to pay for the trouble I have made.” But glancing at Mrs. Hammond, he saw in the expression of her mouth and her nose and her eyes: in the very folds of her stiff black dress, that five hundred dollars would be no compensation whatever. Then he wished he had rapped at some other door, or that he had staid at home: almost wished, in fact, that he was dead and out of everybody’s way—despairingly he appealed by a look to kind little Julia, who, feeling his discomfort, brought the easy-chair, and asked if he would not sit nearer the fire.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Maria, conscious of the necessity of saying something, and having opened her watch and snapt it together, remarked that the day was very cold for the season.

There was encouragement: the deacon almost thought there had been nothing to dampen his ardor, and in a confident tone replied that it was cold for the season, and that he had remarked the same thing to *Tromup*, on first

stepping into the hall, the very genial air of which was strikingly in contrast with the out of door atmosphere.

Blind, blind creatures that we are—the poor deacon but rasped the bruised reed on which he had supposed himself to be pouring oil—in repeating the Tromp ject he consummated his misery.

Mrs. Maria had heard it on its first enumeration—no smile crossed her face—she neither moved hand or foot to indicate a little unpleasant twinge, but slowly and steadily moved her eyes from the vague blank they had previously contemplated, and brought them to bear on the face of the deacon, as eyes had never borne till then. Polly's, when she said she didn't like to put the fat in the fire, were gentleness itself, compared to them.

Poor Deacon Goodway—he looked at the door, looked at the fire—tried to draw himself into himself, as one who would be “glad to be hurled anywhere, anywhere out of the world.” When his agony was protracted to the limit of endurance, she withdrew the dissection glances of her eyes, and broke the silence by hoping Mrs. Goodway was very well.

“Thank you, she is very well,” said the deacon. Then he tried to think of something additional to say, but could not, and repeated—“very well.”

Mrs. Hammond said she was most happy to hear it, and the deacon replied—“thank you,” and then made another effort to think of something to say. It was no use, and taking his pocket handkerchief from his vest pocket, he thrust it into the pocket of his coat, and tried to feel as if the motion had been a general relief.

“Is there any news stirring?” was the next slow sentence Mrs. Hammond measured off.

In his anxiety to tell something, the embarrassed deacon stumbled upon the very subject he knew and felt the necessity of according, and informed his hostess that young Walter Hildreth was about to be sent to college.

“Ah! indeed!” exclaimed Mrs. Maria, but she did not toss her head nor withdraw her eyes from the flower she appeared to be contemplating in the wall paper.

Conscious of his blunder, and desirous of retrieving himself, the deacon hastened to apologize for having mentioned the Hildreth family.

“Not at all,” said Mrs. Maria, in a tone that indicated no apology could atone; and placing his hand on the bright locks of Julia, who sat beside him on a foot-stool, the deacon said, as soon as he could think of anything to say, “I suppose you have finished your education, my dear?”

“Why do you suppose that?” inquired the mother.

The deacon said he did not know—he had no right to suppose anything—and then said he did not, in reality, suppose anything, and then he added that he supposed she knew enough. And in conclusion he took his handkerchief from his coat pocket and replaced it in his vest pocket, and tried to think he had filled a pause very happily.

Mrs. Hammond looked soberly placid, as if she might be contemplating the last Sabbath's sermon, but she said nothing.

“How cold it is to-night,” said the deacon, and quickly added, “out of doors, I mean, not this room—this is perfectly comfortable.” He could scarcely keep his teeth from chattering, as he spoke, but he wished to make himself agreeable in some way, and how else could he do it?”

He was thinking what he could say about William Tromdown so as not to call him Tromp again, when Mrs. Hammond remarked quietly, “I suppose I could send my child to college without selling my house, though I don't pretend to be so rich as some persons.”

“Unquestionably,” said the deacon.

“Persons who put no money in the Lord's treasury can afford to serve the devil magnificently,” continued Mrs. Hammond, although the relevancy of her remark might not have been apparent to everybody, it was clearly so to the deacon, who suddenly rose and buttoned his coat with more composure than he had yet manifested, for in his heart he felt “this woman is a much greater fool than I thought.”

And as he buttoned his coat, turning his back to the fire, he said, “I dropt in here to ask the pleasure of your company, and that of your angel of a daughter (angel was spoken very heartily) on Thanksgiving day, but really, your society had nearly charmed my errand from recollection. You must not allow your mother to disappoint us, my dear,” and kissing the child's hand and bowing to the mother, he walked straight out of the front door—little caring whether it was locked behind him or not.

The wind cut terribly as he went home, and he was sure the moon shone quite independently of him.

Bright glowed the fire, and bright was the smile of Polly as she looked up inquiringly. He sat down in silence.

“Well,” said she, directly, “did you see any body, or hear anything?”

The deacon was too proud to own his discomfiture, and said that he had seen Mrs. Hammond,

and she had said it would give her pleasure to come.

Polly said she hoped she would come, and looking up she beheld her good man making his way toward the dormitory, with his shoes in his hands.

"What on earth can be the matter?" she mused, "his feet ain't mor'n half warm."

And folding her knitting, she heated a brick and made haste to follow.

All that night the deacon's sleep was broken by bad dreams. Mrs. Goodway thought, but he was in truth debating with himself the question whether or not it was worth while to invite Mr. Hildreth at all.

But up with the sun came to him the bright view of things in general, and toward night he directed the brown mare to be saddled, and told Polly he believed he would ride over toward Mr. Hildreth's.

She smiled her apprehension of the equivocal announcement, and Mr. Hildreth received the customary invitation, which he said he very much regretted a previous engagement would prevent him from enjoying.

The deacon was greatly less cast down by the prospective deprivation of Mr. Hildreth's society, than set up by the polite declining—so on the whole he went back in fine spirits from his ride toward Mr. Hildreth's.

After a few days his asperity toward Mrs. Maria softened, and he contrived to advise her in a manner which to himself was most happily ingenious, that Mr. Hildreth was pre-engaged.

"I would not tell her no sich a thing," said Polly, when aware of the deacon's design.

"I'll dare say you are in the right, Polly," he replied, "nevertheless, I think I'll venter."

And the pig was roasted, and the pies were baked, many and big pies, were baked, and tarts were baked, many and big tarts, and puddings were made, sweeter than was desirable, and cakes, enough for an army, and Thanksgiving came, and with it came Mrs. Maria, smiling and silken, and her little angel daughter.

And everybody as well as the deacon said she was an angel, and he said more than that—he said her smile was just like Polly's, and when that was said there was no greater praise to bestow.

"She is pretty because she acts pretty," said Polly, "and she seems to have such a good heart, never saying anything, nor doing anything that can offend anybody."

And sure enough that was all little Julia did, and that was why everybody loved her and called her an angel.

Many times that day the deacon expressed his triumph in reference to Mrs. Hammond, by a shy squeeze of Polly's hand, and many a time afterward he exclaimed, "I told you so, Polly, I told you I'd venter, and see what came of it!"

And many a time Polly smiled her satisfaction in what came of it, and made no allusion to Mr. Hildreth and what did not come of it. A discreet wife was Polly Goodway.

The few minutes the deacon found time to devote to Mrs. Maria, during the evening of the memorable Thanksgiving day, was sufficient to reinstate, and more than reinstate that worthy lady in his good graces. If the pleasurable impression left on his mind could have been traced to its origin, it would have amounted to nothing more than the expressed hope on the part of the deacon that his guest had enjoyed herself, and the reply on her part that she had been well entertained; the remark on the deacon's part that the day had been favorable, and the repetition on the lady's part that the day had been favorable—the inquiry on the deacon's part whether draining would not be advantageous to certain low lands belonging to the lady, and the reply on her part that she was inclined to think draining would be favorable. But perhaps the cream of happiness was derived from a certain felicity of speech on the deacon's part while the low land was under discussion—he proposed to Mrs. Maria, having once drained the soil, to direct Tromdown to turn it up!

Of course Mrs. Maria laughed, and exclaimed, "Very good!" And what more could the deacon have desired? His cup was full, it even ran over when he handed her into her carriage, and told her she had been that day the admiration of all admirers, as well as the observed of all observers, and she smiled as if she believed him. Probably she did—there are well authenticated instances of such vanity.

When the deacon sat by the fire that night, and reviewed his unfortunate end of invitation, it seemed shadowy and far away, and he found sunshine breaking through many places where he had at the time supposed all shadow. He began to make emendations in his blunders by thinking, "If I had said so and so to Billy when I first went into the hall, and then if I had done thus and so, and so and thus on entering the room where Mrs. Maria (she is really a very handsome woman) sat, the very slight desiderator would have been filled, and the whole thing perfect."

And having dwelt a short time on what might have been, he began to think it all was, and to suppose that Mrs. Maria never even dreamed

of the things which at one time he was foolish enough to suppose she supposed.

"What are you thinking of, deacon?" said Mrs. Goodway, as she rested her chin on her hand to observe more closely the half bewildered and half sunny expression in her husband's face.

"Oh, I don't know hardly what," he replied, rousing and slipping his arm across her chair back.

"I thought maybe you were thinking of Mrs. Maria," said Polly, quietly.

"What made you think that, Polly,," and the deacon's arm slid from the chair back to the neck of his wife.

"Because I was," she said, simply.

"Dear, dear Polly," said the consciously re-proved husband, drawing her closer to him—but Polly was not forgetful of the sensible in the sentimental, and knowing it was late, and the morning would not keep back, covered the embers with ashes, and took up the candle.

"Don't you think, Polly," said the deacon, sitting his heel betwixt the rounds of an old-fashioned chair—(he had no other boot-jack)—"don't you think, Polly, that feeling hard toward one individual makes us kinder cold and hard toward everybody?"

Polly said she thought it was likely, but she seemed to think only of the bed-post she was uncapping.

"I do," said the deacon, resolutely unpulling the knot of his cravat. "Yes, I do," he repeated, laying back his coat and removing it by a series of smart jerks at either sleeve-end—"yes, Polly, I believe it, and I know it," he repeated, emphatically, seating himself on the foot of the bed, in the last stage of preparation for the blessed rest, which comes to us sweetly even after blessedness.

If Polly had acquiesced in what he was thinking about, it is not unlikely he would have said he did not hardly know, but the truth is, he was thinking that if Mrs. Maria Hammond did not bear cold and hard feelings toward Mr. Abijah John Hildreth, her hall would not be so cold, and her fire would not be so pinched, and her general reserve would not be so selfishly guarded and preserved as it then was, and the conviction once established, he resolved to lay new siege to the fortifications with which the two enemies were surrounded.

What the original difficulty was between the houses of Hildreth and Hammond, matters not, probably a trivial thing, but we are almost sure to see what we wish to see—there are spots in the sun, and how much more in the brightest human character, and the feeling of dislike once

engendered, came the disposition on the part of both to search for the black spots. Besure they found enough, and besure they exaggerated what they found till each came to believe the other black within and without. This was not true of either, for both Mrs. Maria and Mr. Abijah John were as good as most of their neighbors, and that is as good as most good people are.

When the deacon saw Mrs. Maria, and heard her talk so well, and saw her smile so well, he could not but think if Abijah John would only permit himself to come near her, his prejudice would vanish like the mist of the morning; and the same, he thought, of Maria when he saw Abijah John. But how to bring about a meeting, that was the poser.

"And there is their children," he exclaimed, with ever increasing interest, "what a shame their young minds should be so poisoned."

In all church alienations the oil of the deacon's voice was a sure healing, but in this unnatural battle his tactics had hitherto failed him.

What would have been the result of the severe tension to which his mind was kept, there is no calculating, but for the respite afforded by circumstances. Young Walter Hildreth was sent to college.

When Polly asked the deacon if he knew where he had gone, he said yes, and when she pressed him further as to locality, he said away off East, somewhere, and Polly was satisfied, and the deacon was satisfied, and therefore we will be.

Of course Julia Hammond went to boarding-school. There was some relief of the tension, but when Mr. Hildreth shut up his house, (except the south wing where abode Timothy Bottom) and went to Europe for an indefinite period, there was comparative rest in the bosom of the deacon: rest which became almost satisfaction as the reserve of Mrs. Maria gradually disappeared, and she was seen to move gracefully, familiarly and kindly among her neighbors, to treat them as friends, and to befriend them, if need were. The distrust vanished, and with it the chilly reserve.

Years went by, and Mrs. Maria was in truth the admiration of everybody—many a dinner and many a supper she gave which only needed the presence of her daughter to make seasons of perfect delight.

In the deacon's estimation no one in the world stood before Mrs. Maria, except his own dear little Polly.

The field that has lain fallow produces the most luxuriant crop, and the mind that has rested works most effectively, therefore was the

deacon prepared for cunning work, when circumstances gave him such work to do.

One little circumstance illustrative of the good heart Mrs. Maria really had, when she came to know her heart, we must relate, and the more, as it also shows that the old leaven had not quite ceased working in the deacon's mind.

One hot day, about the middle of August, and nearly five years after the memorable Thanksgiving, the deacon came home in a happy excitement.

"Well, Polly," he said, "what do you think I saw with my own eyes?" Polly could not imagine, of course.

"I happened to step into Maria's turnip field," he went on, "merely to see how the turnips were growing, but that is neither here nor there, and who should I see directly but herself walking down the orchard with a great tin basin in her hand. I could not imagine what on earth she was going to do—and what do you think it was, Polly?"

Of course Polly could not tell.

"Well," he continued, "she went and she went, and my eyes followed her till she passed clean out of the orchard, and into that strip of dry meadow, where nothing can grow but mullen stocks, though that is neither here nor there, and where the sun was pouring down like a flood of fire, and dipping her basin full of water from the spring, she went on, and then what do you think I saw?"

Polly could not tell.

"Why there, right in that blazing sunshine, and panting like everything, stood Abijah Hildreth's old brindle, with his foot in a trap, and Mrs. Hammond carried him the water and gave it to him with her own hands. A wonderful woman, that, Polly, a wonderful woman.

"I wonder," he added, presently, "if a meeting *could not* be brought about now, if Hildreth should come back?"

That was the last of William Tromdown's trap setting, for Mrs. Hammond's tongue could be severe still, notwithstanding its late softness.

Lively was the working of the leaver when Mr. Hildreth actually came home, handsome and genial as ever, and still unmated, but fearful to relate, the old clouds began to gather again.

A week after Mr. Hildreth's return, came Walter and Julia, much about the same time, and a few days after this came Julia (a pretty young woman now as you would wish to see) on a visit to dear aunt Polly, as she called Mrs. Goodway.

All by chance, toward night, came Walter. "What a blessed thing has happened!" thought

the deacon, but when he saw the smiling and blushing he knew it had not happened, and afterward when he saw the bright head of Julia nestled in the bosom of his wife, and heard her faltering voice, he knew that she and Walter were already lovers, and that they were come to make confession and ask advice.

"It beats all, Polly, it beats all!" and with that exclamation the deacon mounted the brown mare and trotted very fast toward Mr. Hildreth's. Of course a good and loving father would not and could not crush the happiness of his son. The deacon was mistaken—in the father inexorable—time might soften him, the deacon said to Walter, who frowned and trembled by turns, but he felt in his heart that time would do nothing, and that for his life he would not repeat the intercession.

Slowly the brown mare trotted, in fact she walked in good part toward Mrs. Maria's. The lioness about to be robbed of her young is not more terrible than she was when the errand of the deacon was communicated. She would rather see her daughter dead before her than married to a Hildreth.

The last exclamation was suggestive. The deacon stopt at the clergyman's house on his way home, and on arriving there strengthened the young people in their already half-formed resolution to defy tyranny, and take up the best blessing which could be given them, in each other's love, and leave consequences to take care of themselves—advice which he interlarded with the ejaculation, "Look at Polly and me!"

Night fell dark and stormy as night could fall—such thunder and lightning and rain had not been known for many years—every soul was brought to its best feeling, and every lip to the breathing of prayer.

Through all, the deacon was serenely cheerful, as one inspired by a lofty purpose, and whose faith would not be shaken, though the heavens fell.

"Its a sent storm, Polly, its a sent storm," he exclaimed, "and good will come of it;" and with his face radiant with inward satisfaction, he directed a supper to be prepared, and the house to be illuminated—and this done, he climbed into the old family coach and drove to Mr. Hildreth's. He found him, as may be supposed, in greatly subdued spirits, and gravely taking his hand told him he must be prepared to hear the worst news—that his son, driven almost to despair by the denunciation he foresaw, had, by his own hand, put himself out of misery. Mr. Hildreth wrung the hand of his neighbor, and bowing his head over his aching bosom, made hasty to look

upon the ruin he had wrought, crying, "my son, oh, my son!"

"The story is but half told," resumed the deacon, when they were seated in the carriage, "poor Julia, like the true, loving woman she was, seeing the determination of Walter, was the first to go. How shall I tell her poor mother!"

"How indeed?" groaned Mr. Hildreth, "her blood is upon my hands."

"No, no," said the deacon, encouragingly, "you must not think that." And he added, "you will not object to my calling for the unhappy woman, on our way."

Mr. Hildreth did not object to anything, and, directly, sobbing aloud, and bemoaning her own wickedness, she appeared.

Mr. Hildreth put forth his hand to receive her, and finding it was a human hand like his own, and a trembling, weak hand withal, he retained it, and as she reproached herself for all, besought her to reproach him, saying how much more wicked he was.

The storm still drove wildly, the deacon feared to trust the horses with the coachman, he said, and leaving the mourners to console together, climbed out of the carriage, and not till he had passed his own gate half a dozen times did he draw the reins.

There was a new burst of sorrow on entering the house where they were to witness the result of all their wretched lives.

The deacon bade them calm the tumult of their feeling, and said he hoped they would forgive him if he probed their wounds in order to heal them, and so proceeded to set before them their bad conduct just as bad as it was; "and this foolish enmity you must both feel was for nothing," he said. And they both repeated, "for nothing."

"But," he added, "you must not murmur over the consequences too much, but from this time try to lead more Christian lives, and let not this heart-rending reconciliation be evanescent, but try to maintain good feeling forever, and live as your children would have wished to see you live."

And Mrs. Hammond begged Abijah to forgive her, and said that she had no hard feeling in her heart, for him nor for anybody, and that she would try to live as her child would have wished to see her live.

Abijah John said he had nothing to forgive her, he had done all the wrong, and though he would do all to atone he could, he dare not ask forgiveness, and that it would be the aim of his life to live as his poor son would have wished to see him live.

There was a pause of dreadful silence, broken by the inquiry of the deacon whether they would now look at the bodies,

The doors slid apart, and arm-in-arm the mourners went forward.

"Oh, mother!" and "oh, father!" were the exclamations that greeted them, and Julia and Walter were laughing and crying at their feet.

The scene that followed defies my poor powers: but the end of all was as the reader will have imagined, a double union of the rival houses of Hammond and Hildreth.

"Ah, Polly," said Deacon Goodway, when invited to the wedding of Mrs. Maria and Abijah John, "there is nothing won without a venter."

Polly said he was right, and he added, "if men and women would only try to find the good that is in one another, what a world we should have!"

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

BY MARY H. LUCY.

On! bring ye bright flowers to twine o'er my brow,
I am leaving the home of my childhood now;
My heart and my hopes to another are given,
Each earlier tie hath the new one riven!
Then haste with light steps to the forest away,
And tawne ye a wreath for my bridal day!

I shall mingle no more with the household band,
I go to a fairer, sunnier land;
I leave the forest where together we played,
The moss covered dell, and the open glade,
For the sunny South my home will be,
The land of my dreams, bright Italy!

My sister! oh, come and stand near me now,
I would gaze again on thy sunny brow;
I would look once more on thy dreamy eyes,
Where never a tear or shadow lies;
I would press thy warm cheek to mine own awhile,
And drink in the light of thy joyous smile!

My mother! the sunlight will fall as of yore,
With the leaf-shadows twined o'er our cottage floor;
And the robin will sing at the early dawn,
But from all, sweet mother, I shall be gone;
Thy blessing once more 'ere I break this spell,
Then home, sister, mother, a long farewell!

INSTRUCTIONS IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most artistic style of needle-work is that termed Embroidery; not canvass embroidery, but the yet higher kind of needle-work painting, which aims at producing really pictorial effect, without the mechanical assistance which canvass gives in counting stitches and determining shades.

In embroidery much is left to the eye, and still more to the taste. A few words, therefore, on the subject of selecting colors and harmonizing tints, as well as on the mere stitches employed, will probably be acceptable.

TO MARK PATTERNS.—Designs are invariably marked on satin, cloth, or velvet, by means of what are termed *pounced patterns*. These are prepared in the following manner:—The design is carefully traced on rather thick writing paper; then, with a fine stiletto it is marked in holes, distant from each other not more than the eighth of an inch: from the pattern thus prepared, any number almost may be marked. The material to be embroidered is then laid on the table, and the pattern placed in the proper position over it, and kept there by means of leaden weights. A little pounce, or powdered flake white must then be rubbed over the paper, with a large and flat stump, and, on the paper being raised, the design appears accurately marked on the cloth. It requires to be afterward re-marked with a fine sable brush, dipped in a mixture of flake white and milk, or an artist's color, contrasting with the material, mixed up with a few drops of spirits of turpentine.

White satin, or any very light color on which white would not show, may be pounced with very finely powdered charcoal, and then marked with a solution of Indian ink.

For drawing a pattern on any washing material, a still simpler plan may be adopted. Scrape some red or blue chalk; brush it lightly over a sheet of thin tissue paper, shake off the loose grains, lay the chalked side of the paper on the muslin, and over it the pattern, which you will trace with a hard, sharp-pointed pencil, and the design will be clearly marked, and require no further trouble.

When any parts of a pattern are repeated—as the quarters of a cushion or a handkerchief, or the scallops of a flounce—have only the

pounced pattern of one quarter or section, and mark all from that one. It will be found a much more accurate mode than that of making the whole paper pattern perfect.

The next step is to put the material in a frame, two or three inches wider than the work it is to receive. The needles used are technically called *short-long eyes* and *strands*. The latter are like common needles, but unusually long. It injures the work to use too fine a needle, as the small eye frays the silk; on the other hand, a needle that is too large makes holes in the cloth.

The materials chiefly used for embroidery are wools, chenille and silks: there are great varieties of the last mentioned article, the principal being Mitorse, Dacca, Berlin, fine and coarse flax, crochet, and netting silks. Of the netting silks there are many sizes, which may be used according to the delicacy of the work.

Initials intended to be in gold, for sachets, &c., are almost as effective if rich gold-colored twisted silk be used instead; and the silk will wear forever, whilst it is almost impossible to obtain gold thread which will not tarnish in a few months.

STITCHES.—The common stitch used in embroidery is termed *long-stitch*. It closely resembles the Irish stitch of canvass work, only without its regularity. The stitches are taken closely together, and of uneven lengths; the second shade is blended with the first by filling up the vacant spaces of the short stitch; the next shade, in the same way, unless with that one, and so on in an irregular form, the outline only presenting a regular line of stitches, exactly within the limits of the marked pattern. The shading must, of course, be done with artistic accuracy.

The veinings of leaves are worked in silk rather coarser than that used for the rest of the work. Sometimes this silk is considerably thicker; it is then laid on, and sewed over with very fine silk of the same shade, the ends being drawn through the material. Leaves are frequently veined with gold thread in a similar manner.

Large leaves should be worked from the points to the veins; small ones seldom require to be veined at all. Like stems, they are formed of a

succession of slanting stitches, very evenly laid on, forming curves and lines of the width and dimensions of the patterns, and forming accurate outlines.

When gold bullion is employed in embroidery, it is cut into short lengths, which are then laid on with fine silk of the same hue. Gold thread is sewed over, and the ends brought through the cloth, and so passed from one part to another.

The Chinese employ, in their most elaborate embroidery, a very pretty stitch termed, by us, the French Knot. It is made thus:—Bring the needful of silk to the right side of the work, in the exact spot where the stitch is to be. Hold the needle in the right hand, and with the left take up the silk, at an inch or two from the cloth. Twist the needle twice round the silk, insert it in the same spot you drew it through before, and, with the right hand, draw the needle to the under side, gradually tightening the silk with the left hand. When quite drawn through the knot is formed. The great art in this work is to make the stitches all lie perfectly even. We seldom use the French knot for anything but the seeds, stamen, or pistils of flowers: but the Chinese execute whole pieces in this stitch, shading them most exquisitely, and only using a coarse white silk or gold thread, as an outline to the whole. In bead embroidery, every stitch is generally put on separately, and in its own place: but a very beautiful effect may be obtained in pearl beads imitating grapes, by stringing them with white silk, and letting them cross each other in various directions, still preserving the outline of the cluster.

A very pretty and effective style of embroidery is that done with gold braid and wool on canvass. It is very suitable for slippers, cushions, the bands of smoking-caps, blotting cases, and many other things. An outline design in arabesque, or anything else that may appear suitable for two colors, should be drawn on paper of the proper dimensions, and then marked on the canvass. The gold braid must be cut into pieces of the proper lengths, and laid on piece by piece, the spaces between the patterns being filled with wool of some well-contrasting color—as bright blue, green, or claret—so that the pattern appears in gold, on a ground of wool. When leaves are so worked, a rich silk, of a deeper gold color than the braid, should be used afterward to vein it.

Having spoken of cushions, it may be well to tell my fair readers how to make them up most comfortably:—Cut some good strong calico *bias* of the proper size; line it with two or three thicknesses of good wadding, well fastened to it

in every direction; and stuff the bag thus made with down: the pillow to be afterward covered in any manner that may be desired. Pillows made in this way are not only much softer than others, but they also keep their shape much better, and are not liable to sink after a little wear.

Waistcoats and other articles are now much embroidered in *soie ombre*, that is, silk shaded in varieties of one color. I cannot say I think it so pretty as the variety of natural colors, or even a single self-shade. It is, however, fashionable.

THE CHOICE OF COLORS.—I will conclude my instructions for embroidery with a few hints on the choice of suitable colors; as Dogberry observes, that “reading and writing come by nature,” so I may be excused for asserting that the axiom is (in part at least) correct, as regards the power of discriminating colors. In a great measure it is a natural gift; still it may be cultivated, nay, almost created.

Selecting the necessary wools, silks, &c., is technically called, *sorting a pattern*. To sort a pattern well, it is requisite to consider the capabilities of the various materials. Wools and silks, silks in floss, and twisted—though dipped in the same vat, would be found to vary materially in the shade of color when dyed. Hence it is important to select such materials as will blend well together, and also wear well when worked.

The following colors may be said to harmonize perfectly:—

Blue works well with the warmer tints of drab, stone, and fawn.

Yellow with the richest and darkest shades of drab.

Pink with soft stone, fawn, and grey.

Lilac with the cold green tints of the same colors.

Lilac with some greens.

Maize and salmon with green

Scarlet with a slate tint.

Blue with rich dark claret brown.

Maize with blue.

White with olive green.

Green and blue do not harmonize, whatever the votaries of the present fashion may declare to the contrary. Even green leaves do not look well in the vicinity of blue flowers, unless they partake of the rich autumn tints of olive, yellow, and brown. Then the primitive colors, scarlet and yellow, kill each other; they give color, but not coloring; and yellow and green, scarlet and brown, or scarlet and lilac, are all equally injurious.

It must be remembered that strong contrasts

do not of themselves produce beauty; it is rather the delicate adjustment of the different shades. There are numberless varieties of every leading color—greens, whites, and reds especially. The following list may be serviceable:—

WHITE FLOWERS.—These may be shaded in any of the following colors: green, pure white, grey or slate. The choice depends on the color to be worked, the *Fleur de lis* requiring, for instance, to be shaded into green. In all the shades, however, the greatest softness is imperative. All sudden contrasts must be avoided.

Damask roses are worked in at least six shades; from black to a pure rose pink; the gradations include deep claret, lighter ditto, scarlet, and a medium shade between the last.

Ordinary roses are shaded from deep scarlet to bright ponceau, and various shades of pink.

The shades of greens, for leaves, are quite innumerable.

It is never in good taste to have a group of flowers on a light ground, without some one in the group to correspond with it. Not that it should be a prominent object but that it softens the whole.

Finally, I may be permitted to observe that, as "good wine needs no bush," so good needle-work requires not very gaudy or striking mountings. A well designed *portfeuille* or cushion does not look at all better for being so extravagantly finished off, that the eye rests on the fittings rather than the work. Let cords, tassels, linings, &c., be as good as possible; let them also be *as plain as possible*. These are but the frame, the work is the picture; and the valuable part should be also the most attractive.

THE TIME TO MARRY.

BY J. BENNOCH.

THE would-be wise this counsel give—

“Let love’s fond passion cool!

The man who early weds, will live

To think himself a fool.

The galling chain that frets his limbs,

Wears deeper day by day;

Experience little teaches him

Who gives the heart its way;

He wisely weds who weddeth late

A thrifty unimpassioned mate.”

When wrinkled oaks shall twining cling,

With tendrils like the vine;

When ravens like the linnet, sing .

With melody divine;

When honey drops from wither’d leaves,

And not from Summer flowers;

When Winter brings us golden sheaves,

And snow-drift, sunny hours;

When truth abused makes falsehood right,

Go withering wed and find delight.

The trembling notes young birds awake

Rise sweetly into tune,

As April buds expanding make

The flowery wreath of June;

So love begun in life’s young day

Matures with manhood’s prime,

Defies the canker of decay,

And stronger grows with time;

Oh, early quaff love’s nuptial wine,

And all that’s best in life is thine.

MY EARLY FRIENDS.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

My early friends! I have not one

With whom I played in childhood’s hour,

That speaks to me in friendship’s tone—

That twines for me affection’s flowers.

There are but few, a very few

But what have laid them down to rest;

And hands I long to clasp again,

Lie folded on a pulseless breast.

And when I think of early loves,

Those childish loves I prize and keep,

I am a child at heart once more—

I hide my face and wildly weep.

And were I but a child again,

I’d garner up each sinless love,

And bind them in a golden chain,

To draw me to the world above.

For ah, those childish loves were true;

And purer than in after years,

Which only light the lamp of Hope,

To dim it with eternal tears!

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A TULIP.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

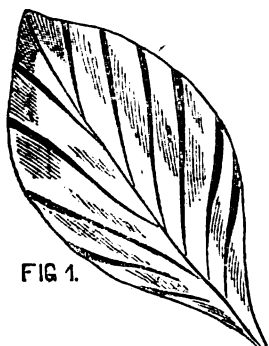


FIG 1.



FIG 2.

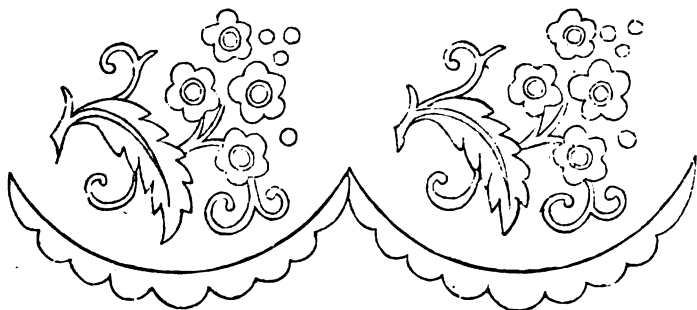
MATERIALS.—Variegated paper, yellow and red, or white and red: Tulip stamens, green wire, gum, light green tissue paper.

Cut six leaves like fig. 1, the leaves should be crimped or moulded. Cut six pieces of green wire about one and a half inches in length, and gum half way up the centre of each leaf. After the gum is perfectly dry, tie three of the petals around the stamen with thread or fine wire: then tie on the other three, being careful to make the last three petals fill the alternate space of the first. Cover the stem with light green tissue

paper—branch with long, green leaves like figure 2.

*** MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for Japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 81 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

TRIMMING FOR CHILD'S PANTALETTS.

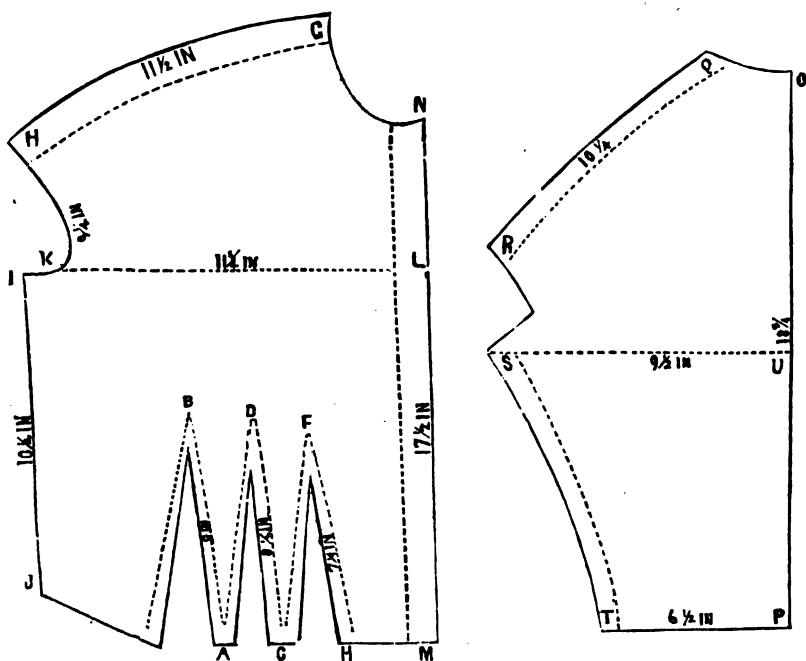


For the button-hole edge and the flowers, English working cotton, No. 50. For the leaves and stems, which are to be done in satin-stitch,

cotton No. 70 must be used. This is a beautiful pattern for a child's dress or cloak cape, substituting embroidery silk, instead of cotton.

PATTERN FOR A PLAIN DRESS BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS is an admirably fitting pattern for a medium sized person, cut by one of our first dress-makers. It is measured sufficiently large to admit of taking in or trimming.

The dotted lines show where the seams are to be made. R I, and H G, are the double seams. I J, and S T, are the seams under the arms. O P denotes one-half of the back. A B C D, and L H, are the "dart" seams. N M, the front, allowing for a hem to be turned down to the dotted line. In order to have a good fitting dress, the "darts" must not reach too high, as when that is the case the whole body has a con-

tracted, stiff and pinched look. Care must also be taken to cut the body wide in the place denoted by the dotted lines reaching from K to L on the front, and from S to U on the back. A short shoulder seam is also ungraceful. It should be made as long as can be conveniently worn.

For a cotton dress, the ordinary skirt or bishop sleeve with a band a couple of inches wide, is a fitting accompaniment for this body. But if the material is of de lain, cashmere, or any heavy material, a rounded cuff will be an improvement. "Caps" are no longer worn to sleeves.

DARNED NETTED WINDOW-CURTAINS.

MATERIALS.—For the netting, medium crochet cotton; for the darning, the flower and leaves to be in Berlin wool, of the natural colors, and the

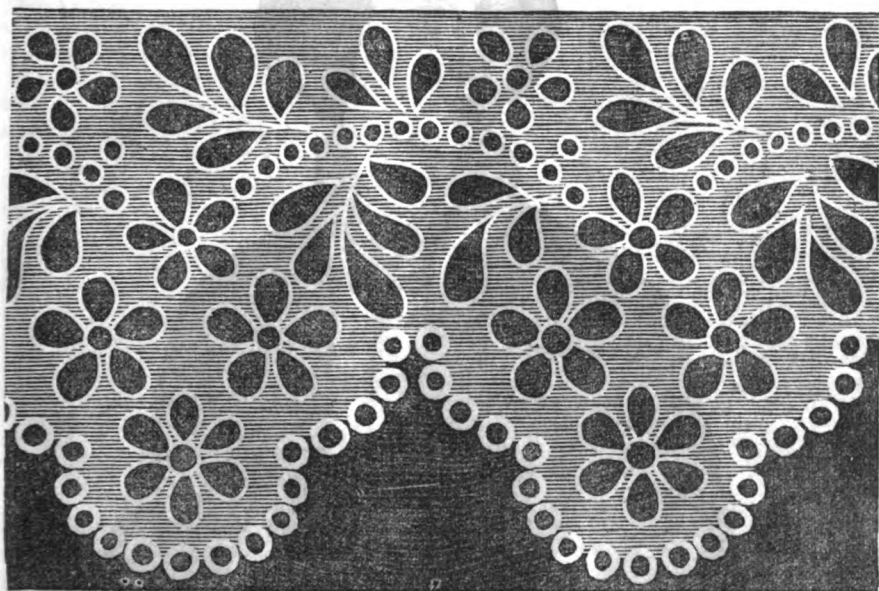
scroll in fine crochet cotton. For pattern, see front of the number.

These curtains must be netted lengthwise, and

then a vandyke edge can be worked on one side. The way to do this is, when sufficient width is done, to work thirty-six stitches, turn, and do thirty-five on them; turn, and do thirty-four; continue until it comes to a point. Work all down the side of the curtain in the same way. When the netting is completed, have the curtain washed and slightly starched, and pin it out on the carpet in a proper shape to dry. By doing so it will be much more easy to work it.

TRIMMING FOR THE BOTTOM OF A SKIRT.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



THIS rich design is in what is termed *broderie Anglaise*. The edge is composed of eyelets done in button-hole stitch, as is also a smaller row of eyelets nearer the top. The wheels and leaves are to be cut out and done in "over-stitch," that is, by merely sewing the edge over very closely. English working cotton, No. 30, for the edge, and No. 50 for the rest of the work.

EDGE FOR AN INFANT'S PETTICOAT.

THE edge to be button-holed in cotton, No. 60. The leaves to be done in satin-stitch, and over-stitch, in No. 70 cotton, the small dots in over-stitch, and the large ones in button-hole, whilst the crescent may either be done in satin-stitch or opened and over-stitched, as taste may dictate.

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

To be done in English working cotton, No. 100, stitch, over-stitch, and the French knot is employed in this pattern.

POLKA JACKET IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



An appropriate article for the season, to be trimmed with imitation ermine.

MATERIALS.—One pound and a quarter of eight-thread Berlin for Jacket. One pound of white ditto for the border, with a small quantity of black. Work in ribbed crochet.

This jacket is begun at the sleeve. Make a chain of 81 stitches. Do 41 ribs, which suffice for the sleeve; then 4 more ribs, increasing three stitches at the end of every row, and also working three stitches in one on the 41st or middle stitch of the 81, to begin to form the shoulder. It will be well to mark that stitch with a bit of white thread. The increase on the shoulder is made on every other row; but underneath the arm on every row.

Do four more ribs, increasing as before on the shoulder, but making five chains extra at the end of every row, instead of three. Then make a chain of fifty stitches extra at the end of each of the two next rows, still increasing on the shoulder as before. Do two and a half ribs, or five rows without increase at the ends, but still increase on the shoulder. This will be sufficient for the shoulder of an ordinary person. Now do ten or twelve ribs for the back, that is, from the increase stitches of the shoulder down one side, leaving the last stitch occasionally, in order gradually to slope the neck, but keeping it even at the bottom.

For the front. Join on the wool at the other side of the last increase stitches of the shoulders; do one rib and a half, straight; then begin occasionally to miss a stitch at the part where the waist comes, to form it. This will be about 87 from the neck. The missing a stitch for the waist must occur in every row: and an occasional one also at the neck. 12 ribs must be done thus, the front below the waist being also gradually rounded, by the last stitch or two being left, so that at last, there are only seven stitches below the missed stitch.

Now begin the other half-jacket, and do an exactly similar piece, finishing the front, however, first, to make them correspond. Then sew the two backs together, from the neck downward, about 84 stitches, leaving the remainder for a gore. Then sew up the sleeves from the wrist down to 10 of the last 50 chains, leaving 40 for a gore also.

Make the gore thus:—Fasten on the wool at the bottom of the jacket, where one of the gores is to be, and work a straight row up and down the space. Turn back, and when you come to the middle pass over two stitches, and leave also the last stitch of the row. Work backward and forward in this way, until you have completely closed up the space. All the gores are done alike.

For the border: white wool of the same color, cast on 12 stitches, and knit in garter stitch 136 ribs. Then knit the last two stitches together in every alternate row, until 9 stitches only are left.

Do 28 more ribs. This is for half the jacket. Do another piece exactly like it. For the sleeves cast on 14 stitches, and do 46 ribs. For the cuffs cast on 8 stitches, and do enough to go round the wrist.

Take the white wool *double*, with a coarse rug needle and a wooden mesh, one inch wide, and work on the garter knitting, in cross stitch, taking over the mesh each time—just, in fact, like raised Berlin work. Cut each row before withdrawing the mesh. Here and there, at even distances, introduce two stitches of pale straw-colored wool, and immediately below that, in the next two rows, two stitches of black. Comb and cut the fur smoothly.

Make under-sleeves to come *above* the elbow, and trim in the same way.

A bit of broad elastic, sewed in at the waist, improves the set of this jacket. Add double buttons and loops down the front.

NAPKIN RING.

BY M^{RS}. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—Pound beads of the following colors; clear white, ruby, and emerald; two buttons, either ruby or emerald.

This ring may be worked from the engraving, which will be seen in front of this number. Begin in the centre, with a long needleful of thread, and a needle threaded on at each end.

When it is necessary to take a new needleful, join it on with a weaver's knot. The little fringes at each edge is put on afterward. Care must be taken to select beads that are all of the same size, as any inequality spoils the work. Buttons must be sewed on at one end, and two button-holes, finished with beads, made at the other.

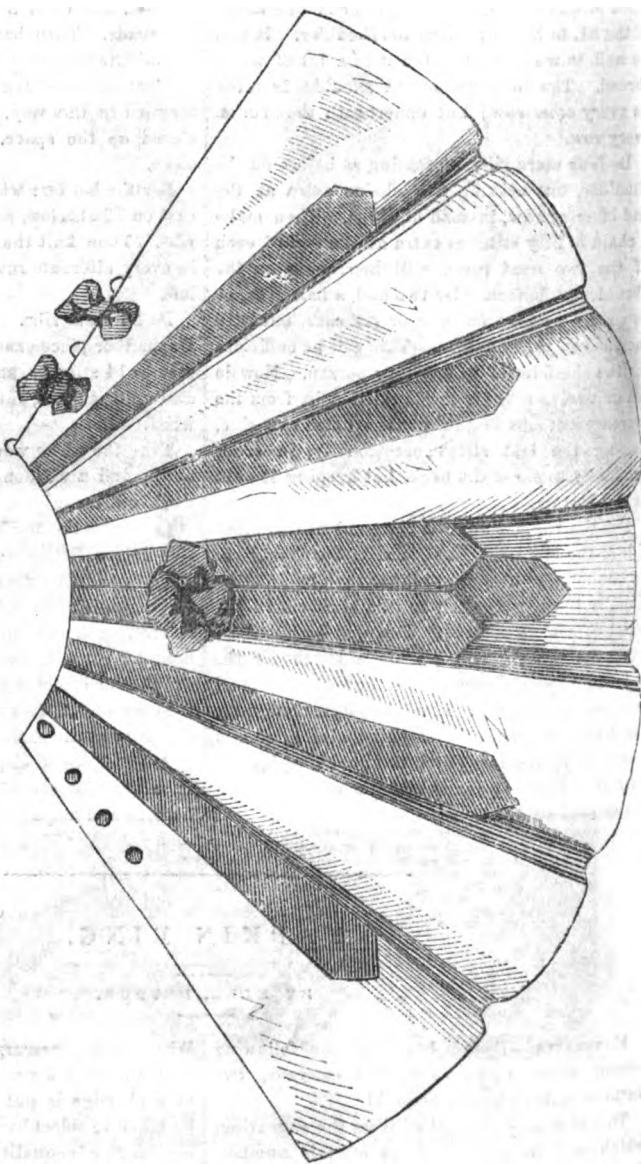
TALMA FOR CHILD.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

WE have been requested, by several subscribers, to give a few patterns of extreme simplicity, or rather those which were very easy to make up. Accordingly we have prepared a pattern for an every-day dress, to be made of calico, which is to be seen on a preceding page. We now give a Child's Talma, equally easy to cut out and make. The material is of grey cloth; and the shape a full circle, so that it is only necessary to spread the cloth on a table, or the floor, take a string with which to describe the circle, and cut according to the depth wanted. Then trim it, as seen in the engraving, with bands of black velvet finished in points. Add the buttons and bows.

In cutting the circle, care should be taken to have the grain of the cloth run the proper way: a precaution often neglected.

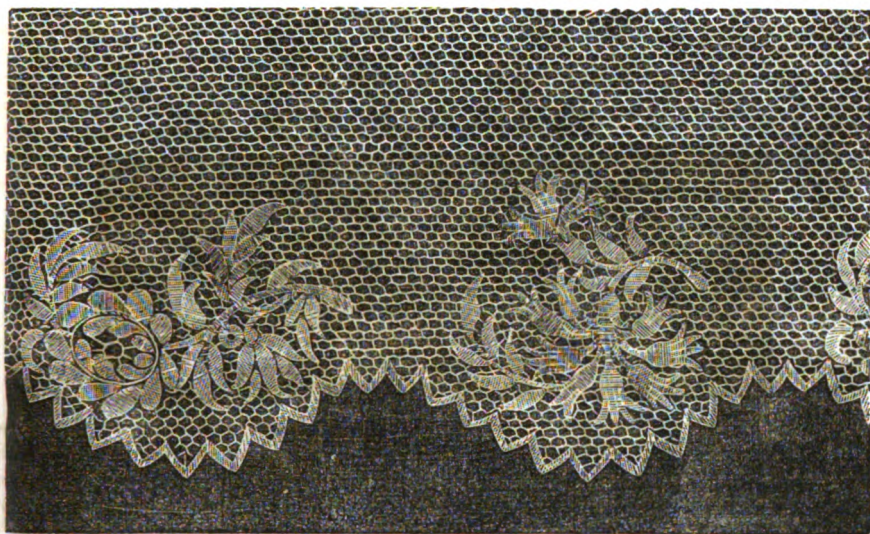
Having offered to give, in this department, any pattern that might be required, some ladies have mistook our meaning, and supposed that we offered to send, by mail, any paper patterns they might write for. We make this explanation to prevent further mistakes.



EMBROIDERED MANDARIN SLEEVE.

WORKED ON BOBBINET.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

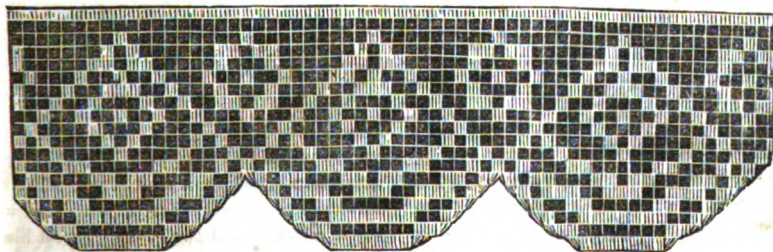


MATERIALS.—Fine bobbinet, and working-cotton, No. 40. Also, No. 70.

To embroider in satin-stitch on net, the design must be accurately drawn on colored paper of the proper shape. The net must then be cut out rather larger—shrunk by pouring boiling water

over it—tacked on, and worked in the same way as muslin embroidery, only it must be considerably more raised. The centre of the rose is darned in fancy stitches, with the Boar's-head cotton.

CROCHET EDGING AND INSERTIONS.



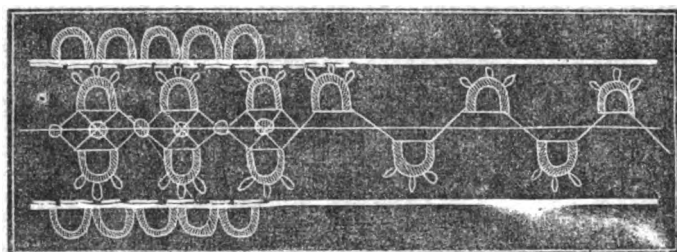
THESE edgings and insertions are intended to be worked either with or without beads. If to be worked with beads one chain-stitch must be reconed in the foundation, for every square, and the ground must be perfectly solid, with the pattern in beads. If to be worked in square

crochet three chains must be allowed for every Reckoning from that part where the actual square. In the scallops the ends of the thread scallop begins, each must be done distinctly must be neatly run in after they are done. from the other.



TATTED INSERTION.

SUITABLE FOR CUFFS, BANDS, ETC.



MATERIALS.—White cotton braid, No. 9; crochet, No. 70, and tatting cotton, No. 8.

FOR THE TATTING.—6 double stitches; make a picot with a fine pin; 3 double stitches, 1 picot, 3 double stitches, 1 picot, 6 double stitches. Draw this loop up, and leave a space as great as that indicated in the engraving, before making the next. When a sufficient quantity of this is done, take a piece of colored paper, rather longer than you require the insertion to be, and on it rule two parallel lines, an inch apart, and another exactly between them. Take on the tatting, allowing it to touch, alternately, each outer line; then back again in the same manner, so that the threads cross at the centre line, and form a

hexagonal space between every two tatted loops. Braid the outer lines and the ends; and if the piece be intended for a cuff, put a double line of braid at one end for the buttons, and also two braid loops at the other, for button-holes. A long needleful of Masland's griffin crochet, No. 70, must then be taken along the centre line, connecting the cross lines with a button-hole stitch wherever they occur. Then work a rosette of English lace in every space, and another when the four threads cross each other. The tatting edging is made without picots, and lightly sewed on the outer edges of the braid, both sides of which should then be finished with a row of Venitian edging.

EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—Black velvet or kerseymere; mitrose silk, blue, yellow, lilac, green and white, all in shades; also, a small quantity of gold bullion of the smallest size.

The design must first be marked on the cloth or velvet already described. Then the convolvuluses are to be worked in shades of lilac; the stamens and pistils in yellow. That part of the flower adjoining the calyx in white, shading into

grey, the lightest part to adjoin the calyx; this must be worked in a blue green. The buds on the sides of the shoe are to be worked with one shade of white and two of the lightest lilac. The forget-me-nots are to be in their appropriate colors, blue, with a yellow spot in the centre, and the adjoining leaves in shades of yellow green. The stems may be worked in half-polka stitch, in shades of green; but the effect of fine

gold bullion, cut into lengths varying from the eighth to the quarter of an inch, and laid on in the same half-polka stitch is perhaps finer.

The slipper must be lined with quilted silk, and a ruche of quilted ribbon should go entirely round it. Pattern in front of number.

INSERTION FOR SHIRT OR NIGHT DRESS FRONT.

If worked on linen for a shirt front, the common sewing thread of the finest Nos. must be used; or if the work is required to be heavier,

or on muslin, the English working cotton, Nos. 90 or 100, is to be employed. Pattern in front of number.

BAND FOR A CHEMISE.

The scallop to be done in button-hole stitch, other figures to be cut out and done in over-stitch with the same cotton.

NAME AND LETTERS FOR MARKING.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A CHOICE BOOK. FRIENDSHIP NOT A NAME.—The poet Duganne, has just received a compliment—if we can call it such—of which any person might be proud. Mr. J. Lesley, Jr., loving him as a man, and admiring him as a poet, has collected together his poems; and issued them in what is one of the choicest specimens of book-making ever published in America. On a former occasion, however, we spoke of the volume, in its mechanical aspect, as a triumph of typography, so that now we must confine ourselves to the literary merits of the work. These are many, and increase our respect for Mr. Duganne's ability, superior as we have always considered it. A daily cotemporary, whose critical opinions we can generally endorse, says that the best things in the volume are to be found among the shorter lyrical pieces, and adds: "Among these there is none more beautiful nor more fully imbued with the middle-age spirit of love poetry than the following gem, which has been already appropriated by music-makers as the most charming of modern-antique love songs."

HERRE I LOVE.

AN OLD STYLE MADRIGAL.

I know a litle hande;
'Tys ye softest yn ye lande—
And I feele yts pressure blande
Whyle I synges:
Lylie-whyte, and restyngs nowe,
Lyke a rose-leafe on my browe,
Wythe yts winge.
Welle I pryze, (alle handes above)
Thye deare Hande of Herre I love!

I knowe a littel foote—
Very connyngelys 'tys putt
In a dayntie littel boote,
Where yt hydes;
Lyke a shuttel yt ever flies
Backe and forthe before myne eyes,
Weavyng musyque forre myne eyes,
As yt glydes,
Welle I pryze (alle foete above)
Thye deare foote of Herre I love!

I knowe a littel harte;
Yt ys free from courtlie arte,
And I owne yt (evorie parte)
Forre alle tyme:
Ever yt beates wythe musyque tone—
Ever an echoe of myne owne.
Ever keepyng with myne owne
Holle chyme.
Welle I pryze, (all hartes above)
Thye deare harte of Herre I love!

This is really exquisite. The antique spelling, the old-time terms of expression, and the quaint beauty of the thoughts are all in harmony. But Mr. Duganne, even without these adventitious aids, can pen delicious lyrics, as the following one will show.

A FANTASIE.

I sit beside my gentle one:
Her hand is laid in mine;
And thus we watch the parting sun
In golden haze decline.
Across the fields the shadows creep,
And up the misty hill;
And we our twilight vigils keep,
At our own cottage sill.

The distant brooklet's murmurs come,
Like bell-notes through the leaves;
And many an insect's mazy hum,
Its dreamy music weaves.
The dove's last note, in rippling beats,
Upon the air departs;
The breath of all our garden sweets
Is creeping to our hearts.

The russet woodbine round our porch,
In clustering ringlets twines;
The honeysuckle's crimson touch
Gleams through the dusky vines;
The sunset rays are trembling now
Amid the trellis-bars—
They paint upon my darling's brow
A glory like the stars.

Her cheek is nestling on my breast,
Her eyes are bright with tears;
A prayer, half-breathed and half-request,
My listening spirit hears.
Oh! blessed be the changeless love
That glorifies my life!
All doubt, all fear, all guile above—
My own true-hearted wife.

Yet we incline to think, from evidence afforded unconsciously, that the author prefers the patriotic and satirical poems, which compose the principal part of this volume. There is certainly fire in the first, and wit in the last; but they seem to us to be less carefully elaborated than the lyrics of love and sentiment: and on the whole we prefer the latter. It is impossible, however, not to kindle, when reading Duganne's lyrics on freedom: for every line is a blaze, every word glows. We honor this poet for his love of humanity.

The volume is published by Parry & McMillan, successors to A. Hart, Philadelphia. A beautifully executed line engraving of Mr. Duganne embellishes the book. It represents a face full of high thoughts and poetic enthusiasm; and we can bear witness to its being a good likeness.

EXQUISITE CHINA AND GLASS WARE.—To those of our readers, who either reside in Philadelphia, or may chance to visit it, we would recommend a call at Tyndale & Mitchell's, glass and china merchants, Chesnut street above Seventh. This firm is composed of two gentlemen, who are celebrated for their exquisite taste in all that pertains to art or elegance. This taste they have brought into their business;

and their store consequently is a museum as well as a warehouse. We have heard that when Lord Carlisle was in this country he pronounced their collection of fictile ware superior to any he had seen in either London or Paris. Since then their stock has greatly increased, both in extent and in beauty. We may safely say that there is no store in the world where so much exquisite china and glassware may be seen. All the articles, both in form and color, reach the climax of what can be attained. Messrs. Tyndale & Mitchell have brought out, from Europe, an engraver on glass, solely to have initials, or designs, cut on goblets, or other glassware, as the taste of purchasers may dictate. Their Sevres, Dresden and other porcelain; their Bohemian ware; and their Parian statuettes are really unrivalled. They also deal in the commoner sorts of glass and earthenware, but the shapes, which they sell, are all graceful; and yet the price is the lowest. While there is no other establishment, therefore, in the United States, where such a collection of rare and beautiful articles can be found, there is no one that can afford any article, even the most common, at a lower price, or perhaps as low.

"CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE."—The following curious poem, formed from different Bible texts, is worth preserving.

Cling to the Mighty One,	Ps. lxxxix., 19.
Cling in thy grief;	Heb. xii., 11.
Cling to the Holy One,	Heb. i., 22.
He gives relief,	Ps. cxvi., 9.
Cling to the Gracious One,	Ps. cxvi., 5.
Cling in thy pain;	Ps. lv., 4.
Cling to the Faithful One	1 Thess. v., 24.
He will sustain.	Ps. xxviii., 8.
Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii., 25.
Cling in thy woe;	Ps. lxxxvi., 7.
Cling to the Living One,	1 John iv., 16.
Through all below;	Rom. viii., 38, 39.
Cling to the Pardoning One,	Is. iv., 7.
He speaketh peace;	John xiv., 27.
Cling to the Healing One,	Exod. xv., 26.
Anguish shall cease.	Ps. cxviii., 3.
Cling to the Bleeding One,	1 John i., 7.
Cling to His side:	John xx., 27.
Cling to the Risen One,	Rom. vi., 9.
In Him abide;	John xv., 4.
Cling to the Coming One,	Rev. xxii., 20.
Hope shall arise;	Titus ii., 13.
Cling to the Reigning One,	Ps. xcvi., 1.
Joy lights thine eyes.	Ps. xvi., 11.

A BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.—A young lady, in a letter renewing her subscription, says:—"I send you two dollars, a birth-day present from my father; and thinking I could put it no better use, I will take your Magazine for 1856." Decidedly, she has taste.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—We received, a fortnight ago, a club from Copperas, Vt., with these words:—"We have only sixteen families in the place, and ten take your Magazine." Since then another has subscribed. Before the year is out, we expect to have all.

DICKENS' COMPLETE WORKS.—No work, lately published, has had such brilliant success as the library edition of Dickens' novels, printed by T. B. Peterson. It may be had, not only in cheap style, at fifty cents a volume, but in two more elegant editions, the one in five volumes, and the other in twelve. The latter, especially when bound in half calf, antique, is very beautiful. Indeed, we know no more tasteful gift, or more refined ornament for the book-shelves; and it is the more desirable because it is a standard work, and therefore one that will be as valuable to one's children as even to one's self. We understand that Mr. T. B. Peterson will publish "Little Dorrit," uniform with the rest of the novels, as soon as it is concluded. No library is complete without a set of these books. They are as indispensable as Scott's to every family of culture and taste.

LETTERS DIRECTED IN VERSE.—In "Life Among the Mail Bags," some curious instances are given of letters directed in verse. The following is among the most odd.

When you C this letter,
You'd better letter B.
For it is going over
Unto Tom McG.
In the town of Dover,
State of Tennessee.

This, on a Valentine, is as queer.

Mr. Post Master, keep this well,
for every line is going to tell
how much I love my Bill Martell.
Syracuse, N. Y.

THE "SKIRT" MOVEMENT.—For the original design of this humorous engraving—a capital hit at the absurd exaggeration, to which some ladies carry the amplitude of skirt—we are indebted to that witty journal, the "Yankee Notion."

BUNYAN'S DESCENDANTS.—The last male descendant of John Bunyan, author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," died recently in England, aged eighty.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Napoleon at St. Helena: or Interesting Anecdotes and Remarkable Conversations of the Emperor during the five and a half years of his captivity. Collected from the memorials of Las Casas, O'Meara, Montholon, Antommarchi, and others. By John S. C. Abbott. With illustrations. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a handsome octavo volume of the size of "Abbott's Napoleon." It is printed with large, new type, and illustrated with a steel frontispiece, five maps, and one hundred and twenty-six wood-cuts, all executed in the best style. Though confessedly a compilation, it is one of unusual merit. The most interesting portions of the works of Mon-

tholon, Las Casas, O'Meara, and others belonging to Napoleon's household during his captivity, have been selected, arranged in chronological order, and connected by a skillful narrative, that fills up all gaps and supplies whatever information may be wanting to the general reader. In point of style, as well as in other respects, the book is superior to the life of Napoleon by the same author. The Emperor was never more interesting than at St. Helena, but unfortunately his conversations and dictations were originally made to different persons and published in separate volumes. A work like this, therefore, which gives the essence of all; which, in addition, is illustrated so accurately and exquisitely: and which is published at a price comparatively low, is really a valuable addition to our popular literature.

Caesar Literally Translated. With notes and a very Elaborate Index. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—These translations of "Harper's Classical Library," are so neatly executed, literal as they are, that it is not only young students who will be benefitted by them, but also persons unfamiliar with the dead languages, or even educated men who have almost forgot their old favorites. We really feel grateful to the publishers, for having, in this and other volumes of the series, beguiled us from business for awhile, to renew our acquaintance with the great writers of the past. We have, in fancy, while perusing the volumes received this month, heard Cicero discourse "high philosophy;" seen Cyrus slain in the great battle a day's march from Babylon; and followed the legions of Caesar in those immortal campaigns in Gaul and Germany, for which, with something very like retribution, Italy has since, in chains, served so many northern conquerors. All the volumes of the "Classical Library," we may add, are neatly and even tastefully printed and bound.

The Onyx Ring. By John Sterling. With a Biographical Preface by Charles Hale. 1 vol. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall.—We welcome this republication with sincere pleasure. "The Onyx Ring," first appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, twenty years ago; and immediately attracted attention. Since then it has been admired by all persons of culture and intelligence who have been so fortunate as to peruse it. Carlyle and Goethe figure in the story. The publishers have issued the volume in excellent style. Indeed, Whittemore, Niles & Hall are fast becoming celebrated, alike for the high character and for the mechanical elegance of their books.

Chapman's Principia. By L. L. Chapman. 1 vol. Philada: Campbell & Co.—This work deserves more space than we have leisure to give it at present. Mr. Chapman professes to have found a theory of universal electro-magnetism; and asserts that he has discovered the occult influences which regulate the changes of the elements. He also attacks the Newtonian notion of gravitation.

Village and Farm Cottages. Illustrated with one hundred engravings. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—It is rarely that a book equally valuable and elegant is offered to our criticism. The paper, type and engravings are all superior. The context has been prepared, and the designs furnished, by three capable architects. Every variety of dwelling for the village and farm is given, from the humblest one-story cottage to the ornate and spacious villa: and each design is accompanied by full details, and with plans and an engraving, and an estimate of the cost. The title-page makes no idle boast, when it says that the requirements of American homes are fairly considered and suggested. The designs are chiefly for houses of moderate cost. A few chapters, at the close, discuss the improvements of grounds and gardens. The work is the best of its kind which has yet fallen under our notice.

A Child's History of the United States. By John Benner. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author confesses that the idea of this book was suggested by Charles Dickens' admirable "Child's History of England." The work is written in idiomatic English, seizes the salient points of our national career, and is generally such a history as will engage the attention of children, and help them, as Mr. Benner modestly hopes (in this quoting the words of Dickens) "by-and-by, to read with interest larger and better books on the same subject." The volumes are well printed. We cordially recommend the work as supplying a want long felt by parents and teachers of the young.

The Irish Abroad and at Home; at the Court and in the Camp, with Souvenirs of the Brigade. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—An anonymous author, who styles himself "An Emigrant Milesian," has made quite a readable book, in the volume before us, by collecting anecdotes of his eminent countrymen, giving sketches of their lives, and depicting the fortunes of the famous Irish Brigade, that so long shed a lustre on the arms of France. It is one of those books, which are captivating to all alike, but grow more captivating the more we know of history and biography.

The Heart of Mabel Ware. A Romance. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—In many respects this is superior to the ordinary novels of the day. The style is generally more finished, the incidents more powerfully told, and the characters drawn with greater breadth. The conclusion, however, strikes us as too suggestive of Zenobia's drowning, in Hawthorne's "Blithedale." We hardly think the book a healthy one in other respects also.

Xenophon's Anabasis. By the Rev. J. S. Watson. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A literal translation for students. It is accompanied by a geographical commentary from the pen of Mr. Ainsworth, in which the route, which the famous "ten thousand" took in their retreat, is accurately traced.

The Indian Fairy Book. From the Original Legends. 1 vol. New York: Mason Brothers.—From a large mass of Indian material, placed at his disposal by H. R. Schoolcraft, the author of this volume has selected about twenty-five legends and tales of the supernatural, which he claims, and not extravagantly, to be as interesting, in some respects, as the "Arabian Nights." It seems incredible, until one has perused this book, that so much imagination exists in the Indian mind. We cannot avoid believing, even yet, that many of these stories would never have been told by their savage authors, but for the appearance of the Anglo-Saxons in America. Mr. Schoolcraft has doubtless faithfully recorded what he heard; and even the Indian tale-tellers may have fancied their stories were indigenous; but the presence of a foreign element is plainly to be traced in many of the legends. Nevertheless, there are other stories, in the volume, which have no such taint: but which appear to reflect thoroughly the mind and character of the aborigines. The book is not only curious, but really entertaining, and any person would be pleased and profited by its perusal. Several elegant illustrations embellish the volume.

Phœnixiana; or, Sketches and Burlesques. By John Phœnix. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is really one of the wittiest books of the season. It is made up of fugitive sketches, originally published in the magazines and newspapers of California; and is a proof that intellectual, as well as material gold, is not wanting in that new commonwealth. In fact, few of the older states can produce a writer as graphic and amusing as the author of "Phœnixiana." The volume is printed on unusually elegant paper, and is altogether a credit to its enterprising publishers.

Cora and the Doctor; or, Revelations of a Physician's Wife. 1 vol. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.—This novel has been before the public for a considerable time, so that it is already stamped with the seal of popular approbation. It is far superior to fictions of domestic life generally. The style is the epistolary, which we have always thought had great advantages, at least for stories of this character; and which certainly enables the author of "Cora," to tell her tale with a freshness, a detail, and a force, which otherwise would have been impossible to her.

Hampton Heights; or, the Spinster's Ward. By Caleb Starbuck. 1 vol. New York: Mason Brothers.—A first effort, if only of average ability, is no proof that a writer is without talent. Thackeray is an example in point. "Hampton Heights," is by a new author, who is not destitute of promise: but if its writer wishes "a name to live," he will have to produce far better fictions.

Cicero's Offices and Moral Works. By Cyrus R. Edmonds. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another volume of "Harper's Classical Library," published in similar style to the "Anabasis." The notes accompanying this edition are very valuable.

Plain Talk and Friendly Advice to Domestic. With Counsel on Home Matters. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—A really meritorious work. It has also a merit rare in didactic volumes, it is not dull in the least, but is often actually amusing. We fear, however, that those for whom it is designed will not generally have either the inclination to read it, or the money to purchase it. Employers might, indeed, make the book a present to those whom they hire; but most American servants would take umbrage at this.

My First Season. By Beatrice Reynolds. 1 vol. New York: W. P. Ftridge & Co.—Professedly edited by the author of "Charles Auchester;" but really, we think, the work of that wayward, yet able writer. Parts of it rise far above mediocrity. The character of Beatrice is fresh, and is racily delineated. There are also many capital scenes in the work. If the author's plots were better, he, or she, whoever it is, would take high rank as a novelist.

Jack the Giant-Killer. Illuminated with ten pictures. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The merit of this choice little quarto is the taste with which Mr. Hewett, the celebrated engraver, has executed the illuminations and other illustrations. When we contrast the elegant works, now published for children, with the rude affairs that were in vogue when we were young, we are forcibly struck with the improved taste of the day.

Family Pastimes; or, Homes Made Happy. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—This is a collection of games for the social circle. Such a work we have often heard inquired for, and are glad to see one so varied and thorough at last. Amusement for the evenings of an entire winter may be had from "Family Pastime," without repeating a single game, puzzle, or charade.

Saint Gildas; or, the Three Paths. By Julia Kavanagh. 1 vol. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall.—A story for boys, beautifully written, and quite equal in its way to "Nathalie," which we have always considered the best of Miss Kavanagh's novels. It is elegantly printed, and is illustrated.

Oliver and the Jew Fagin. From the "Oliver Twist," of Dickens. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—All that will chiefly attract children, in "Oliver Twist," is to be found in this elegant little volume, the fourth of a series of which we have spoken already in high praise.

Florence Dombry. From the "Domby and Son," of Dickens. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—Not less successful than the other compilations of this admirable series. No family of taste, where there are children, should be without these books.

The Rival Beauties. A Novel. By Miss Pardoe. 1 vol. New York: W. P. Ftridge & Co.—An old novel, but a capital one, republished in cheap style. As few, in this generation, have read it, "The Rival Beauties," is a desirable book.

An Outline of the General Principles of Grammar. By Rev. J. G. Barton.—1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In addition to giving an outline of the general principles of grammar, this little volume furnishes a brief exposition of the idiomatic peculiarities of the English language. It is arranged with questions, and seems a valuable work.

Amy Lee. By the Author of "Our Parish." 1 vol. Boston: Brown, Dazin & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—It is not often that a novel is so elegantly printed as this. The story is gracefully told, by one not unknown to fame. We can recommend "Amy Lee" as a safe and entertaining fiction for the family.

Lilly Huson. A Tale of Humble Life. By Alice Gray. 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brothers.—This fiction bears internal evidence of having been written by one who has really suffered. It is valuable, therefore, even apart from its story; for all records of actual experience have a certain merit.

Home Comforts; or, Economy Illustrated by Familiar Scenes of Every-Day Life. By Lillie Savery. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—The author of this book evidently writes from experience. We can recommend the work as entirely fulfilling the promises of its title-page. It is neatly published.

Little Paul. From the "Dombey and Son," of Dickens. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—The story of "Little Paul," loses none of its beauty or pathos in this little volume, but on the contrary is rendered more acceptable to the young, by the excision of extraneous matter.

THE TOILET.

THE HAIR.—A fine luxuriant *chevelure* is so essential to beauty, and a scanty supply of rough, ill-tended hair so repulsive, that those women who wisely deem it a serious social duty to render themselves pleasing and agreeable, should study the best means of preserving and beautifying this useful and attractive ornament of the person. Cleanliness is of course indispensable, and this is best attained by frequently washing the head in soft, warm water: it is an error to suppose that water injures the hair—it is the natural, and therefore the best method of cleaning it, and as it keeps the skin free from impurities, it insures the healthy condition of the hair. It is, however, highly necessary that it should be well dried and rubbed with hot cloths; this restores the elasticity and glossiness to the hair, and prevents catarrh or headaches. The constant use of the brush we need not allude to, except to advise that the head itself should not be treated roughly with it, as is sometimes the case; the hair should be well brushed, but not the head, as the partings of the head are rendered thin and unsightly by the rough manner in which the brush is often handled. The yolks of eggs beat up with lemon juice is excellent for the purpose of cleansing the hair. Night-caps are injurious, unless

composed of thin transparent materials. The hair should be cut about every two months; oils and greases should be used very sparingly, for although in moderation they improve the appearance of the hair, an excess soon produces a very contrary result.

The hair, in its manner of growing, resembles a bulbous plant. The lower end of the bulb is connected with small fibres, like roots, which convey the necessary nutritive secretions. Each hair is a hollow tube, and is composed of several substances. An animal substance analogous to albumen, a thick whitish oil upon which is owing the soft glossiness of the hair, minute quantities of oxide of magnesia and carbonate of lime, iron in proportions varying according to the color, a considerable quantity of silicic acid, and sulphur. There is, besides, an oil, which is the coloring principle of the hair. In black hair this oil is of a brownish green color; in light hair, dark or pale yellow, according to the shade; in red hair, this oil is brownish red, and in flaxen, almost colorless. These colors, and their various shades, depend upon the predominance of certain substances forming this oil; that which gives a black color has in its composition a large proportion of iron and magnesia; that which renders the hair blonde, contains a small quantity of iron and a large proportion of sulphur; that of red hair contains very little sulphur and a considerable quantity of red oxide of iron. The complete absence of iron, with increased quantity of silicic acid, is the cause of the hair becoming white. When it does not exist prematurely there is a holy and poetic beauty in white hair, with which false locks and artificial dyes can never compete.

PARLOR GAMES.

CUPID.—One of the players is seated at the end of the room, as head, or leader.—Venus, we would propose as the title, if a lady. The other players range themselves in a row, and each one represents a letter of the alphabet, and comes forward in turn before Venus to personate Cupid, by the sentiment expressed in any word which they may choose that commences with the letter they respond to—taking care that the countenance, gesture, and manner, express the idea of the word selected.

For instance, the first one in the row begins with A, and says, Cupid comes awkward, and at the same time walks across the room toward the person seated, in a very awkward manner, and takes her station behind her; then the next one says, Cupid comes begging, and acts accordingly while walking across the room; the next one takes C, and so they proceed until the alphabet is exhausted; and then if there are more persons, they can begin the alphabet again, or if but a few players, when the last one has played, the one who commenced the game can take the next letter, and so proceed again.

As all may not think of words as quickly as they should, they will find here a variety from which they can choose.

A. Cupid comes affectionately—afflicted—astonished—affronted.

B. Cupid comes boisterously—bravely—bending—blundering.

C. Cupid comes carefully—careless—cross—crooked.

D. Cupid comes daring—disdainfully—dancing—dejected.

E. Cupid comes elegantly—earnestly—exhausted—egotistical.

F. Cupid comes fearful—foolishly—curious—fidgeting.

G. Cupid comes gracefully—grumbling—gallantly—gazing.

H. Cupid comes humble—hopping—halting—humming.

I. Cupid comes idly—impatient—indignant inquisitive.

The one who fails to make the proper expressions or attitude, must do so at the command of Venus.

Cupid can be performed under these various aspects, and many more that are not given here, and the alphabet can be gone over several times, by always using different words. It will be found to be a very amusing game, especially if the players are quick in thinking of their words, so as to avoid delay.

SICK-ROOM, COSMETICS, &c.

WASH FOR SUNBURN.—Take two drams of borax, one dram of Roche alum, one of camphor, half an ounce of sugar-candy, and a pound of ox-gall; mix, and stir well for ten minutes, and repeat this stirring three or four times a day for a fortnight till it appears clear; strain through blotting-paper, and bottle for use. Another wash made of half a pint of milk, the juice of a lemon, and a spoonful of brandy, boiled together; skim it well, then take it off the fire, and set aside for use. A small quantity of loaf sugar or alum may be added.

ALMOND PASTE for beautifying the skin may be made as follows:—Take half a pound of sweet almonds, blanched; two ounces of bread crumbs; a quarter of a pint of spring water, the same of brandy, and the yolk of an egg. Pound the almonds in a mortar, and sprinkle in a little water, that the paste may not "oil;" add the bread crumbs, which moisten with the brandy as you mix it with the almonds and the egg-yolk. Set this mixture over a slow fire, and keep stirring it, lest the paste adhere to the bottom of the vessel.

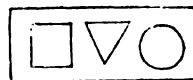
ERYSIPELAS may be cured by the simple application of raw cranberries, beat into a paste. We knew a young lady, with one side of her face so much swollen and inflamed, that the eye had become closed, and the pain excessive. A poultice of Cranberries was applied, and after a few changes, the pain ceased, the inflammation subsided, and in the course of a couple of days every vestige of erysipelas had disappeared.

FOR CHILBLAINS.—The following will be found efficacious:—When the chilblains first appear, apply a plaster of soap serrat, spread on a piece of lint or soft linen. This plaster should be kept on for several days, then replaced by another of the same kind, and so repeated until the chilblains disappear. The air should be kept from them as much as possible. Rubbing with spirits of turpentine when the chilblains first begin to be troublesome, and before they break, is also recommended.

A LEMON PASTE, which we also recommend, is prepared with the juice of two lemons, an ounce of oil of almonds, and a tablespoonful of honey; these ingredients are merely well stirred together. Another excellent emollient is made thus:—Blanch a quarter of a pound of bitter almonds, beat them up finely with an ounce of spirit of camphor, and half the quantity of borax, adding about a teaspoonful of glycerine; it should form a paste, and be only used occasionally.

PUZZLE.

THE CYLINDER PUZZLE.—With a piece of cardboard four inches long, make three holes in it as shown below. The puzzle consists in making one piece of wood pass through the holes and exactly to fill each, although they are dissimilar in shape.



NEW RECEIPTS.

Stewed Apple Pudding.—Cover a deep basin or pan to the depth of two inches with apples pared and cored; add water sufficient to stew them. Make a crust as for common biscuit, roll to an inch in thickness, cut a hole in the centre, and cover with it the apples. Set the dish on the stove or coals, covering closely to prevent the escape of steam. Twenty minutes or half an hour's cooking will be sufficient. Serve with sauce made of water, butter and sugar, thickened with flour and flavored with nutmeg.

Batter Pudding without Eggs.—Take a quart of milk, mix six spoonfuls of flour with a little of the milk first, add the rest by degrees, with a teaspoonful of salt, two of beaten ginger, and two of the tincture of saffron. Mix all together quite smooth, and boil for an hour either in a buttered cloth or basin.

Bread Cakes.—Soak some crusts of bread in milk, strain them through the cullender very fine, beat in four eggs, and a little flour just sufficient to thicken the substance; add one teaspoonful of salaratus, mix all to make a thin batter, and bake on the griddle.

A good Tooth Powder.—Red bark and Armenian bole each one ounce; powdered cinnamon and bicarbonate of soda each half an ounce; oil of cinnamon two or three drops.

To take Iron Stains out of Marble.—Mix equal quantities of fresh spirits of vitrol and lemon juice in a bottle; shake it well; wet the spots, and in a few minutes after rub them with soft linen until they disappear. Ink spots in mahogany may be removed by rubbing them with wet blotting paper, and afterward rubbing with a dry cloth.

Tracing Paper.—A sheet of fine, thin, white paper dipped in a thick solution of gum arabic, and then pressed between two dry sheets, renders them transparent when dry. Is useful for tracing purposes as it can be either written or printed upon.

Ink Spots on the pages of a book may be effaced by washing them with a solution of oxalic acid in water, and afterward rinsing off with clear water.

Corn Bread.—One quart of sour milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour, three eggs, and corn-meal sufficient to make a stiff batter.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—THE EUPHROSINE, made of rich brown velvet, cut almost in the form of a large circular, but with a little less fulness, and with long, flowing sleeves introduced at the shoulders. These sleeves are set in plain, but finished at the bottom with deep flounces introduced into the upper portion with deep box plaits. Over each plait falls a pendent button of brown silk, which forms an unique heading, and the plaits falling open below give ample fulness to the flow of the sleeve. A superb border of embroidery surrounds the cloak. A medallion pattern is separated by clusters of roses, buds, and leaves, which leave the medallion in relief, and yet form a rich running pattern. The garment is finished by a small, round collar, covered entirely with embroidery.

FIG. II.—BONNET FOR A YOUNG LADY.—Drawn front, covered with very small ruches; a plain velvet cross band with a bow and end on each side. Inside pink flowers.

FIG. III.—MORNING CAP, of open-work embroidery, filled in with Alençons point.

FIG. IV.—THE CROWN of this cap is of white tulle, and over it are rows of narrow black velvet forming a lozenge pattern. The other part of the cap is formed of alternate rows of black and white lace. The trimming consists of bows of pink ribbon intermingled with ends of black velvet.

FIG. V.—BONNET OF VIOLET-COLOR VELVET, trimmed round the edge with a full ruche of black lace. The curtain is covered with a fall of black lace, and another fall passes across the back part of the crown. On one side of the bonnet is placed a bunch of purple grapes with velvet leaves. Cap of white and black blonde, trimmed with small bunches of grapes. Strings of broad violet color ribbon.

FIG. VI.—THE CLARA MANTLE, cut in a loose sacque form, made of black velvet, and trimmed with sable fur and a deep ball fringe. A yoke of black velvet passes around the neck and down the front,

and is ornamented with ten *brandebourgs* or "frogs," as they are sometimes called.

FIG. VII.—THE VENETIAN is also composed of black velvet, with a large cape, circular behind, but sloping up gradually in front. There is a much smaller cape which forms a yoke, and is trimmed, as well as the large cape and body, with a rich tulle fringe.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The materials adopted this winter for dresses are more varied and beautiful than those of any previous season. The new poplins in particular are very superior, both as regards texture and brilliancy of color. Chequered patterns are most in favor for poplin dresses, and the real clan tartans are highly fashionable. Some of the new brocattelle dresses have flounces ornamented in the Pompadour style, with flowers broche in various colors. One of the novelties in silk dresses just introduced consists of spots of black velvet running up the skirt in a regular series, one above the other, and occupying a space of about three inches in width. These rows of spots are ranged alternately with stripes of moire antique, either black or colored.

JET is very generally used in combination with the trimmings usually employed for bonnets, and even for dresses and cloaks. Silk dresses trimmed with flounces have the flounces headed by a narrow row of embroidery in jet; and some of the new black velvet cloaks are ornamented at the edge with a medallion pattern embroidered in sewing silk and jet. One of the prettiest coiffures we have seen is composed of fuchias of scarlet velvet, the long pendent stamens being formed of jet. The leaves are composed of crape. We may mention that the practice of ornamenting lace with bugles is again coming into fashion.

An elegant variety has just been introduced in the trimming of dresses of moire or plain silk. Bands or stripes of black velvet are set on perpendicularly, and at regular intervals, all round the skirt. These stripes are usually about two inches broad, and the intervening spaces are nearly double that width. Some dresses, trimmed in this style, have the velvet stripes of a pyramidal form—that is, broader at bottom than at top; and the edge of the velvet on each side is ornamented with a row of narrow fringe, passementerie, lace, or guipure.

Wreaths of flowers and ruches of ribbon, in perpendicular rows, are employed to ornament evening dresses. These dresses are usually made with two skirts, and the trimming is placed only on the upper one, which descends no lower than the knees. Dresses of white tulle, similar in style to those just mentioned, have the upper skirt ornamented with bouillonnes disposed in perpendicular rows, and under each row is run a pink or blue ribbon, terminating at the lower part in a bow, with ends flowing over the under skirt.

BODICES remain high, and flounces lose none of their favor; nevertheless plain skirts are not excluded, especially for some of the richer tissues which will hardly bear any kind of ornament. It

would be ridiculous for instance to put flounces on a velvet dress, or even on one of moire antique. All tastes may, therefore, be satisfied without any inconvenience.

The majority of sleeves for visiting toilet are closed. After the model of those in the *Margaret of Valois* body comes another kind. It is a wide sleeve gathered at top and bottom. At top there is a little jockey; at bottom a deep cuff turned up, forming a rather round point on the front of the arm. This sleeve is barely four inches longer than the ordinary pagoda. Under it, are pretty puffed sleeves.

JACKETS of black or colored cloth are very fashionable, especially for young ladies. One of the handsomest is a jacket of grey cloth, trimmed with black and grey soutache, set on in an arabesque pattern. It is fastened in front with small steel buttons; and the sleeves, which are partially loose, are finished at the ends by turned-up cuffs. This jacket is intended to be worn with a skirt of grey poplin, figured with a pattern in black and pink. The skirt is trimmed with bows of black velvet, a row of bows passing up each side so as to form a tablier or apron.

WINTER CLOAKS of black or colored cloth at present enjoy a considerable share of fashionable favor. They are trimmed with rows of velvet, plush, or fancy braid. Some are of grey cloth trimmed with two or three rows of braid, figured with a pattern, in the color of the cloak, on a ground of blue, green, or black velvet. Bands of plush, in shades of black, grey, and white, and presenting a good imitation of chinchilla, are also effectively employed as a trimming. Several cloaks are composed of cloth, having the upper and under surfaces of different colors—a novelty we mentioned on its first introduction, some time ago. In Paris, brown is a favorite color for cloth cloaks.

Many ladies, of acknowledged taste, are adopting paletots of black velvet. They are so loose as scarcely to show the contours of the figure, and they hang very full at the lower part. They descend to a little below the knees, and are fastened in front from the waist upward by a row of buttons. The sleeves are wide, and of the Venitian form. At the throat they are finished by a small collar with the corners rounded. On this style of paletot there is no ornament or trimming of any kind.

BONNETS.—Among the most admired of the new bonnets may be mentioned some composed of silk in

dark colors, and black and colored velvet. They are variously trimmed, with velvet, lace, flowers. A bonnet made of black velvet, and ornamented with embroidery in jet, has been trimmed on one side with a bow of black velvet, and on the other with a tuft of ostrich feathers tipped with jet. A narrow row of Chantilly lace edges the front of the bonnet, and passes round the curtain; under-trimming black and white blonde with flowers of red velvet.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BAYADERE DRESS OF WHITE DE LAIN, figured in rose-buds, for a little girl of six years of age. The corsage is made with bretelles, which fall below the waist, and are looped up on the shoulder with a strap of the same material as the dress. Short sleeves of white cambric, worked. Pantalettes of English embroidery. A band of black velvet confines the hair.

FIG. II.—INFANT'S CHRISTENING ROBE, trimmed down the front *en tablier* with cambric flouncing. The waist and bretelles are of the same material. Sash of rich white sarsenet ribbon. Cap trimmed with Valenciennes lace and white ribbon.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS FOR A GIRL OF FOURTEEN, composed of a poplin skirt of dove-color, plaided with Mazarine blue stripes. Basque of Mazarine blue velvet, close to the throat, and trimmed with bows of narrow blue velvet. Sleeves open on the inside of the arm, showing the white under-sleeve. Bonnet of white satin, with white illusion and blue ribbon face trimming.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS OLD, of stone-colored cashmere. The skirt, not seen in the engraving, is trimmed with five rows of pink ribbon. The corsage is half high and cut square in the neck. Bretelles of cashmere edged with ribbon of the color of that on the skirt. Sash of the same colored ribbon tied in a bow behind.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF BLACK VELVET FOR A LITTLE BOY OF FOUR YEARS OF AGE.—It is made in the sacque form, fitting rather close to the figure. It is trimmed around the skirt with figured velvet ribbon, and fastened down the front with buttons. Loose sleeves confined at the wrist. Collar and pantalettes of cambric richly embroidered, and a petticoat which shows just beneath the edge of the velvet, trimmed with English embroidery.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

OUR GREAT SUCCESS.—The success of "Peterson" for 1856 has exceeded our highest expectations. We are receiving twice as many subscribers daily as we received last year. Yet, last year, we nearly doubled our list. In fact, "Peterson" has become a household necessity, at least to every family of taste.

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

FOR THREE DOLLARS.—For three dollars we will send a copy of "Peterson," for one year, and also a copy of any one of the two dollar weekly newspapers. For three dollars and fifty cents we will send "Peterson" and "Harper," for one year.

FOR ONE DOLLAR, we will send, post-paid, either the "Port-Folio of Art," or "The Gift-Book," each containing fifty engravings. Or either may be had gratis by getting up a club.

"PETERSON" THE BEST.—A club of eight comes with the following testimony from the person getting it up:—"I have tried all and like 'Peterson' the best."

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STAMPS.—For fractions of a dollar post-office stamps may be sent.

THE "SKIRT MOVEMENT" ILLUSTRATED.



LITTLE BOY.—Ma! call to Bridget. She's gone and put my hoop under her dress.







LADY IN RIDING HABIT.



LADY IN RIDING HABIT.



BREAKFAST CAP.



CHRISTENING CAP.



PUFFED SLEEVE.



RISTORI FICHU.



BONNET.



CHILD'S FROCK BODY.



CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



INSERTION.



BABY'S HOOD.

JOSEPHINE POLKA.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO

BY JOHN A. JANKE, JR.

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Philadelphia, EDWARD L. WALKER, No. 142 Chestnut St.,
above Sixth.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1853, by J. Owenhosen, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

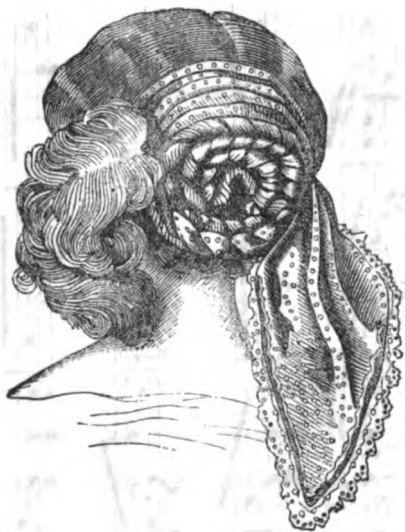
The musical score is written for piano and consists of two systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the piece, featuring a variety of musical notations including eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and triplets. The word "PIANO." is written below the first staff of the second system. The score concludes with a final cadence in the treble staff.



First system of a musical score, consisting of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' and a slur. The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature, containing a bass line with chords. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature, containing a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' and a slur. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature, containing a bass line with chords.



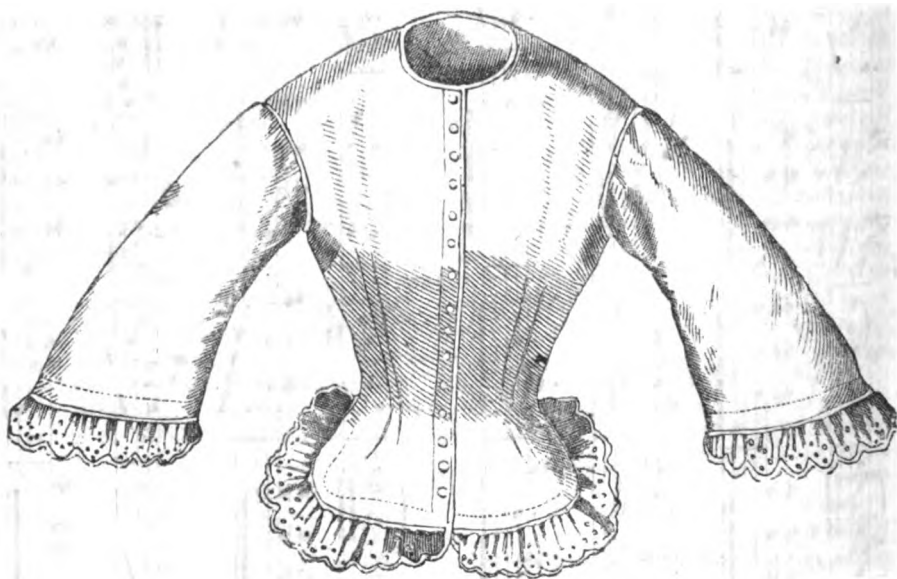
Second system of a musical score, consisting of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' and a slur. The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature, containing a bass line with chords. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature, containing a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' and a slur. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature, containing a bass line with chords.



VELVET HEAD-DRESS.



QUIPURE CAP.



BASQUE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIX.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1856.

No. 3.

MISSION OF THE ANGELS.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

TWILIGHT—that calm, serene, tranquil period, was spreading its veil over the dimly shadowing forms of outward objects: the birds were hushed to silence; and all was still, save the light zephyrs that whispered through the branches of the forest trees, as they stretched forth their sheltering boughs as if to offer a place of refuge to the spirit of the night. The wild-flowers were bowing their fragrant heads beneath the crowns of silver dew that rested on their painted petals. No stars yet shone, though the sun had set. All was calm and beautiful.

Within a neatly furnished room sat a mother; and lying on a snow white couch near, reposed two innocent children. The soft, bright curls, that clustered on their pillow, were gently stirred by the light breeze that stole within the lattice; and the fresh smile of Eden rested on the bright, cherry-colored lips of each. They were very lovely, those twin blossoms; and the mother cherished them in all the pride of her heart's best affection. The influence of the tranquil hour was upon her, and, gazing upon her slumbering babes, she raised her heart in gratitude to the throne of the Most High, beseeching blessings on the heads of, and earnestly soliciting the Giver of Life to spare, the blossoms of love over whom her soul thus yearned. Yet she ended her petition in the spirit of a true Christian mother—

“Not my will, but Thine be done.”

Rising from her supplicating attitude, she beheld, standing at the head of the couch, two angels robed in white, one of whom spake as follows:

“Fear not,” it said, “for we are commissioned by God to guard them through life.” Whilst yet he spake, another angel entered and stood immediately beside the couch of the sleeping cherubs. On his brow rested a twig bearing

two faded blossoms, and his wings were of a pale, shadowy hue.

“I am the angel of death,” said he, addressing her, “and I come for these babes—I have power to blight the bud in its germ, to nipt the tender blossom, and to clip the blooming rose from its stem.”

As he pronounced these words, he stretched forth his icy hand, and placed it upon the azure orbs closed in sweet slumber; and they opened not again on earth!

The mother bowed to the earth in bitter anguish. When again she raised her eyes, the messenger of death was gone, and also the two angels; but immediately a host of angels entered, each bearing on his marble-like brow an amaranthine wreath. One, on whose forehead was written “Hope,” thus addressed the disconsolate mother:

“Behold, woman, behold! The smile of innocence still lingers upon your blossoms, 'tis sealed forever! They only slumber, they will awake where their is neither blight nor tempest. I have come to wipe away the tears of sorrow from thine eyes—to chase away the anguish of despair—and to sweeten the cup of thy affliction. Look above!”

The mother drank deep the words of the angel, but still affection yearned to possess its pledges. And now another of the angels spoke.

“Woman, thou art doubly blest,” said the messenger, “blest wert thou in their possession, and blest art thou in the loss—thou art the mother of angels! I am the angel of Love, and am commissioned to bear thy babes where sorrows never blight, and where sin can never sully their bright petals.”

A heavenly light illumined the darkness of the room, and the spirits of Paradise, at these words, vanished.

The mother turned again in prayer, but her voice was now calm, and her heart resigned; the angels of Hope and of Love had fortified her faith, and in the true spirit of Christian resignation she breathed, "*not my will, but Thine be done.*"

UNDER THE MAPLES.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

I WANDERED into the wood one day
To hasten the lagging hours away;
And just as the first faint steps of night
Came over the wood, I saw a sight—
It held my steps, and it chained my eyes
With the gentle links of sweet surprise;
And now of this vision I recall
All that hangs upon memory's wall.
A youth so brave, and a maiden so fair
Twining a wreath for her raven hair—
'Tis under the maple tree they sit,
Whose crimson leaves through the twilight flit,
As if some spirit threw them down,
Aiding the lovers to form a crown.
So quiet all—one hears the heart-beat
Of a greyhound crouching at her feet;
Still the twilight is growing older,
And ah! the youth is growing bolder;
For he lifts the maple wreath in air,
Then binds it about her raven hair;

And see! he bends to the lady's lip
As bees bend down to the flower they sip;
And hark!—ah, me! her cheek and brow,
Like the coronal, are crimson now.
The greyhound starts as it hears the sound,
And leaps a pace on the leaf-strewn ground;
Yet still the lips of the lovers meet,
So back it springs to the lady's feet.
He walks with pride, and she steps with grace,
As leave they now the enchanted place;
And well I know, at the chapel shrine
They'll seal the vows of this hour divine.
For thus it was in the long ago,
Ere my sunny locks grew white as snow.
And thus it will be, through coming years,
I say as I mingle smiles with tears;
Smiles, born of the bliss that once was mine;
Tears, bathing the love-forsaken shrine.

WITHIN THE CLOSELY CROWDED STREET.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

WITHIN the closely crowded street
Chance drew our steps so nigh;
Our garments rustled as we passed,
And I could hear thee sigh, old friend,
Nay, almost feel thy sigh.
I wore as calm and cold a mien
As if there lay no spell
In meeting one that I had loved,
So truly and so well, old friend,
So truly and so well.
Round every fibre of my soul
Had chill indifference grown,
And robbed me of my heart of flesh,
And left a heart of stone, old friend,
And left a heart of stone.
Yet blended with this seeming calm
A quick, sharp sense of pain,
As if bright flowers would bloom no more,

Nor Spring return again, old friend,
Nor Spring return again.
For girlhood's sunniest days returned,
And cloudless grew the sky;
With memories that thy presence brought,
Even as I passed thee by, old friend,
Even as I passed thee by.
And o'er me stole the sorrowing dream,
The self-condemning thought;
Of all that vanity renounced,
For wisdom dearly bought, old friend,
For wisdom dearly bought.
I felt that if my bosom throbbed
With thoughts as pure and high;
And kindly as in days of yore
I would not pass thee by, old friend,
I could not pass thee by.

THE BRUSSEL'S VEIL.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

My cousin Joe's crony, Sam Wilson, some months ago, had a superb Brussels lace veil thrown upon his hands for a bad debt. As it cost him next to nothing, he thought he might as well have some good out of it, so he enclosed it and his compliments in a box, and sent them to a young lady he was in the habit of visiting, Miss Charlotte Stringham. Hardly aware of the value of his present, and not dreaming of the construction that would be put upon it, for Sam was then fresh from the country, he was quite unprepared for the warmth of the young lady's thanks, or the *consciousness* of the manner with which they were tendered. Before two months had elapsed, he was, without knowing it, established as *cavalier en particulier* of Miss Stringham. It seemed quite a matter of course for him to accompany her frequently to the Opera and Niblo's, and wait upon her to parties, and spend two or three evenings a week at her house. He was quietly included in all her engagements, Mrs. Stringham assumed a confidential tone toward him, and the young lady herself appealed to his opinions, consulted his tastes, and deferred to his wishes as gracefully as possible. He was flattered with the distinction with which he was treated, and with his rustic ideas of politeness feared that if he did not meet her half-way, she would think he felt his present had laid her under obligations. This gave his fair friends a hold upon him. Miss Stringham was happy in a mother who took her daughter's interests under her own care. Every ball and reception that winter was made subservient to her grand design of making a match between Charlotte and Samuel. He had made the first advances, indisputably. The "old lady" might have supposed she was only furthering his bashful wishes.

The thing was skilfully managed. There seemed to be a kind of necessity laid upon him to send Miss Charlotte tickets to hear Jullien, ask her to take sleigh-rides, pick out the prettiest bouquets for her, keep her supplied with new books and periodicals. And all these attentions were received with such bewitching blushes, and paid for with such fascinating conversation, that Sam, finding all very pleasant, looked no farther. Very soon his claim to flutter Miss

Stringham's fan, or hold her plate of mottoes, began to be recognized by others. Her former beaux drew back, and exchanged significant glances. Her brothers assumed quite a fraternal manner toward him. Then, and not till then, Sam awoke. He found himself fairly in the toils, but knew not how he came there. Carefully he studied back till he got to the Brussels veil. "That's it," he exclaimed, "that's it. That was the beginning of it. It was my own fault. Confound the veil!"

Then he came to my cousin, and inflicted the whole story on Joe. "So you see," he said, in conclusion, "I'm in an ocean of trouble. How shall I get out?" and then he threw half a French roll across the room, and bestowed a round of imprecations on lace veils in general, and that one in particular.

"Sam," said Joe, "I wish you hadn't told me. I don't want to meddle in the matter. Whenever there is a lady concerned, a man's sure to get his fingers burned if he interferes."

"But, Joe, I just want you to tell me what to do."

"Well now, Sam, couldn't you really marry her? She's a very agreeable, pretty girl——"

"No, no, I can't; I don't want her, and if I wanted her ever so much, I shouldn't wish to be forced into having her."

"You haven't committed yourself in words, have you?"

"No."

"You might back out without any explanation. It wouldn't be very honorable, I confess, nor considering all the circumstances, very safe. Miss Charlotte has two 'big brothers,' hasn't she?"

"Oh! Joe, what can I do?" and poor Sam pulled his cravat awry, threw half a dozen lumps of sugar into the milk-jug, and jumping up from his chair, just missed pulling the table-cloth with him. He strode up and down the room in true Edward Kean style, kicking Joe's boots into the corner, which the waiter had carefully placed in the first dancing position just within the door. Then he came back with a very rueful face. "Joe, it's of no use crying over spilled milk, as we say in the country, but I'd give a good deal if what's done could be undone."

Then he began to be romantic, and enlarged

upon the sin of trifling with female affections, and thoughtlessly winning youthful hearts.

Joe helped himself to another egg, and interrupted him by saying, "I'll tell you what would do the business. If you would spread a report that you had failed, and were not worth a cent, you'd have no more trouble."

Sam looked offended. The idea that he was valued only for his money or prospects hurt his pride. Commend me to the vanity of country youths! They talk of that of city-bred fellows, but there is no comparison between the two.

"I think you are mistaken," was his reply, in a tone of hauteur.

Joe looked at him and laughed.

"Never mind," said Joe, "we won't dispute the point. There are other objections to that plan. Such a report might do you a serious injury."

There was a pause. "Can't you quarrel with her?" Joe suggested.

"I don't believe it would be possible for me to pick a quarrel with her. Ah! Joe, remember she does the amiabilities of the family! her black eyed sister, Maria, takes the impassioned role."

The coffee grew cold and the toast clammy before Sam and Joe finished their conference that morning, but they contrived a scheme at last. The development began the next day by Sam's going into the country for the rest of the week. When he re-appeared in town, his left eye was covered with a large, black patch. It was said that an accident had disfigured him for life by the loss of one eye. He was believed to be sensitive on the subject, so that the particulars were not asked. No one suspected the *ruse*. Sam complained that the patch was inconveniently warm, and the *single* glance he would cast at the mirror was laughably mournful, as he viewed the effect upon his once handsome face.

It had been debated between Joe and Sam, whether he should intimate to Miss Stringham his regret at the sad necessity of relinquishing his hopes, or leave it to be understood. To decide the point, Joe called on her.

"Have you heard of the misfortune of our friend, Mr. Wilson?" he said.

"No, indeed," and the young lady cast down her eyes very properly.

"Of what nature?" inquired Mrs. Stringham.

"An accident to his eye, madam. There is no hope. The oculist can do nothing for him. He wears a large, black patch over it now."

Miss Charlotte shuddered, and both ladies expressed their commiseration. There was something of real concern in the daughter's manner, but Joe thought he could see that Mrs. Stringham was felicitating herself that the thing had gone no farther. Miss Charlotte fell into a musing mood, so Joe made his visit short.

Sam played his part admirably the first time he met Miss Stringham. The half-sigh, and air of suppressed—something, with which he took her hand was perfect. No explanation was necessary. She was as willing as he to let by-gones be by-gones. He dropped at once into a mere acquaintance.

So poor Sam had to go about for more than two months with one eye in mourning. At the end of that time he took a trip to Boston and returned, his former self. To all inquiries, he answered that all was right again—the Boston eye-cobblers were far superior to those in New York, who were mere bunglers. Perhaps Miss Stringham would have been glad to welcome back her former admirer, but the tie had been broken, and Sam did not renew it.

I am induced to give this history as a lesson to all unaffiliated youths who fancy *ingery* nice to send presents to young ladies. Take warning by the three months penance of Sam! Restrain those generous impulses! There are many traps for the unwary in New York society.

Sam always shudders at the sight of a lace veil as he would at a viper, and his left eye closes instinctively. He sailed for Europe the other day, and Joe went down to see him off. Just as the pilot boat was leaving, Joe took off his hat to wave a good-bye, and could not resist the temptation to shout,

"BEWARE OF BRUSSELS VEILS!"

LINES.

In your Saviour's hand, my bairnie,
In your Saviour's place your hand,
Trust Him as you would me, bairnie,
Tho' you do not understand.

And He'll keep you safe, my bairnie,
When the river I have crossed,

For it is His will, my darling,
Not a bairnie should be lost.

In my arms you've lain, my bairnie,
And you've felt there safe from harm,
Will you not be safer, bairnie,
On the everlasting arm?

F. H. S.

OUR MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY FANNY RIVERS.

CHAPTER I.

A cosy little place is our village of Willowdale. It lies among the wooded hills like a water lily among its leaves. Little brooks, like "silver skeins," come stealing down so softly, that you can scarcely hear them among the long grass, till at length their streams uniting, they sweep through the valley with a broader, deeper flow, and are dignified with the name of "river." An oaken bridge spans the sparkling waters, with its beams all wreathed with the velvety green moss, and cool shadows and little pools slumber beneath, where the speckled trout lie in the summer hours.

Still farther down the valley stands a grove of the beautiful trees from which our village takes its name. Not mournful weeping willows with their dark pointed leaf, but that variety of the willow, which, at the lightest breath of the summer wind, turns up its silver lining and rustles as in very consciousness of beauty. Noble trees are they, and woe to the luckless wight, who wantonly breaks the slender branches, wooing the waves beneath.

Close beside the church, whose spire rises white against the crimson clouds, stands the parsonage, a long, low, stone cottage, almost hidden among trees and vines. A large, white rose-tree covers the casements on one side of it, and the flower beds below are gay with verbena, lilies and mignonette, and many a sweet smelling herb. The lawn, that sweeps in one unbroken slope to the street, is studded with clusters of elms and willows, their broad roots creeping under the sward in every direction, and making many a cosy nook for the violets and valley-lilies. An air of calm repose and almost holy rest broods over the spot, such as marks no other in the village.

In my earliest remembrance of that home it seemed the holiest spot of all the earth. Our minister's wife was there then. Wherever want and suffering were, she was seen. The mourners tears brightened, the weary grew strong, and the desponding became hopeful, in the light of her sad, sweet smile. When she died, the whole village was in tears. From that day, the frost settled more thickly in our minister's locks. Unbidden tears were often in the eyes of Albert,

her own noble boy, as she so often had called him; and the shade seemed even to settle in little Ally's golden curls. But for Ella, the meek, quiet daughter, how darkly the cloud frowned on her pathway. Oh! with what a crushing weight, grief first falls on the young heart. It seems to blot the stars out of the blue heaven, and withers the flowers which have smiled in our way before. Even when our eyes have grown familiar with tears, death wrings our souls with anguish, though knowing that green pastures and still waters await the departing; but when first the shadow sweeps over the face, and the sleep settles on the eyes we have looked into, God only knows the utter desolation of our hearts.

"My daughter," said our minister, one bright summer evening, as Ella turned to leave the window beside which he sat, "come back again, as soon as may be. I have something to say to you," and a half sigh rose to his lips, as he looked after her bright form, going to visit little Ally in her chamber.

Pressing many a kiss on the dimpled arms and pouting lips, that were so unusually quiet, the girl hurried back. She took her accustomed seat at her father's side, simply saying, "I am here, father;" and sat looking inquiringly into his face.

At length, and with some hesitation, he said, gently,

"I can scarcely, my child, speak what I should say; for I fear it will grieve you. But, you know our good Dr. White was with me this afternoon."

"And he said it was not as you feared?" she replied, eagerly, while her cheek grew pale with intense feeling.

There was a pause, and then drawing her closer to him, and speaking very gently, he said,

"Not so, my child, not so. He but confirmed my fears. He told me that the disease, so long twining about my heart, must soon terminate; but when we know not. I may die suddenly, in a moment, or the messenger may delay his coming until after protracted suffering. Hush, hush, darling, it may not be yet. I would not have pained you so, Ella, but to spare you the deeper pang of more sudden, because unprepared desolation, which otherwise would have

fallen upon you. For myself I go joyfully, for I am weary and would rest, but for you——"

His voice failed, and the room was still, save the shivering sobs that came from the girl's lips.

"It is a desolate lot, my own, but the great, loving Father will cherish you, and the everlasting arms will be wound about you."

"Oh, my father, my father," she sobbed, with a fresh burst of tears, and falling on her knees beside him, she buried her face in her hands. "I cannot let you go. He will not take you too. Father, say that it will not be."

"I know not, my child, for His ways are not as our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts," was the solemn answer. "Do not grieve so, darling; it may be that long years of quiet happiness are still in store for us. But if it is otherwise, be a guide and parent to the little ones who are left. Protect them, teach them to love their parents, and lead them in the paths that tends upward to the Father's house. You will do this, my child, you will not leave them to careless hands and unloving hearts."

"Never!" exclaimed Ella, as with her cheek glowing with enthusiasm, she lifted her head and clasped her hands. "Never, shall interest, or care of mine; never shall hope of happiness, or fear of suffering, separate my love from them; but most earnestly will I strive to lead them in the paths you would their feet should tread."

"Bless you, my child," said the minister, as he laid his hand caressingly on her rich brown hair. "God bless you, and give you strength to walk trustingly, though the way be dark."

A burst of tears was Ella's only reply. Twinning his arm tenderly round her drooping form, the father strove to soothe the agitated girl, and inspire her with the same trust that dwelt with him. His efforts were at length successful. Her sobs grew less and less frequent, and the tears fell more calmly, till at length he dismissed her at her chamber door with the customary kiss and blessing. She was at least outwardly calm. But heavy in her heart lay a foreshadowing of evil, and it was but sadly she laid her head upon her pillow.

CHAPTER II.

It was midnight when she awoke. For awhile she lay quietly gazing at the wavering shadows on the wall, but at length she arose and sat beside the open window. The moonbeams were sleeping on the buds and flowers, and dew-drops gleamed like molten silver on every blade and leaf.

A few soft clouds were floating in the blue,

with the light brightening along their edges. There was an intense stillness and quietude in the scene, that fell on her troubled spirit like an angel presence. At length, guided by a sudden impulse, she arose, and passing lightly down the stairs, reached before the open doorway of her father's study. Here a scene almost holy in its serene stillness arrested her steps. The rich, silver light was streaming through the vines, and the shadows of the leaves wove a rich tracery of shadows on the floor. Purely white shone the blossoms among the green foliage, catching new beauty from the clear radiance that lay like a blessing in their chalice. A few fallen petals were seen, like snow-flakes among the purple cushions of the old arm-chair. With his head resting among the fragrant leaves, knelt the minister. His hands were clasped upon the open page of his Bible, and the long, white locks lay in silence on his temples. Along every folding of his robe, and on his head, the moonbeams quivered and trembled, as if conscious of their own glorious beauty. Not a sound broke the silence, save the rippling of the brook among the reeds. A calm smile rested around the lips. The eyes were closed.

In his position there was a fixedness that alarmed Ella, she scarce knew why. To her soft call, "Father, father," there was no reply. Crossing the room, with beating heart, she laid her hand upon his forehead. It was icy cold. A wild shriek broke from her lips, and she fell heavily to the floor. In the calm stillness of the night, with the clear, heavenly light sleeping round him, and the breath of summer flowers on the air, soft hands had opened the gate of peace to the weary waiter without, and borne him to his rest. The burden of life had fallen from his heart to be found no more. He was in the better land.

Days went by, and then the church was opened, and our minister was there also. Borne by pale men, with the black folds of the pall sweeping to the turf, he came. They laid him before the altar, where for so many years he had ministered. The sunbeams came dancing down among the many-hued blossoms, and the birds sang cheerily without, but the eyes and hearts that had responded to their glad summons were all too sad to note their cheerful call.

Hot tears came to eyes all unused to such soft influences; women veiled their faces; and strong men covered their eyes with rough hands, and wept. And clear and solemn above the stifled sobs and gushing tears the soft organ notes came, trembling with a pathos in their melody never heard before.

The hymn died away, and the sublime words of the Episcopal service came like an angel's voice. The prayer was over, and then they arose and bore our minister forth. With slow and faltering steps that funeral train took their way among the many graves, to the spot where the turf was broken for his rest.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and the green-sward was smoothed over his heart, and the sunlight came down to sleep on the flowers. Many a bright tear gemmed the grass, and sparkled its brief testimony to the love his people bore to him who rested there; and as the sorrowful assembly scattered in little groups to their homes, many a glance was cast up to the darkened windows of the room, where our Ella lay all unconscious of the scene without.

Very strange seemed our village now, and a deeper gloom rested on the cottage by the church. Very strange to go up to the accustomed place of prayer and see that young man, with the dark curls sweeping across his broad, white forehead, in the place of our old minister with his silvery locks. Very strange to hear that manly voice, so rich and full in its tone, in the place of the feeble cadence we had listened to so long. But it was not long before the gentle words of Mr. Willis won for him a ready welcome; and many a brow, clouded with sorrow, would wear a lighter look, when the step of our young pastor was heard on the well-worn path, that led up to the humble door. And so it was that many a heart was glad when he was seen to enter the parsonage gate, for they trusted that the same voice that had bidden peace to their troubled spirits, might breathe a comforting word to the desolate.

It was early summer when Ella was first taken sick. But before she recovered weeks had glided into months. The autumn had robed the trees in gorgeous bloom; their crimson and gold had faded; the brown, withered leaves fell rustling to the ground, or lay in heaps in the by-ways; and the snow had sifted silently down and covered the flower groves and fallen leaves with one unbroken sheet of white. And there day by day, at the window from which the withered vines had fallen away, could a fragile form be seen and a cheek as devoid of coloring as the linen on which it rested. There would Ella sit for hours, gazing on the whiteness without, unmoving, and with a sorrowful, heart-broken expression always settling deeper around the small mouth. There, until the twilight fell, and then the sorrowful eyes would rest more intently on that corner of the church-yard, until two little figures were seen stealing along the path that

was always worn to that spot. Then those eyes grew bright with tears, and the transparent hands were clasped in prayer. Thus the long, long winter wore away, and when the breath of the spring-time was heard among the budding trees, a soft flush crept to Ella's cheek, and her step began to regain its old elasticity. But oh! how changed. The form, frail before, was almost shadowy in its proportions now, and there was an expression so hopeless, in her tearful eyes, that it well spoke the crushed heart within.

As the spring advanced, with an awakening interest in those dependant on her, Ella requested that her father's affairs might be examined. The last "will and testament" was produced by lawyer White, and read with due solemnity. The orphans were found to be possessed of their old home, it being not the parsonage proper, while sufficient other property remained to meet their moderate wants. Albert was to be educated for the ministry, a sum sufficient for that purpose being set aside. A sad smile flitted across the pale face of our Ella as she heard that, where her beloved ones had dwelt, her home would still be; but it was quickly gone, and the same look of patient endurance came back again. A home was offered to Mrs. Stanfield, a widow lady of the village, and with her little household thus appointed, Ella bent all her energies to the work of educating her charge. Mr. Willis' timely offer of taking upon himself the supervision of Albert's lessons in the languages, removed the last obstacle to her wishes, and all settled gradually and quietly into the new way of life so sadly changed. Gradually, however, the gloomy aspect of the cottage grew lighter and more cheerful, and though the brightness of the olden time never returned, the shadow became less heavy.

It was pleasant to look on the little group that gathered in the old-fashioned library, in the summer mornings. Ella, with her earnest, sorrowful eyes, initiating Ally into the mysteries of arithmetic or geography: the little one beside her striving to comprehend the abstruse proposition that three and three makes six; while occasionally the small hand lingers playfully among the golden curls which shade her dimpled face. Just beyond were Albert and his tutor, the slight frame and engrossed look of the boy contrasting well with the manly proportions and calm smile of his teacher. Good Mrs. Stanfield, armed with her inseparable knitting, with the grey hair smoothly disposed beneath the whitest of all caps, and her kind eyes so soft

in their loving glance, completed the pictures. And when, their tasks accomplished, the children ran away to their sports, how pleasant it was for our young minister to draw his easy-chair close beside the patient teacher; and read, in his rich, deep voice, the sublime utterances of the poets; and watch, in the tearful eye or flushing cheek of the girl, her responsive emotion. They knew it not, but in those long, bright hours, rich in their summer loveliness, they were weaving bonds around their being that should never more be broken. Bonds only to be severed when angel-hands should link for them others, still more golden with the sunlight of heaven.

And so the weeks and months went by, and brought but little change to the circle at the cottage. Three years had passed away. Ella was the same lovely, gentle being; but there was a tranquil expression in her dewy eyes, and a soft dignity in her manner, that marked the transition from the girl to the loving, earnest woman. Ally's curls might be a shade darker, but her smile was as sweet and sunny as ever, and her voice as musical and wild, notwithstanding the frequent reminder of Mrs. Stanfield, that she was thirteen, and must begin to be more like a young lady. Three years—and then came another change. Albert was gone. He had finished his preparatory studies, and had departed to a distant college. He was a noble boy, with the seal of a high intellect on his brow, and a generous, impetuous nature expressed in every movement; but there was a look of indecision about his mouth, that told how easily even his virtues might be made instruments of suffering and evil.

CHAPTER III.

It was a mild afternoon in the early autumn. The hazy light of the Indian summer rested like a blessing on the hills and streams, and the sky seemed doubly blue in its misty distance, when Ella left the cottage and walked slowly down the path which led to the bridge. The beauty of the season was at its height, and the crimson tints of the leaves, brightening into beauty as the flowers died, relieved the otherwise gloomy aspect of decay, which the fall of the year presents. The sun was setting, and the fleecy clouds, tinged with many hues, were trooping over the heavens, or floating in the sea of gold which filled the western sky. A few pale flowers still lingered in the brown fringes of the grass. But Ella did not heed them. She passed on with her eyes fixed on the glowing clouds. Her thoughts were evidently pleasant, for a smile

played round her mouth, while ever and anon a fragment of some old song broke from her lips. She had crossed the bridge and reached the shade of the willows, when a footstep sounded beside her, and our young minister, with a half smile of apology for his intrusion, took her hand and drawing it through his arm walked on beside her. For awhile there was silence, for Mr. Willis did not speak, and Ella seeing that he wore a troubled, anxious expression, forebore to intrude upon his thoughts. At length with an effort at calmness Mr. Willis spoke.

"Ella, I am going away; and sought you to say farewell."

"Away!" repeated the girl, as she lifted her eyes and looked anxiously into his face.

"Yes, Ella, I am going; to be absent many months, perhaps years; for I received a summons from my father, whose failing health renders a sea voyage necessary, to accompany him to Europe. How long my absence may be I cannot tell"—he paused for a moment, and then continued earnestly. "But oh! I cannot go and leave unspoken the words which are trembling on my lips. Without telling you of the love that is thrilling through every nerve, that has filled my heart till there is room for nothing save thoughts of you. Without telling you what a light and joy has shone upon my path from your sweet presence, until I have grown better and purer for dwelling so near you. Ella, my own darling, speak to me, and tell me that you love me."

There was a soft glow on Ella's cheek, and when she lifted her eyes to his, a deep, earnest look of perfect trust breaking up from their depths. It told Howard Willis that her young heart, with all its rich treasury of affection, was yielded up to him.

"Bless you, mine own," he said, fervently. "I had scarcely dared to hope for this. Oh! Ella, if you only knew how, for years, this deep love has been filling my heart: how I have watched your every movement; marked your patient, untiring love, your angel purity, your self-sacrificing spirit, until I have grown stronger by your side, until I could have almost fallen before you in adoration as before an angel presence. How I have striven to repress my love, because I could not give you such a home as you merited. I should not have spoken even now had not the thought, that one, more fortunate, might win you to be his bride, well nigh unmanned me. But you have said that you will be mine, and that shall point me onward, hopeful still, to the hour when I shall claim you mine own forever."

He would have proceeded, but the fast paling face upraised to his, the quivering lip and tearful eyes told of a strife within her heart that must be allayed.

"Nay, dearest," he said, more quietly, "do not mourn so very much. Our separation will be only for a time, and then we shall be parted no more."

Her cheek grew still more deathly pale, and with a convulsive effort, she exclaimed,

"It cannot be, Howard. I cannot be your wife."

"Ella, what mean you?" was the quick response. "Why may it never be?"

A low sob escaped her, and she trembled violently; but after a moment she turned toward him a face calm, though very sad, and said earnestly,

"In the presence of the dead, I promised solemnly that neither pleasure, nor interest of mine, should ever intervene between me and those who were given to my care; but with an undeviating heart, I would watch over and care for them always. That never would I leave or forsake them, never would suffer any one to come between us. Do not speak to me," she said, hurriedly, while a resolute, though hopeless expression, settled on her face. "My promise must be fulfilled, and how could I, with my all absorbed in one intense love, with new cares and new hopes about me, how could I still devote all my energies to them, and be the mother whose place I promised to fill?"

"Let me share your labors," he said, eagerly, "and our love shall make light the burdens which otherwise will rest on you alone."

"You cannot feel for them the same love and care, as if they were your own kindred," she said, in a low voice, "and after a time you must weary of your burden. It would be unjust to yourself, to bind you down, with such cares, when you should be free. No, no, Howard, you must go and forget me in the lands beyond the sea."

"Forget you, darling," was the reproachful answer. "But if you will not let me share your labor, promise me that, in the days to come, when your work shall be ended, and they need you no more, you will be mine."

"The first bloom of my life has already departed," she said, sadly, "and when years had gone by, and you should look on this furrowed brow and silvered hair, would you not repent of a promise made in a moment of excited feeling? No, Howard, we had better part, as dear friends perhaps, but with no hope of other ties. In the days to come, you may meet with another, who

will be more fitted for you, with a heart free from every care, and a spirit unbowed by the trials of such a youth as mine."

"Ella," was the almost angry reply, "these are but scruples of prudence that would vanish before such a love as mine. But you care not for me, and would interpose these cold reasonings to shield an unloving heart."

"Howard, this is cruel, cruel," murmured the almost fainting girl, as the tears gushed down her cheeks. "Is it not enough for me to think of the long years of care and suffering, when you are gone, without such words as these?"

"Forgive me, dearest," said Willie, in an altered tone. "But oh! Ella, if you ever loved me, unsay what you have spoken. For my sake, darling, for my sake, let me hope that at some day, far distant perhaps, but still there, I may return and claim you mine."

"No, no. I cannot, I dare not. Go, Howard, go. My love, my blessing, my earnest prayers go with you. But we must part. Do not urge me more, for I dare not do otherwise."

He looked imploringly into her face, but she met his gaze firmly, and then turning slowly away, covered her face with her hands. One long embrace, a burning kiss upon her forehead, and she was alone.

"Oh, my God," sobbed the stricken girl, "he is gone: and it was I who sent him from me." And sinking upon the grass, she buried her face in her hands and wept such tears as only once may we weep. Every look, every tone of that pleading voice, swept over her heart, till each chord throbbled and quivered with an intensity of suffering, such as she never had conceived before. There she sat, crouching among the withered leaves like some guilty thing, till the radiant clouds had lost their colors, and the night wind came sweeping down the valley with a strange, unearthly sound. Then she arose, and drawing her shawl more closely around her chilled frame, went slowly on her homeward way. Deeper and deeper settled the darkness, and heavier grew the sorrow in her heart; and so she tottered on through the night. How it was she never knew, but at length the gate of the parsonage was reached, and she crept in through the darkness and up the stairs, clinging to the rails as she went for support. So up to her own room, and then sinking to the floor, close beside the window, she leaned her aching head against the frame and gazed into the murky dark without. Hour after hour went by unheeded. The wind shrieking and moaning without, the incessant pattering of the rain against the frame, withdrew not her thoughts from the

misery within. Motionless as a statue and as pale, she might have been deemed one of the silent company of the dead, but for the expression of keen agony that gleamed up from her eyes. The midnight bell smote the dark air with its dead, heavy sound, still she moved not. She was learning that bitter lesson "to suffer and be strong." Little by little the grey light of the dawn grew in the east; then the clouds flushed rosily; and the golden sunlight, streaming through withered vines, that overshadowed the easement, wove a halo all around her.

Then, with a steady step, she went to the table; and with a hand that grew steadier as she proceeded, arranged her hair and dress, hoping to delude the affectionate eyes below with an outward show of calmness. No trace of emotion was on her face when she joined the accustomed circle, and though she was very pale, there was no other sign of suffering.

Once only, when Ally asked her if she knew that Mr. Willis had left for the L— station, a look of suffering flashed across her face: but it

was gone in a moment; and then she answered quietly, that she knew he had intended leaving, though not aware that he went so soon. And so that weary day rolled on, every hour an eternity of suffering; and when it drew to a close, a little packet was put into her hands, and opening it, she read,

"Before this reaches you, Ella, I shall be miles away. As you bade me, I am leaving you, with the knowledge that wherever my footsteps tend, my heart will cling to its memories of you. I know that you are right, that it is your duty that calls you from me; but I cannot yet look calmly on a picture, so desolate as that which stretches out before me. It may be selfish in me to remind you thus of the past, but I could not go without a last word of blessing. *His* love surround thee, my own precious one. Farewell."

She sat a moment as if paralyzed, and then burying her face in her hands, wept as if her heart was breaking. At last she put his letter away, and never spoke of him again.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

HUMANITY'S WAIL.

BY WILLIE M. PAROR.

Oh, the wailing and the weeping,
Oh, the sorrow and the shame;
Oh, the shadow round them creeping,
Oh, the night that with it came!
Here, the guilt in darkness steeping,
There, where innocence lies sleeping
Like a fierce tornado sweeping—
Oh, the wailing and the weeping,
And the guilt-encumbered name.

Floating with triumphant malice
Round the vine-enfolded cot;
Floating round the noble palace,
—Wonder we he marked it not;
He who touched the burning chalice,
Murmuring the name of Alice,
Though the while his heart grew callous,
Till at last the touch of malice
On that name had placed a blot.

Down the path the shapes are wending,
Going deeper into night;
Down to ruin each is tending,
Downward to eternal blight.
Starry eyes their lustre blending,
Downward are their pity sending;
Angels watch the struggle pending,
Where the shapes their way are wending,
Where the wrong may master right.

Downward to destruction going—
Downward to a certain doom;
Reckless going, without knowing
At the end there is a tomb.
All the while the larger growing
Is the stream thus seaward flowing,
With the sunshine on it glowing,
And the white ships on it going
Downward where the breakers loom.

Darkness shrouding homes forever,
Shrouding love's forsaken shrine.
Wreck and ruin! hearts must sever,
Simply by a single sign.
Who will wield the rescue lever,
Else these parted ones will never
Blend again, no more to sever,
But forever and forever,
Curse the branch and curse the vine.

O'er the dead and o'er the dying,
Hark! the wail that floats along;
On the greensward they are lying,
Victims to a vicious wrong!
While the mind goes by replying
To the fears that mock the flying,
To the sounds that mock the sighing,
And the death-wail of the dying
Is the death-knell of the throng.

AUNT HANNAH'S COURTSHIP.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"WELL, Clara, let's see; it's as much as a whole year since you've been here, ain't it? Yes, yes, I remember now, it's a year and one week, concisely; because I know I had just finished spinning my mixed wool—the last of the beautiful fleece that grewed on old Humpback. My husband, poor, dear man! bought her of an auction feller out in York state, and we allers kept her wool for stockings, 'cos, you see, it was finer and not so *nubby*.

"Now the way that ar' sheep died was raily presbyterious! You see, one mornin', Micajah, yer uncle, he says to me, 'Hannah, I kinder feel as if old Humpback wouldn't live much longer, she's ben ailin' for a good spell, and you'd better be a little more savin' of that wool of her'n, and knit the tops and toes of yer stockins out of white.'

"I 'poohed' at him, and sez I, 'Law! Micajah, the sheep's well enough. Do put on your boots and go to the barn, if you're a-going to-day! Don't set there snuffin' ashes any longer.'

"Ye see, Micajah had a wonderful habit of gittin' up and settin' down by the fire with a boot in each hand, and there he'd set in his stockin' feet till I got breakfast ready. I never allowed myself to get in the notion of scolding, but it allers did raise my 'Ebenezer' to see anybody settin' round so shiftless.

"Wall, at this ere broad hint, he pulled on his boots awful spry, and went to the barn. I kept on gettin' breakfast. I can remember as well as if 'twas yesterday, what I was a-cookin'. Let me see, biled pertaters—we did use to raise the best pertaters that ever you did see; there was the 'Pink-eye,' and the 'Rohan,' and the 'Cranberry,' and the 'Long Red.' Well, I was bilin' pertaters, and then I had pork, good, fat, salt pork to fry—we allers got our hogs so fat that the pork would fry itself. There's some folks, now, thinks a hog can live on gravel-stones. But as I was sayin', I had pork and sassingers, and good corn bread, and some baked beans that was left from our dinner the day before—I allers gather up the fragments, for I do think it is a sin to waste vittels.

"But there, what's all this to do with the old sheep? I do think if anybody calkerlates to tell a story, they'd better tell it, and not go off on

some long rigmarole about nothing. Now there's the young widder Martin, she's the greatest case to tell a story that ever you seed. She'll go all over creation arter nothin', and that ar' critter actilly thinks that my Cicero Elelad is a-gwine to be ketched in her yaller false curls! That critter my son's wife! I'd rather marry him to a painted rag-bag and done with it! Why, they do say that 'tis a fact that she dabs her face with buttermilk to make it look white, and rubs mullen leaves on her cheeks to make um red, and puts ile on her hair, and—and—well, where did I leave off? Wall, I remember: I had just put them beans into a pint bowl—no, I'm not certain but that striped bowl held a quart. Yes, it did; I had jest put the beans into a *quart* bowl, and sot um onto the tea-kettle to warm, when in come yer uncle as fast as he could 'put,' with his eyes awfully stretched, and his mouth wide open. 'Oh, Hannah!' sez he, 'Humpback's gone! poor, old, faithful critter!' As he said this, he looked jest for all the world as he did when he asked me, one night a good while ago. But there, I might as well tell you how I cum to have yer uncle, and done with it.

"Ye see, I was born and brought up in Tattleville, and yer uncle, he lived over to Pumpkin City. They allers called it so, because the folks over there had a good deal to do with pumpkins. They used to say that Pumpkin City folks eat bread and pies made of pumpkin, used the leaves for pie-kivers, the seeds for tea, the stalks for clothes-pins, and the shells—only think of it, child! they hadn't a bowl over there that warnt made out of pumpkin shells! But there, you know, if folks couldn't talk they couldn't say nothin', and I do happen to know that all that ar' stuff warnt true.

"Wall, one time Deacon Trisingle took it into his head to have a big husking-party. I was acqusinted with Jerusha Trisingle, the deacon's oldest daughter. The deacon, he was a widower, and Jerusha had the heft of the work to do, so the day afore the huskin' she sent over arter me to come over and help her get ready. I went, and put on my new calico gownd—there, how well do I remember that gownd! it was a red and yaller stripe, with a sprig of green roses every now and then on it. It was made with

short sleeves, so I put on my long sleeved spencer; that was afore these basket waists cum in fashion; we didn't have no sich shaller names in them good old times.

"Arter I was fixed, I went over to the deacon's. Laws-a-massy-sake! sich a looking place as that ar' kitchen was, I never did see! They had been a-churnin', and there sot the churn in the middle of the floor half full of buttermilk; and the dinner-dishes warnt washed, and the cat was actilly up in the sink smelling of the butter-ladle. Wall, I went to work, and the way things had to stan' round warnt slow. I made all the beds, and washed the dishes, and sot things to rights, and then I done the cooking. Sakes alive! it did take the master sight of spice and sugar, but Jerusha was determined to have things nice, 'for,' sez she, 'pa has gin some of Pumpkin City fellers an *invite*, and I want them to know that there's somebody in the world besides the city folks!'

"By sunset everything was ready; the biggest pewter platter was scoured and put in the best room; for in them days, arter the corn was husked and supper exposed of, it was the custom to rejourn to the fore room and spend an hour or two in 'plays:' and 'rolling the plate' was one of the best plays we had.

"I sot all the pies on the great meal chist in the rough room to cool, and a smashing lot there was of um, too. It would hev done your soul good to how seen um.

"By the time we'd got all fixed, the deacon and his hired men come in to luncheon. Deacon Trisingle complimented me on my red cheeks; said they looked like a big Baldwin apple! he was a very poetical man, the deacon was.

"Arter I'd helped Jerusha clear up and milk, I went home to take off my spencer and give my hair an extra twist. About seven o'clock I went back agin, and there was a sight of girls there. The men folks had all gone to the barn, but the girls wanted to smooth their hairs, so they hadn't went. There was Debby Bean, and Becky Derbon, and Sally Hedgewood, and Polly Dixon, and Kitty Blake, and as the 'pothecaries say about their patent medicines, 'others too humorous to mention.'

"We all went in a heap to the great barn, and there sot the boys a-huskin' away like all possessed. Room was made for we gals pretty soon, and we was as bizzy as the bizziest. Everybody (that is all the boys) was trying to find a *red-ear* of corn, and the fun about it went round lively.

"I kinder cast 'sheep's eyes' around, and seed a good many strange faces that I knew cum from Pumpkin City. Jest between you and I, I took

a terrible shine to one feller that sot almost opposite to me, he looked so spry and peart. By-me-by up he jumped and hollered, 'I've got a red-ear; now, gals, look out!' And I tell you, he did flourish round there among the gals to an awful rate. I do believe he kissed Poll Dixon full a dozen times! (For my part, I never could see what there was so detracting about that gal, but all the boys was a trailing arter her.) I felt quite jellus of her, but my jellus was precipitated when he cum to me. 'Laws-a-massy!' sez I, 'I never can let you! go away. I ain't in favor of sich doing!' But he never paid a bit of attention to that, and kissed me full as many times as he did Poll Dixon. (how jellus she was) I felt my face in a-breeze—I was actilly ashamed. But *he* sot down beside me, and broke off the hard cobs for me in sich a perlite way, that we soon talked away like old relations. Arter awhile the barn floors was cleared, and the yellow corn lay in big, shiny heaps by the hay-mows. Then all hands of us started for the house. The men, they stopped at the pump to scour up their hands and faces, and we gals got supper ready.

"Arter supper was over, we all went into the fore room and sot down. The old pewter platter was soon found out, and all hands went to playin'. I don't know how many times Micajah (the feller that I liked) kicked that platter over on purpose to have me judged; but I didn't care for that, as I most allers had to kiss Micajah or make a 'bob sled' with Micajah, or a 'hen-coop' with Micajah.

"There was a great heap of fire-coals in the fire-place, for 'twas a cool evening, and as Micajah went to kick over the platter as usual, his foot slipped, and that ar' platter went rite into the middle of them fire-coals! How he did jump. But 'twarnt no use, for afore anybody could ketch it one half of it was melted rite off! Micajah he felt awfully about it, but Jerusha told him not to lay it to heart so, and we went on with our plays.

"Somebody said 'play Copenhagin.' I called Jerusha out in the entry, and sez I, 'What'll you do for a rope?' 'Oh,' sez she, 'we'll oncord a bedstead,' so up stairs we went and tumbled off beds and bedding, and got the bed-cord; and sich a time as they did have with it! Micajah kept strikin' at my hand all the time.

"When we got ready to go home, the boys all went out doors and stood ready to ketch their favorite gals as they come out, and don't you think, the minnit I stepped my foot on the doorstep, up cum Micajah and stuck up his arm to me. Jest to spite Poll Dixon I took it.

"That was the way our 'quaintanceship begun, and afore we'd got to my home, Micajah asked

me to 'keep company' with him. I didn't know what to tell him, at first, but I thought of Poll Dixon, and told him I should be happy to see him at our house any time.

"Wall, he didn't need no second invite, for every Sunday evening over he'd come, drest up in his go-to-meeting-ables, and there he'd stay till the roosters crowed in the mornin'. Byme-bye, one evening, or morning rather, jest afore he was a-gwine to start to go home, he give his new hat a twirl or two, buttoned up his coat, unbuttoned it agin, and sex he, with a dreadful cough that made me shudder, it sounded so much like the cough that allers goes with the measels,

'Hannah, I've been keeping company with you considerable of a spell—ahem! and I've been thinking of changing my siterwation, and—ahem! in fact, I want to marry you!'

"Wall, I needn't tell ye what I said, for you know I had him whether I said yes or no. Poor, dear man! how tickled he was!

"You ought to have seen him when our darter Hepzibah Abigail got so's to go alone, a tickleder critter you never seed! Speaking of her, makes me think, did I ever tell you how Hepzibah Abigail come to be called so? Wall, ye see—but there, as true as I'm alive, there's that 'risin' to set."

HAPPINESS WITHIN.

BY E. SIMMON BARRETT.

'Tis merry Christmas evening,
The fire is glowing bright,
And puss sits in the corner,
Purring with all her might.
I'm very cheerful, thinking
That, in this world of sin,
Though storms may howl around us,
There's happiness within.

We need not dwell in darkness,
There's light, that all may see;
Nor need we borrow trouble
While happiness is free.
Though all without be darkness,
And noise, with strife and din,
Why may not we be cheerful,
And keep happiness within

The hours of deepest sorrow
Are not a lonely gloom—
Hope's distant, flashing beacon-light
Some moments may illumine.
E'en in the midst of mourning
A new joy may begin,
And, with its first pulsations,
Bring happiness within.

The friends who gather round us,
When adverse clouds impend,
Are ever true and faithful,
And steadfast to the end;
They care not for the bubble
That we may lose or win,
They bring a welcome offering—
Sweet happiness within.

HEAVEN.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THERE are no traces on the sky,
Where rolled in clouds the thunder car—
The arrows of the storm sped by
Are quenched in rainbows arched afar.
So earth and Heaven are now serene,
For when away the tempest flew,
The earth seemed robed in gayer green,
And Heaven shone out in brighter blue.
Now clouds of crimson edged with gold,
Adorn the crystal walls on high,
And mellow rays at eve unfold
The rich upholstery of the sky.

ETernal arch of boundless blue,
ETherial floor of azure light,
With angel faces shining through,
As shine the silvery stars at night.
Above its quenchless beacon fires
The city of our God behold,
The shadow of its silver spires,
Its crystal gates and streets of gold,
The over-arching skies unite
Both worlds and make a radiant road,
Thick paved with suns and stars to light
The pilgrim on his path to God.

THE POETRY OF READ.*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE publication of an elegantly illustrated volume suggests to us to consider Mr. Read as a poet. It is for grace, melody, keen sympathies, knowledge of nature, and delicate appreciation of the beautiful, that he generally receives credit. We think he might aim at a higher walk, with fair prospects of success, if he would but "gird up his loins for the battle;" and that this is his own opinion, we judge from an entirely new work, "The House by the Sea," in which he makes the attempt. Before we have finished, it will be seen how far, in our opinion, he has succeeded. Having made the venture, it is incumbent on him to go on, for to fail, if the latent capacity lies within him to triumph, would now be dishonor.

"The House by the Sea," is a wild, wierd story, full of forcible descriptive passages, and characterized by unusual license both as to incidents and to style. The poet has plainly given free scope in it to his genius, determined to test his capacity to the utmost, as well in regard to positive strength as to originality and self-reliance. The chief actors are a solitary exile, inhabiting a lonely house that beetles over the sea; and a fisherman's daughter, Agatha, one of those incarnations of innocence and piety, whom poets love to delineate. The exile, in earlier life, has been the victim of a great sorrow. Fate has separated him from his mistress; she has perished by suicide; and he has fled, in gloomy despair, to this secret haunt. One night, in the midst of a terrible storm, a ship is cast away near his dwelling. Two persons only are rescued, Ida, his lost mistress, and her confessor. That is, they wear the likeness of these, but are really evil spirits: and their mission is to tear Roland from the young girl, by reviving his old affection. For awhile their scheme promises to succeed. They induce the exile to embark, on the ensuing day, on board their vessel, itself a dragon-fiend. But Agatha, at this crisis of Roland's fate, and when the plot against his soul appears about to triumph, becomes the instrument of his rescue.

The poem concludes with the flight of the baffled deemons; the union of the two lovers: and the restoration of Roland to happiness and usefulness, under the sweet guidance of Agatha.

To arrive at a just estimate of "The House by the Sea," its element of *diablerie* must be continually borne in mind, otherwise some of the finest passages will lose much of their force and significance. For example, when the shipwrecked lady is carried to Roland's hearth, accompanied by the monk, the knowledge that she and her confessor are not what they seem, gives additional meaning to the verse; for that, which else would be only a graphic delineation of a tempest, rises to a revelation that demoniac attendants are abroad, that they crowd about the house, that they rush in as the door opens.

"Was it the sound of a human cry,
Or wail of a night-bird driven by?
The lady started and halfway rose,
With that look the walking sleeper shows—
With large eyes staring vacantly,
That seem to listen and not to see."

"Even while she spoke, as if at her will,
The door swung wide and over the sill
The gust and the roar and the spray swept in."

"And the old monk murmured—'My blessing is thine,'

While he laid his hand on her shining hair;
But it seemed like a fiery gambrel there!

Then tracing his girdle and fumbling his dress,
He cried with a visage of deep distress,
'Oh, wo is me! They are lost in the sea—
That miracle cross and rosary!
Torn from my side in these desperate shocks
When the billows were lifting me over the rocks.

Oh, wo is me! They were made from a tree
In the garden of holy Geth—'

Here the sea,
Through the open door, hurled into the place
Such a cloud of spray that the old man's face
Was smothered with brine. The white torch hissed,
And all the room was blind with the mist."

The skill with which, throughout the poem, the demoniac element is brought out, through this principle of association, proves Mr. Read a natural artist in poetry. In the description of the dragon-barque, we feel that it is a sentient thing we are reading of, a fiend-ship and not mere timbers. The sneering monk is as ably delineated. His first appearance is a picture, complete, and needing no accessories.

* Poems by Thomas Buchanan Read. Illustrated edition. 1 vol. Philada: Parry & McMillan. 1855.

The House by the Sea. A Poem. By Thomas Buchanan Read. 1 vol. Philada: Parry & McMillan. 1856.

"There came the monk in his robe of brown,
Over his breast his white beard blown
And sparkling like a gust of foam;
*As if old Neptune should leave his home,
To travel the dry land up and down
Disguised in a friar's hood and gown."*

But it is when he describes modern Rome, and especially when he falls on his knees to pray, that we detect his counterfeit.

"The monk fell in the pathway prone,
And lay, like a statue overthrown;
Muttering harshly to the air
Something that passed for a hurried prayer.

And when the bell was done, he rose
Red in the face as a furnace glow—
And cried, 'Now, hang that sacristan!
What pious crank has got into the man,
Thus to be ringing a vesper tune
In the very middle of afternoon?
It takes one down so unawares
That one can scarcely remember his prayers!
And besides, we have an old tradition,
Which may be merely superstition,
*That when one kneels and forgets his prayer,
The Devil is also kneeling there!"*

The accumulation of similes, metaphors, and other analogies, all associated with demoniacal ideas, in the scene after the embarkation, is another evidence of his skill. So adroitly has the poet managed it, that the very air seems to glow, a terrible light gleams around, and the songs that are sung have an undertone of horrible mockery. Unquestionably this is one of the finest parts of the poem. We quote the description of the lady's musical instruments and of her music, as proof of this.

"And it looked as it had only been
Waked to *mysterious melodies,*
On phantom lakes and enchanted seas,
Flashing to fingers weird and wan,
In the minstrel ages lost and gone."

Round and round the cadence flew,
Sailing aloft and dropping low,
Now soaring with the wild sea-mew,
Flushing its breast in the sunset glow,
Then slowly dropping down the air,
Wailing with a wild despair,
Down and down,
Till it seemed to drown,
With wide pinions on the brine,
Weltering with no living sign,
Till the listener's pitying eye
Wept that so fair a thing should die.
Then with malicious laughter loud
Jeering the sighing hearer's grief,
In a moment wild and brief,
Filling the air with mockery,
It leapt to the sky and pierced the cloud."

Rowland listened, confused, amazed,
While an *unknown frenzy* thrilled his heart;
And Agatha on the lady gazed
With steadfast eyes and lips apart;
And there sat the friar *smoothing his beard,*
As into the maiden's eyes he peered
With a *sidelong sinister glance;*
While she, as one in a charmed trance

Bending forward, could only see
Roland leaning on the lady's knee,
With pale, bewildered countenance,
Gazing up in her face, *which beamed
As if a torchlight on it gleamed;*
And flushed as with an orient wine.
Where passion's swift and fitful flame
On the breath of music went and came
Like a gusty blast on a heathen shrine."

The description of the flight of the baffled fiends, after their prey has escaped, is in a similar strain. In all these passages, the poet towers and towers, till he reaches a height whence he swoops downward with resistless force.

"The lady standing beyond the door,
Like one whose despair can bear no more,
Shrieked a fiendish shriek of wrath;
And, *with a hollow sepulchral sound,*
Her body fell upon the ground
And lay a corpse along the path!"

And then a shadow, *like a cloud*
On a *hissing whirlwind fierce and loud,*
Swept seaward, pierced with curses and shrieks,
Which like the lightning's fiery streaks
Flashed madly through the twilight shades,
Cleaving the air with sulphurous blades!

Then the people ran to the headland height
With the fascination of wonder and fright—
And saw the little dragon-bark,
Speeding out to the eastern dark—
Away and away, as swift and bright
As a red flamingo's sudden flight.

And climbing the black rocks higher and higher
They gazed and gazed with aching sight—
Till into the distant realm of night
They saw it pass—a ship on fire!"

Those who have thought Mr. Read capable only of graceful and tender lyrics will be struck, we think, with the force here displayed. In an earlier portion of the poem, however, occurs a passage of even greater power than any of these: it is a description of the suicide's hell.

"Then I saw that by the horrible deed
The chain was sundered, yet I was not freed;
I had burst away from a windowed cell
Into a dungeon unfathomable—
Into utter night—where I could only hear
The sighing of cold phantoms near!
I shrank with dread; but soon I knew
They also shrank with dread from me;
And presently I began to see
Thin shapes of such a ghastly hue
That sudden agues thrilled me through!

'Some bore in their hands, as signs of guilt,
Keen poinards crimson to the hilt,
Which, ever and anon, in wild despair
They struck into their breasts of air:
Some pressed to their pale lips empty vials
Till frenzied with their fruitless trials:
Some with their faces to the sky,
Walked ever searching for a beam:
Some leaped from shadowy turrets high,
And fell, as in a nightmare dream,
Halfway, and stopped, as some mad rill,
That leaps from the top of an alpine hill,
Ere it reaches the rocks it hoped to win,
Is borne away in a vapor thin;

Some plunged them into counterfeit pools—
 Into water that neither drowns nor cools
 The horrible fever that burns the brain,
 Then climbed despairing to plunge again:
 And there were lovers together clasped,
 O'er fumeless brazures, who sighed and gasped,
 Staring wonder in each other's eye,
 And tantalized that they did not die.

'Then as I passed, with marvelling stare
 They gazed, forgetting their own despair.
 Oh, horrible! their eyes did gloat
 Upon me, till at my ashen throat
 I felt the fiery viper thirst
 Which ever in that dry air is nurst.
 And ere I was aware
 I had raised the cup it was mine to bear:
 My pale lips cleaved to the goblet dim,
 And found but dust on the heated rim.'"

As a necessary relief to these terrible verses, where horror is accumulated on horror till the blood runs chill, we give the climax of joy and rejoicing with which the poem may be said to conclude. Escaped from the dragon-barque, with Agatha fainting in his arms, Roland gains a church near the sea, the lady and the monk following in pursuit, until checked by the sacred threshold. While the disguised fiends stand gnashing their teeth without, the hero bears the insensible form to the foot of the altar, and kissing her, adjures the sweet girl to awake. The carress revives her. We leave the poet to tell the rest.

"A moment surveying the sacred place,
 Her blue eyes turned, then with modest grace
 Gazing up into Roland's face,
 Her sweet tongue said, in its first release,
 With words which seemed breathed from the lips of peace—

'The spell is past! Oh, hour divine!
 Thou, thou art mine! and I am thine!'

And the listening shadows cool and grey,
 In the gallery, like a responding choir,
 Where the organ glowed like an altar-fire,
 Seemed to the echoing vault to say,
 Softly as at a nuptial shrine—
 'Thou art mine! and I am thine!'
 And still through the breathless moments after,
 Like doves beneath the sheltering rafter,
 Along the roof in faint decline,
 The echoes whispered with voices fine—
 'Mine and thine! mine and thine!'

And now, like a golden trumpet, blown
 To make a glorious victory known,
 The organ with its roll divine,
 Poured abroad from its thrilling tongue
 Words the sweetest ever sung—
 'Mine and thine! mine and thine!'

And up in the tower the iron bell
 Suddenly felt the joyous spell,
 And flung its accents clear and gay,
 As if it were rung on a wedding-day;
 And like a singer swaying his head
 To mark the time
 Of some happy rhyme,
 Breathing his heart in every line,
 Thus swayed the bell, and swaying said—
 'Mine and thine! mine and thine!'

Many passages of almost equal beauty, though less sustained, are scattered through the poem. A few random selections are all we can give.

"Out of the East the moon arose
 Red as Mont Blanc at morning glows;
 Over the sea, like a ship on fire,
 She sailed with her one star sailing by her."

"Far and wide through the valley round
 Sailed the silver wings of sound—
 Like a flock of doves rung out,
 Wheeling joyfully about,
 Flashing from their pinions white
 A sense of quiet and delight."

"The sea, to one of its slumberous calms,
 Now sunk as it never would waken more:
 Its breakers were only as flocks of lambs
 Bleating and gambolling along the shore.
 Where of late the storm-lion insane
 Had shaken abroad his tumultuous mane,
 Frightening the land with his rage and his roar."

The defect of the poem is an occasional carelessness, sometimes in thought, and sometimes in the execution. In the following otherwise fine passage, not only is the pathway of the stars compared to the track of a snail, a sad descent, but the grandeur of the whole is still further weakened, at what ought to be the culminating point, by the figure in the two closing lines.

"This very moment we hold a place
 Never filled before in space—
 Where never again the world shall reel—
 The same wave never revisits the wheel.

Year by year our course is run
 In a voyage around the sun;
 In million circlings forth and back
 We never retrace a once gone track.
 Did the countless earths abroad, like snails,
 Leave behind them shining trails,
 What a web of strange design
 Through the eternal space would shine!
 And such a web of marvellous lines
 Left by each satellite and sun,
 Though by us unseen, still clearly shines
 To the observant eye of One.

And did the countless souls of men
 Leave life-trails visible to the ken,
 Each hued with color to betray
 The character which passed that way,
 How intricate and variously hued
 Would seem the woof of pathways rude
 Across the world's great surface laid!
 And so inwoven with lines of shade,
 Of vice and cruelty, anger and hate,
 That darkness would preponderate!
 And such a woof of tangled trails
 Lies o'er the world and never pales—
 Never varies. On earth's great page
 Each soul records its pilgrimage,
 And under the eye of God each shines
 As visible in eternal lines,
 As on the cliff I see from here
 The various strata lines appear."

Is not the solution to this error to be found in the essentially synthetical character of Read's mind? If we have correctly studied his intellect, as revealed in his poems, it is deficient in analysis. Poe, for example, wrote poetry as a

mason builds a house. He raised up the fabric of a poem, thought by thought, metaphor by metaphor, line by line, fitting, rejecting, trimming and squaring, exactly like a brick-layer erecting a wall. Why? Because his genius was altogether analytical, so that it was impossible for him to construct a poem, except by first dissecting the works of the great masters, discovering the secrets they employed, and then laboriously selecting and arranging his materials. In saying this we do not speak speculatively, for circumstances threw us, for years, into daily literary companionship with Poe, so that the processes of his mind became perfectly familiar to us. Synthetical intellects work in a different way. They possess a power of assimilating to themselves, instinctively, the ideas that are in harmony with what they wish to write about. Or rather they become *en rapport*, unconsciously, with analogies and associations bearing on their subject. They usually write their best things with freedom and even rapidity; and unused to analyze, call this inspiration. It was in such a mood, that Burns wrote his "Highland Mary." He went out, at twilight, Mrs. Burns said; she heard him walking up and down, watching the evening star and crooning; and directly he came in and wrote down the song. Doubtless the burden of that exquisite lyric had been on his mind for years. The rough ore had gradually been forming, deep in the recesses of his heart, till at last, fused by some accidental lightning stroke, it rushed forth, at white heat, and was moulded forever.

The difference between the analytical and synthetical mind, therefore, is this, that the one has to gather up laboriously what it needs, while the other is all the while unconsciously assimilating. But the latter often is so deficient in analysis, that it cannot tell, after what it calls its period of inspiration is over, how to amend an error, or even sometimes that there is an error. And yet the synthetical mind, whose mission is to construct, is superior to the analytical, whose impulse is to destroy. All the great masters, whether in poetry, philosophy, or statesmanship, have been synthetical. In the very greatest, indeed, the two faculties have been equally developed, as in Bacon, Newton, Shakspeare, and others. But when an intellect, essentially analytical, attempts to be synthetical, it only succeeds by a procession of inversion. Poe had one of the subtlest analytical intellects. He was of his kind as great as Milton. Yet his best works are immeasurably beneath those of the latter. They have all that is requisite except the divine element. They are not flesh and

blood. What the Frankenstein was to other men they are to other poetry.

On the contrary, whatever a synthetical mind produces is at least homogeneous. It does not weld, but fuses together. It does not fabricate, it creates. Its work is not mere mechanism, but a living organic body. The popular intellect recognizes this, though employing a vague term to express its meaning, when it says that Poe and other merely analytical poets have no heart; that one sees in their verse only the polish and glitter of cold steel; that though they may awaken admiration, they never touch the soul. But the poetry of synthetical minds is always vital. It may be redundant, like that of Keats, and need pruning; it may spring from a comparatively barren soil, as with third-rate writers, and be deficient in strength; but it is real, living poetry, and the people recognize it as such. And this brings us back to the prevailing error of synthetical minds, their proclivity to write without correction, and its cause, a deficiency in the faculty of analysis. But, fortunately for them, this faculty may be developed, if not absolutely created, by intellectual discipline. Its growth may be clearly traced in Shakspeare. It is but slightly visible in his earlier poems: it exhibits its traces more plainly in those written in mid-career; and it culminates so grandly in his later ones, that the subtlety of the metaphysician makes us almost forget the imagination of the poet. So also with Milton. How different are *Comus* and *Paradise Lost*! Yet the creative force exhibited in the first is not inferior to that displayed in the last. The epic is greater than the masque, just to that degree to which Milton had developed his powers of analysis, by study, by controversy, by psychological inquiries, by close thought of every kind. Had he never been Cromwell's secretary, had he never crushed Salmatius, he would never have written this masterpiece, which no subsequent poet has been able to rival, no critic able to point out how it might be improved.

We have dwelt the longer upon this distinction between the analytical and synthetical faculties, because it solves the question, so often asked, yet so rarely answered, "how shall we tell who is, or who is not, a true poet?" For an essentially analytical mind is never creative, but only adaptive, and cannot, under any circumstances, become a real poet. It may become a subtle critic, a keen metaphysician, or an accurate investigator of the laws of Nature, but never a poet, or creator, in any correct sense of that term. It may even write verses, and verses, which may temporarily acquire fame, in consequence of

embodying the taste of their generation, but they will never survive through the ages, revered and worshipped by the great popular heart, as are the grand old bards of Palestine and Greece. The analytical mind may also write novels, and wonderful ones too, after the school of Godwin, in which the workings of the human heart will be anatomized so thoroughly that we can see the quiver of every fibre. But it will never produce such works as *Ivanhoe*, or even *Master Humphrey's Clock*. It is the stuff out of which to make men of science, not the golden ore from which true poetry is minted. And yet, in this age, more perhaps than in most others, the ranks of poetry, so-called, swarm with analytical intellects. The press teems with pretty bits of mosaic, arranged with rare skill, polished to the highest degree of perfection, and modelled according to rules of art as infallible as those in *Blair's Rhetoric*; and the analytical minds who read these counterfeits—for ninety-nine hundredths of our educated minds are simply analytical, and not at all creative—cry out "what a master-piece." Alas! analysis may prune, but cannot give life.

But to return to Read. Our young countryman, with his essentially synthetical mind, has the true foundation on which to build. For

short lyrics he has already grasp enough. His "Bards," his "City of the Heart," "The Closing Scene," and other poems we might quote, are nearly, if not quite, perfect of their kind. Passages of great beauty may be selected also from his longer poems, as we have shown. But Read trusts too much to inspiration, too little to revision. He needs discipline of intellect, so as to bring out the analytical faculty, and enable him to criticise, and correct, and condense. He dreams too much, lives too entirely in vague fancies, is not a sufficiently exact and laborious investigator of his own mind and the laws of poetry. In a primitive era, such "sweet singers" may succeed. But no poet of this description has ever risen, or can rise, to the highest eminence in a cultivated age. We have several young poets, in America, who have done what holds forth an almost sure promise of immortality, if to their natural synthetical genius they would only add severe training. Of these Read is one. In "The House by the Sea," he has exhibited great inventive powers, has given high promise for the future, has shown a sustained capacity for which even his best friends were scarcely prepared. We look to him, however, for yet greater things. And earnestly we bid him "God speed."

THE FIRST RED ROSE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

As a dream of Heaven, the garden was fair,
No breath of sin had yet poisoned its air—
When Eve with Adam was walking one day,
Admiring the beauties that thronged round their way:

Like a being of light she joyously moved,
Finding fresh pleasures wherever she roved,
Enchanted with all that she hears or she sees,
The flowers and the sunshine, the birds and the breeze.

One moment she's bending in childish delight
Where a bed of sweet violets bursts on her sight,
The next round a lily she lovingly lingers,
Caressing its petals with fairy-like fingers,
Now pausing awhile with innocent grace
O'er a fountain that mirrors her beautiful face,
Now stooping upraises a flowering vine,
And teaches its tendrils a bough to entwine.

Tufts of primrose from a green bank that start,
Bid a musical laugh ripple up from her heart,
A bird in gay plumage that sings from its nest,
Is hailed with a rapture she scarce can express;

A tree whose rich freight weighed its boughs to the ground,

A new source of wonder and pleasure is found,
But forgot are bud, violet, primrose and tree,
When a newly blown rose in its beauty they see,

All glittering with dew-drops and peerlessly fair,
It sheds its soft fragrance abroad on the air;
Its velvet-like petals no ruddy tint flush,
For the queen of the flowers had not yet learned to blush:

So graceful its stalk, and its verdure so green,
While no jealous thorns hid the leaflets between,
Its form was so lovely, its petals so white,
It seemed just transplanted from regions of light

Enraptured, Eve entered the odorous bower,
And stooping imprinted a kiss on the flower:
The rose felt the pressure and blushed with delight,
Till the petals grew crimson that late were so white;
She breathed its aroma, its honeyed dew sipped,
And the rose caught and held the warm hue of her lip,
And still in remembrance of that happy hour,
Its roseate color is worn by the flower.

THE IVY'S STORY.

BY N. SIMPSON.

LONG ago, when I was only a boy, I sat one quiet, hazy, dreamy day in October, gazing listlessly from my window, out upon a varied landscape which stretched away to the mountains. Great, white, fleecy clouds were sailing in the air, dragging after them shadows upon the earth which gloomed, now a neighboring farm, and now the distant village. One majestic cloud, which, it seemed to me, I had seen every autumn of my life, was floating slowly over the far-off mountains, darkly deepening its cerulean blue. The beech and the hickory seemed striving to surpass each other in the brightness of their yellow leaves, and the dogwood was blushing with indignation, that two who held themselves so highly, should become rivals for the sake of show. The cedars which grew here and there upon the hill-sides, seemed starting out from amongst their variegated companions, glad that they attracted notice at last. The gently murmuring sound of rippling waters came to my ears from the brook, where, when I was still younger I used to place water-wheels manufactured from a shingle, imagining them whole mills, and calculating my "toll" with as much earnestness as though I wore a dusty white hat and blouse. The wild, melodious cry of the plover, gushed stealthily in through the open window.

Our house had been built in the colony days, by a man who had brought with him from the mother country, English ideas of houses and comfort. Pointed gables, and clustering chimney tops; protruding and oddly shaped windows; high, narrow doors and heavy cornices, were some of its characteristics.

Up the side of the house, and festooning my window, had crept for many a year a monster ivy. It had been allowed to creep where it pleased, without training: and like humanity, from ever-indulgence, had become wilful, and exceedingly jealous of its fancied rights. Time had made a constant endeavor to leave his moss-marks in the crevices here and there, but the watchful ivy would hunt them out, and tendrils after tendrils, would squeeze their little life out of them. Evidently the ivy loved the old house; and why should it not? From it, it received its principal support; then why should it not pluck out the mosses like a hale wife of fifty

plucks the first appearing grey hairs from the head of her declining husband?

On the evening preceding the day of which I write, I had been to tea, over at Squire Bolton's. Nora Bolton had looked charmingly. Mr. Frederick Collins of the city, a nephew of the Squire's, was there also:—it was upon his account that I had been invited over. Nora and Mr. Frederick had been playmates in childhood. She seemed glad to see him. There is nothing strange in the fact of one cousin being glad to see another cousin who had been a playmate. I mean, generally there is nothing strange in the fact: but in this particular instance. Well, I slept none, or very little, that night at any rate. Consequently, while I sat in my chair, I yielded to the wooings of a lazy October day, and the calls of a somewhat exhausted nature; and floated like the clouds—into dreams.

For awhile, myriads of little green faced elves danced hither and thither in the dream-land atmosphere, and an increasing murmur like the sound of distant voices buzzed in my ears. Soon, however, the faces began to arrange themselves into groups, and the murmur into words: and as if influenced by one common mind, the green elves told me a story of my room and my relatives who had been.

"About the time when my most aspiring leaf reached half way from the ground to your window, and I had begun to feel that I was looking up in the world, there used to come a youth, who, leaning upon the window sill, would look carelessly, and yet so sadly forth. His eyes were never directed toward any one particular object, nor yet wandering here and there; but fixed upon—manufactured vacuity. And such eyes—large, black and fringed with the softest, silkiest lashes.

"At length I began to feel interested in him, and to observe him more closely. I listened when I heard his tread upon the floor inside, and sometimes could distinguish that it was rather hasty for so confined a sphere. There seemed to be either anger or sorrow in it. Sometimes the sound of the tread would cease suddenly, and be renewed by a stamp. There was both anger and sorrow in that.

"On the bright, moonlit, summer-time nights, he would come down and pace back and forth upon the main walk, quiet, sad, heeding nothing but his thoughts. Or when great storm clouds hid the stars, and the wind moaned through the wood on its way from the south; and the darkness seemed caused by two nights come at once, I could see him, when the lightning flashed, leaning from the window, his face wearing the expression of enjoyment, but sad and gloomy still.

"One bright, warm day, a carriage came up the drive. I heard Frank's step hastening toward the window, inside, and upon looking up, I but just caught a glimpse of his face ere he hurried away. The next moment he was at the front door.

"By this time the carriage had stopped, and through the hastily opened door protruded a bonnet, *beautiful then*. The head which it covered was bent to the ground in alighting, and I could only see a profusion of the glossiest, luxuriant curls. She is young at any rate, thought I, and when I saw Frank seize her hand and press it, and caught sight of a face burdened with blushes, I was sure she was young and very pretty. The attention of both seemed so entirely engrossed with matters probably more important, that an elderly lady was allowed to make use of her right, and descend from the carriage unassisted.

"Well, Master Frank," she cried, "am I of no account? Am I not welcome too?"

"There was a sweetness in the lady's voice which betokened jest, and Master Frank's manner was entirely devoid of embarrassment, when he turned and warmly welcomed Mrs. Snowden to the 'Cedars.'

"While the remainder of the summer days glided by, Frank and Laura Snowden were almost constantly together. In the mornings, they cantered down the drive upon horseback, and then after a little while I could see them upon the more elevated parts of the road, riding closely—very closely together. In the afternoon they read to each other in the shade, and in the evenings they walked slowly, yet earnestly, and gladly about the lawn. One day Mrs. Snowden and your great, great grandmother had gone to visit some one in the neighborhood. Frank and Laura were left without the possibility of an intruding eye. In the evening, after having walked for some time, they came and sat upon the old, rough bench beneath yonder oak. The cloud which had, prior to the advent of Mrs. Snowden and her daughter, hung like an incubus upon Frank's brow, had since that advent

passed away: and between the present Frank, and the Frank that was, there was little resemblance. Well, they came and sat under yonder oak. As they came up Frank was talking earnestly.

"You are but sixteen, you say, Laura, and I am eighteen—are we too young to love?"

"I have always heard that loving is a weakness peculiar to young persons."

"Do you think that we are capable of this weakness, as you call it?"

"I cannot tell I'm sure; but you who are so clever ought certainly to know."

"There's coquetry there, thought I, and Frank evidently thought so too; for a shade passed over his face, and a little gleam shot from his eye. It served him right. His manner of proceeding was not manly.

"For myself," said Frank, "I can judge; not for yourself. For myself, I *know* that I am not too young to love; that I do love. I love with every thought: and, Laura, is it necessary to say whom I love? Have not all my actions shown it?"

"How should I know, Master Frank? Come, confide in me. Tell me who the happy being is?" Her voice had, however, lost somewhat of its former lightness; and as if conscious of having treated unkindly one whom she would fain have treated kindly in spite of a desire to tease, she added, "I shall begin to think it is I whom you love."

"It is, it is," returned Frank, with glad vehemence, "and are you, Laura, too young to love me?"

"No, Frank, I do love you——"

"After a moment of sobbing, she said, looking up into his face, 'But, Frank, dear Frank, I am betrothed to another.'

"But you do not love another?"

"Have I not just said that I love *you*, Frank? How can you ask the question? I have but one heart, Frank."

"But I was not aware that you had ever been wooed."

"And, except by you, I have not. I'll explain; it will take but a few words. My father in his youth was rescued from drowning by a comrade. A closer intimacy sprung up between them. After their marriages their families were intimate. This intimacy led, long since, to my betrothal with Arthur Marx, the son of my father's rescuer. Arthur is now a fine, manly young fellow, and very anxious that I should love him. He has told me a hundred times that his love amounted to madness, and were you to see his eyes flash when I tease him, you would

fully credit his assertion. I would wish to receive him as a brother, but with this he is not satisfied; and the only method by which I have been able to evade a conclusive answer to his importunities, is by seeming to regard all his professions in the light of jest, and warding off his assurances with the plea of being too young to listen to such things. Poor fellow, I pity him sometimes, when I observe his rueful countenance after a rebuff, and have almost wished that I could love him.'

"Does your father insist upon your loving and—marrying him?"

"Oh, no, he never speaks to me about it, but I imagine that his silence proceeds from the belief, that as I am aware of his wishes, I will act in accordance with them. All my acquaintances look upon my marriage with Mr. Marx as certain.'

"Dear Laura, only this one question yet. Were your parents to insist would you comply?"

"No—yes, yes, I would. I love my parents, and would obey them.'

"Laura again leaned her head upon Frank's shoulder, and I think she wept; for a moment after, when the sound of the carriage returning with the ladies startled them, she ran to her room, where I heard her bathing her face.

"Mrs. Snowden and her daughter remained only a few weeks longer: and the night previous to the day of their departure, the young lovers renewed their vows and exchanged tokens beneath the old oak tree. From what I overheard—and they spoke very lowly—I discovered that all Frank's endeavors to shake Laura's intention of obeying her parents' wishes had been in vain.

"No, dear Frank,' she almost whispered, 'should they decree it I can but submit: though my happiness, and possibly my life, be the forfeit. In justice to myself and to you though I shall—should necessity compel me—represent the case to them in its true light: and feel assured that while I live, my heart is yours only under all circumstances.'

"Frank admired a mind so devoid of selfishness.

"Well, the next morning the carriage containing Mrs. and Laura Snowden was driven away. I heard Frank going slowly up stairs, locking his door, throwing himself upon a chair, and then the old house was as quiet as though the carriage had just borne away a corpse. I saw the carriage, after a short time, upon the hill there which the road runs over—that one with the solitary chesnut tree growing upon its summit—and a handkerchief was waving from it. How I strove to call Frank that he might

see it too, but I could not; and then I thought perhaps it is just as well.

"He stayed in his room nearly all the day, only coming down in the afternoon when the shadows had grown long, to walk in the paths where Laura had walked with him, and to sit under the oak.

"Months went by, and Frank had gone back into his listless habits. One day I saw him go down the drive with a small portmanteau in his hand, and it was a long time before he came back again.

"Your great, great grandmother received but little company—and in those days, indeed, there was little to receive—and the old house was almost closed. Although I grew apace I became discontented, and wandered about hither and thither on the wall, uncaring and uncared for. Two years went by.

"Two years went by, and I had grown so much that I could look in at the window from half-a-dozen points. The room had never been used since Frank went away. On the table lay scattered, without regard to order, some books. Two or three were open, and the dust that had gathered upon their pages told that their owner had long been gone.

"Winter was come. The snow was every where. I and the cedar, and the pine, were all bowed down with its weight. Like persons in those countries where the color of the garb of woe is white, mourning for the death of a distant relative, we seemed sad that we were compelled to wear the mourning.

"Frank had returned. I could hear his voice in the room, but the snow hung so heavily upon me that I could not look in. Soon, however, a bright day came, and the snow melted. How rejoiced I was when I felt my burden becoming lighter drop by drop. Before it was near all off I was able to look in at the window. Frank was lying upon the bed, but how changed. His cheeks were sunken, his eye had a consumptive brightness, and his hair was clinging to his brow. All that day his mother sat by his bedside and wept.

"The next morning when I tried to look in, I found a white curtain stretched stiffly across the window on the inside. Through the day several carriages arrived, bringing those whom I knew to be relatives; and thought I, Frank must be dead. Late in the evening came Mrs. Snowden's carriage: and Mrs. Snowden and a gentleman whom I supposed was Mr. Snowden, led Laura, who was weeping, into the house.

"I was not sure yet that Frank was dead, but the thought that he was kept me awake that

night. Late in the night, after the middle of it, I heard the door of the room open quietly, and then light footsteps glided across the floor. Then I heard sobs: faint at first, like deep-drawn sighs, and then becoming almost a wail, and violent. The only words I heard were, 'God—God, take me too'—and these were brimming with anguish. Then I was sure Frank *was dead*. The next day

a sombre funeral train drove down the lawn and over to yonder church. I noticed that there were two coffins; and I missed Laura Snowden from the mourners.

"The little green elves danced hither and thither, the voices sounded like a distant hum, the features of the faces gradually receded, leaving plain, blank ivy leaves. I was awake."

BELL'S REVERY.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

"WHAT's the matter, Bell? Will no sweet friend tell
Where remembrance this eve is straying?
Thou hast sat as still as the ice-bound rill
That sleeps 'neath the brow of yon snow-clad hill,
Where the moonbeams in crowds are playing.

"I have watched the smile that has crept the while
O'er thy features, soft light diffusing;
It appeared to start from thy warm, young heart,
And to tremble thy ruby lips apart,
Like a dew-drop through rose-leaves oozing."

As my words fell clear on the maiden's ear,
Lo! her thought-shaded brow grew lighter;
And the smile broke out in a silvery shout
That rippled away as she turned about,
While her eye, as she spoke, waxed brighter.

"Just a year to-night, 'neath the moon's soft light,
(It was chilly, November weather;)
Did my footsteps wait at the garden-gate
Till my lips touched those of my spirit-mate,
While his hands pressed my own together.

"I can ne'er forget, for it thrills me yet,
The bliss of that first fond greeting;
Though we breathed no word, still our hearts were
stirred
Where Love had lain like a frightened bird,
Till they urged on our lips this meeting.

"Oh! the joy that stole in my inmost soul
As the pledge of his heart was given!
Why, there seemed a lack in the sky's broad track!
For the moon and the stars all seemed gathered
back

To give me a glimpse of Heaven.

"And the dewy sod, where my feet had trod,
Seemed a-quiver from deep emotion;
Like mad waves that dart, with a sudden start,
And shatter their snow-white crests apart
On the breast of the mighty ocean.

"Ah! that joy was sweet as when waters meet
That have flowed toward each other ever;
When the waves in bands join their jeweled hands,
And blended thus kiss the golden strands,
Gliding onward in one forever.

"From that bliss unspoke I at length awoke,
And since then, with our hearts united,
We have moved along with the busy throng,
As happy and blest as the birds of song
Whose strains breathe of love requited.

"Though he speaks with pride of his 'bonnie bird,
As he snatches the same soft greeting—
Though pure joy seems still my glad heart to fill,
My soul ne'er wakes to the same wild thrill
That she owned at the first fond meeting."

A RECALL.

YEs! I have longed for thee through the bright
Summer,

While chasing bees among the honied flowers,
Or listening softly to the spirit murmur
Of leaves that shiver in the evening hours.

Thou know'st I love thee! that each strong endeavor
To breathe out life without thee is in vain!
Though worlds divide us, they were vain to sever
The love-tie woven in a deathless chain.

Come back, beloved! New England vales are fading,
Or growing brighter in the Autumn's glow;

And the red sunlight blending with its shading,
Thrills my wild heart like music's joyous flow.

How long will weary distance thus divide us,
And the fond spirit call for thee in vain;
And the warm angel, Hope, sit round beside us,
To soothe and bless our hearts thro' love's sweet
pain?

Come to my cottage home, meet for a fairy
That nestles in its sunshine joy to-day;
Leave the far West whose bounding, trackless prairie
Too long hath claimed thy presence and thy stay.

THE MOTHERLESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

WITHOUT, the gathering night was dark and dreary. The rain beat upon the panes, the wind started and moaned, and sent whatever shrubbery was near the house scraping along the clapboards. Dark as it was though and stormy, the poor went to and fro past the gate; many men, a few women; hurrying; carrying little budgets that were for the coming Thanksgiving; having grateful, expectant hearts, some of them; having weariness of limb and brooding care of the brain, others; and as they passed the large house where the bright gas-light streamed out upon their path and upon the dark night, having nearly all of them this one thought, "Yes, they can stay within, where the light and the warmth are, and the rest they do not need. They don't know, that in all this world—out of the novels and story-books, that is—the poor go tramping as we do past their very gate. They don't know how the bones can ache, and the brains and heart grow heavy as if pounds and pounds of cold lead were pressing them down. They don't know that." But we wonder whether the Headleys did not know about pains and heaviness of the limbs, the heart, and the brain. We wonder whether Jesse Chapin was not wiser than the rest of the poor, when he went by with his little budgets of spices, sugar and crackers, thinking, with his eyes on the brightness Judge Headley's gas threw upon mist, rain-drops and wet pavement. "This is pleasant now! I like it! I don't believe the judge's folks like and enjoy their part of the gas-light any better than I do mine. I don't believe the judge is a happier man than I am; unless he's better contented; and I guess he ain't. For I ha'n't the least idea that God has put anything into money that is half so good as this that He puts into the souls of some of us; since money can't help us to bear and endure. I know that it never does; for I've seen it and heard it said by them that knew. But this that is down here," bringing his little parcels closer to his heart, "help us to bear everything. Or, it does better than this. It makes us feel, if we are ever so hard put upon, that we have nothing to bear. It's all blessing, all glory, all peace, in the soul where God is!"

Tears came, very grateful, happy ones; but he

could not wipe them for the little Thanksgiving budgets. So he let them fall with the rain that fell, and went forward toward his poor home.

Within, that is, within the gate and the doors of the Headleys, was a handsome sitting-room, where fine lemon-colored curtains were, and plants in bloom; a mirror, and a few pictures in heavy gilt frames; a large, fine-looking man of sixty, or thereabouts; with thin, soft, chesnut and grey hair; delicately cut, although large features; reading Carlyle aloud; and a woman of the same age, probably; very pale and fair; very little; with very little, thin curls and a becoming blonde cap in pink trimming. She was engaged with some fine needle-work, listening to the gentleman's reading; or, at any rate, keeping still; although it may be that she was not listening, since her face had the same air of rather grave abstraction through all the passages.

There sat, moreover, a woman much younger, considerably larger and of darker complexion; not so handsome, near, as her elder must have been in her young days; but with a strong, calm expression, as if her life were deep and well-ordered. *She* listened. For her eyes kindled often, as she raised them to the reader's face. Sometimes her brows fell, and she bowed her head as if her soul were bowed by the bitter woes and wrongs the author so bitterly denounced. The reader did not raise his eyes at all. But his voice and his face changed often; and often he stopped a minute, or two, over a strong passage to think and to feel. His face was thin, his voice not strong, and it had a pathos in it constantly, as if it were a habit that had been started and confirmed by some gentle, long-living sorrow. Perhaps it had not; for one sometimes hears that kind of tone in those who have never had suffering that the world could find, if it looked ever so narrowly; but who have sadness in their hearts, far oftener than they have joy; have it legitimately, out of their conformation.

CHAPTER II.

ABOVE stairs at the judge's, was a little chamber in white; very simple, very tidily kept; not so warm as the room below—for the register

was a tiny one—not so bright. A young girl of nineteen and a lad of seventeen, were there, busily talking. The girl was very graceful; slender and delicate as a reed. She wore a gown of deep black; her best in the year of mourning for her mother, her next best now in the new year with the new mother. She wore her gown a little low in the neck; just a little. There was just room for the narrow velvet riband to have fair play upon the delicate throat. Her hair was light, lively and abundant; was always beautifully dressed, as if she had taken slow pains with it. She was, on the whole, a lovely girl. She had a whiter face than one often sees, where, at the same time, one sees so healthy a freshness diffused; and just enough of roundness for the dimples to be setting back in her cheeks whenever she smiled a little; or spoke, unless it was in a very sad way. Her face was thoughtful and womanly, like the face of one who has seen many years; else a few, into which experiences uncommonly deep and sad have come.

Her occupation suited her expression of early care. She sewed a button on her young brother's wristband. And, by-the-way, she was often sewing on buttons and stopping little rents for him; for Johnny was "a tearing boy;" and the new mother did not watch his condition as the old one used to do. If she saw tears, or heard any thing about them, or about a button's being needed anywhere, she seemed not to have patience with it, Johnny thought. She lowered her brow, at any rate; a little; only a very little; for she was a woman of delicate breeding, and, without looking at Johnny, or fairly looking at the despoiled garment, said, "I will see to it. Lay it down, if you please;" or "please show it to Anna. Anna will see to it for you."

So he showed it to Anna. Soon he came to show them first and only to Anna; and then soon, in the growing watchfulness, Anna was often the first to know what his need was. She sat down in her low chair, with her work-basket in hand, and said, "Come, Johnny, let me see to your jacket," before he knew, or remembered how he tore it in the games at recess

"I should think you'd be tired of it," he said, at the time in which we introduce him and Anna to our reader. "Forever sewing and mending for me, as if you were an old woman."

His face, so open and full of honesty, so contented, at the moment, showed that he had really no burdensome fears of Anna's being tired of it. He liked though to have the face come up from the sewing and beam on him; loved dearly to have her say, in the tones that sounded so silvery and sweet to him, "Johnny, dear, I like it better

than anything else, working for you. Especially if you are right here with me talking, or studying, or——"

"Or, doing nothing and saying nothing, I suppose," interposed Johnny. "I know I don't think much about the rest, if you're only close by. If you were dumb, and deaf, for that matter, and blind, I should rather be with you than anybody else; now mother's gone."

Tears filled Anna's eyes. She called him, "A dear boy," and then went on with the sewing. For she found a rent where the button was torn away, so that it was likely to take her a long time with her short stitches.

"I'll tell you what I've been thinking about to-day!" exclaimed Johnny, bringing in his new subject with boy-like abruptness.

"What is it, Johnny?"

"I know what *she* (by 'she' meaning their step-mother, as Anna knew) is driving at, sending you off to New London in this shabby way. She may talk ever so long about 'finishing Anna's education,' about 'patronizing the school,' but I know what it's for."

"What do you think it is for, Johnny?" asked Anna, seeing that he expected her to speak.

"Why," began he, bending a little toward her, speaking in a low tone, as he mechanically fingered the ends of her neck-riband, "the new agent, you know, Loxley his name is, is coming to Fisherville, Monday after Thanksgiving; and coming *here* to board. Isn't that queer, sis, that he is coming *here* to board? We never had a boarder in the world, as I can remember."

"Oh, well, Johnny, you know how it was. He met our mother and Abby at the mountains last summer. He don't know anybody else here. He don't like a hotel; and so after what he said about disliking it, and about not knowing where he could go and feel at home, it was perfectly natural that they should speak of his coming here; if pa would be willing. They said this; for I heard our mother tell pa that they both wanted his wishes to be consulted before anything else. And pa was perfectly willing, Johnny. He said so."

"But he looks sober enough about it. He needn't—or, that is, I mean, if he says he is willing, he is, perhaps, because *she* wants it. But he don't ever like to be obliged to talk and take care of people. Our own mother knew it, and was careful on account of it. He wants to think and read when he's done with the office; wants to more and more, don't you see it? You shake your head at everything. But he does. He gets his slippers and gown on as soon as he gets into the house; takes up his book and looks

as though he liked it." Johnny would have run on, but Anna, taking a brush out of her table-drawer, set to work to arrange his hair; his beautiful, wavy hair, that was so like his own mother's, as good old Mrs. Abbot told him, every time he ran in to see her. And this made him run in often. He loved to hear it again, again and again from her, that his hair and the upper part of his face were like his mother's, and that he had her spirited but kind disposition. Mrs. Abbott always said, at last, "Your mouth and chin are like your father's. And if you are as good and useful a man as he is, besides being as kind-hearted and full of life as your mother was, you'll be the very best man in Fisherville. And I believe you will. I think about it in the night sometimes, and see you as I think you'll be by the time you've doubled your years; and pray a little prayer for you, Johnny, straight out of my heart, without thinking of it beforehand, and setting myself about it at all."

CHAPTER III.

AFTER a silence, uncommonly long for Johnny, and in which he held close parley with the storm without, he began again. "Don't you guess I've had a good time this day, sis?" said Johnny, "I was so glad, you see, to have school out! I felt like driving my nose into everybody's mess all over the village. Guess how many pies Mrs. Jesse Chapin has baked for Thanksgiving."

"Fifty," Anna replied.

"George! what made you guess so near? She's made fifty-two. 'Jest as many 's there is weeks in a year,' the little Chapins are all saying. They look at the regiment of pies, in big plates and little, in whole plates and broken plates, all huddled on a table and bureau in the kitchen; then run out through the open door, laughing, kicking up their heels, saying, 'Jest's many pies as there is weeks in a year. Mother said so; an' she knows a thing or two. She knows how ter make pies, I guess. Hurra for pies and mother!' Then they swing their old caps; all but Tom. His ha'n't any visor; and if he never cared for the want of it before, he did to-day. He was quite ashamed that he couldn't swing his cap too, and hurra in a regular way for 'mother and all the pies!' Ho, Nan," laughing in his heartiest way, "I wish you'd been there. I guess you'd have had some fun."

"I would have helped Mrs. Chapin. Poor woman! doing so much to please her husband and the children! She told me that she didn't

care anything about it herself. She said she'd rather, for her own part, eat what came handiest, and have her time for fixing up the children's clothes. But she would 'make Thanksgiving,' as she called it, to please 'husband and the children.' She is a good woman."

"Yes, I think she is," replied Johnny, grown suddenly thoughtful, listening to Anna and seeing the tears in her eyes. "I thought so when I was there, to-day. Her cheeks were as red as the fire in her brick oven—with all the heat and the hard work. Her baby waked and cried, when I was there; and she had to take that up and hold it. But she didn't mind it. She kept her eyes going from her baby to the brick oven; from the brick oven to the stove-oven; she sat in her low, old kitchen rocking-chair close by it, you see; from the stove-oven to the chicken boiling on the top of the stove; this was for a chick'n-pie, the children said, snuffing the steam, and *they* knew; from the chicken boiling to the regiment of pies; and, lastly, from the regiment of pies to the regiment of children, to see how glad they were to join her good motherly smile with their laughing; and then, lastly again, looking down on her baby, tucking up its fat cheeks with her rough fingers, saying, 'Gov-gov' to it, looking up to me as if she were proud when the little rascal gowed back again. Have you seen that baby, sis?"

"A good many times."

"Ain't it a pretty little rascal? I'll tell you one thing I thought when I was there to-day, I thought that their home, all patched up as it is, is more like home, a better place to children and all, than this grand house is to us; any of us; for this isn't the best place that ever was for downright home-sort of comfort. Not for any of us. And it is all her doing," tipping his head a little in the down stairs direction.

"Don't, Johnny!" begged Anna. "Let's never, never speak of it again! It makes me feel as if I were false and deceitful—as I would not be for my life, Johnny! talking or hearing you talk against her here, and then treating her respectfully below. I wouldn't say another word about it."

But in a little while Johnny came back to the subject that filled his thoughts.

"What were we saying, sis, about your going to New London? Oh, I know! She wants Loxley, you see, for Abby. I don't wonder at it, do you? for he's the grandest-looking man that's been at Fisherville ever in my day. I saw him, just saw him, the first time he was here; and I thought that I would be just like him some day. You needn't smile, Nan!—

gracious! or pull my hair like that!" jumping, rubbing his hair into the completest disorder, pretending that he was outrageously hurt. "I'll be just like him," he added, laughing, and once more giving his head up to Anna. "I'll have whiskers like his. George! I never saw anything equal yet to his whiskers! did ever you?"

Anna only laughed at him; and he went on, "They have just the right sweep, you see, round the chin. And just the right color. I wonder if mine—if my hair, I mean, will ever be as dark as his."

Anna, never having seen Mr. Loxley, could not tell about it. But more to please Johnny by talking, than on account of any curiosity of her own, she asked him *how* dark Mr. Loxley's hair was.

"Why—George! I don't know; for it isn't dark like anybody's else. It's dark somehow like night, like darkness itself. I never saw anything like it, or half so grand in the hair-and-whisker line. Then, you see, I'll have a stick like his; with a head that has some sense to it. I'll carry it, as he does his. He carries his, as if he and his cane were friends and always had been. I'll tell you, Nan, he's pretty cute. I want him for—for myself, child; no need of head-shakings as if you were my grand-ma'am. *She* wants him for Abby. I know she does by one particular look she has round the mouth every time she speaks about him, and no other time. She hadn't this look, she didn't begin, all at once, to talk about your going to New London to school, when Peters came. And he was as great a catch as Loxley; he was so rich, you see; only Peters was engaged, and she knew it."

"Oh, Johnny!" coaxed Anna, "I wouldn't talk about it in this way, if I were you. I wouldn't think about it at all. Our mother is lady-like and kind; and——"

"And like our own mother to you and to me?" interposed Johnny. "Can you say this?"

"No. This she can't be. She is one, with one kind of manner; our own dear, *dear* mother was another, with another kind of manner." Anna, in spite of the hesitation she made to gather firmness, had choking breath and dewy eyes. She hoped that Johnny would not mind it; that he would know nothing of the aching heart. But he did. She knew that he did, when she felt him nestling closer to her and laying his hand so gently on her wrist.

"Well," said he, with a long breath and a rising inflexion on the word. "I hope something will turn up so that you can't go. I hope

I shall be sick, if nothing else will happen." He held both her hands now, twisting the long, white fingers, and keeping exultant eyes on her quietly smiling face.

Anna said they must go down and sit with the rest. He must show his hard Greek to *pa*, who could help him, she told him, seeing to his jammed collar, meanwhile; she would ask mother to show her about the flannel jacket she was making, and, when she had shown her, she would bring the backgammon-board for Abby to play with her.

"I rather *like* Abby!" said the boy, at this stage of her plan. "And I know of somebody else who likes her; who likes her full as *well* as he does her mother."

Anna knew by his expression that he was going to say some audacious thing, or other, and dreaded it; for she had learned by this time, that, say what he would, she was always obliged then, or after thinking about it, to admit, at least to herself, that there was truth in it.

"Come, Johnny, naughty boy, let's go down," said she, to cut off all farther communication, and she attempted to rise; but he held her back.

"No, no!" begged he, "I want to just ask you if you——"

"Is it something that it is right and proper for you to ask, Johnny, dear?" interrupted Anna, looking with kind eyes in his face.

Johnny was a little ashamed before the pure, questioning glance. To be rid of both the shame and the glance together, he came with a jump to his feet, releasing Anna's hands; and, with his arm across her shoulders, taking her along toward the chamber door. "At any rate," said he, pausing with his hand on the door-latch, and now with honest, fear-naught eyes on Anna's, "others, even the best, aren't ashamed to feel it. I suppose they can't very well help feeling it, under the circumstances. And I ain't ashamed to know it, to think about it, and to want to know whether my blessed sister Nan sees it. For neither can I help *that*, under the circumstances. And what I can't under *any* given set of circumstances, help doing, I will never be ashamed of. That is," he added, for he understood the implication of his recent shame-facedness in Anna's eyes, "after I've had time to gather my forces, if they happen to be scattered any way. So I say now, sis, that it would be right and proper for me to ask what I was going to; and that I shall do it—some time."

He turned himself and her round to make bows to the empty room; and then went down

with her, talking up smartly by the way, about his "tremendous hard lesson."

CHAPTER IV.

"FATHER!" said Johnny, with something of the old, free manner of his own mother's time. He had one hand behind him shutting the door; with the other he held his Homer out a little from him, toward his father. "I guess you never saw such a hard lesson as I have got for to-morrow. I know you never did. I'll show it to you."

His father smiled, as Johnny had not seen him smile on him, not when his step-mother was close by, for many a day, as he held out his hand for the book, and said, "Let me see it, Johnny. Let me see if I didn't come upon the same, once, when I was a shaver like you." Without looking at Johnny's lesson, but looking over to Abby, who was drawing Anna's chair as close as she could to her own, he shut the book with his finger in the place and told Johnny he would dare say he knew what lesson it was. Was it not where Paris did thus and so, and Achilles so and thus?

"Yes? George! if that wasn't a hit in father! wasn't it, sis? wasn't it, Abby?" And what a beaming face was that he turned round on the girls! Johnny was certainly a handsome boy. He would have been, with features and complexion far less agreeable, his expression was so full of animation, so sincere.

He turned his face to, on his mother. But she didn't see it. Pity she did not. Pity she did not oftener look upon him and Anna! She must have felt for them, in time, if she had; for she would often have seen their looks appealing to hers for—for something, oh, for something in hers that should make the rooms, the meals, the evenings and their dear father seem to them as they used to. Their hearts so often longed and ached for this, turning always in the longing and the pain to their step-mother! She could have read this easily enough in their young faces, if her eyes had not always been studiously in some other direction. Seeing it, she would have pitied them, and been kind—really and heartily kind to them, like an own mother, we mean. Then they must have loved her and clung to her. And then must she have loved them. She thought of this, often herself; feeling that she would take more comfort, if she were daily and hourly paying loving and willing service alike to them all. She knew, feeling it painfully enough, at times, that her life was, at least, half-spoiled, by the little watchful,

jealousies, the well-studied stratagems; stratagems to effect this or that, to defeat this or that. But instead of holding the self-reproaches to her until she could lay them down close by a better life, she let them off with the miserable plea, "Well, it was surely natural and unavoidable that she should love her own best. It was perfectly natural that she should use efforts to bring her husband and her daughter, the two that she loved best, into the familiar and dear relation of the own father and child. The judge loved his own children well enough, already. Of course he did. One could see that plainly enough; and one would know that it must be so, even if they did not see it. She had, therefore, no duty in that direction; but she had one in the direction of making him love the strange child in his house. She owed the duty as much to him—she owed it, in fact to all in the family; for the whole family would be so much the more at ease together, if her daughter felt like a daughter indeed, not like an alien in the house." Still as she ordinarily was, busy as she kept herself bending so much over her sewing, she was an energetic little woman, who was not likely, at any time, to lay by a train of reasoning like this, until she could take hold of a consonant train of action. It happened, therefore, especially in the pleasant, early autumnal time that immediately followed her marriage, that they rode often, the judge, Mrs. Headley, and talker—unless it was upon matters of society, Abby. Now, as Mrs. Headley was really no dress, or occupation, such as sewing, and cake pastry-making—as the judge never opened his lips upon these matters at all, she got along, at the same time getting Abby along, as she soon saw, in the judge's estimation, by setting them to talking upon some of their favorite themes; the very themes—only varied a little in particulars, as they must be in times so different—that her former husband and Abby used so often to be discussing. Then they talked and talked, as if they could go on talking forever; and would, gladly, if nobody came near them to thrust their foreign words in between them. They did not forget her, however. They often paused, with an expression of the pleasure they had shared in common, still lingering on their faces, looked out upon the landscape and made remarks directly to her upon the beauty or the abundance they saw.

But something that they saw whenever they looked, made them think of something they had heard, or read, or felt, so that straightway the two fell again into the old strain of ever-grave, albeit ever-cheerful conversation.

They generally rode when Anna and Johnny were at school. One day, long before this Thanksgiving eve, that Anna was at home when they were going out, Abby turned quite away from her mother, and, busied with drawing on her glove, said, "Anna—why can't Anna go with us? I'll sit on the front seat, or anywhere, if she can go."

The judge looked pleased, as both Mrs. Headley and Anna saw, in the quick glance they gave. But he did not speak. He turned the papers over on the table, with his ear bent a little toward his wife, as if he were listening for what she would say. Finding that they all waited for her to speak, feeling that now Abby's eyes were fixed upon her with the rebuke in them that she had not the courage to meet, she too worked at her gloves, unrolling them with nervous fingers; and, at the same time, she cleared her throat to say, "It's as her father says, of course, Abby. Of course we—of course there is plenty of room, if she has her lessons." Her old trick of speaking, whenever she was saying an ungracious thing, directly to one, indirectly to another, or to others, without raising her eyes to one, or to the others. She was working at her gloves all the while, and until it was settled by Abby's appealing directly to the judge and to Anna, that Anna should go.

Anna, poor child, was tearful and anxious about it; but glad to go. She ran to throw on her bonnet and shawl; Abby ran to help her. They came back tripping as they went; and with merry words. They sprang lightly into the carriage, upon a touch of the judge's hand. Their hearts were warm toward each other, toward him. His heart was warm toward them. Each had passing visions of a future there in their home, in which the heart of each might constantly be warm and loving toward all the rest. But it was all spoiled, when, upon being fairly seated, they turned their faces to Mrs. Headley. She was not looking at them. She had not been, from the beginning. She was drawing her shawl round, as if Anna troubled her sitting on it; and her skirts, too, Anna's feet would be on them. And when this was over, she shrugged her shoulders laboriously, as if Anna crowded her. She shrugged them often after they started, drawing long breaths and complaining of heat; pretty soon of the headache; finishing with the wish that she had stayed at home.

Abby was angry toward her mother. Her eyes shone, the hot blood was ready to come through her cheeks. She tried hard though to make the best of it; tried first to make it more

comfortable for her mother by suggestions about removing her warm shawl; when she saw this fail, by trying to engage the judge and Anna in conversation. The judge and Anna tried to help her effort. But they had neither spirit nor collectedness of mind for it; and so it was, that they came, after awhile, to ride mostly in silence; mocked, all of them, and rebuked, by the sun shedding its steady, genial light, and by the birds singing and hopping on every tree-top and every bush.

Mrs. Headley's headache grew worse by-the-way. She spoke of that occasionally after the rest became so silent; spoke of her sorrow that it should so suddenly come on to spoil her ride. And she feared the rest would not enjoy it so well. She hoped they would, she said, with her head bent on her hand; for the judge drove very slow; in part because her most palpable repulsion toward Anna had been a torpid, numbing of his flesh and all his faculties; and in part out of his respect for her headache.

CHAPTER V.

THERE were no more pleasant rides for a week or two; no more really pleasant hours, when the mind was fresh and unincumbered; not even between the judge and Abby, over their beloved reading and discussion. Mrs. Headley leaned her head on her hand, even at table, and complained of headache and of the heat. Those were bland and beautiful September days; but the hot blood of impatience and self-reproach commingled, was in all her veins, making it a burden and a wretchedness at times to live.

The judge was in his office nearly all the time. He sat a few minutes at table, after the meal was over, mentioning an item or two—of steamboat or railroad disaster generally—that he had seen in that day's paper; looked at the plants, perhaps, on leaving the table; but in a way as if seeing them, he still saw them not; watched a moment how the canary "poured her throat;" said he believed he must be going to his office, and with languid steps went.

Abby said little; and the least to her mother of all. She had heavy eyes, a pale face and restless feet, taking her through the rooms one after another, from window to window; out into the garden, into the orchard—oh, one way and another, seeking everywhere, finding nowhere. She was less restless when the judge came. Her face brightened a little, and took the expression as if she were listening, waiting for good to come. But it did not come. He went. And again came the pallor to her face, the restlessness to her feet.

She avoided meeting "poor, dear little Anna;" this is what she called her over and over again in her thoughts, and once aloud to her mother. But she was sorry when she saw, as she did afterward by the red eyes, that her mother had been crying about it. She avoided meeting Anna, because she did not know how to carry herself toward her, under the existing state of feeling in the house; did not know what to say to her, or how to say it; so that she annoyed herself, and she had no doubt she did Anna, by every one of her attempts at friendliness. Moreover, she felt as though it were an implied reproach against her mother, that both Anna and her mother felt it so whenever she paid the former any direct attentions. So she dropped Anna as she had dropped the judge, and every thing, to wait for the time when the bird with the downy wing, the bird called Peace, would come once more settling down in their midst.

Anna was at school, or in her own room, with her studies or drawing, nearly all the day; nearly all the evening, unless she had an engagement out with some of the classes. She had Johnny to be company and comfort for her there. She had, too, the necessity which was wholesome for her, of putting back whatever pain was settling on her heart, whatever tears were gushing hotly to her eyes; for Johnny must not know, must not even suspect, what she had to bear in that day's ride, on the same seat with their step-mother.

But time mended matters, as time often does. It could not make it exactly as if the unkindness had never fallen, the sorrow never sprung up. This no thing earthly or heavenly could do, so that the regret, the pain under one modification or another, would not sometimes turn again upon them to rend them. Every one who has wronged another in whatever degree knows this, if one has been ever so repentant, ever so lavishly forgiven.

It was over so far that Mrs. Headley's headache was gone; so that she again looked cheerfully about her, keeping her little curls quivering. She still was not at all familiar toward Anna; but she noticed her oftener, and with greater kindness than before their unfortunate ride together. She was sparing of all her demonstrations in that quarter before the judge, however; for all her little, fretful jealousies were roused by seeing that the least friendly attention toward the girl in his presence, was sufficient to put him in an easy-chair (speaking by a figure, that is,) the rest of that day; perhaps for many days.

Abby was not much with Anna; but she often had some gentle endearment for her, when they met in any of the rooms or passages; a clasp of

the fingers; a quick kiss upon the lips or brow; or a few, a very few words, tenderly modulated as if she loved her. The judge came upon them one day just in season to hear Abby say to Anna, as she smiled and touched her lips to her forehead, "You're a dear girl! You're the best girl in the house!" to hear Anna reply, with a grateful face, "No; I know who is the best girl in the house. It is you."

CHAPTER VI.

JOHNNY's heart ached for Anna, day and night, when she first went away; so that an expression of the pain was almost constantly on all his features, as well as in the bowed head, the languid movement. He sat down to the table when meal-time came along; to be rid of questioning, or observation. He did not want to eat. His heart was hard against the beautiful table, the rich dishes that would melt in one's mouth; against the smiling faces, the part-talking tongues that had had so few pleasant looks, so few gracious words for Anna when she was there, that had so few for him now she was gone, and he so alone, so depressed, that he *longed* sometimes to be in the quiet grave with his mother. Even Loxley's charms had somehow faded quite away; whether for want of a positively meritorious quality of their own, or because everything seemed to him faded and poor, since Anna went, poor Johnny could not determine.

"Poh!" wrote he to Anna, when she had been several weeks gone, "this nice fellow, Loxley, isn't so very nice after all. He's handsome, I suppose. I suppose a man must be handsome, when, if you look all day, you can't find any fault in him. That is, in his face, form, hair, whiskers, gait, walking-stick, dress, or anything. I don't like his voice though, or his expression. They are both silly. I don't think Abby likes them; or that our father does. But *she* is strained up all the time about him. She makes remarks to Abby, praising him as soon as he goes out. Abby don't speak; and the least of all curls is in the middle of her upper lip.

"*Apropos*, Abby told me to tell you that she loves you, and wants to see you. Ain't she good, when she dares to be, for *her*?"

"Our father stays in the office more since Loxley came. He tries to make some talk with him at table; but he can't, if he dies for it; Loxley is such a poor thing by the side of father. I think our father has a great deal of real dignity, don't you, darling sis? I mean to be like *him*. I was a fool in my dream of being a second Loxley.

"Loxley can talk with *her* all day about what kind of puddings, salads, fricasees, sauces, and so on, they like; and how they like to see a table set out. He always speaks of her dishes and her table as sublimities, in their way. He calls it 'grand!' the way she does things. Ugh! what fools there are here in this world, who might be *men*!

"In the evening, he can talk about the beauties and rare ones they met at the Mountains, last summer. And you'd laugh—if you weren't too much disgusted—to see how he looks over to Abby and sighs his, 'But I, for one, shouldn't be likely to go off hunting up any of these *beauties*; (although I have the address of most of them; and in their own handwriting too, as I could show, if I chose) I should try to get a wife with the capital home-qualities you've got, Mrs. Headley.' And then he adds something like this, 'When I find a girl who is willing to marry me, I guess I'll bring her here to you, to have her education finished.' He laughs here; so does she, as if he had done a first-rate witticism.

"Abby don't look up from whatever she's reading, or sewing. But she's mad, I know she is sometimes, when she hears Loxley bragging about what he could tell of this and that young lady, if he chose. How partial she was to him, sis; that's what the coxcomb meant. How this one—why, actually sent him a letter! he may as well out with it at once. How that one was a modest little creature, who always blushed whenever he met her, or spoke to her; but her brother it was who let him into a secret of too delicate a nature to be named. He could never forgive himself, he said, with a solemn phiz, if he were to make any indelicate uses of *any* young lady's partiality to him. Ugh!

"But I'm glad he's what he is, for two reasons. Seeing him beside our father, makes me know what a grand thing it is to be a *man*; what a miserable thing to be a fool. I'm all the more determined to be a *man*, seeing it. And I hope she'll see how useless all such managing ways as her own are apt to be; and be content some time to get hold of a lady-like quiet like our own mother's, for herself, and to let affairs go on as God wills. For I rather think they will go as He wills, in the end; if she pulls and works in over so strenuous a way.

"Good-bye, darling, I am getting better contented. I feel better than I did; for I don't eat a great deal; nor any of the rich stuff. I'm going to be a doctor, you see; and I must get used to an example that shall agree with the theories I shall by-and-bye be scattering right and left.

"The term's half out! Did you know it? Write every day or two. Be sure! I shouldn't know what to do in the evenings, after all my lessons are got, if I couldn't write to you one evening, and read over as *much* as once, a letter from you, the next.

"Good-bye. Remember! I'm going to be fit and ready to have a home of my own, by-and-bye. I'm not going to be married; (I mean it, when I say it, sis; I never say anything more sincerely than this.) You're not going to be married. But we're going to keep the home together. I'm going to bring home things; you're going to cook and arrange them. We're going to live simply—so as to have an easy time and save money for other things; old Trim and Kit are going to live with us and have cushions of their own, which must be embroidered with trees, cottages, and country roads.

"In passing, don't be thinking that I'm going to make you work too hard, what with the cooking, the embroidery, and so on; don't you know? We're going to live so simply! to have so few dishes! don't you see? I do; and I will tell you all about it, when the time comes.

"Dear father, a dear, good, dignified old man with white hair, he'll be, by-and-bye, won't he, sissy? he shall find such quiet comfort in our rooms, such sunny warmth in the winter, such green coolness in the summer, that he'll be coming in to sit often and rest with us. For, you see, I'm going to settle down, right here where the places are that you and I like so well. *She* shall come in too; I'll prescribe low diet—such as mush, white sugar, and cream, and pulsatilla, for her nervous tension; I'll be kind to her, but very plain-hearted; and she shall love us. We will love her, and weep sincere tears for her, when, at last, if God spares us longest, we lay her to rest by the side of our own mother.

"God help me, and this turns out to be no mere dream! God help you, sissy, to fill up your hours with contentment and goodness. As I know He will. And so, with a new feeling of content, myself, I say, good-bye, once more—the third time, I believe—and tell you that I am, as ever,
Your loving brother, JOHNNY."

CHAPTER VII.

"THE mastered her, you see!" wrote Johnny, near the close of Anna's term at New London. "I did it with truth, at once the simplest and the mightiest agent in human action, as I take it.

"I told you our father was going to Boston to-day. Loxley has gone too. Not to Boston

He never goes the same way that father does. He's gone off Ogdensburgh way, on railroad business; is going to be gone several days. He should return as soon as he could possibly, he said, putting upon the outside an expression of quite a tender regret. The days would be long, he said; speaking, by-the-way, to our step-mother. Abby was there, though, trimming the plants. He hoped they would be long to at least ~~one~~—looking over to Abby's side of the room—beside himself. Perhaps he flattered himself though! 'Don't let Abby quite forget me, if she's inclined to; will you, Mrs. Headley?' he said, at last, buttoning his overcoat up to his throat.

"She laughed her little laugh, that set her little curls to quivering; looked from him to Abby, from Abby back to him, assuring him that she would find *that* an easy thing to do; an easy thing. He would please himself with hoping so, he said; shook hands with her and Abby; and I was glad for Abby's sake to see that his hand had to go the whole way to hers; then he went. Not so much as saying, 'Good morning, sir,' to me. He looked at me steadily as he was going out, tipped his head and eyelids, the least in the world, and that was as much as he ever does, when she is about. He is the completest toad-eater! If he sees me out anywhere, he talks with me—about 'my sister at New London.' He has heard she is young and a charming girl, he said, one day. I told him coolly that 'she is.' He wished, another day, 'that my sister he had heard so much about, would come home, for a few days. He wanted to see her. But he was expecting to be in considerable danger, when she came, judging from what he had been told of her beauty.'

"I said, 'Humph, sir!' Not loud enough for him to hear though, I suppose. You see I felt the utmost contempt toward him; for, besides his attentions to our Abby, he is engaged, or has been, very lately, to a young lady at Fall River. Mrs. Flint knows it to be a fact, for a conductor who knew about it told her husband. But this is a secret, *mem.* I should tell it to Abby, if I saw any need of it. But I don't.

"Then, every time he goes into Concord, he spends more or less time with a Miss Howandish, whose father is teacher of the German and Spanish there. You've heard of him. I guess you've seen her, upon a second thought; at one of the levees there, last summer; don't you remember? I do. She was a young thing, very pretty, I remember; and dressed a little quaintly, some way. We thought her dress very becoming, though. And I remember we said her expression was as simple and innocent as a child's. I shall

see to that affair. Or, better than that, you shall, when you come. This next vacation, you must go in to stay a day or two with the Prestons; then it can be done, perhaps. Although it is a delicate matter to meddle with, isn't it?

"Well, our father and Loxley were gone to-day, as I have told you. And this afternoon Abby went by the cars to Merrimac. A letter had just come saying that her—that our step-mother's sister, Mrs. Badger, is very sick. So you see she and I were the only two in the house at supper-time. Except Bridget, of course. I knew she would be nervous over it. She is always uneasy if we happen to be left alone a minute. So I made up my mind before I went down, that I would see if I couldn't put the foolishness away from between us, so that we could look at each other, and talk as if we knew some thing. Bridget had put my plate in the place it has when they are all here. Our father's was vacant. *She* was just sitting down when I went in. Well, I went in, in the old, easy way. I know I did; for my purpose made me feel easy. It was a good one; I was ready, if it came round to that, to show all that was in my heart toward her. I liked her, somehow, for the first time; because I saw her there alone, a woman, I suppose; and because I knew she was uneasy before me.

"*"See!"* said I, speaking as I felt, in a lively, pleasant way. 'I'm going to sit in my father's place, wouldn't you?' At the same time I was slipping my plate and chair round to sit down; doing it without looking at her, you see. I was too busy. Besides I was going through with what I had began. I was not going beforehand to question one of her looks, even by one look of mine. But I knew that the face she raised to mine, although a little surprised, was not a displeased one.

"While she was at work doing something to the tea-things, I drew the preserve-dishes a little nearer and said—still without looking at her, although I could have looked at her honestly enough; but thought she'd feel better if I didn't, 'Which will you have, mother?' Mother! how good the word seemed to me, as it went over my lips! and the echo of it down in my heart, after I had spoken it, was good. I didn't look at her then. I knew though that her face brightened; for it seemed to me that a halo was all at once about her. She would have quince, if I pleased, she said; and with a good voice, sissy dear; such a voice as we never any of us heard in her before, I fancy. We were quite silent a minute or two, as I helped her to preserves, she me to tea. Then I said, sipping my tea, 'This great house will be dull

to you while they're all gone?' 'No, I guess not.' And this time she smiled, as I had seen her smile on Abby, a few times, perhaps; but never before on me: not by a great deal. 'If you liked me right well, as I am sure I should you, if you *did* like me—it would be different; you wouldn't miss others so much, and feel as if there wasn't anybody left, when the last—when Abby went.'

"I looked down into my tea *this* time, to hide the tears, that I'm not the least ashamed to own, filled my eyes up as full as they well could, without running over. 'I do like you,' she said, after a pause, 'if you want me to; if you like me any. Mrs. Powers told me long ago, when I first came here, it was the very first week, that you didn't; that you said the same as to say you never meant to.' Of course I denied ever saying anything of the kind to Mrs. Powers or anybody. Whatever I might have said—not so soon as the first week, but as soon as I knew how different it was to be here with you and me, to what it used to be—how we were motherless still, the same as before she came, if I hadn't had a prudent, gentle sister to be a help to me, I don't know. I do know that, as it was, I never have said, or insinuated one word against her, except to yourself. I told her so; told her all this that I have just written. So she knew from that, that you hadn't allowed me to find fault with her, even to you.

"Then she told me, as I could see, a good deal sorry for what she had done, that Mrs. Powers made her believe that you, too, precious darling, were bitter toward her; were determined not to like her, even before she came. And she cried as she told me this; as true as you live she did. I was willing; for I thought there was reason. But, I thought, as she sat wiping her eyes, that she should shed no more tears of the kind; that the future should never cost her any, if I, and you, and all of us together could help it. (By-the-way, you know, we have seen that Mrs. Powers has been here often, and that this mother gave her things, just as our own mother gave them to Mrs. Bates; because she was a more industrious woman, besides being a poorer one.)

"But it was bed-time when I came up. You see if I write another word to-night. Only this, that I wish you knew this very minute how thankful I feel—more for you than for myself, dear one; for I, as a man, almost, could rough it some way. But nobody but God knows how I have pitied you. Nobody but He knows how, but for you, it might have kept me angry, and half-spoilt me; with all the temptations that are

here at F——, for the boys who have this heaviest of all wants, the want of a home that is indeed home. I've thought many a time, when I was in at Mr. Chapin's and other very poor, cramped-up places, that it was pleasant there. That I should rather be one of their boys, and live there where the open, smiling faces were, and the love of all for all, than to be the boy I was, in this great, fine house, that was so cold and empty.

"I do thank God, sis, as I never, *never* did before, for anything, that it is over. We shall have troubles after this, of one kind or another. I am not so foolish as to believe, that, because one dark cloud has passed from our sun, another cannot come. The same never can. That's good. If we all love each other and have a bright home to come to, we can get along with the rest. As true as I live, sissy, I would rather any of our family would die, I would rather die ten deaths myself, if that were possible for one boy to do, than to live with any one of the family, I mean who dislikes me, whom I must dislike.

"Good night, sissy. God love you.

—*Thursday evening.*

"Ah, I know, sissy! This is the time when your dear eyes ought to be on this letter instead of mine. I was intending to be up early and finish it right off this morning, you see. But I slept late; Bridget had breakfast early on account of some great work at putting the house in order, she had to do while the folks are gone. So that the bell rang just I was going to put my pen to the paper.

"You know our good father always has so much stepping about to do in the morning, seeing to what is wanted for the day and so on! Well, would I help her do this? our mother asked me as we left the table. Would I just see to the furnace a little, if it wouldn't trouble me too much, and the dear little woman really made her requests as if she were half-afraid, until she saw how glad I was to be going right and left, doing this and that, just as I used to. Would I go up stairs, she asked, with her. She wanted to know, she said, on our way up, what I thought about doing so and so with Anna's chamber. We thought just alike, Nanny; but I shan't tell you what we thought. You see it's to be all done before you come, 'that she may have a pleasant surprise,' our mother said. (You see how, like a boy of ten, I am contributing to your surprise; but I thought you'd better be a little prepared to see a change; and that you'd better know at once how kindly she is setting herself to work for you.)

"I hadn't time, then, to write this morning. At noon I brought home Dr. Judson's Memoirs. I had read them before, as you know. I wanted to read them to our mother. I wanted her to see this one excellence in the life of the doctor and his last two wives, that to me seems the crowning one of all. Or, at least, I think they were as great, as far above all our common men and women, in the candid and lofty appreciation in which they living held each other and the dead, as they were in their devotion to the missionary cause. They were great in this cause; I haven't words to tell how sublime a thing it seemed to me living a life like Dr. Judson's. I want our mother to feel it all as I do. I want her to feel as I do that Emily Judson was as great a woman in rising away above every temptation to envy, jealousy, and the like poor passions that so naturally try the second or third wife, and the step-mother, ah, sissy, mine, that she was as great in this as mortal woman can be, let her be in what cause she may. Our father will feel it. He'll see all the glory of it at once. I hope Abby will come. She will feel it. Pretty soon you will come, darling. Then we will all read and talk about it, and gather up the spirit of the Judsons, for our own hearts and lives. I suppose it is the true spirit of Him who was always so gentle and noble, Christ. You see, sissy, dear, I mean to be a Christian. Not just to join the church, to partake the sacrament once a month, to go to church regularly and 'help the cause;' but to be great; great in my smallest thoughts and actions. I hope God will help me.

"Our mother mentioned her son to me to-night. She has never before seemed to feel that he is anything to me, or I to him. She brought a bundle of his letters, and read to me from them. He must be a grand fellow; like Abby, I should think; and our mother said he is. Said she, as she was folding a letter, 'I've been in hopes he would come this way this season to stay. He has money enough; he must have seen enough of the country, by this time, to be willing to settle down. I've been in hopes he would marry Hetty Badger, a pretty niece of my brother-in-law. But I don't know.'

"No, mother, you don't know,' said I, meaning to snap one fibre of this *managing* propensity of hers that holds her so close to the earth. I think she would be so much nobler, you see, if she'd go above it entirely. I felt it that moment, how much nobler she'd be; for the old, uneasy expression came back to her face and manners, as she said it. 'And I wouldn't care about it,' I added; 'I don't think it is well for one—do

you!—to be hoping and planning where one can't really accomplish anything, and where there is no need of accomplishing anything. You've done your part in helping to make your son the fine fellow he is. Now you can be easy about the rest, trusting him entirely to make his own choices in all things. This will take one care away: and this is worth something, isn't it, mother, here where there are so many cares?'

"You will wonder, perhaps, how the boy you have seen so still before her always, could say this so easily. But I've thought and felt a good deal here in this still, out-of-the-way room, since your face of light has been so far from me. I was so sick down in my very soul, for awhile, you see! Especially when the wind and the storm were beating about this part of the house. I needed comfort so much that I prayed to God; for I had no one else, I thought of Jesus and read about Him. Well, God heard me. I seemed to know that He did, and that He came very near His child. I seemed to feel the spirit of Christ mixing with my spirit, making it very gentle and very knowing too. And when one has felt this, or, that is, when one feels it, one is ready for the truth that needs to be spoken; and ready to speak it in such a manner that it is sure to accomplish something. I knew when I took hold of our mother, that I could do something, just as well as I know now, that I have done something.

"A letter came to-day from Abby. I brought it in when I came from school. Mrs. Badger was quite sick, our mother said, as she read; and Abby wanted to stay awhile to take care of her. We took our places at table as soon as she had done reading. 'I don't exactly want her to stay,' said our mother, with a shade of the old abstraction on her face. 'Because you will miss her here?' I asked. 'Not so much that,' dropping her eyes. 'I was thinking—you know Mr. Loxley thinks a good deal of having her here. He will be back in a day or two, I suppose.' 'I would never mind that,' I replied. 'you will have—what part will you have, mother?' I was helping her to friccaseed chicken, you see. 'I would leave Abby to do what she feels it right for her to do, letting all the rest take care of itself.' 'How do you like Mr. Loxley? what do you think of him?' asked our mother, after a pause. She had her eyes on the wing she was dividing. 'I like him well enough as a boarder. But, if he thinks of Abby, he thinks of one who is too far above him ever to be got hold of by him. In my opinion. Have some more of the sauce, mother, won't you?' 'I imagine you are right about it,' she said, thoughtfully, after she

had held her plate for the sauce. 'There's something about him, now I allow myself to think, that makes one feel as if he were not altogether true and sincere in his life. I've felt something of it all along. But I thought Abby would not do better perhaps than to marry him; and so I wouldn't allow myself to think of his faults, or whether he had any.'

"She can do something that I would like better than marrying him.' 'What is that?' she asked, looking suddenly up. 'She can stay right here with us, mother. We are to be a very happy family after this, you know,' added I; for I knew that a sick thought of jealousy was beginning to creep into her heart. 'We are to find our comfort and our dignity in loving each other.'

"Tears started. As she wiped them, she said heartily, 'That is true, Johnny. I mustn't forget that, and so fall into my old ways of planning and worrying. For that is miserable enough. I haven't a doubt that it has had more to do with my sick headaches than anything else. And then it spoils one's life!' She said it with a look as if she loathed it in her soul, and as if she were putting it afar off from her forever.

"Our mother couldn't be altogether easy about Loxley, I saw, after we had our conversation about him, until she had said to me, 'How shall we manage with Mr. Loxley when he comes, I wonder?' 'We won't undertake to manage him at all, will we?' I asked, smiling. 'I see!' replied she, smiling in return, and coloring a little. 'We are simply to let him be, taking his own course with the rest. Only if he is an insincere, false sort of person.' 'Then we will speak, act and look so much truth ourselves, that he shall see it; and, liking it better than his own insincerity, shall take it into his own course. I wish he would! it is so miserable, never, as long as one lives here on the earth, to be an honest, open-hearted man!'

"Seeing that she was thoughtful and inclined to be still, I drew a paper toward me, beginning to read. I grew absorbed in an abstract I came across, of one of Henry Giles' lectures; and when I looked up to repeat something I had just read, she was weeping. In a very still way; but the tears were dropping fast. 'I think it is so bad,' said she, when she found that I was looking at her, 'that I've been so poor a mother to the motherless. I would die to take it all back.'

"I went to her and stood by her, holding her hand and weeping with her. For I looked back as she was doing; and saw you, precious darling, and myself, in all that we had borne since the hour that our mother died. I thought of the present, at the same time, thinking how, now, it

is over. And then I felt for our mother, and told her that I did.

"She was afraid that we could never forgive her and love her, long at a time, she said. She was afraid our father never could. She wondered at the steady kindness and delicacy he had always shown her, seeing as he must have done all along, how little she was doing toward fulfilling the great trust he had placed in her hands. I told her I had no doubt that our father would die for her any time; that I would after that, at any rate; and then to quiet her, I went back to my paper, saying that I wanted to read something beautiful to her.

"I haven't told you anywhere along that it is Friday morning. I found it was almost twelve, last night, when I was in the middle of a paragraph. I thought I was doing wrong writing so late; and so instantly wiped my pen and went to bed. I was up before five this morning. But after this I shall write, wake and sleep at the right hours. For the sake of feeling well, you see. For the sake of being as healthy a man as I am a boy. I mean to be careful in all my habits of diet and everything, to this end. I've heard so many broken down men and women say, 'I was always healthy until I did so and so. Since, I have never seen a really well day.' There are very few of all who are here eating, and drinking, and going their various ways, who understand that it is a great duty of theirs, to be healthy. I shall tell them so when once I get my fingers on their pulses.

"The bell calls me to breakfast. So good-bye, darling.
JOHNNY."

CHAPTER VIII.

ALONG the west side of the pleasant town, New London, between this town and Wendall, between the counties Merrimac and Sullivan, there lies a beautiful lake, called the Sunapee. It is made of no great account there in a neighborhood, where, by just going up to the top of Mount Kearsaye, one can count thirty lakes and lakelets, in one direction and another. But it is the largest lake in the state, save the Winnipiscogee. It has no islands; but it has finely indented, finely wooded shores; and is blue, and placid, and very beautiful to look upon. It is beautiful to go out upon, in a summer afternoon, when elsewhere it is so sultry, when there the air goes by with gratefully cooling wings.

It was beautiful living there so near it. Abby, now Mrs. Alfred Williams, said, throwing back a blind, that father, mother, Johnny, Anna, a good-looking man of twenty-five or so, whom we

do not know, and children, and the children's father, Mr. Williams, might see how bright it was; here sparkling through the leaves and branches, there, showing quiet and blue through an opening, made for this purpose since Abby came there between the trees.

"You'll feel the cold through there some when winter comes, Abby," said her mother.

"Yes, I know," said Abby, fondling the hand of a little girl of three, as if it were one of her habits to do so. "I mentioned this to Mr. Williams, when we were talking about having it done," she added, looking round to the portly gentleman standing near her, smiling on him while she spoke to another, as if this too were one of her habits. "But he says the house is very warm, as you can see that it must be, mother; and that we can burn all the wood we want to. And you would think so, you would think so, father, if you were to go to the wood-house. Let's go out."

So they all went to the wood-house, where the nice little sticks, just of a length, were packed, flank before flank, high as the roof; and so far, that, as Mrs. Headley said to Johnny, who had just put a child's hoe back out of her path, it was really a walk, from one end of it to the other. From the wood-house they went to the garden. Anna knew all about the garden. She went over there every Saturday from the seminary. She led her father to see the bees; for she had observed when he was there just after Abby's marriage, how much he enjoyed standing near them, talking, or thinking, listening meanwhile to the unbroken hum, looking upon the steady industry.

She came bringing mint leaves to her mother. She remembered how, when she was there before, she kept one constantly in her fingers, or lying near her, if her fingers were busy. The little, three-years-old girl, Bessy, they called her, hunted the borders. For the *prettiest* flowers for mamma! just the prettiest flowers I can find!" she said to Anna; speaking as if she were in a hurry to find them, with her tiny fingers going here and there amongst portulaccas, mig-nonettes, heliotropes, and the like delicate blossoms. Bessy's brother, the five-years-old Alfred, meanwhile went carefully; stooping, little as he was, hunting along the borders, through the plots; hunting a long time in vain, as Abby saw; for she watched him "as if she were his own mother," all those thought who saw her. At last it was found; the little fellow gave a glad spring; but broke the flower gently; gently came, and with loving, reverential eyes upturned, gave it to Abby, saying, "I found it for

you, mother." It was a blue pimpernel. Abby loved blue flowers, best of all, and Alfred knew it.

"*Darling* boy!—he's his mother's darling!" were Abby's words, sweeter than honey, to the approbation-loving boy. She bowed low over him, laying her hand on his shoulder and softly patting it many times. She did not think her husband's heart would be moved toward her for this. She didn't think of him at all; nor of any one but the boy down there that she loved, that loved her. The act came, as all action must come, if we would have it genuine and worthy, spontaneously, out of the full fountain of love and goodness in her heart.

If our readers would know how Abby came to be Mrs. Alfred Williams, and not Mrs. Jerome Loxley, as her mother planned, we can only tell them, briefly, that she met him at New London, when she and the rest of the family went over to be present at the spring-term examination, and to take Anna home.

Then Mr. Williams had a relative, a far-off cousin, at Fisherville; whom he had not seen or thought of, perhaps for years. He thought of him soon as he studied how he would again meet Abby and came over. He thought he was a lucky man when he saw how welcome he was to the Halls; when he learned from them that the large house close by, was Judge Headley's; and that the families were most intimate, inasmuch that the "women-folk," as Mr. Hall said, "were always running back and forth." Abby came running in as they talked about it; and was unequivocally glad to see Mr. Williams, even as Mr. Williams was unequivocally glad to meet her. For they had, when they met at New London, a good deal of conversation. Each was interested in the other. Each thought often of the other afterward, wondering whether it was for them ever to meet again. Or the wondering was chiefly on Abby's side. On Mr. Williams', decision, early took its place.

They were married in a very few months, for Mr. Williams wanted her to be there in the home that had not really been home one hour, to him, or to the children, since his wife died, more than a year ago. And Abby wanted to be there. There was not an hour, a waking one, that she did not feel tenderness and pity for him and them, longing to be there, seeing to them, working for them.

Now, it was early September. The judge's folks were paying their second visit. The judge, his wife and Johnny were, that is. Our stranger had been there many times since Abby's marriage; had in fact spent whole weeks there; often meeting our friend Anna there.

"Ah? Jem!" said Johnny, taking brisk hold of the stranger's arm, to draw his steps off a tuft of pinks, "you step on some flowers. And there is none to spare at this season."

"Hum! I was looking for Anna. I believe I spend half my time in hunting and running after the girl; she spends just enough of hers to be forever getting out of my way. Do you believe she cares a straw about me, brother John!" (It seems, then, that the interesting stranger was Mrs. Headley's son, the same that she picked out, long time ago, for pretty Hetty Badger.) "Our mother believes that she does. Sometimes I do; sometimes I—— there she goes now, on the farther side of the garden with the children. To-day I think she don't. I've been trying all day, I tried last evening, to get a chance to say something to her that I must soon say." He withdrew his eyes from her direction now, letting them fall on the leaves he had been, all the while, tearing. "What do you say?" he asked, with tones slightly impatient.

"Why, I say that you should ask her about it. Here she comes! Come here, Nan," stretching his hand back to draw her. She slowly accepted his hand; and then he brought her round to face himself and Cummings. Only the latter kept his eyes, at first, steadily on the work of his fingers. "James wants to speak with you, child!" said he, speaking a little reproachfully; for the girl's fingers trembled in his to be away. She looked troubled as if she felt slight vexation. "He wants to speak with you, you see; and you shouldn't be running away in this fashion." He spoke deliberately; and the cool words, the calm, searching look quieted her. "I'm going out there where the rest of them are. I want to see if Bess has quite forgiven me for stealing her mother's plums at dinner. If she has, I must offend her again, some way. Good! I know what I'll do." And off he went.

Anna and her companion could not see across the garden, what Johnny did, they thought though that he got some of Abby's flowers away; for the children set up a great chase after him, while the rest stood laughing to see them run; to see Bessy's plump, little eager

hands put out to catch him, when he was yet so far off; to see how now he allowed himself to be almost cornered between them, and then escaped them by a rollicking leap over bed after bed. When he did this, the children too stood still, laughing to see him go.

"Bless her!" said Abby, speaking heartily; "how the darling laughs! See her, mother! she can hardly stand for laughing. Isn't she the dearest thing?" She started to go out toward her, followed slowly, in a few minutes by her happy husband.

Thus the judge and Mrs. Headley were left standing alone. They looked to see how both of Bessy's hands clung to both of her mother's when they came along; how manly little Alfred looked smiling, first on one parent then on the other; and then, at the same moment, as if upon the same thought, each turned to the other, drawing a little nearer together, smiling on each other. "I am thinking how happy we are," said Mrs. Headley, tears gathering in her soft eyes. "I don't deserve it," she added, taking the hand her husband extended, between both hers. "I can never forget that. But God is good. There isn't an hour that I don't think that He's good; and that His will toward me and mine has been so *much* wiser than my own! Tell me now what you were thinking?" asked she, smilingly, after a moment's pause.

"The same thing that you were, dear; that we are happy; that God is good." The judge spoke seriously; but there was nothing of the old, dreamy, sad intonation in his voice. That all went months before, when the fulness of household comfort came.

We wonder what the two over there by the peach trees were saying to each other, meanwhile.

"I was afraid of you," said Anna, in reply to something he had been saying. "I am now; a little," half-looking up, half-laughing. "I imagine I always shall be."

"Good! then I shall be able to keep you nicely in subjection," replied Cummings, laughing heartily.

This was all they said that time; for they came up from all parts of the garden, led by the cheerful matron, Abby.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

It rarely is my lot to meet
A mind so gracefully replete
With gems of rarest thought,
But better far than mental power
Thy grace, that dignified each hour
With kindly office fraught.

Combined in thee, dear friend, I find
True graces of a soul refined,
With strong and manly thought,
In thee all graceful forms unite,
Mingled with threads of golden light
From richest sunset caught.

F. M. G.

THE THREE GHOSTS.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

ROUND a cheerful wood fire, in a quaint, old country house, three sisters sat talking in the twilight. The bright blaze illumined the walls, on which a few portraits were hanging, and cast grotesque shadows from the old-fashioned furniture. The ruddy glow lighted up too the three lovely faces of the sisters, who were enjoying its cheerfulness.

Very charming were they all, but very different in their beauty.

Margaret, the elder—she who sits to the right of the fire, with head thrown partly back, while her hands are crossed upon her knees, is about twenty-two. She is tall, stately, and proudly beautiful. Sophie, "pretty Sophie," sits opposite, on a sofa, with the head of little Rose, who is reclining, on her lap.

Little Rose, the youngest, with neither Margaret's queenly grace, nor Sophie's brilliant beauty, was what ladies call "a darling"—that is, she was loveable, charming, and innocent. In fact, she was fresh and sweet as a hawthorn blossom.

These three young girls were singularly situated.

They resided in the old homestead where we have found them, alone, except for the servants who attended them. Father and mother were both dead within a few years, and as there was no relation to supply, even in a measure, their places, the orphan sisters clung yet more closely to each other, and continued to live in their desolate home, like birds who nestle together in the old nest when the parent birds have left them.

Thomas, an old and faithful man servant, and Kitty Cork, (a person notwithstanding her juvenile name, of middle age and tried fidelity) were their only domestics—but they sufficed, for their labors were performed in the spirit of love and willingness.

Such was the little household of the sisters—and there they were settled—for life. For, be it known to you, oh, incredulous reader, that each of the fair sisterhood was under a solemn vow of celibacy.

When their father died and left them all alone in the world, they took each other hands and solemnly promised never to desert each other, but to live and die together.

Three years had passed since that time, and though their loveliness attracted suitors even to their quiet, lonely home, no whisper had ever been breathed by any of the sisters of a wish to break that vow.

On the contrary, they often applauded their wisdom in devising it, and swore fealty to it anew.

Some such conversation had taken place on the very evening I have chosen to introduce them to my readers. Indeed they were more than usually vehement in their denunciations of any treason to their code. Margaret's eyes had flashed indignantly at the very thought of such treachery—Sophy had painted most touchingly the lonely state of the other two—should one be base enough to desert—and little Rose had declared,

"That even if Prince Charming himself should come flying into the room in a golden chariot, and were to fall at her feet, all crowned with diamonds, she would not waver the least mite—but should just say very coldly, 'Rise, Prince Charming, you can't have me. I have promised my sisters never to marry.'"

Margaret and Sophie laughed at little Rose's sally, and the greatest unanimity of opinion appeared to prevail.

While they sat over the fire discussing this subject, Kitty Cork entered with a basket of chestnuts, saying,

"If ye please, leddies, Thomas bids me give yees them nuts. He's afther pickin' them hisself: and he sais as it's Hallow-Ave, ye'll be thryin' yer fortunes, good or bad—and it's wishin' ye good luck, and good husbands he is."

"Does not Thomas know?" began Margaret, with a frown.

"Oh—ay—he knows," interrupted Kitty, with slighting toss of the head—but immediately repenting this imprudent gesture, she added, with roguish demureness,

"Och, but Thomas is a quare, head-strong, ould body. Purrr, ould sowll, he has ay his cranks and whims—and one is, ye'll all three o' yees be married befor the year's out. Unfortunate, demented, craythur that he is, to take sic an a crazy fancy."

"Crazy, indeed?" said Margaret, with dignity;

but yet when Kitty was gone, the girls began, "just for fun," to try the nuts on the hot shovel in the good, old-fashioned manner. True, no names were mentioned aloud, but that did not prevent each maiden from mentally designating her nuts as she pleased—and certainly the most intense interest glowed in each youthful face, as it watched the antic manœuvres of the mimic lovers in the symbolical pantomime.

Kitty returned to find them engaged in this most inconsistent amusement; but like a wise damsel she took no note of trifling discrepancies. She, on the contrary, proposed that as they were trying Hallow-Eve games, they should, at a later hour, before going to bed, try the famous old one of sowing hemp-seed by moonlight.

"What is it? how do you do it?" cried the sisters, and Kitty went on to explain, how that the girl who would look into the future as to her fate, must go by night, alone, and beyond the hearing of her friends, and scattering hemp-seed in the moonlight, must say,

'Hemp-seed I sow,
Hemp-seed must grow;
Whoever will be my true-love, come after and mow.'
And then, on looking over her right shoulder, she should see the man she was to marry coming after her, with a great scythe, mowing—and who would most surely overtake her and cut her heels off with that weapon, if she paused too long to look."

"You forget, Kitty, we are never going to have any husbands," remarked Sophie, when Kitty paused in her explanations.

"Oh, well, then, no harm done," was the response—"if yees to have no husbands, no husbands will come and ye'll no risk yer heels."

The sisters were in the humor for a frolic, and would have adventured a trial on the spot, but the all-important Kitty stopped them.

"What an a time is this for sich a thing? it's no yet eight o' clock, and the mune's no up—the earliest hour ever I seen it tried was ten o'clock, and the midnight hour is better still."

The girls consented to wait a more propitious hour, and returned to their fire-side chat. Kitty retired to the kitchen, where she whispered a long tale in Thomas' ear. The latter listened—nodded his head sagaciously—took up his hat and went out.

Ten o'clock at length struck, and the sisters, as eager as ever for the frolic, called Kitty. She appeared after a little delay, bringing with her three baskets of hemp-seed, one of which she gave to each fair adventurer, with renewed instructions. Miss Margaret was desired to issue from the front door—Rose from the back, and

Sophie from the side. They were about to set off, when Thomas, who stood silently observing all, said gruffly,

"That's wrong, Kitty—Miss Rose is to go by the side, and Miss Sophie from the back."

"Thru for you, Thomas, and me heart's in very mouth at fright at me blunther."

"Why, Kitty, what difference can it possibly make?" inquired the girls.

Kitty made no intelligible answer—but something she mumbled like,

"Gae the right gait, and ye'll meet the right guist," as the three girlish figures flitted away in the darkness.

Five—ten minutes elapsed, and Margaret rushed breathless into the sitting-room; an instant more, and Rose and Sophy joined her. They all looked excited, and frightened.

Each looked at the other inquiringly, and Margaret began,

"I have really seen something very extraordinary—very strange. I do not know what to think. It *could* not have been a spirit—but—oh, how frightened I am! I will tell you all about it. I had scattered my hemp-seed and repeated the rhyme as Kitty directed, when looking behind me I saw *actually* a figure in white, advancing toward me with a scythe, just as had been predicted. I was so taken by surprise, and so frightened—for, of course, I did not believe Kitty's nonsense, that I had no power to run or move. I stood motionless with terror, while the figure approached nearer and nearer. It advanced, step by step, as a man does in mowing, and I yet had no power to stir. At last it was behind me—close—I felt its touch and its breath on my cheek—and a voice whispered in my ear,

"'Beware how you cast from you the love and devotion of a faithful heart. Young Alderthorn truly loves you—make him and yourself happy.'"

The sisters were silent. Margaret added, "What makes it stranger is, that I know well the voice that spoke—it was Alderthorn's—and I know none but a spirit could imitate those tones so as to deceive me. But tell us, Sophy—what happened to you? You are as pale as a lily."

Sophie held up her hand, on the third finger of which glittered an opal ring, which she had never worn before.

"Listen!" said she, "I did just as you did, Margaret; and looking over my shoulder as directed, I too saw a vision. It was not mowing as that you describe; but it held a scythe in its hand, and when I first saw it, it was already by my side. It was clad in some kind of a

white mantle, and its features were quite visible in the moonlight. Sisters, it was the face of Lieutenant Morton! He—or it—took my hand, and put this ring on my finger, saying solemnly, as he did so,

“With this ring I wed thee,
In death or in life,
This token doth bind thee
Forever my wife.”

Margaret shuddered. What if her sister were wedded to a demon? She had heard of such fearful things—and did not her own experience forbid her to be incredulous? With a sickening sensation of superstitious horror and apprehension, she turned toward little Rose. What had befallen that poor child?

“I too have seen a ghost,” Rose began—Margaret clasped her hands, and closed her eyes. Her pale face grew even whiter than before. Rose continued,

“I had sown my hemp-seed, as you did, sisters, and when I looked behind me, I saw the reaper coming after me with great strides. I started to run, but in my fright I stumbled and fell—and the ghost instantly sprang forward, and raised me up—and—”

“And what, Rose?” asked Sophie and Margaret, eagerly.

“And it was Robert Bloomley,” said Rose, abruptly.

“How do you know? what makes you think so?” asked the sisters.

“Because he kissed me!” cried Rose, hastily. Then, overwhelmed by her own blundering speech, she hid her blushing face in her hands.

Margaret and Sophie were aghast. Here was a discovery!

Rose tried, awkwardly enough, to profit by the silence to amend her error.

“Ghosts don’t kiss, you know,” she timidly remarked.

“And Robert Bloomley *does*!” cried Sophie, laughing. “Oh, Rose, Rose, you little traitor, who would have expected this from you?”

She looked keenly at Margaret as she spoke,

Margaret met her glance with a look at once conscious and suspicious.

A light was beginning to break in upon them. They began to see that Rose was not the only traitor in the camp. They began also to suspect Kitty and see through her devices.

At last Sophie broke into a merry laugh. “The fact is,” she said, “that that mischievous Kitty has been playing us a trick, very saucy, but very clever. I understand it all now, and she has evidently understood *us* all, this long time. How say you, Margaret? Are we justified in keeping our vows, when three ghosts come from their graves to bid us break them?”

Margaret turned aside her stately head, with a blush and smile, and made no explicit answer. But I fancy she, as well as the other sisters, were more satisfactory in their replies the next day, to the “three ghosts,” who appeared in propria persona to plead their suits.

I need scarcely say, that, as Sophie has suggested, Kitty was at the bottom of these simple mysteries. Having, with her usual shrewdness, discovered the secret of each sister, she had despatched Thomas to summon the lovers in time to play the ghostly part assigned them.

Finally, I would merely remark, that that “quare, head-strong ould body,” Thomas’ prediction came perfectly true. All three sisters were married within the year.

Margaret entered with her husband into possession of a noble estate in the neighborhood. Sophie accompanied Lieutenant Morton to distant lands. But Rose, with her honest-eyed farmer, settled down in the dear old homestead.

Kitty, now more important and more indulged than ever, and faithful old Thomas, of course, remained with her.

Once a year, as often as it is within the bounds of possibility, the sisters meet under the old roof-tree. Every Hallow-Eve they assemble, as of old, round the cheerful wood fire, not perhaps roasting chesnuts, and talking girlish nonsense, but recalling scenes of past pleasures, and speaking of present happiness.

THE MINIATURE.

TAKE back, false knight, thy worthless gift,
Pledge of a broken vow,
Too long upon my cheated heart
I’ve worn the bauble now.

Take it! and know that from this heart
Thine image is effaced,
Where it, while I could deem thee true,
Held fondest resting-place.

Take it! I care no more to look
Upon that brow of thine,
Since thou thy fickle love hast laid
Upon another shrine.

Take it, and give me back my own,
I’d scorn to longer rest,
In semblance even upon aught
So faithless as thy breast.

E. B.

SNOW-PRINTS.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

It had just ceased snowing; a few thin flakes, like young birds, fluttered about, as if at a loss where to nestle. Maria Thayer, or homely Maria, as she was called, was pressing her face against the window-panes, looking upon the scenery without.

Far as the eye could reach, all was one broad expanse of snow. The bushes in the yard bent to the earth beneath the weight of their white shroud; the bare trees stretched out in desolation their skeleton arms; here and there, where the starlight fell, could be traced the outlines of the fences, while farther beyond gleamed the out-houses from the world of snow. The lovers of sleighing were out—and ever and anon dashed by in their sleighs from the village close by.

Maria sighed as the sound of the bells fell upon her ears. She was indeed homely; her hair was red and wavy, her nose rather large, and her chin sharp and pointed. Her eyes were the only redeeming feature about her; they were pretty, brown eyes, and full of light and love to those who had learned to appreciate them.

In disposition she was particularly winning; so kind, so gentle, so impossible to be ruffled; and many young gallants who in their recollections of Glenwood called up the faces of its rustic beauties, with tempting lips, and rosy cheeks, and flashing eyes, and bewitching curls, found sweet memories of the quiet, winning, unobtrusive ways of homely Maria, far to out-weigh them all.

Aunt Elsie sat by the fire, knitting; the cat dozed at her feet—lost in dreams of cat-land, where the mice are numerous, and plump and sleek, and the toasted cheese abundant, and the cream delicious; only starting as the embers settled down on the hearth, or squinting sleepily with one eye at times at her little prodigy who was letting out the yarn from aunt Elsie's ball with the alacrity of a practised whaler.

While Maria sighed at the window, the gate without was shut with a slam, a preliminary stamping was heard in the hall, and in a moment afterward Fred Grayson burst into the room.

He was a wild, romping young fellow, with a fine figure, beautiful eyes, handsome features, and a rich, musical laugh that put everybody in

a good-humor from mere sympathy. In fact, just such a "cousin" as every woman can remember when she looks back into the past. He had been one season to college, and was a fine, intelligent fellow—at the bottom of every species of harmless sport.

"Fun ahead, Maria! fun ahead!" he cried, flinging the snow from his cap around the room, unmindful that a huge flake impertinently settled on aunt Elsie's nose. "Hip—hurrah! fun ahead, I say, Maria. Ben Bolton—you know Ben—a great clod-hopper-of-a-fellow, yet sociable withal; well, Ben, as I was agoing to say, is hitching up his four-horse sleigh, and will be round in half an hour to take us over to Bellville. So get ready."

"Fred Grayson, you thoughtless fellow!" cried aunt Elsie, "look at the snow-tracks you have made in the room! It's just like you."

"They can be seen without spectacles, I do say, aunt; but it is some consolation to know that 'it is just like me.' I couldn't help it though, aunt; I am going to go through the world leaving my tracks."

"Yes—yes, wild boy; snow-prints, I guess."

"No, aunt—not snow-prints," cried Fred, his face flushing—"tracks more substantial and lasting. Blazer tracks in the wilderness of the world; real pioneer marks for those behind to follow me through the world of thought."

"You had better soon begin then," said aunt Elsie—"first, by getting rid of your thoughtless ways. Now take the fire shovel and gather up the snow, while Maria is getting ready."

"That I'll do, aunt," said Fred, taking the shovel and the turkey-wing from the hearth and brushing up the snow. "Did you say I had better begin, soon. Why bless your dear soul! I have begun; and I am going through, too, with just such strides as I made into the room. The world will hear of Fred Grayson, mind if it don't, aunt."

"Yes—Fred Grayson and his seven-league boots," retorted aunt Elsie, with a smile.

"Pooh! that don't make me angry. Here, now; the snow is all removed, and so you can draw up your face again. I wonder, aunt," added Fred, a shade of thoughtfulness passing over his expressive countenance, "if ever I make

mis-steps in my life-time, whether they can be as easily erased as these snow-prints? A very important query, ain't it, aunt? But here comes Maria."

Maria entered the room; she was plainly yet comfortably attired, and had a pair of gum shoes in one hand, and a warm, heavy shawl in the other.

"Who all are going, Fred?" she asked, throwing her shawl over the back of a chair.

"Oh, lots! fourteen in all; Harvey Morgan, the new beau, among the gentlemen; and among the ladies—stuck-up Mary Pease, and prudish Helen Spencer, and giddy Kate Lawson, and her sister Sue, and—Jane Gray—and—and—Fanny White—and—and—last and *least*, homely Maria Thayer."

"Much obliged to you, Fred," said Maria, smiling.

"No thanks, Maria—no thanks; folks are always welcome to their own," and Fred, with a mischievous laugh, cut a pigeon-wing around the room, treading on the cat's tail, and almost upsetting a crock of batter on the hearth, creating a new source of worryment to aunt Elsie.

"No offence, Maria; all fun, you know," and Fred passed his arm around her and looked with his dark eyes into hers; "you ain't homely to me, Maria. You have a warm, loving heart—a real woman's heart—and what is better, Maria, it is in the right place. I intend, some time, to make you my little wife!"

"Why, Fred!" exclaimed Maria.

"Oh, don't temer open your eyes so wide; and look as if you were going to eat me, like a great apple. Don't mind giddy, rattle-brained Fred Grayson; though you *know*, Maria, sensible words often gleam up among his silly ones, and some of his vagaries occasionally wear the hue of prophecies."

"False prophecies, Fred; and I do *not* know that you ever say anything sensible. There now—we are even."

"Take care, Maria," said aunt Elsie, "Fred intends to stride into your heart, some day, in the same wild manner he did into the room."

"And leave nothing but snow-prints," said Maria, with a laugh.

"Look here, aunt," said Fred, putting on a vain-glorious, pedantic look, and giving a desperate tug at his shirt-collar, "ain't such a noble, intelligent, good-looking fellow as myself, eminently calculated to play the—the—*sleigh-bell polka* with a *homely* girl's affections? But seriously, Maria, God ever keeps me from leaving cold, chilly snow-prints upon your warm, gushing heart. But hark! whoop! hurrah! Listen!

the bells! they make the very shadows startle, and the gaunt, frozen trees to essay to swing their palsied arms. Ben and I put all the bells in the neighborhood on the horses, and had half a dozen strings sent from——"

"*Bell-ville*, by telegraph!" interrupted Maria, putting on her shawl.

The sleigh was at the door; and a ringing shout from a dozen happy hearts greeted their appearance. As they walked toward the gate Fred whispered to Maria,

"Harvey Morgan is one of the party; take care of your heart, Maria."

"No fear, Fred; I shan't lose it."

"I wouldn't care if you did."

"Why, Fred?"

"Because I would be the one to find it. Wouldn't it be funny if my words should prove true? Who knows?"

"Ho, ho, ho—what a Fred Grayson!" laughed Maria—"who knows? I shall remember that, Fred."

"Cut the courtship short," cried a good humored voice from the sleigh.

"That's so," cried Ben Bolton,—"whoa, Charley! Get in, Fred; stow Maria anywhere. W-h-o-a! I say, you the critters be quiet! I'll take the fire out of them—I will, *myself*. Oceans of bells, Fred, eh?"

"Any quantity, Ben; but the *belles*, to my taste, are in the sleigh," replied Fred, helping Maria in.

"All aboard!" shouted Ben, gathering up the lines.

"Hold on, Ben," cried Sue Lawson—"Maria, your aunt is calling you."

Aunt Elsie had by this time reached the side of the sleigh. She had a hot brick wrapped up in a blanket in her hand.

"Oh, never mind the brick, aunt," said Maria.

"Take it along—take it along," thundered Ben, "Fred can carry it in his hat for you! Clear the way! gee-up, there!"

Sure enough—Maria *did* lose her heart. Harvey Morgan was a handsome, intelligent, captivating fellow, and made deep inroads into her affections. There was no seriousness on his part, however, his attentions were prompted by a mere whim. Before many months he departed for the city again, leaving Maria, as he said, "to cry her eyes out about him, as many had done before her."

In that matter, however, he was mistaken. Maria did not fret much about him. A love so fickle was of little value at best; it was merely a "snow-print!"

Time passed on. Fred Grayson was indeed

making his mark in the world, much to the astonishment and gratification of aunt Elsie. A lecture had just been closed at Faneuil Hall, Boston. The discourse of the speaker had been brilliant, eloquent, just *the* subject for the times. The audience had been literally carried away; he set all their tastes and sympathies working at once, to the dire distraction of their reason. His arguments glittered with laughter, and were yet balanced with good sense. He piled up his merriment like a grotesque monument, yet so compact and regular that there was no fear of its toppling over.

The audience were leaving, and in the ante-chamber, with a number of others, stood two females, apparently waiting the approach of the speaker. The one was aunt Elsie—the other, with the auburn hair trained into glorious ringlets, with a softer brilliancy in the brown eyes, and with fuller cheeks than of yore, looking superb, as the light fell upon her—the other, we say, was homely Maria.

The hall was soon empty—and the janitor prepared to turn off the gas. As the lecturer passed

into the ante-chamber he felt a pair of soft arms around his neck, and heard a sweet voice breathe his name.

"What, can this be? My Maria!" exclaimed Fred Grayson, half-bewildered.

"Yes, Fred, your old friend, homely Maria."

"Never homely to me, dear," said Fred, as they passed down the steps. "You look superbly beautiful to-night, and you must be more than a friend—you must be that long-ago-talked-of wife."

Aunt Elsie heard the words, but did not feel the warm, gentle acquiescing pressure of the hand that Grayson felt.

"Years have sobered neither of you," said aunt Elsie—"just think of it, Maria! Fred is again proposing to *you* right under my nose, and in the self-same words."

"Mere *snow-prints*, aunt," said Maria.

"Who knows?" said Fred, with a glance at Maria.

"Know what?" asked aunt Elsie

"I know," said Maria, with a blush.

Fred knew—and the reader knows!

ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THERE is no place so dear to me,
Upon the face of all the earth,
Upon the land, or on the sea,
As my sweet home and humble hearth.

No costly rug bedecks the floor,
No gold glows on the mantle shelf,
When Kate is there, I nothing more
Desire but to be there myself.

I'd rather sit in my old chair,
And see the coals glow in the grate,

And chat with one I think is fair,
Than sit upon a throne of state.

No ghosts of murdered moments come
To haunt me as they swiftly glide—
I never kill them when at home,
With my good angel at my side.

The hands upon the dial plate,
Go round and round too fast for me,
If I could bribe old Time to wait,
How long the golden hours would be.

THE SCHOLAR'S ADIEU.

BY MARY H. LUCY.

LOVINGLY the Summer sunshine
Smileth o'er the earth again,
Merrily the wild-wood songsters
Raise anew their joyous strain.

With the murmur of the South wind,
Like some low and mournful spell,
Floateth out our words of parting,
Sadly comes our fare-ye-well!

VOICES from the future call us,
Long we may not linger here,
But a cheerful hope is blinding,
Even with our parting tear.

MUSIC sounds are all around us,
Echoing thro' each grove and dell
But the sweetest and the saddest,
Is our lingering fare-ye-well!

ELLEN ESPY'S LOVE.

BY A. L. OTIS.

In a quiet boarding-house in one of our large cities, a young artist dwelt with his mother, and that mother depended wholly upon him, for after a life of extravagance, her husband had died a bankrupt.

He left his son totally unqualified to support himself by any profession or knowledge of mercantile affairs, since after the youth had left the university, his time had been spent in the enjoyment of all the world has to give—that is, all not unworthy, for Richard Barret had no low tastes.

He travelled first through the United States, and then through Europe. On his return to America he took up the study of art, simply as an ornament—read Ruskin, and every other modern author who has written upon it—attempted subjects far beyond the capacity of any tyro in painting—and then, taught modesty and moderation by his disappointment, and excited to deep earnestness by his determination to conquer, his enthusiasm freshly fired by the arrival of the Dusseldorff Gallery—he succeeded after careful study and untiring patience, in painting two most exquisite pictures. This it took him two years to accomplish.

Then came the sudden failure, and death of his father, and his resolve lest his years of study should be lost, to make his art support *his mother and himself*. When his determination became known, his friends eagerly bespoke pictures of him; but working under the pressure of necessity, and feeling keenly the irksomeness of a choice of subjects not congenial, or the constraint of being limited in the time he could bestow upon them, he failed to do justice to himself. His pictures became decidedly second-rate, and he soon found his orders falling off. At last he began to think he had been led by the fortunate success of his first pictures to over-estimate his abilities, and that it was his duty, for his mother's sake, to learn book-keeping and get a clerkship, which would at least be a sure dependence.

He could not but believe, however, that what he had done once he could do again, and that with practice would come facility and accuracy. Having once felt the joy of "clothing his thought with visible beauty," he could not without a struggle resign all hopes for the future, and bury himself in distasteful occupation.

On the other side, he could not afford the time for careful study, and every picture must be sold in its crude imperfection, thus casting a stain upon his artist-fame.

While he was thus trying to decide upon his future course, the deepest despondency made him powerless, and he sat all day before his unused easel, or wandered moodily about the city.

One morning, late in autumn, he left his garret studio, intending to consider the matter calmly, while taking his morning walk. On the staircase he passed a person he had seen often enough before, but until now he had never given her an observing glance—a young girl of seventeen, niece to the hostess. She looked very graceful as she stood leaning slightly over the bannister to see some one descending. He passed with a slight bow, which was returned as mechanically as it was given, but it was accompanied by a lingering stare of the large, dark eyes, as if in wonder whether she were really the object of his politeness.

Richard saw the look, and his subsequent observations brought him to the conclusion that she was the most desolate, lonely creature he had ever seen. Her aunt utterly neglected and repelled her, the lady-boarders took little notice of her, and as she was very shy, she never had anything to say to the gentlemen. The poor orphaned girl had really no home there, though her aunt made a merit of helping to give her one. An old uncle paying part board for her. She spent most of her time in her room, which Richard observed was a garret adjoining his studio.

As the days grew colder, and fires became necessary, he often saw her steal shivering past his door and go to the kitchen to warm herself. One cold, stormy evening as she was returning to her cheerless garret, she passed his mother's room, just as he opened it, and the glare of the soft, coal fire fell upon her colorless face. It awoke there a smile, as if only the sight of such comfort were an enjoyment. She went on, and Richard held the door open that she might have light to ascend the stairs.

"Why didn't you ask that frozen little thing in?" his mother said. "Go after her now and tell her I want her to come and warm herself."

"I don't like the errand, mother, I am sure she is proud."

"I wish, Richard, we could do something for that poor, forsaken child."

"She needs companionship more than anything else."

"Well, so do I, Richard, so just ask her to sit with me while you are out to-night. Perhaps we may cheer one another up."

Richard knocked at the little garret door. It was opened promptly, but all was dark within.

He asked if Miss Ellen were there, and gave his mother's message. After a slight demur the young girl followed him.

Mrs. Barret's motherly kindness was received with a retiring dignity, through which a very heartfelt joy shone upon her young face.

Richard saw her comfortably established in the chimney corner, and then bade a cheerful good-bye for the evening.

Ellen had gone when he returned, but his mother declared her a charming companion, and said she had asked for a book, and read to her all the evening. They had both enjoyed it exceedingly, for Ellen liked to read, and read remarkably well.

Richard was much pleased to find so pleasant a companion for his mother, and as Mrs. Barret had asked her to come again the next evening, he awaited her appearance with agreeable anticipation; but he was disappointed, for she did not come.

They soon discovered that if Richard were going to pass the evening at home, it was necessary to add his request to his mother's before she would consent to favor them with her company. After this discovery Ellen passed many pleasant evenings with them, reading aloud, listening to Richard talking of art, or Mrs. Barret of old times, and taking much interest in every word they said. The kind old lady, finally, never comfortably enjoyed her fire and bright lights, unless Ellen were by her side.

Her kindness brought its own reward, for she found in the girl an intelligent, gentle, mirthful spirit, which shortened many a dreary winter evening. Ellen's presence was, however, but one luxury the more to Mrs. Barret, while to the poor, desolate being, she befriended, it was like entering a heaven from the outer darkness, to be received into their companionship.

She had not been caressed nor had kindly sympathy, since she left her school companions, so that the touch of her patroness' hand, when it was laid on her head in fondness, or the not-unfrequent kiss, made her heart fill and bound with an astonished joy.

Richard of course was kind to her. His little friendly attentions were received shyly at first, but soon she delighted in receiving them, and before the winter was over she "worshipped the ground he trod upon."

Early in their acquaintance Mrs. Barret took her to Richard's studio to see his paintings, and she made a remark to which he remembered. "You want a good model, I think, Mrs. Barret, a real face, with real feeling in it?"

He looked about for such a countenance, but found none he could obtain at all inspiring, until one day when he returned from a walk, he found his mother and Ellen in his painting-room, the former gazing with admiration at the young girl who stood with hands clasped, and eyes raised as she had seen Mignon in an engraving. As soon as Richard entered his mother exclaimed,

"There, I have placed her so; and would not she make a lovely picture?"

Richard agreed, and asked as a great favor if she would sit to him.

Her mantling color, and bright eyes, as well as her broken words of thanks, showed how great an honor she thought it to be asked.

Richard smiled, and told her she little imagined the fatigue she would have to undergo.

"Ah, that is nothing. I will not feel it, I am sure," she said.

Nor did she. She was too happy to be of service to him, and she was too earnest in her wish that he should succeed.

The picture, however, was a failure. Not that it was not a well-executed likeness, but it wanted soul. It was lifeless, and the fault was not the model's, for a gentle joy in his presence, and the love that lived, unknown to herself, in her soul, made her face, with its habitual sadness, and its large, dark eyes, the very best exponent of "*Mignon aspirant au ciel*."

And when she was released each day, she hung over the picture with trembling eagerness. Oh, that Richard might succeed through her!—that this picture might bring him fame, at least bring him hope, and lift him from his despondency!

While his ardent heart was beating with this expectation, he one day dashed his pencil to the ground in anger, and ejaculated that he had failed gain—he was no artist—he was a miserable dabbler in oil-colors, and had no power to compel them to express his thoughts—he was a wretched, self-deluded fool, doomed to failure and disappointment.

Ellen, still standing as she had been for two hours without rest, heard in dismay, in overwhelming grief, and after a moment's effort to rally, she sank, fainting, to the floor.

Richard had often been struck with her enthusiastic interest in his painting, and he now felt a gush of remorseful tenderness toward one whom he realized cared more for him and his success in art, than any one on earth.

His mother busied herself attending to the poor girl, and when she revived, they assisted her to Mrs. Barret's room, and at her own request left her alone lying on the sofa, trying to gain tranquillity in slumber.

Richard and his mother stood thoughtful by the fire in the adjoining parlor. Mrs. Barret looked up timidly to her son, and said with hesitation,

"Richard, I should like such a daughter."

"Mother," he replied, promptly and gaily, "I should like such a wife!"

She threw her arms about his neck and burst into tears, saying,

"It is hard to give you up, darling, even to her—to feel that I shall be crowded out of your heart; but I am glad *she* is to take my place, and not one unworthy of you."

"That no one ever will, dear mother. I assure you that though I feel deep affection for the gentle creature, you will always be dearer to me than she."

"Then you don't love her, Richard, I am afraid!"

"Why, you dear, inconsistent woman! I will tell her how much I love her, and see if she is not satisfied?"

"I hope she will be, Richard, for she is the very sweetest girl I ever knew, and will make you happy after I am gone. God bless you both."

Ellen was entirely satisfied. She was so happy that she wondered at it. Their engagement was likely to be a long one; but Ellen's heart, shone upon by the sun of love, burst into joy and gladness, while a similar phenomenon went on in Nature, and the spring advanced through April and May.

Richard, however, was soon more gloomy than ever, still pining for success in art, still desecrating his talent by painting hastily for immediate sale, and complaining that he had time for nothing better. Ellen's uncle, who was much pleased with her engagement, thought his complaints well grounded, and offered to advance such a sum as would enable him to have six months leisure to devote to real study. His offer was thankfully accepted for Ellen's sake, that they might be the sooner settled in life, and Richard looked forward to doing credit to his ability. Despair of success had, however, so unnerved him, and the habit of haste in painting

so vitiated his principles, that he knew not how to set to work with vigorous earnestness.

Ellen's encouragement had little effect.

"I want excitement," he said, "something to spur me to effort. If I only had an inspiring model!"

His gentle hearer quivered with pain, for the words cut deeply. Poor Ellen pondered them in her heart.

The truth was he did not know what he wanted, and so cried for the moon. An inspiring model indeed! What true genius ever found inspiration in outward circumstances or objects?

What he wanted was manly energy. Perhaps that would come with returning strength and health, for all through the winter he had been preyed upon by a low fever, and was but now beginning to conquer the disease.

Two idle weeks passed. He could not decide upon a subject. During those weeks Ellen grew pale and thin, and seemed unlike herself, sometimes so mournfully, passionately fond and attentive to every word—and again so sunk in thought that even calling her by name failed to attract her attention.

Another Monday morning saw Richard standing listless before his easel, while Ellen leaned on his shoulder, and looked at the canvass with fixed eyes, as if she saw there a vivid picture which caused her both dread and a compelled admiration. She started from her abstraction suddenly, and leaned forward with a quick sigh to gaze longingly in Richard's face.

He turned his eyes to hers, for he had before been gazing too abstractedly at the canvass to notice her, and thus caressingly touched her cheek with his hand, a hand as soft as her own.

"Kiss me," she murmured, hurriedly, "once, before I go."

Surprised and moved, he folded her in a warm embrace, and kissed her affectionately. She sighed again deeply as she turned to leave the room.

"But where are you going?" Richard asked.

"To find you a model who is faultless, Richard, at least. Will not perfection inspire you?"

She did not wait for an answer, and left Richard thinking that it was both ungentelemanly and unkind in him to have sighed in her presence for a better model. All thought about the matter soon floated from his mind, however, and he pondered a subject for painting which had occurred to him. It was Amy Robsart's face, when she heard her lord's signal beneath her window. He had said to Ellen that it would be an interesting picture, and just such a study as

he wanted, a beautiful female face glowing with feeling.

Hours passed, and he sat absorbed until his door softly opened, and Ellen entered, her face full of quiet happiness.

"I have asked her, Richard," she said, hastening to him, "and for the sake of our old school friendship she has consented to come to-morrow. Oh, Richard, her eyes, her mouth, indeed her whole countenance, is so exquisitely lovely! Hers is too, precisely, the style of beauty ascribed to Amy Robsart, and I am sure it will satisfy you."

Thus standing by his side, she timidly asked to be forgiven for something very mean that she had been guilty of.

Richard refused to believe in her guilt, and asked for the circumstances of the case, declaring that her conduct, when investigated, would, he was sure, prove to be magnanimity itself. She answered,

"Two whole weeks ago, you told me you needed a faultless model, and I instantly thought of Mary Spencer, but, Richard, I could not bear to have my face only a foil to her radiant beauty when you were to be the judge; when you were to dwell upon every line of her perfect countenance, just after having had mine under your scrutiny. But my selfishness is conquered, Richard, so forgive it."

"You flatterer! And you dear, generous girl! It is sweet to have you jealous, Ellen, but heaven thwart me in my art if I ever give you cause!"

He drew her to him with warmest blessings. His mother, who entered at this moment, was instantly informed, in a torrent of eloquence, of all Ellen's perfections; and she too praised and kissed her.

"Oh!" said Ellen, from her full heart, "I can never be happier than this. Please heaven not to dash my brimming cup from my lips."

When Richard left them to take his daily walk, Mrs. Barret questioned Ellen about the new model, and learned that though Mary had left school a year before Ellen, to enter the world as a gay and beautiful heiress, while Ellen left it to retire to her lonely garret—they had not forgotten their close friendship. Ellen went to her, told her of her engagement, and of the importance to her lover of a good model, begging her to consent to lend him the inspiration he needed. Mary laughingly complied, and when she heard to whom she was to sit, was much pleased with the arrangement, for she knew many of Richard's friends, had seen his two finest pictures only, and thought with complacency of having her face immortalized by such an artist.

She came the next day in her carriage, a quarter of an hour too soon, and found Richard had not returned from his walk. The time was fully occupied by recalling with Ellen the story of Amy Robsart, and dwelling upon her sad fate, so that when he had returned and she had been introduced, and had taken her position, it needed but a few moments preparation to enable her to enter into the unfortunate countesses feelings.

Richard stood gazing eagerly at Miss Spencer, as with her head bent she collected her thoughts. He saw that the features were faultless, and was intensely anxious that the soul should shine through them.

When that graceful bent head was raised, and Richard saw her face glowing with emotion, her fine eyes burning with impatience, and her lips apart with the gushing sighs of joy—he thrilled through every nerve. His artist's soul was satisfied, was filled with deep contentment, with admiration, with ecstasy. He set his teeth with the strength of his determination to transfer the beauty, both of face and of expression, to his canvases, and began to paint with fury.

Ellen and Mrs. Barret sat quietly in another part of the room, both with sewing, but now occupied with watching the artist and his sitter. When Mrs. Barret saw with what enthusiasm her son worked, she shook her head slightly several times, and finally whispered to Ellen,

"She is very beautiful, my dear child."

Ellen kept silence, and grew pale, but seemed to rise above her fears, and said,

"Don't you see now that it was necessary to him to have a beautiful model? I am so glad I asked her to come, Mrs. Barret."

"Call me mother, dear. You may as well. It will come natural to you then, on that happy day which I hope is not so very far off, and it will please me very much."

Ellen made no reply. She saw that Mrs. Barret's object was to counteract the effect of her first remark, and to conceal her fears. She tried to banish her own, and it *was* reassuring to see how Richard, as he became more and more interested in his painting, seemed to forget that Miss Spencer was anything but a lay-figure. He would not permit the slightest movement or deviation from the first attitude, and had no patience with her woman's feebleness, which demanded occasional rests. At these times Mary sank upon a low cushioned chair placed in readiness, and talked to Mrs. Barret and Ellen. Richard in silence walked to a distance, eyed his outlines, or prepared his colors, and was too much occupied with the subject of his thoughts to remember such of his professional

duties as required him to make the time pass agreeably to his sitter.

It was not until Miss Spencer said she must return home, that he started from his abstraction.

"Already!" he ejaculated, "but I beg your pardon. You are very good to favor me at all."

"These two hours have fatigued me extremely," she replied, "because I am so unused to sitting still, but I will school myself, and promise you more time to-morrow."

"You are very kind," Richard answered, "I cannot express to you my sense of the obligation you are conferring. A new spirit has awakened within me, a spirit of energy and hope, I owe it all to you."

Ellen heard these words she had pined for, but alas, they were not addressed to her.

Richard continued, "I fear I have been very selfishly absorbed in my work this morning."

"Oh," said Mary, "I am glad to see an artist forget everything in his art. A fine picture will be a much better result of these morning hours, than ever so agreeable conversation. And if we talk I shall forget Amy Robsart. I felt enough of her spirit this morning to abhor that Varney. The merciless villain!"

As she said this, she slightly stamped her foot, and an angry flush suffused her face.

Richard watched the change of expression with eagerness, and exclaimed,

"What an actress you would make! You would be known the world over as the queen of tragedy, if you were in your vocation."

"I am content," she said, smiling, "not to be more famous than you will make me," a speech which sent a glow of joyful hope from the heart to the face of the artist; and he bent his head in silent thanks, which his eyes alone expressed.

Morning after morning sped by. During the hours of painting, Richard was exclusively occupied with that: but when Mary declared herself tired, he would lay down his brushes, and devote himself to making her forget her fatigue. It seemed only a gentlemanly duty, but it was willingly, nay, eagerly performed.

It was not Richard's fault. He could no more help worshipping beauty than he could help seeing it; and loving it, too, was spontaneous and uncontrollable. Long before Richard knew it himself, Ellen's heart had divined this truth, and she had no energy left to frame a resolution or a wish. She had foreseen all that had come upon her, and the pain of separation began when she told him that she would bring him an inspiring model. Could she now resign his love utterly? Ah, no—not just yet. The struggle

and the agony must be prolonged, till they broke down the strong hope and longing of her young heart.

Months went by. When the first picture was finished another was begun, and Richard painted with the same enthusiasm and success. Mary was proud and happy to make such glorious use of her gifts. Ellen was neglected by both. But in Mrs. Barret the poor girl knew she had a sympathizing friend who resented silently the turn affairs were taking. Yet the subject was never alluded to by either of them, until one night in autumn, just a year from that cold evening when Ellen first warmed herself by their fire. Mrs. Barret had retired, but was awakened by the sound of suppressed sobs, and putting out her hand it rested upon the bowed head of her young friend, who was kneeling by her bedside. The good lady started up.

"Child, Ellen, what's the matter? Are you ill? Bless me, you are as cold as ice!"

"Oh, mother, mother, comfort me! I am dying of distress. What shall I do? I cannot bear it."

Mrs. Barret bent over her, laid her hand on her head, blessed her, and said,

"Oh, my poor, poor child. We will grieve together. Throw off your dressing-gown, and get into bed with me, and we will try to console one another."

Ellen did so, and with her cheek pressed to Mrs. Barret's shoulder, faltered out her sorrow, and her plans for the future.

Sympathy and counsel soothed Ellen's spirit, and enabled her to make strong a resolution she had long pondered.

Lately she had not been much in the painting room. Mrs. Barret had sat there alone, and watched with sorrowful eyes her son's growing passion; for though she could not help acknowledging Mary's claims to respect and love, her heart had long ago chosen Ellen for a daughter.

Strange that the two, so clearly read by others, should be so blind as not to suspect the state of their hearts! They were too happy to wish to peer very closely into causes.

One day, after a long sitting, Mary threw herself into her chair, and leaned her head against its high cushioned back. Richard came from behind his easel, and said,

"One more sitting will make that picture perfect. I know it is good. Oh, divine satisfaction! after such hopeless misery. Oh, you have been a miracle-working Mary to me. I have a good right to worship you."

He threw himself in half earnest at her feet, and then clasping his hands over the velvet

cushioned arms of the chair, he suffered his eyes to drink in long draughts of soul-intoxicating beauty. Hers, but seldom and timidly raised, fell instantly again, each time with a new sense of the fervor of his admiration. The silence of a few moments was broken by a trembling sigh, and Richard whispered,

"Oh! grant me one more picture, or with to-morrow must come—what I could not endure. No, no, I have been happy lately, and I could not bear separation. It cannot be!"

"It must!" cried Mary, with a guilty start from her glowing reverie. "Oh, what have we been doing? Where is Ellen?"

"Here I am," said a proud but gentle voice, for Ellen had entered unperceived, and heard Richard's last remark, "here I am—in the way now, but not long to be so. I give him up, Mary. Long ago I saw it all and knew I must."

Richard had started to his feet, and now rapidly paced the room. Mary looked up to Ellen, who leaned on the back of her chair, and said indignantly,

"I will never take Richard from you, Ellen, though I should die for it."

"You were not willingly at fault, Mary; but you have taken his heart, and have no power to give it back. I charge you to value it, now you have it."

There was but little reproach in her voice, but Mary could not endure its sorrow, and left the room weeping. Richard turned suddenly to Ellen. She was looking upon him with those large, dark eyes brimming, her cheek colorless, and her lip quivering.

He hid his face in his hands, and shuddered visibly at the grief he had caused.

"My one comfort, my one joy, my only, only hope in the world is gone," Ellen whispered, as she sank upon the floor, burying her head and arms in the cushion, and giving way to a burst of tears.

Richard was irresolute for a moment, and then advanced to protest that he would not break his vow to her, that his word and his honor bound

him as much as ever; but she sprang to her feet, and before he had uttered half a dozen words interrupted him.

"Do not speak," she said, "for what can you say? Not surely that I would still marry you! What did you suppose I cared for except your heart?" Then her tone softened from pride to tenderness. "I forgive you, Richard, for even asking me to be your wife when you did not love me. I do, indeed, though it was a cruel wrong. And I pray for your happiness. I am glad you have achieved success in art, Richard: and thank God that if I am the sacrifice, I was self-immolated. I felt it all before she came. But, Richard, I will not like the poor frozen viper, that the laborer carried home and warmed on his hearthstone, turn and sting the hearts that cherish me. I not only resign your faith, but feel that since I owed happiness to you, you take back only what I willingly give. So don't reproach yourself, or let one thought of me intrude upon your gladness in Mary. Good-bye."

She gave him her hand. He pressed it in both of his, and then to his lips, but emotion made him dumb. As Ellen perceived this, her own grief rolled up again. Throwing her free arm around his head as it was bent to her hand, she pressed her cheek upon it for an instant, and then slowly and unsteadily walked out of the room.

That she might not see Richard again, she left her home that very day, to take her pre-engaged place as governess to two young girls. The parting from Mrs. Barret was one of grief on both sides. She made Ellen promise to call her mother, and rest sure of always finding a motherly heart to lean upon in the rugged paths of life.

The first moments of anguish over, Ellen went forth into the world cheerfully. The feeling that she had made him she loved happy, reconciled her generous heart to its own disappointment, and her loving spirit poured itself out upon all who needed affection or consolation, and found in this a true, pure joy, past all understanding.

LINES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

The graceful water-lily
Looks dreamily up from the lake,
And the moon looketh lovingly on her,
For light love keeps fond hearts awake.

Then she bows her small head to the water,
Ashamed those bright glances to meet,
And sees the poor, pale lily lovers
All lying in love at her feet.

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118.

CHAPTER VI.

I must go back a year or two, and take up an event, which happened during Catharine's sojourn in the insane asylum.

An old man, grey-haired, and with a most bland countenance, cordial and ruddy, lighted by those soft chesnut-brown eyes, that are always so pleasant of expression, sat behind his desk in the Alms-house department at the Park. It was visiting day in his department, when all the orphan infants, put out to nurse by the city, were expected to be brought to the office in charge of that branch of our charities for inspection, or for such changes as time made necessary.

It was a strange scene, at times painfully revolting and again full of natural pathos. One after another, these poor little pauper souls were brought in, wrapped in an old shawl or torn blanket, motherless, or worse than motherless. Their very existence the growth of sin, or of misfortunes almost as bitter. The women who carried them were usually but one degree removed from the Alms-house themselves, and became the paid mothers of these miserable children, in order to save their own offspring from the same terrible fate. Some were kind, and gave themselves lovingly to their infant charges, yielding their hearts, to humanity without reservation. These took their seats in the outer office, with quiet and serene faces, folding their orphan babies in their arms, with a soft, motherly instinct that had no thought of the searching eyes turned upon them, but shed all around an atmosphere of honest love. Others, cruel and crafty, anxious only to pass examination, and obtain the money which was to repay the forced succor they had given the forlorn children in their arms, became seized with paroxysms of affection, as they ranged themselves to wait, and fell to caressing the poor infants with revolting fondness, hugging them to bosoms that loathed the contact, and kissing the poor lips from which their cruel hands would gladly have withheld the very food necessary to life.

Among these women, some motherly from nature, others cruel against nature, there came a little Irish woman, plump and rosy, and evidently of a cheerful nature, better clad and better looking every way than her companions. She held a beautiful little boy by the hand, who came reluctantly, lifting his brown eyes to her face with a wondering, anxious look, and dragging back shyly, half-hiding behind her gown, as he approached the crowd of strange women.

The poor creature had evidently been crying. Her eyes were red, and her rosy cheeks tear-stained, while her plump lips seemed laden with suppressed sobs, that threatened to break forth afresh every time her eyes fell upon the boy, who seemed so anxious to hide himself in her garments.

"Mammy, mammy, take me home; don't stay here, mammy; let's go home," pleaded the boy, pulling her gown with both his plump hands, while she stooped to wipe the tears from her eyes. "I won't stay, I won't speak to that man, he makes you cry."

Mary Margaret could not answer him, but a great sob burst from her lips, and snatching him up she buried her face in his bosom.

The little fellow drew back, and laid a soft palm on each cheek, while he looked, oh! so lovingly, into her eyes.

"Don't, mammy, don't; please don't—home, go home!" he said, grieved and wondering.

"I can't, I can't, they won't let me take you home again. My heart is broke. Oh! it's got a pain that'll last forever. Eddie, my darlint, put yer two blissid little hants together, as if ye was prayen to the Virgin herself, me boy; and ask the gentleman to let yees go back wid yer own nurse."

Eddie patted her cheeks again, while his beautiful lips began to quiver, and his brown eyes filled with tears.

"Yes, yeg, don't cry any more. Eddie will tell him; don't cry; he will."

Struggling down from the poor woman's arms, the little fellow clenched his small white fists,

and rubbed the tears from his baby eyes, half grieved, half belligerent, while he marched up to the superintendent, who greeted him with an extended hand, smiling kindly.

"Well, Eddie, my boy, where's your hand?"

Eddie hid his little clenched fist in the folds of his dress, and received those advances with a defiant pout.

"Mammy wants me to go home, and I *will* go home!" he said, while his little form swelled and struggled with a rising sob.

"And so you shall, to a nice, big home, where you will have lots of little boys to play with."

"I don't want no boys to play with, but Pat and mammy," answered the little fellow, walking backward toward his nurse.

"But you shall live in a grand, big house."

"Mammy lives in a grand, big house," answered the child, quite convinced that his shantie-home was equal to any palace. "I like her grand home!"

"But mammy hasn't got cherry trees, and apple orchards, and meadows full of clover," said the officer, amused, and yet touched by the child's resolute air.

"But she's got morning-glories, and—and red beans, and oh, dear, she's got everything—she has," cried the child, with a burst of tearful eloquence.

"Mister," said Mary Margaret, approaching the officer in her motherly sorrow, "if ye'd only let the little felly stay a bit longer now, till he's big enough to wear jacket and trousers, ye know; he's backard-like, ye see, and wants good motherly nursin' more 'en a three months child."

The officer shook his head, and Mary Margaret looked woefully down upon the little fellow, who was striving to envelope himself in the folds of her calico dress.

"He's no mother but me, yer honor. It'd kill him intirely to go up yonder with the rest, and have all his beautiful curls cut short, and—and, oh! yer honor, it'll be the death of us both, it will. Couldn't ye be merciful this onest? Consider he's a poor, motherless crathur, and only me to look up to in the wide world!"

Again the officer shook his head, but there was reluctance and sympathy in his eyes. How could he help it, with that frank, pleading look fixed upon him, and the pretty child peeping out wistfully from the shelter of her garments.

"Indeed, Mrs. Dillon, I am sorry, but we have stretched a point in this case already, in consideration of your affection for the boy. The law is that all children, dependant on the city, must be removed to the institution when they are two years old. Now we know that little

Eddie there is almost three, and he must take his chance with the rest."

Poor Mary Margaret's countenance fell, and Eddie made a grand effort to draw her away by force.

"Home!" he pleaded, "home, mammy; I will go home!"

"It may be," said Mary Margaret, determined not to give up while a hope was left. "It may be yer honor thinks it's the dollar a week I want; and its bad enough me and the childer need it, anyhow; but if ye'd but consint, I'd take Eddy, the crathur, for half price, an' 'ed think it a bargain, yer honor. If the old man had a word agin it, d'ye see, I sit up anights, and do another xtra gentleman's washing; it'd be no throuble in life, while I saw his beautiful, curly head peeping up from under the blankets, wid my own two spalpeens on each side, to keep the darlint from falling out of bed, ye know. I'd always manage to get him a sup of new milk, yer honor, and 'd never put in a taste of water, as I do—an' little blame to me—wid the others."

Again Mary Margaret paused, she had no other arguments to offer, and her poor, kind heart swelled painfully, when she saw no symptom of yielding in the face of the official.

"I cannot, indeed, Mrs. Dillon. It is out of my power, the child must not remain entirely with you; with so many children of your own, it would be impossible for you to bring him up as he should be, your husband ought not to permit this injudicious kindness."

Poor Mary Margaret had nothing to answer. She knew well enough her husband, a hard-working man, had enough of trouble to fill the clamorous wants of his own children, and that little Eddie, with his beauty and his sweet ways, had never been taught to rough it at home with the rest. Besides there was a more powerful argument still, that inexorable officer.

Mary Margaret looked down at the boy, and tears stole into her eyes, slowly blinding her to his wistful little face. She looked at the officer, clasping her hands and bending forward as if he had been the picture of a saint.

"Would ye do it, if I'd just go down on me two bended knees to yer honor—would ye now?"

"I have no power," answered the man, abruptly, bending over the book of records that lay open before him, that the woman might not observe the moisture that crept into his eyes.

"I have no power," he repeated again, abruptly. nay! almost with harshness, for he was afraid to trust himself longer with those two faces, turned so imploringly upon him, compelled as he was to act by a rigid law.

Mary Margaret stooped down, and lifting the child in her arms, drew a corner of her shawl over him.

"Would yer honor let me keep him wid meself and the childer one more night thin? It mayn't come so hard to give him up, after we've had time to consider on it, and raisen it over wid de poor motherless orphan. If it was to go to heaven itself, we couldn't give the crathur up the night. Will ye let him go home wid me just lyin agin on me own motherly breast, as ye see him now? It'll never be again, an' I've nursed him like me own."

"Yes!" said the officer, kindly, glad to have a petition he could grant, "yes, yes, take him along, and if you wish it, go with him yourself up to the Island. Then you can be satisfied how well he will be cared for in his new home."

"Thank yer honor kindly. I'll do me best to be content," said the poor woman, wiping her eyes with a corner of her shawl, and folding it over the boy again. "Do ye think they'll bind him out, and put him to strangers entirely, yer honor?"

"No, no, he is quite too young for that. It is more likely that some person may adopt him and make a gentleman of him."

"He is a gentleman every inch of him," answered Margaret, giving the child an enthusiastic hug, while her ardent temperment caught fire at this prophecy of a grand fortune. "It's meself that has been particular regarding his manners, never letting him run out in the sun or make dirt-pies, or pick up oyster-shells from the gutter, wid the common. See if he isn't white an' clane as a dove—the crathur—neck an' all, wid reverence to ye."

Here Mary Margaret jerked down the little fellow's calico frock in front, exhibiting a plump, snowy neck, softly flushed like a shell that has just left the water, and a pair of dimpled shoulders, from which the short sleeves were gathered up by bows of faded pink ribbon.

"Wouldn't any gentleman be proud of the like of that for a child of his own, now?" she continued, uttering her words between the kisses that she lavished on the white neck and shoulders, leaving a flush with every touch. "Thank ye, kindly, for giving him to me and the childer for one night more, it's like sending a lost bird to its nest agin. God's blessing on ye!"

Thus half in tears, and half grateful, Mrs. Dillon made her way through the hungry crowd, that even in their misery cast admiring glances after the child, and walked homeward. Striving to reconcile herself to the inevitable with resolute philosophy, but with a swell of grief

at heart, which threatened every moment to break into a deluge of tears, she presented little Edward to his foster-brothers and play-fellows once more. She informed them, a little crossly, for her true sorrow would break forth in some shape, that it was only for a night, and after that Eddie would be made a gentleman of entirely, and that "if he was going up among the common childer, it was only for convenience like, and after awhile would be traiting 'em all with great civility, and bowing to 'em from his carriage windy."

Her young brood took this information rather shyly, and Terry, who had been like a twin-brother to the little orphan, rebelled at once, vociferously protesting that he would go with Eddie and be a gentleman, too. But at length young Ireland was consoled with a promise, that perhaps he might yet ride behind the carriage which Eddie was undoubtedly to occupy, while the dear little fellow himself underwent a world of caresses, and was hushed to sleep with many a smothered sob.

The next day Mrs. Dillon stood at the ferry at Randell's Island, looking wistfully back toward the spot where she had just left the ewe lamb of her flock. Her face was red with weeping and from time to time she lifted up a corner of her shawl and wiped the drops from her eyes. Little Terry set up a pathetic howl, as the boat which had brought them over, put back on its return voyage. Mary Margaret had no heart to chide him, but turned sorrowfully away, grieved to the soul as few mothers would have been.

And there sat poor little Edward where he had been left, like a lost babe in all that wilderness of young life; all alone, and yet surrounded by so many. The very size of the nursery building terrified him. The crowd of strange faces hushed his grief into dumb silence. The nurses seemed like enemies that intended him some bodily harm, and from whom he would run away the moment their backs were turned. The child looked up to impart these thoughts to his foster-mother, and she was gone. He searched wildly around; his innocent eyes grew large with affright; his mouth and chin began to quiver: and his poor little hands were pressed hard down upon the bench where they had seated him. That baby-struggle was a pitiful thing to witness. That tiny form taking up its first battle of life, with no weapons but its terror and its tears, was touching beyond description.

When he saw that she was gone, and that he was quite alone in that forest of human beings, the wild eyes began to fill, his face flushed, and sobs of home-sick anguish heaved his chest. A

group of little orphans, who had learned to keep their sorrows in silence, cast shy glances at him from the benches; while he, with a child's instincts, looked wistfully at them through his tears, expecting the sympathy which they felt, but could not express.

A nurse came toward him filled with kindly interest, and in her motherly way strove to soothe him.

"What is the matter, little one? don't take on so!" she said; "don't cry, that's a dear."

"Mammy, mammy. I want mammy!" pleaded the child, holding up his little arms, but folding them over his face, and turning his back as she would have taken him up.

The nurse had many other cares, and left him to his grief. When she came back again he was gazing out through the window with heavy eyes, and a look so heart-broken that she made a fresh effort to console him.

It would not do. The child only asked for his mammy, answering everything with the same pleading look, and the same home-sick cry.

At night, when stretched upon the straw bed in the infant's dormitory, with a strange child resting on the same pillow, still and orderly, with its sorrows hushed down into a dreary content, little Edward lay sobbing in the stillness. The presence of so many children, filling the room with the monotonous breath of their slumber, frightened away sleep. The moonlight, as it stole in through the windows, revealing the range of cots with the pale forms upon them in fitful gleams, made him think but the more yearningly of home. Everything was so cold, so purely clear, and yet full of desolation to the child. He dared not cry, the stillness and expanse of the room—vast compared to Dillon's cabin—held him in awe. Vague ideas of something strange that was to happen, made his eyes gleam out large and wildly in the moonlight. There he lay, that poor, wakeful child, holding his breath, and swallowing his sobs in vague terror of the very life with which he was surrounded. Then the stillness was broken by rattling sounds in the wall, and the patter of tiny feet along the floor. The rats, which haunt all public buildings impudently as if they possessed an elective right to municipal plunder, were out on a midnight revel in the ceiling, and commenced chasing each other across the spotless floor.

Poor little Eddie heard the sound with a thrill of terror. His limbs shook, a low cry broke from his lips, and creeping forward he clung shivering to the other little child, more fortunate in its power to sleep, that lay in the same cot. But

no, the child was used to these noises and would not awake. With those trembling arms clinging to him in wild terror, and those brown curls, damp with tears, falling over his face, the child slept on, leaving the poor stranger more desolately alone from his slumbering presence. He had become used to the vastness and the midnight noises, and could not feel the baby heart fluttering like a wounded bird against his side.

And this night was a type of many that the boy spent in his new home. He would not be comforted; his eyes were always heavy or filled with pitiful tears; his little heart pined with a tender, yearning hunger for the friends who seemed hundreds of miles away. Grief was tenacious with him. His cheeks grew white as snow; there was always a troubled quiver on his baby lips if any one spoke to him: but the noise of his sorrow was stilled, and so those who had charge said kindly to one another,

"Poor thing, it is the home-sickness: he will soon get over it."

But weeks passed, and Eddie did not get over his home-sickness. He grew pale and quiet, but that sensitive baby heart was desolate as ever. Visitors were only admitted to the children once a month, consequently Mary Margaret did not see her child during these weeks of anguish.

One day, when the little creature was becoming dreamily passive, a strange gentleman and lady entered the baby's nursery as they passed over the institution. They were both young and of singularly aristocratic appearance. Certainly there was nothing in the lady that reminded you of Mary Margaret Dillon, but the heart sometimes finds strange likenesses. When Eddie looked up the lady's back was toward him. She was about the size of his nurse, this must have been all, but it was enough.

The child let himself down from his seat and ran toward the lady, his bright eyes flashing, his hands extended, and his soft brown curls all afloat.

"Mammy, mammy, take me," he cried, making ineffectual leaps to reach her arms.

The lady turned her face—a beautiful face, in nothing like Mary Margaret's, save that it was bright with kindly surprise, and the child dropped his eager hands with a look of pitiful disappointment that touched her to the soul.

"Who is this?" she said, as the little creature crept broken-hearted back to hide himself among the other children. "Tell me, what poor child is this that mistakes me for his mother?"

She blushed softly as she spoke, and turned her eyes shyly from the look of half interest, half of amusement which her husband turned upon her.

"Come here, darling, let me talk with you," she said, following the child. "Tell me your name."

She held out her arms, smiling, and with a glow upon her face, "Come!"

The boy glanced upward to her face. His eyes filled with light; his lips parted, and eyeing her with the intent look which we meet in a frightened rabbit, he held up his arms, laughing for the first time in weeks.

The lady snatched him eagerly to her bosom. In an instant his arms wreathed themselves lovingly around her neck, and his cheek lay against hers.

"Strange, isn't it, that he should take to me so suddenly?" she said, pressing the pretty face closer to her, and giving it a sidelong kiss. "Isn't he pretty?"

"Yes, and no!" answered the husband, laughing. "He would be a little heathen if he did not take to you; and he is beautiful as one of Raphael's cherubs."

"And so loving," rejoined the wife, with a pleading glance. "What a pity to leave him here!"

The husband looked gravely from the lady to the child. In his heart he thought her like one of Raphael's Madonnas, only no painted child was ever so lovingly beautiful as the orphan she held.

"Couldn't we?" pleaded the lady, softly with her lips, most eloquently with her eyes.

"It is a serious business," answered the husband, still gravely, and with a sort of sadness.

"But we have none of our own, and our home is so large!"

The cloud deepened on her husband's face.

"I know it," he said; "this thought of adopting a child takes me painfully."

"He looks like me enough to pass for ours," said the lady, blushing scarlet as the words left her lips. "I mean he has the same colored eyes and hair, and—and——"

"Yes," thought the gentleman, "they do look alike; it would be a pity to disturb the picture." How pleadingly his eyes look out from under those curls, the same rich brown, with a gleam of gold in it. How came the little fellow so like my wife? But he only said very seriously, "Put him down, Mattie, we will talk it over at home!"

The lady saw that he was in earnest, and attempted to unwind the child's arms from her neck. But the little fellow cried out,

"No, no, mammy, mammy!" all in a tremor of affright, clinging closer, and raining wild, sweet kisses upon her face.

This was a kind of eloquence that neither the

gentleman nor lady could withstand. The homely but pathetic cry of "mammy," ran like a thrill of music through the young woman's heart. Her eyes swam in a tearful mist; her cheeks flushed with the hidden sweetness of a word never applied to her before. She had no power to force the child away, but drew him softly closer and closer to her bosom.

"Let me take him!" said the husband, with a troubled smile.

He reached forth his arms. Eddie lifted his head and eyed him with a shy, sidelong glance, while he loosened one arm from the lady's neck, and clung closer with the other.

"Come, my little shaver, and see what I've got for you."

The boy bent slightly forward, and at length allowed himself to be taken, searching the gentleman's face earnestly all the time. But when a motion was made as if to place him on the floor, the gentleman found his neck suddenly embraced by those two loving arms, and the little, tearful face was laid confidently on his shoulder.

"Take me home—take me home," pleaded the sweet voice.

"Couldn't we take him home and decide after?" pleaded the lady, with gentle feminine tact. "It will be a pleasant visit for the poor child, if nothing more."

"He seems bent upon it," answered the gentleman, laughing, and rather pleased with this half measure. "I think you could hardly get him from me yourself, Matty."

The lady only laughed. She had no desire to weaken the effect already produced by the caressing helplessness of the little orphan, by claiming more than an equal share in his preference.

"Well, then, let us go," she said, in haste to have the child all to themselves.

"First let us inquire about him. Perhaps he has parents or friends to interfere. In that case, you know, it would be out of the question."

The young wife looked very grave at this, and the cloud of anxiety did not leave her face till it was ascertained at the superintendent's office that Edward Bertie was an orphan, his father unknown, if living, and his mother's death recorded in the hospital books at Bellevue. Thus accidentally, and almost from an affectionate caprice, this poor human waif was taken from his home in the nurseries; and when Mary Margaret came with her eager love on the visiting day, leading little Terry by the hand—who was the bearer of a great orange for his foster-brother—the child was gone. This was a terrible

blow to the good nurse. But when she heard that Eddie had gone off with an undoubted gentleman and lady, and that a splendid private carriage had waited for them at the ferry, she was, to an extent, consoled, though this was all the positive information the laws of the institution allowed her to obtain.

As for little Terry, he broke forth into a vociferous fit of crying, and for some minutes his plump and freckled cheeks were inundated with tears; but he too found a source of consolation in the big orange which now belonged entirely to himself, and which he devoured incontinently, skin and all, while seated on the wharf waiting a return of the ferry boat which would convey himself and his mother back from their disappointed visit.

CHAPTER VII.

A QUIET and most beautiful life, was that which Catharine led, in her country home. She was left completely mistress of her own time, with those kind old people, who were always too happy when Elsie was alone with themselves; but with all the resources of quiet enjoyment about her, a strange nervousness possessed the young woman. Notwithstanding the entire frankness of the old people, and the paternal interest with which they regarded her, there was a sort of dignified gentleness about them, that forbade any allusion to the subject that haunted her thoughts continually. How came her husband's portrait in that library, and what was the secret of its strange effect upon the demented daughter of the house? Why did it hang pendent with hers?

Again and again these questions arose to the young woman's lips; but they always died upon them unuttered. The subject of this closed library was so completely ignored, it seemed so decidedly cast out from the routine of life among them, that she had no way of introducing it that would not seem forced and abrupt.

Besides, a species of superstition seized upon her, regarding this apartment. Like most sensitive persons, who have suffered deeply, she shrunk from turning back to the painful points of her own experience; and blending these objects, as she necessarily must, with her own fate, the reserve which lay upon all the rest, fell like a mist over her, also. And this feeling grew with time, till she hoarded her own thoughts upon the subject as if they had been a sin.

But she was drawn with irrepressible attraction toward the room. It was the only place on earth where she was certain of perfect solitude.

No one ever visited that wing of the building, or at least ever penetrated so far as the library. The grass around the bay window grew rank, and uncared for, while the lilac trees and clustering roses remained leafy and unpruned from year to year, though perfect order reigned everywhere else in the grounds.

Early in the morning, before the family were astir, Catharine always spent an hour or two in the room so full of interest, yet which every one seemed to shun. The picture of her husband upon the wall, seemed like a living soul to her. It had brought back her faith in humanity. It had made her less alone in the world.

A wonderful amount of knowledge may be accumulated, by devoting two morning hours out of the twenty-four to study, and, perhaps, the pleasantest acquirements we possess, are those gathered up of our own free will, unaided, and as it were in secret. Thus it was with Catharine. With a tolerable rudimental education she found no difficulty from want of masters, and every day saw her naturally fine mind expand itself, with freshly gathered ideas, that gradually consolidated and took the form of knowledge.

Among other things she found a portfolio of drawings, rough studies, and bold, spirited sketches, such as genius throws off as it searches for perfect development; with implements and materials of art, which had long slumbered in disuse. The sight of these things awoke a new desire and a new talent in her nature. She would learn to paint. She would study hard, and so perfect herself, that some day his portrait should be hers. She would work hard till her art should achieve a copy of that. This was all the result she thought of—his picture—nothing more.

Here was an object for exertion. So she went to work, heart and soul, to obtain this shadow of a lost happiness; looking dreamily toward the future when he might learn how faithfully she had worked and thought for him.

It may injure Catharine, a deserted wife and childless mother, so young and so wronged, when I say that her life on the Island was one of tolerable happiness; but she was not an angel of suffering, only an earnest, hopeful young creature, resolved to perform her duties honestly as they arose. Looking forward to the possibility of meeting her husband in the future, to rejoice over him if he was blameless, and to forgive him under any circumstances. Here again some of her own sex may condemn her for want of pride, and exclaim of what female dignity demands from the sex. But as I have said

before, Catharine was no heroine, but only a beautiful, high-minded and gentle-hearted woman, full of feminine compassion, not only for the miseries, but for the weaknesses of mankind. She never thought of her husband so much as having sinned against herself, individually, as of the wrong done to his own manliness.

People who have never loved can talk of that implacable dignity, so regal in the proud woman, but those who love, know well that affection is stronger than pride; nay, stronger than death itself. The woman who boasts that she would be unforgiving to the man she loves, has very little of true tenderness in her nature, or true dignity either. Never does the true Christian, or the true woman, which is much the same thing, appear more beautiful than with the feeling of charity warm at heart; and the highest and purest charity, is that which refuses to look with implacability on the wrongs from which we have suffered.

These gentle and forgiving feelings grew strong within the heart of that young woman, as she studied in that solitary room, solitary save but for the pictured presence of her husband. Her character became fixed and noble, with the gradual expansion of a fine intellect, and it was not two years before the frail, fair girl, so rich in all generous feeling, became deep-thoughted as she had hitherto been warm-hearted.

For some time after her first discovery of the library, Catharine thought herself sure of solitude whenever she entered it. Once or twice she had heard soft footsteps creeping about the door, but after a moment's attention forgot the circumstance.

But one morning, while busy at her easel, working desperately toward the one object—a copy of her husband's portrait—she heard the heavy breathing of some object outside the door, followed by a suppressed murmur.

Catharine arose suddenly, and opened the door, holding her palette and brush in one hand. There in the hall, with her long, flowing night-dress lying around her, like a snow-drift, sat Elsie, her dark, wild eyes turned wistfully toward the library, as Eve might have been supposed to look back through the gates of Eden. With a timid motion of the hand she beckoned Catharine toward her, uttering a low hush with her lips.

Catharine stepped out and bent over her, for she was seated on the floor.

"Hush! hush!" whispered Elsie, lifting her finger with a look of affright. "Is he there? are they together? does he suspect that I am here in the cold, waiting? don't tell him. I

won't come nearer, but it seems so hard to sit here all alone, and they in there. Please don't tell them. Is he speaking to her? Does she say anything about me? She shouldn't, it's cruel. I carried off all the grey hairs, and the disgrace, and the heart-burn, they might let me stay here, you know."

The tone in which these words were uttered was so pleading and pitiful, the dark eyes uplifted like those of a feverish child pleading for drink, had so much pathos in their glance, that Catharine felt tears trembling in her own voice, as she stooped down and endeavored to soothe the poor woman.

"Come in—come sit with me, Elsie dear. They will be glad to see you," she said, humorizing the idea that possessed her charge.

Elsie shook her head. "I couldn't—it sets my heart afire to see him looking so kindly at her, and so cruelly at me. But listen, I was just as beautiful as she is once, and he thought so—he did, indeed, but somehow—I don't understand how it was done—they made a division of God's gifts, do you see. The beauty and love they left with her. To me they gave age and tears, sinfulness, disgrace, hemp jackets, and told me to go alone and be still. The evil spirit had been driven out from between them. They called it Elsie. Yes, they gave me her name, and told me to begone. That is the reason I sit here on the floor, so cold and grey, while she enjoys herself in there. Don't tell them, for I like to stay!"

"Come back to your chamber," said Catharine, gently; "put on a nice dress, and we will go in together, they will be very glad to see us."

"Did they tell you so?" inquired Elsie, quickly.

"Yes, they told me so!"

"Did they?—that was kind. But I can't accept it, you know. When the people off yonder in the Bible sent their poor goat into the wilderness loaded down with their sins, he never came back to disgrace them, but lay down and died of hunger in the woods."

"But you are not driven away—you are not alone or hungry!"

"Oh, yes, I am!—here, here!" said the poor creature, pressing a hand to her side, and rocking back and forth as with pain, "but it don't kill this hunger. I starve and starve, but never die. Hush, they will hear me. Go back and shut the door. I like to sit just as I am; but don't tell for anything."

Catharine hesitated, and made another effort to win the poor creature from her uncomfortable position. But Elsie was in a positive mood, and would neither go into the library or to her own room, though the morning was chilly, and her

raiment so insufficient, nothing would urge her to move.

"I know—I know," she said, impatiently, when Catharine urged this, "it is cold, it makes me shiver all over; but then you know how it is. I am to take all the cold too with the wakefulness and watching, it is a part of me this cold: when I tremble they smile. Do you know I never smile, that is left to them!"

"Them," said Catharine, gently. "I will stay with you."

"No, no. The cold is catching, you will take it!"

"But I must unless you will go with me!"

"Not there," pleaded Elsie, pointing to the library.

"No, to our room."

"Well, if *you* are cold, I will go!"

After that day, Catharine often found Elsie watching by the library door, as she came out from her morning studies.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE'S TRANSFORMATION.

BY FRANCIS M. CHESEBRO.

ONE memory gleams out from the past,
And hallows all the years,
O'er which oblivion's veil is cast,
Departing hopes and fears.
It is of one, who first had power
To bend to Love's control,
A rebel heart that spurned the dower,
A selfish, restless soul.

Then was I an idle dreamer,
Dreaming on Life's sunny shore,
Far, far off, I heard a murmur,
Faintly, faintly, never more.
Beating hearts were all around me,
But I felt no life-blood glow,
Saw the semblance, saw the shadow,
Never felt the "ebb and flow."

Now my hand is on the world heart,
Now I feel its pulses beat,
Of the whole, a generous part
Of that life stream running deep.

In the low, swift, under-current,
Rushing ever to one goal,
One mighty purpose ever blent,
Union of each soul with soul.

Oh! magic power, that tore away
The veil that wrapt my sight;
New forms of beauty o'er me stray,
Bathed in radiant light.
The earth, the sky, the field, the air,
Burst into fresher life,
Nature lay robed in garments fair,
Beauteous, beauteous life!

Most holy gift, most precious power,
To human hearts here given;
The boon to love through life's brief hours,
To love—though earth be riven;
The one great joy we live to know,
The one great gift to seek,
Around it other blessings flow,
In harmony to meet.

ADALIND.

BY D. DOWNING

Oh, gently falling Autumn leaves,
Oh, moaning Autumn wind,
Go sweep above the grassy mound
Where sleeps our Adalind.
Cover the faded hillock now
With woof of red and brown;
The flow'rs have ceased to bud and blow
Where last we laid her down.
Oh, garland-wreathing, pearly snow,
Upon the head-stone white,
Weave many a dainty shining web
Of frosty jewels bright.

She loved to watch your tiny flakes
Deck rose-bush, vine, and tree—
Hang out your fairest robe of state
O'er sleeping purity.

Oh, dancing brooklets in the dell,
Go singing on your way,
And shower the mossy banks above
With misty-wreathing spray—
The ear that loved the cooling plash
And murmuring of your wave,
Now nerveless moulders back to dust
Within the gloomy grave.

PATTERN FOR PALETOT AND BONNETS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a pattern for a new and fashionable Paletot; also patterns for two fashionable bonnets; and also, a few pages further on, a pattern for the apron of a child two years old. The pattern for the Paletot is on the next page, as also those of the two bonnets. On this we give an engraving of the Paletot, as it looks when worn, as also of one of the two bonnets. It shall be our effort to make this department, "How To Make One's Dresses," complete in every particular. From the simplest to the most difficult patterns, we shall give all in turn.

This Paletot comes down straight in front, and is very hollow at the waist. The lappet is slit up at intervals, but one edge always laps over the other, so that no opening is seen.

A broad braid is put all round the edge, and above it, at intervals of an inch, are two more rows.

This garment is made of velvet cloth or double
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faced cloth. It is trimmed with small silk buttons matching the stuff, and two galloons of two different colors (on grey cloth mixed with brown, one brown galloon, and the other of a lighter grey than that of the cloth.) This pattern is composed of three parts.

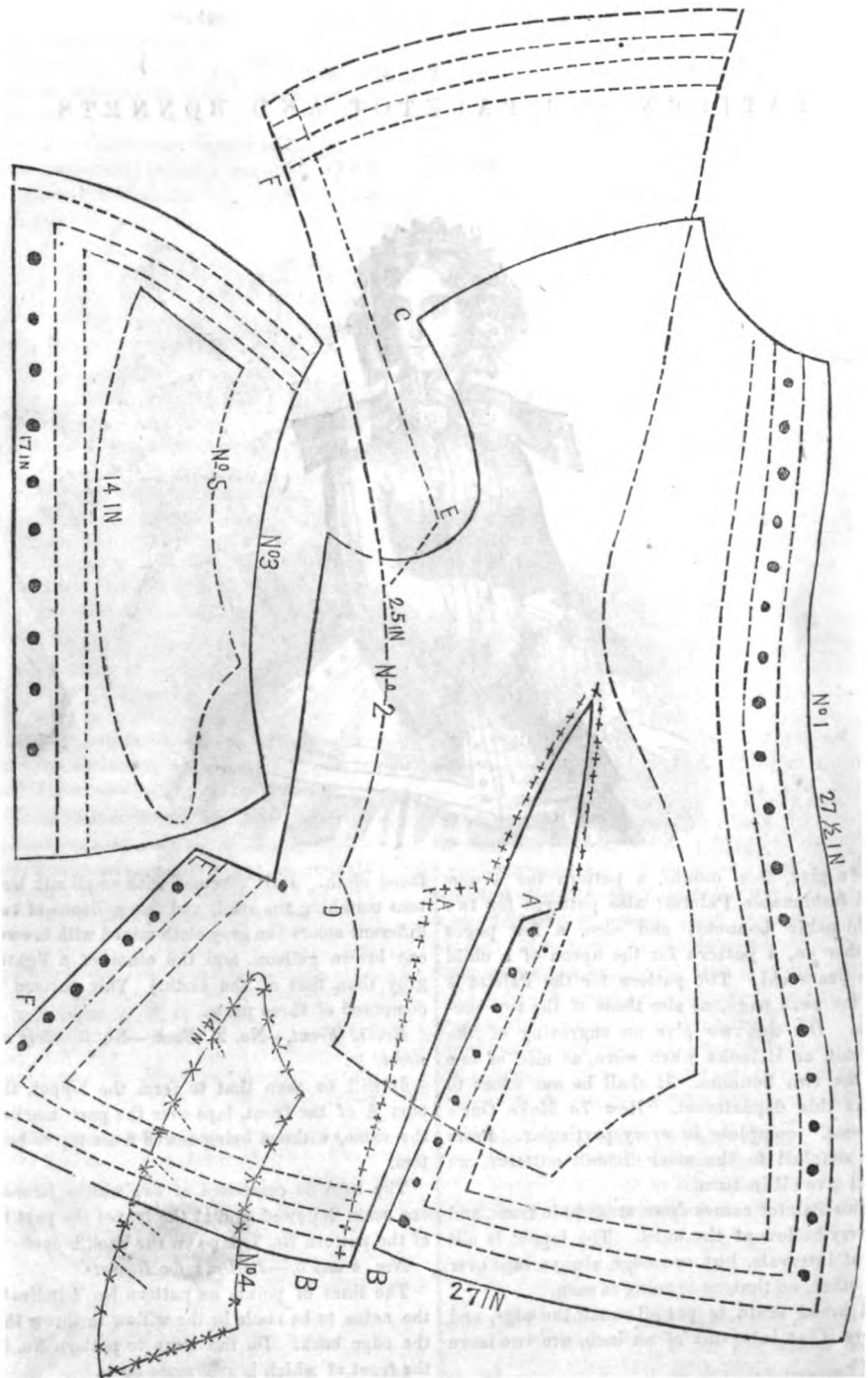
No. 1. *Front*.—No. 2. *Back*.—No. 3. *Half the sleeve*.

It will be seen that to form the lappet, the part A of the front, laps over the part, marked the same, without being sewed from top to bottom.

The back is composed of two widths joined: one seam hollowed, and at the lappet the part E, of the pattern No. 1, laps on the back lappet.

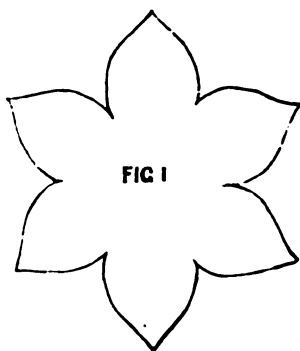
Nos. 4 and 5.—*Patterns for Bonnets*.

The lines of points on pattern No. 4 indicate the notes to be made in the willow to throw the edge back. Do the same to pattern No. 5, the front of which is still more open.



DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING NARCISSUS.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—White unruled letter-paper, light yellow tissue, light green tissue paper: carmine, wire, gum, &c.

Cut the petals like fig. 1, make a deep crease through the centre of each petal: cut each one slightly with your scissors. For the heart cut a strip of yellow tissue paper about three inches in length, and half an inch in width: paint a narrow border with carmine on one edge of the strip, crimp it very fine with a pen-knife: close the two ends together with gum arabic. Then take three large light yellow pipes, twist a piece of fine wire around them to keep them firmly together, and to form the stem. Then tie the plain edge of the crimped paper close around the

pipes: wrap the stem with light green tissue paper, slip it through the petals: finish with a green calyx on the back. The leaf to this flower is long and narrow, similar to the Hyacinth.

* **MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for Japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 31 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

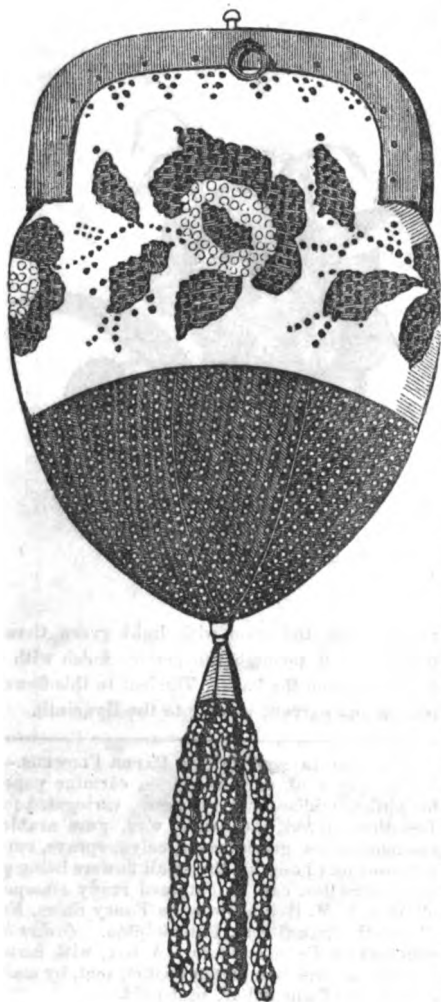
BY MRS. PULLAN.

THIS is a very beautiful pattern. The flowers and leaves are to be done in satin-stitch, the stems and tendrils in over-stitch, and the diamonds at the bottom of the pattern to be formed

by lines of over-stitch, having a heavy French knot in the centre of each. The name to be done in satin-stitch. Working cotton Nos. 80 and 100, and fine spool cotton.

BEAD PURSE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



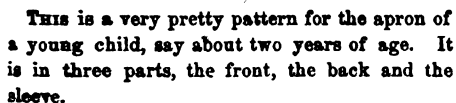
MATERIALS.—One skein of ruby, 1 ditto of white, 2 shades of green, 1 of pink, fine sized purse silk, 12 strings of ruby, 12 ditto of white transparent beads, four strings of light-green opaque beads, 4 ditto of dark green transparent beads, and 3 strings of pink opaque beads. Penelope crochet, No. 4. Gilt or silver clasp and tassel.

String the beads upon the various silks; with ruby make a round foundation of 8 stitches, pass down a bead before making each stitch, so that the purse shall present the appearance of being

entirely formed of beads; work 15 rounds, increasing in every stitch in the first round, in every alternate in the second, and in the same stitch in the succeeding rounds till 15 rounds are completed; work 6 rounds without increasing. Detach the ruby, and fasten on the white silk; work three rounds. 4th round, 10 white. 1 light green, 1 dark green, 5 white, 1 dark green; repeat all round. 5th round, 2 white, 1 dark green, 6 white, 1 light green, 2 dark green, 4 white; repeat all round. 6th round, 1 white. 1 dark green, 6 white, 2 light green, 3 dark green, 4 white, 1 dark green; repeat. 7th round, 2 ruby, 6 white, 3 light green, 3 dark green, 2 white, 1 dark green, 1 light green; repeat. 8th round, 2 ruby a, 6 white, 2 light green, 3 dark green, 3 white, 1 light green, 8 ruby; repeat from a, finishing with 1 ruby. 9th round, 1 ruby a, 1 light green, 2 white, 3 light green, 1 pink, 1 light green, 3 pink, 4 white, 1 light green, 3 ruby; repeat from a. 10th round, 2 light green, 2 white, 3 light green, 2 pink, 2 ruby, 2 pink, 3 white, 3 ruby; repeat. 11th round, 4 white, 1 dark green, 1 pink, 4 ruby, 2 pink, 2 white, 2 ruby; repeat. 12th round, 2 ruby a, 3 dark green, 1 light green, 2 pink, 1 white, 4 ruby, 1 pink, 2 white, 4 ruby; repeat from a. 13th round, 1 light green, 3 white, 2 light green, 3 pink, 1 white, 3 ruby, 1 pink, 2 light green, 1 white, 1 dark green; repeat. 14th round, 2 light green, 2 white, 2 light green, 4 pink, 2 white, 1 pink, 3 light green, 1 white; repeat. 15th round, 1 light green, 1 ruby, 1 dark green, 1 white, 3 light green, 1 pink, 1 light green, 3 pink, 4 light green, 2 white; repeat. 16th round, 1 light green, 2 ruby, 14 light green, 2 white; repeat. 17th round, 1 light green, 2 ruby, 1 dark green, 1 white, 3 light green, 1 dark green, 6 light green, 2 white; repeat. 18th round, 2 light green, 1 ruby, 1 dark green, 2 white, 3 light green, 4 dark green, 5 white; repeat. 19th round, 1 white a, 2 light green, 1 dark green, 5 white, 4 dark green, 6 white; repeat from a. 20th round, 3 white a, 1 dark green, 8 white; repeat from a. Now work in rows upon one half of the purse, only leaving 2 stitches at the beginning and end of each row; work 8 rows with white. 4th row, 3 white, 1 ruby; repeat. 5th row, 2 white, 2 ruby. 6th row, 3 white, 1 ruby; work the second side to correspond. Sew on clasp and tassel.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



To enlarge the front of this apron, take a piece of paper, about the size you suppose the pattern will be, and draw the line A B, making it fifteen inches long. Then, with a card, mea-

sure the angle B A H. Then draw the line A H, twelve inches long. Then measure the angle A H G, and, in like manner, draw the line H C nine inches and a half long. In this way proceed till the whole pattern is enlarged. The only places, where there is the least difficulty, is in rounding the parts about the shoulder and arm-pit; here the eye must be the guide; but if all the rest of the pattern is done, there will be no difficulty.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—Half an ounce of wool; four skeins of white purse twist, rather fine; steel hook No. 18.

then work 1 treble stitch into the 38th chain, (a), 2 chain and 1 treble again into the 3rd from the last treble; repeat from (a) to the end of the chain.

2nd row.—Plain double crochet, making 2 stitches in each of the 4 loops at the turn of the chain in the last row.

3rd row.—2 chain, 1 treble repeat, make 4 treble stitches with the 2 chain between each at the upper part of the work.

4th row.—Plain double crochet.

5th row.—The same as the 3rd.

6th row.—Double crochet.

7th row.—Join on the wool, 3 double, 7 chain, miss 3 loop in the last row, and repeat.

8th row.—3 double stitches into the centre ones of the loops formed by the 7 chain in the last row, 7 chain stitches between the 3 double.

9th row.—3 double, 3 chain; repeat. In going round the loop make 5 chain stitches between instead of 8.

10th row.—Plain double crochet.

11th row.—3 treble, 3 chain; repeat at the upper part, miss only 2 chain stitches in the last row.

12th row.—The same, making the 3 treble stitches.

13th row.—The same.

14th row.—Plain double crochet.

15th, 16th, 17th and 18th rows.—The same as the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th.

19th row.—Join on the silk again, 1 treble, 2 chain; repeat.

20th row.—Double crochet.

21st row.—The same as the 19th.

22nd row.—Plain double crochet.

23rd row.—The same as the 21st.

24th row.—Double crochet.

25th row.—Join on the wool again, work 8 rows alternately treble open crochet and plain double.

34th row.—Join on the silk, 1 row close treble crochet.

35th row.—Treble open.

36th row.—Plain double crochet, two extra stitches must now be made at the commencement and end of each row.

37th row.—Treble open.

38th row.—Plain double.

39th row.—Treble open.

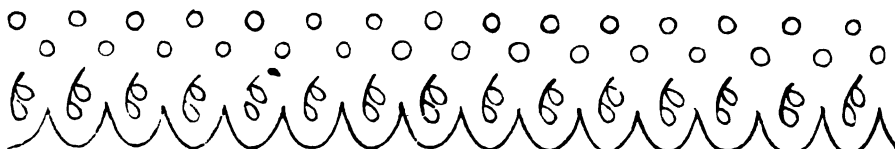
40th row.—Close treble.

41st row.—Plain double. Join on the wool and work 7 rows alternately in treble open and plain double, then work the back in double crochet, taking it in to the size required, 1 row all round in close treble crochet.

This completes the crown.

For illustration see front of number.

BRAIDINGS AND EDGINGS.



ADDITIONAL HINTS IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

ALL the definitions of the stitches being given in a former number, we cannot add, in any way, to the clearness of those instructions; but we have from time to time received queries regarding certain processes in crochet, which we will now endeavor to answer.

1st. THE MODE OF WORKING PURSES AND OTHER ARTICLES IN VARIOUS COLORS.—In many of the fashionable purses, the ends are worked in patterns formed of four, five, or even more colors. These ends are done in *sc*, and no loose threads are visible on the wrong side. The manner of working is this: the threads, of all the colors but the one in use, are held along the forefinger of the left hand, parallel with the work in progress and close to it; these threads are then worked over, in the same manner you work over a cord or twine in a mat. When the color has to be changed, do it as follows:—

TO CHANGE THE COLOR.—At the last stitch of the color you are using, insert the hook, and draw through the loop with it; but *finish* the stitch with the new color, working in the old one with the others.

TO WORK WITH BEADS IN *SC*.—Thread the beads first on the silk, or other material; and then, in working, drop them where required, on the *wrong* side. Thus, any pattern worked from an engraving, is worked from left to right of the engraving, the side shown being the reverse side of that worked. The reason of this is, that a more even surface is obtained on the wrong side of *sc*, the chain-work visible on the *right* side causing it always to appear in lines.

TO JOIN A THREAD.—In *sc* this should be done

as we have already described for beginning a new color; namely, by finishing a stitch with the one you wish to join, and holding in the ends. When a join occurs in *dc*, let it come, if possible, in a part where there are many consecutive close stitches; as you cannot so easily and imperceptibly work in the threads, if there be much open work. Some people knot the ends of thread or silk, but we always prefer the mode we have given: it is much neater, and more durable, if from one to two inches are left of the ends, and worked in.

One other instruction may be useful; namely, that from passing from one round to another in open patterns, such as mats, cardigans, &c., generally the thread is broken off at the end of every round. As this is very untidy, a better way is, after finishing the round, to *slip-stitch* along the edge to the part where the next is to be begun, then make a chain of two, three, or four stitches, twist it, and reckon that as the first *sc*, *dc*, or to stitch with which the round may begin. It will quite have the appearance of one; and you may then proceed according to the instructions. Generally the rounds begin nearly or exactly in the same place.

We regard to the asterisks, daggers, and other printers' marks, used in repetitions, it is only necessary to remember that in every row or round where *one* of a kind occurs, another of the same sort is sure to be found; and that the repetition is from one to the other of the same sort of mark, at whatever distance from each other they may be placed in the row, or however many of a different kind may be found interesting.

CORALINE ORNAMENTS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE great popularity of the ornaments in imitation of coral which have recently been brought from France, the simplicity and rapidity with which they are made, and the excellent effect they produce, have induced us to think that an article on this subject will be accept-

able to the majority of our fair readers. The sleeves, which are now so fashionable, can, indeed, scarcely be worn without bracelets; and nothing better enlivens the darker winter dress than either coral, or the very admirable and inexpensive imitation of it, which our neighbors

on the other side of the channel have been the first to produce. A taste for elegance and beauty is one inseparable from the character of an accomplished woman; and it is her duty, not less than her interest, to study its dictates. Nor does this study by any means involve extravagance of expenditure; for it is notorious that one woman whose toilet is always becoming, will expend very much less than will another, who yet never appears fit to be seen, simply because the one studies the suitable and the other the costly—hence the superior appearance of the dress of a French woman. Her dress, bonnet, ribbons, all harmonize; they have been purchased for that express purpose; she neither adopts a monstrosity because of its value, nor despises an elegant addition to her toilet from its cheapness. Hence the extreme popularity of imitation coral in Paris at present, since nothing can be more becoming, whether the dress be black or white, than armlets of this pretty material. We propose giving several receipts for making them, premising that the one with which we commence is, in our opinion, the prettiest.

BRACELET, No. 1.—Two skeins of bright scarlet mohair braid; needle No. 15; scarlet sewing silk. Cast on 2 stitches, and knit them exactly as you would a garter, until you have done sufficient to go 6 times round the wrist, which will allow for its twisting round four times; cast off, and draw the end through the 2nd stitch to fasten off. Take one end of the knitting between the finger and thumb, and hold it, and also the quarter of the length for the round. Twist the remainder through this about four times, so that

the half is used, then twice more, which will use the length knitted, and form a very neat and regular twist. Fasten the ends very strongly together, but as invisibly as possible. This bracelet requires no snap.

BRACELET, No. 2.—Divide each skein of braid into three pieces, and twist each one separately. With a needle of scarlet silk join three pieces together in the middle, so that there will be six ends, and plait them together, slackly, either as three or six. This bracelet requires a gold or other stud to fasten it. A very thick gold thread may be plaited in with the coral, but we do not admire the intermixture. It is, however, very fashionable.

MEDALLION BRACELETS are rather more troublesome to make than the preceding, and do not so closely resemble corals; but, as they are very pretty ornaments, and form a variety, we give the receipt:—Cut out a dozen rounds of stiff muslin, a little larger than a shilling, and cover them with sarcenet ribbon exactly the shade of the braid. Knit the length of braid, then tack one end to the centre of the silk rounds, roll it round and round until it rather more than covers the muslin, tacking it here and there into place. It will now be at the outer edge of the round. Leave half-an-inch space, and tack it to the next round, both at the edge and centre; cover it in the same way, and repeat the process. About six medallions are required for each bracelet. Sometimes, instead of the braid being knitted, it is merely plaited. Chains are made of a single line of knitting of three stitches, or two lines of two stitches each, and twisted together.

PATTERN FOR CHAIR COVER, ETC.

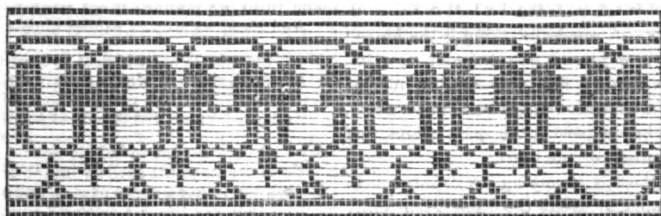
THE engraving for this is in front of the number. This pattern is to be done on medium sized canvass, in sephyr worsted. The different

colors are designated, by squares of different patterns, the key to which is given below the engraving.

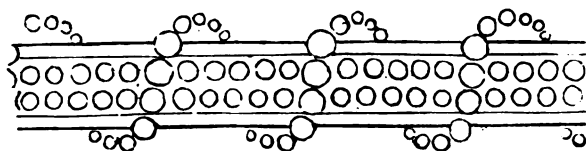
NAME FOR MARKING.



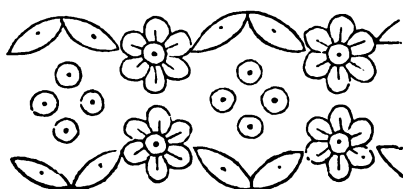
VARIETIES, NOVEL AND ELEGANT.



CROCHET INSERTION.



INSERTION.



INSERTION.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HUMAN FACES.—A wonderful thing is the human face; now sad, now joyous, now tranquil, now impassioned, now darting fire, now smiling fondest love, and, while overshadowed or overclouded, never, never the same, but borrowing the spirit genius, and glassing the emotions of the heart.

In sleep, too, there is something irresistibly touching, and calculated to excite the deepest sensibility in every brain and bosom where there exist feeling and fancy—when the hushed breath, and the closed eyes, and the motionless form, present a lovely likeness of the image we must all assume at last, before our dust mingles with the dust whence it arose—when the mighty spirit of life is stirring indeed, but so still, so calm, and in some natures so innocent in its visions, thoughts, and ideas. And it is a strange mystery with its pomp, its darkness, its fierce but melancholy and brief delight, that seems an antepast of Eternity to wean us from the world, (if we could but see heaven who could endure existence here?) leaving darkness and desolation behind—hopes, cares, sorrow, and despair alternating. Then we again live over our childhood's days—our sins, our griefs and joys—now passing from life to death, now beyond time and space, now in some little spot of earth, with some dear human tie to bind us closely to it; then in the heaven of heavens, with the great Omnipotent beaming upon our immortalized being; at one moment in the Empyrean of God, with the blue and glorious floods of ether around, around, around, and simultaneously precipitated into the lowest abyss of hell, all agony, and gloom, and horror!

Is it possible, is it conceivable that ought but an immaterial principle could perform these most antithetical of operations so immediately that they hardly appear an act of the will? Truly may it be said the Creator has fashioned us in his own image. As in the beginning God said, "Let there be light," and there was light, the human mind compels Eternity to be present to it, evoking the darkness to its conceptions, or soaring above it with eagle wings—creating an universe in the illimitable resources of ideas—rushing beyond the limits of its own great thoughts, (for it is not itself subject to limits) making chaos into beauty, vivifying, destroying, annihilating—it sinks, its rises, forever baffling conceptions, forever active in sleep or wakefulness—so grand, so august, so awful and incomprehensible!

WOMAN'S LOT.—The following lines, anonymous to us, are heavy with heart-breaking sorrow. Yet they represent what is—too often alas!—the lot of woman.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed—

Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not

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The thing we planned it out when hope was dead—
And then, we WOMEN cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear;
Much given away which it were sweet to keep;
God help us all! who need, indeed, his care,
And yet I know, the shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer;
He has his father's eager eyes, I know,
And they say too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!)
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been *** ah, what I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for us best:
God help us in our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times; and some too gay and light;
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past! And who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are, too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall know
all!

SOCIAL TYRANNY.—The Philadelphia Ledger, which is said, and, we believe, correctly, to have the largest circulation of any daily newspaper in the world, is one of those journals, which are always to be found on the side of morality and justice, and opposed to wrong and oppression in every shape. Its influence, with its 60,000 subscribers, and 300,000 readers, is immense; and to say that such influence is exercised in behalf of truth is the best compliment we can pay to the proprietors.

Lately it contained an article on "The Social Tyrants of the World," which, we would that every husband, father, brother and son could read. The Ledger says, truly, that the Czar is not the only tyrant in the world, but that there are social as well as political oppressors: that neither education, nor refinement, nor wealth, nor position, nor official authority is always sufficient to avert family tyranny. In some of our most splendid mansions, not less than in dirty cellars, is domestic oppression to be found. The wife of the millionaire is often not less oppressed than the helpmate of the beggar. It adds:

"For it is not of physical tyranny that we speak, so much as of that which is keener and more subtle, of that which cuts to the soul, of that moral despotism which is exercised by harsh words, by cruel neglects, by unkind acts, by petty insults. Husbands go home and vent, upon unoffending wives, the irritation which the events of the day have produced. Would they dare to vent it on the partners, clerks, or customers who originated it? Fathers push innocent children

angrily aside, or even strike them, because annoyed by their noise. Would they venture to lay hands on those who try their patience, a hundred times worse, in the constantly occurring vexatious occurrences of the day? Too often the household is made to expiate all that the husband and father has had to endure abroad, till wife and children learn to watch for the storm or sunshine on his face, with eager, palpitating hearts. Too often the frown on the father's brow banishes the smile from the mother's lips, hushes the prattle of the little ones, and throws a gloom and constraint over the whole domestic circle. Oh! in how many homes, there reigns a silent, crushing tyranny of which the world knows nothing, which destroys everything like happiness there, and which perverts the moral atmosphere in which the children grow up, as miasma taints the air.

"Hypothetically, every man is willing to admit that tyranny, thus exercised over the innocent and helpless, is as cowardly as it is cruel. Hypothetically, all will acknowledge that, to be a tyrant at home, makes a man, so far forth, as much the oppressor, as to crush a Poland or Hungary, or to herd slaves on the coast of Africa. But, how few will concede, even to their own consciences, that they are themselves such despots! It is the curse of selfishness, more than of most other vices, that it conceals the sin from the sinner, and that the worse the man becomes, the less apt is he to see his error. There are tens of thousands of oppressed women and children, all the way from Maine to Texas, who have no one to speak for them, unless the hearts of the tyrants themselves could be softened."

"EXCELSIOR" PARODIED.—To parody a poem is to compliment it. For a parody pre-supposes the original to be well known, for otherwise the wit of the parody could not be appreciated. Longfellow, from "Hiawatha" down, has furnished food for more parodies than any poet, perhaps, in the language. Few, however, have been as successful as the following on

"PICKLES."

The rain and snow were falling fast,
As through a down-east village passed
A youth who chalked with great display,
Upon a barrel in his sleigh,

"Pickles to sell."

His cheeks were blue, and red his nose,
His ears and feet were nearly froze,
And tears of cold bedimmed his sight,
But still he yell'd with all his might,

"Pickles to sell."

As on he went, a maiden bold
Came out and asked him what he sold,
The youth looked up with winning smile,
And said with voice as soft as ile,

"Pickles."

"Oh, tell me," cried the maid divine,
"Say, tell me, are they in the brine?"
"Nay," said the youth; "that sort don't pay,"
Quite vexed he heard the maiden say,

"Such Pickles!"

That one so sweet should speak so tart,
(The word went deep into his heart.)
That she should crush his hopes so flat,
And scorn his smiles, or, worse than that,
His Pickles.

Away he drove, through wind and rain;
They tried to stop his course in vain.

By asking what he had to sell;
He wouldn't stop, but only yell'd
"Pickles."

"Don't drive so fast," an old man said,
"That worn-out nag is nearly dead."
"His shoes are off," another cried;
With shout of scorn the youth replied,
"Oh, Pickles."

"For mercy's sake don't cross the creek!
That wooden bridge is awful weak."
The youth dashed on his headlong way,
And only turned his head to say,
"Oh, Pickles."

The night was dark, the wind was cold,
The pickle boy was brave and bold;
He never stopped or checked his flight,
And soon the sleigh was lost to sight,
Pickles and all.

Next morn two little wandering Jews,
Came into town and brought the news;
Down in the drift a corpse they found,
Whilst far and near were scattered round
The Pickles.

FRECKLES, TAN, &c.—"Bessie" asks us what can be done, in these March winds, to prevent freckles? The best thing is "The Balm of A Thousand Flowers," which we are assured, by those who have tried it, is an almost infallible remedy in such cases. It will remove, not only freckles, but also tan and pimples, leaving the skin of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops, and wash the face night and morning. Petridge and Co., Boston, manufacture the "Balm." A fifty cent bottle will last a long time.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his Brother Joseph. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—No work has ever been published, which throws more light on the character of the first Napoleon, than this. It is chiefly composed of letters, confidentially written by Napoleon to his elder brother, whom he loved above all the rest, and in whose lately published memoirs they were first given to the world. Domestic and public affairs are discussed, especially in the earlier epistles, in a free and familiar style; in fact, the conqueror unbosoms himself, and becomes a man, a friend and a brother. These letters will compel many of the earlier biographies of Napoleon to be re-written. In future, no person can attain to a correct understanding of the great emperor's character, in its social, political, or even military aspects, without having carefully perused these volumes. The work is a valuable accession to history. The publishers have issued it in a neat and even handsome style.

The Tragedies of Sophocles in English Prose. Revised according to the Text of Dindorf. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another volume of Harpers' capital "Classical Library."

Notes on Central America. By E. G. Squier. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this fine octavo was formerly U. S. Minister to Central America, and therefore writes about a subject with which he is perfectly familiar. In a preceding work, he described Nicaragua: the present is, therefore, more particularly devoted to Honduras and San Salvador. The geography, climate, topography, population, resources and productions of those states are set forth in the fullest manner; and where Mr. Squier cannot speak from personal observation, he relies on official and other competent authorities. Part of the volume is devoted to the question of an inter-oceanic railway. Mr. S. gives the preference, over all other proposed routes, to that from Port Caballos, on the Gulf of Honduras, to the Bay of Fonseca, on the Pacific: and his facts and figures appear to us conclusive. Numerous elaborate maps and other illustrations increase the attractions of the book.

Our Cousin Veronica. By the author of "Annabel." 1 vol. New York: Buncce & Brother.—A much better novel than even "Annabel," itself a fiction of many and rare merits. The descriptions of Virginia life in "Our Cousin Veronica" are among the best in the language; they are always graphic, easy and graceful: while that part of the story which occurs in England is scarcely less skillfully done. It is a long while since we have been so delighted with a new novel. There is so much exaggeration afloat in the fictions of the day, that we are charmed to meet with a story like this, which is powerful, yet also natural. We hope often to hear from this author.

The Attache in Madrid; or, Sketches of the Court of Isabella II. Translated from the German. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A really sprightly volume. The author, attached to a German legation in Madrid, had great facilities for becoming familiar with court life, gossip, politics, &c. He did not neglect other matters, however, relating to Spain and Spaniards, interesting to be known; and he has also managed to give a rapidly sketched political history of modern Spain. In every respect, this is one of the most gossiping, readable, and even, in some respects, instructive books of the year.

Macaulay's History of England. Vols. 3 and 4. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The duodecimo edition of the long-expected continuation of Macaulay. The present volumes carry the story over a period of about seven years. At this rate, if Macaulay lives, his history will be longer than that of Garibaldi, which he wittily says, in one of his earlier essays, an Italian criminal, condemned to death, refused to read through, even to save his life.

Sense and Sensibility. By Miss Austen. 1 vol. New York: Buncce & Brother.—Few novels as good as this are written now. Every person, who has not read it, should buy it immediately, for it has a rich intellectual feast in store.

Kate Weston. By Jeanie Dewitt. 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We believe we violate no confidence in stating that Jeanie Dewitt is but a *nomme de plume*, the real name of the author being Miss Dowling. She is the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Dowling, a Baptist clergyman of Philadelphia, who has no reason, able as he is, to be ashamed of his equally gifted child. "Kate Weston" has, not only decided literary merit, but is eminently moral. It is such a fiction as may safely be put into the hands of the young, certain that it will do good as well as amuse. The volume is embellished with numerous spirited illustrations.

Lanmere. By Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr. 1 vol. New York: Mason Brothers.—In the preface to this novel, our old and favorite contributor, Mrs. Dorr, acknowledges herself the author of "Farmingdale," one of the very best American novels which appeared last year, and which came out anonymously. "Lanmere" is quite up to its predecessor, and either is better than the famous "Wide, Wide World" novels, having more grasp of character, a wider range of observation and equal merit in depicting rural life. "Bessie" is altogether a superior heroine to Fleta, or Ellen, for example. But get the volume and judge for yourselves.

Lucy Boston; or, Woman's Rights and Spiritualism; illustrating the follies and delusions of the Nineteenth Century. By Fred Folio. 1 vol. Auburn: Alden & Beardsley. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A satirical fiction, exhibiting considerable merit. As it is devoted to two prominent topics of the day—Woman's Rights and Spiritualism—it would have many readers, even if it was less sprightly and graphic. The publishers have issued it in excellent style. The illustrations, especially are capital.

Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution, with notes and illustrations. By Frank Moore. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A book which is both a literary and historical curiosity. Mr. Moore has selected these songs and ballads, some from the newspapers and periodicals of the time, some from old broadsides, and some from oral tradition. The best ballad in the volume is "The Battle of the Kegs," and the next is Andre's "Cow Chase." The volume is tastefully published.

The Sacred Plains. By J. H. Headley. 1 vol. Buffalo: Wunser, McKim & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A clear and concise description of the plains, which witnessed the great events of the Bible. Such books as this materially assist in the comprehension of Scripture history; and they ought to be encouraged; especially when they are as well executed as the present. For popular circulation, though not for the scholar, the volume is really an acquisition.

The History of the Peloponnesian War. By Thucydides. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another of "The Classical Series." Like all of the series it is excellent. The text is from Arnold.

Mrs. Follen's Twilight Stories. 6 vols. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall. A series of unusually meritorious volumes for children. They are "True Stories About Cats and Dogs," "Made-Up Stories," "The Pedlar of Dust Sticks," and "The Old Garret, Parts I, II and III." They may be had singly at 25 cents a volume, or the whole six for \$1.50. Each is neatly bound in cloth, gilt, and illustrated by Billings. We cordially commend them. They are among the best things that have been published for young children for many years.

The Hunter's Feast; or, Conversations Around the Camp-Fire. By Captain Mayne Reid. 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.—No one tells a story "by flood and field" better than Capt. Reid, as some of the earlier subscribers to this Magazine will remember; for he was one of our most frequent contributors till he went abroad. The present volume is full of stirring tales, relating to border life and prairie hunting. The book is excellently printed and graphically embellished.

Notes of A Volunteer. Edited by C. M. Smith, author of "Working-Man's Way in the World." 1 vol. Buffalo: A. Burke. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The autobiography of a French soldier in the first years of the first French revolution. It is full of stirring incidents, naturally told, and is altogether a very readable book.

Herodotus. A new and Literal Version from the text of Baehr. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another of the "Classical Series." A good geographical index accompanies it. The translator is H. Casy, M. A., of Oxford.

THE TOILET.

THE EYES.—The eye when in health, requires very simple attention, bathing with cold or tepid water being all that is needful. It is, however, so delicate an organ, that external causes easily affect it, and impair its beauty. Too strong a light fatigues the eyes, and exposure to currents of air, long continued application, or night watchings, are equally injurious to them. In evening occupation, extreme care should be taken in the management of the light, which should be considerably above the eyes, so that the glare may not shine into them. Inflammation of the eyelid, accompanied by irritation, may be speedily reduced by holding it over the steam of boiling water. There is also an inflammation, often constitutional, that occurs in the membrane which covers the globe of the eye; this may be remedied by bathing it with warm poppy water. It sometimes happens that the glands of the eye, secrete too abundantly, and become glued together during the night, in which case the following preparation will be found useful:—Chamomile tea, moderately strong, with a little brandy, in the proportion of a tablespoonful of the latter to a small cup of the tea; the eye should be bathed frequently with this mixture, and at night, before retiring to bed, a little ointment

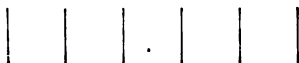
composed of sweet oil and white wax, should be carefully applied to the edges of the eyelids with a fine camel's hair pencil. When reading or other exercise of the eyes has been too long continued, an aching sensation is felt just above them, a piece of linen doubled several times and steeped in equal parts of vinegar and rose-water will give relief. Persons who suffer from weak eyes will derive great benefit by dropping into them two or three drops of cold spring water several times in the twenty-four hours; a small machine is sold by chemists for the purpose of keeping the eye open during this slight operation which is perfectly painless. A small lump of sugar saturated with eau de cologne, and slowly dissolved in the mouth, will give temporary brilliancy to the eyes.

The eyelashes contribute greatly to the beauty of the eye: in early youth they are generally thick and long, but owing to neglect, they soon break and wear off. As they not only impart a soft and pleasing expression to the eye, but protect and preserve it, their growth should be encouraged. For this purpose they should be clipped every four or five weeks, by this means they will acquire strength, and will soon become long and luxuriant. One or more eyelashes sometimes grow inward and irritate the eye; it may be possible to train them in a proper direction with a camel's hair pencil dipped in gum-water, otherwise they should be cautiously extracted by a surgeon. The eyebrows have a great influence on the character of the face. Le Brun regarded them as the most certain interpreter of the sentiments. Their shape may be improved by judicious management, but artificial applications always give an unnatural and disagreeable effect; they may be rendered soft and compact by the use of a little pomade, and smoothing them closely together with the fingers. The hairs should never be plucked out nor destroyed by depilatories, unless they meet across the nose, which imparts so fierce and sinister an expression that it is permissible to remove them; in every other instance, it is better to leave the eyebrows as nature made them, for any artificial shape given to them will not harmonize as well with the rest of the features. A well-formed eye should neither be too open nor too closed; the almond shape is the most beautiful. The Chinese have a method of elongating the oval of the eye, by drawing out or extending the eyelid at the external angle, and by constant repetitions of this slight operation, they obtain the almond shape, which they esteem essential to beauty.

PUZZLES.

ANSWER TO "CYLINDER PUZZLE."—Get a round cylinder of the dimensions of the circular hole, and of the height of the square hole. Then draw a line across the end, dividing it in two equal parts, cutting also an equal part from either side to the edge of the circular base; a figure would be the result, which will serve as a key to the puzzle.

THE LINE PUZZLE.—Having drawn on a piece of card six vertical lines, like those here represented, how, by adding five more lines to them, make the whole form nine?



NEW RECEIPTS.

Pomades.—There are so many pomades now in use, that it is scarcely requisite to give a receipt for any, unless for the purpose of economy, like the following:—Take half a pint of oil of almonds, and dissolve with it purified beef marrow about three ounces: when melted, stir into it any essence or perfume that may be preferred. Another good receipt is prepared by mixing together half a pint of oil of ben, a fluid ounce of oil of jasmín, with half a pint of castor oil: this may be made of the consistency of a pomade by adding a small quantity of melted white wax. Rosemary tea is much recommended as a wash for the hair. And cocoa-nut oil, when it can be procured genuine, is, perhaps, the most effectual beautifier of the hair that can be obtained. As a cheap bandoline to make the hair close and smooth the following will be found useful:—Take a cupful of linseed, pour over it sufficient boiling water to cover, let it stand till the water becomes like a jelly, then add a little rose water, and strain it for use. The usual way of preparing bandoline is with quince seeds, or with gelatine; the latter dries on the hair, and has a dirty appearance. As a depilatory, we suggest the subjoined recipe as being effectual, although not immediate in its results:—Mix one ounce of finely powdered pumice-stone with one ounce of quick lime, rub this mixture on the skin from which the hair is to be removed twice in the twenty-four hours; this is an innocent application, and will gradually destroy the hair.

Oyster Patties.—Take some small patty-pans and line them with a fine puff paste: put a piece of bread into each and cover them with paste. Put them into the oven, and whilst they are being baked, prepare the following to put in the place of the bread: Beard some oysters, and cut the other parts into small pieces. Put them into a tosser with a very little grated nutmeg, the smallest quantity of white pepper and salt, a small bit of lemon peel chopped as finely as possible, a little cream and a little oyster liquor. Simmer the whole together for a few minutes before putting it into the patties.

Cheese-Cake.—To make cheese-cakes put a spoonful of rennet into a quart of milk. When turned drain the curd from the whey. Then rub the following ingredients well together:—A quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, some nutmeg, two biscuits grated, the yolks of four eggs, the white of one egg, half an ounce of almonds (half bitter and half sweet) well beaten in a mortar, and four ounces of currants. Lastly mix the curd with the above, having first gently bruised it.

To Wash and Clean Gloves.—Wash them in soap and water till the dirt is got out, then stretch them on wooden hands, or pull them out in their proper shape. Never wring them, as that puts them out of form, and makes them shrink; put them one upon another and press the water out. Then rub the following mixture over the outside of the gloves:—If wanted quite yellow, take yellow ochre, if quite white, pipe clay; if between the two, mix a little of each together. By proper mixture of these any shade may be produced. Mix the color with beer or vinegar. Let them dry gradually, not too near the fire, nor in too hot a sun; when they are about half dried, rub them well, and stretch them out to keep them from shrinking, and to soften them. When they are well rubbed and dried, take a small cane and beat them, then brush them; when this is done, iron them rather warm, with a piece of paper over them, but do not let the iron be too hot.

A German Rice Pudding.—Boil three ounces of whole rice in a pint and a quarter of milk until it is very tender and dry. Let it stand to cool, and then mix with it three ounces of beef-suet, finely chopped, two ounces and a half of pounded lump sugar, one ounce of candied orange or lemon peel, six ounces of Sultana raisins, and three large eggs beaten and strained. Boil the pudding either in a well-buttered basin, or a well-floured cloth, for two hours and a quarter, and serve with it a sauce made by warming two glasses of white wine, sweetened with an ounce and half of lump sugar. When the wine is quite hot and the sugar dissolved, stir into it the beaten yolks of three eggs; place the saucepan high above the fire constantly stirring the sauce for a while, but taking care that it does not come to a boil, or it will instantly curdle. Pour the same over the pudding, or, if preferred, send it to table in a tureen.

A Medley Pudding.—Stew until very tender and dry three ounces of whole rice in a pint and a quarter of milk. When a little cooled, mix with it three ounces of beef-suet, finely chopped, two ounces and a half of powdered lump sugar, one ounce of candied orange and lemon peel, six ounces of Sultana raisins, and three large eggs beaten and strained. Boil the pudding in a buttered basin, or in a well-floured cloth, for two hours and a quarter, and serve with a sauce made as follows:—Dissolve an ounce and a half of lump sugar in two glasses of white wine, and stir in the beaten yolks of three eggs; then warm them in a saucepan, holding the saucepan at a distance over the fire, and stirring it round. By no means allow it to boil, or it will immediately curdle. Pour the sauce over the pudding, or, if preferred, send it to table in a tureen.

Grahamite Mince Pies.—Take a pound of currants, a pound of apples, chopped fine, a pound of moist sugar, a pound of suet, well chopped, a quarter of a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped small, the juice of two and the rind of one lemon, shred fine; nutmeg and mace according to taste, and a glass of brandy. Mix the whole together, and put it into the pies.

serve Eggs.—Take a pine barrel, (an old fish barrel cleansed out answers very well) and put eggs when they are sound, fresh and clean, in them with lime water, made like common ash; the lime settles around the eggs, and stands on the top of the lime, (the eggs all lie.) Look at the barrel once in a while, to see if the water is all dried up, the lime gets so hard they are difficult to take out when wanted, so always keep water in the barrel. This must be made at least two weeks before you use it on the eggs, or your eggs will be boiled when you get to take them out.

or Ointment for Chapped Hands.—Scrape a clean earthen vessel 1½ ounces of spermaceti and one ounce of white wax; and six drachms of powder of sweetgum and four tablespoonfuls of the best oil of sweetgum. Let it stand near the fire until it dissolves, then pour it well when liquid. Before retiring put it on the hands, also before washing them; it is usual.

or Yeastbread.—Rub one pound of butter well with 2 pounds of flour; then add one pound of sugar, one pound of molasses, two ounces of ginger, and one nutmeg, grated. Warm a pint of cream, and mix all together. Put it into a stiff paste, and bake it in a slow oven. It is usual and sweetmeats may be added, if desired.

Limbs, &c.—Indian meal poultice, covered with hyson tea, softened with hot water, and turns or frozen flesh, as hot as can be borne, will relieve the pain in five minutes. If blisters have formed before they will not after it is put on, and the poultice is generally sufficient to effect a cure.

or Silk.—Spread the silk on a table, and rub it with a sponge dipped in a mixture of equal parts of soap, brandy, and cane molasses. Rinse it thoroughly in three successive portions of water, and it will be quite dry.

or to Treat China.—Beat up the white of an egg, and moisten the fractured parts. Have ready powdered lime tied up in a bag of thin cloth, and dust the lime quickly over the egg, and unite the parts.

or to Extract Grease Spots from Velvet.—Warm the velvet near the fire; then hold it over the finger, and apply spirits of wine with a silk handkerchief.

of white satin, tulle, and pink flowers. Straw-colored kid gloves.

FIG. II.—A HOUSE DRESS OF MOIRE ANTIQUE, in brown satin and violet-colored moire stripes. The skirt is long and very full. The basque is closed up the front, and cut so that the brown stripes form bretelles. Small cap of Honiton lace, trimmed with pink ribbon.

FIG. III.—RIDING HABIT OF FINE BRONZE COLORED LADY'S CLOTH.—The corsage has a very deep basque, with the ends square in front, and is fastened from the waist to the throat by a row of malachite buttons set in wrought gold. A round riding-hat, turned up at each side, without feathers, and a long veil of dark-blue tulle. Collar and cuffs of fine cambric, vandyked and covered with rich needlework. Jupe of cambric muslin, edged with a deep border of open eyelet-hole work. Chamois-colored gloves, and a cravache with a handle of wrought gold. Boots of bronze-color kid.

FIG. IV.—BONNET OF WHITE SILK AND STRAW GIMP.—It is very small about the face, slopes very much from the top to the crown, and has a deep cape at the back. It is ornamented on both sides with poppies and field flowers.

FIG. V.—BASQUE BODY OF THIN MUSLIN.—It sits close and fastens down the front with buttons and button-holes. Lappets open at the side, in order to set off the figure. Ornament of English bands, half embroidery, half open-work.

FIG. VI.—RISTORI FICHU MADE OF THIN MUSLIN OR NET, and trimmed with guipure. Bunches of ribbon confine the plaits at the back and on the shoulders.

FIG. VII.—GUIPURE CAP, trimmed with scarlet and black striped ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—HEAD-DRESS OF SNOWED VELVET, bordered with a blonde and ornamented with two handsome feathers.

FIG. IX.—CHILD'S FROCK BODY.—The whole body, before and behind, is plaited; the plaits are sewed down. The ornament of the collar, sleeves and lappets is a rich English band. The end of the sleeves is formed of puffings separated by having insertions between them. The collar is formed of a band in English embroidery.

FIG. X.—PUFFED SLEEVE, formed of muslin puffs separated by insertions and terminated by an embroidered band.

FIG. XI.—CAP FOR CHRISTENING.—The crown is made of Valenciennes, the front formed of insertions of Valenciennes, nearly an inch wide and separated by a purling with three holes, in which is run under and over a narrow satin ribbon. The band, of Valenciennes and tulle, is plaited in the English style and is ornamented with five bows of satin ribbon very narrow and purled laid one over the other. A string of No. 4 ribbon crosses the front and terminates at the ears with very pretty bows. On the left side of the cap, in the plaits of the band, is a pretty rosette of No. 4 blue ribbon, if for a boy, pink for a girl.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

—CARRIAGE DRESS OF LILAC SILK, having sleeves, ornamented with white satin stripes, and with a lilac and white fringe. The basque, closed up the front, is edged and trimmed with white lace to match the flounces. Pagoda sleeves, edged like the basque. Black lace mantilla of shawl shape. Small point lace collar. Bonnet

FIG. XII.—A BREAKFAST CAP formed of rows of worked muslin, with worked muslin tabs.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses are still made high in the body for out-of-doors, with full and long skirts. Lappets at the waist have not lost favor; on the contrary, they are more conspicuous than ever, some of them coming so far down as to have the appearance of a short skirt. This is certainly extravagant; unreasonable, and proves how easily we fall into extremes of any kind.

An old fashion that has reappeared and may be accepted, is that of trimming the front of skirts. Nothing is more pleasing or gives a dress greater elegance, in the absence of flounces.

Canezous and fichus of white lace impart elegant variety to dinner and evening costumes. Canezous are frequently very prettily trimmed in front and on the sleeves with bows of colored ribbon. Another style of trimming adapted for canezous consists of bretelles of colored ribbon. In the latter case, the ribbon is rather broad, and it descends from each shoulder to a point in the centre of the waist, both in front and behind. The new fichus include some composed of white and others of black tulle. They are trimmed with a double row of lace, rather deep at the back and gradually diminishing in width as it passes toward the front. This style of fichu somewhat resembles a berthe. Behind, it descends either quite to the waist, or nearly so. Frequently the ends are crossed one over the other in front of the waist, and are prolonged nearly to the middle of the skirt. In others, the ends of the fichu meet in the centre of the corsage, under a bow of ribbon or an ornament of jewellery. For young ladies, fichus of plain tulle, trimmed with a ruche of tulle or ribbon, are very fashionable. Some are trimmed with a frill of tulle, edged with rows of narrow white satin ribbon or black velvet.

The fashion of employing black velvet ribbon for

the trimming under-sleeves and chimisettes of muslin or lace, continues to gain favor. It is, however, much improved by the addition of bows of colored ribbon. The combination of black lace which has, for some time, been available for caps, is now frequently introduced in sleeves, canezous, collars, &c.

Some very pretty juvenile costumes have been prepared. One, intended for a little boy, consists of a blouse of cashmere, richly ornamented with broidery in silk of the same color. The blouse is confined at the waist by a band of cashmere, fastened by a cornelian buckle. The sleeves are sufficiently long to reach to the middle of the thigh, and beneath them are under-sleeves of white, fastened at the wrist by cornelian buttons. The trousers are of plain jaconet, and white trousers reaching to the knees. Woolen half hose, brown chequered, and Boots of black glazed leather, with cashmere of the same color as the blouse. For out-of-doors the dress is completed, by the addition of a black beaver hat, ornamented with a tuft of feathers, and a cloak of black cloth, bearing beautiful passementerie. We may also mention a little girl's dress, composed of violet-colored tulle figured with a flower pattern in gold color, skirt, which descends a little below the knee, no trimming. The corsage, which is high, is of the jacket form, is trimmed with rows of violet velvet. The collar, under-sleeves, and cuffs of jaconet ornamented with needle-work. A piece of needle-work attached to the edge of the skirt falls a little below the skirt of the dress. The dress is added when worn out-of-doors, a black velvet trimmed with fancy braid, and a blouse of grey imperial velvet edged with pink plush, trimmed in the inside with a small wreath of daisies tinted with pink.

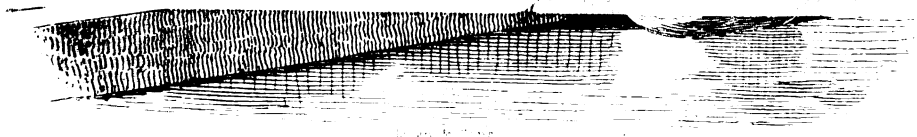
PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

CLUBBING WITH PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.—We are not responsible for money sent to us for other publications in clubs with our own. We pay over all such monies on receipt, and if the publications are irregular, the fault is not ours. For the same reason, when once we have paid the money over, it is impossible for us to send a different newspaper or Magazine, if the subscriber should not happen to like it.

THE DELAY OF THE MAILS.—The heavy snow-storms, this winter, have not only delayed letters sent to us, but have afterward delayed the Magazines ordered in those letters. This explanation will answer numerous complaints directed to us on this subject. The delay is not likely to occur again.

OUR IMMENSE INCREASE.—The increase in subscription list has been so immense, this year, that we almost fear to state it, lest it might be thought to be an exaggeration. It has, however, been enormous. Our staff of clerks, though endeavoring to meet the emergency, has been kept busy day and night. What hundreds write to us does not seem to be the general belief, "that Peterson is referred to any, or all of the Magazines."

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.



LES MODES PARISIENNES.

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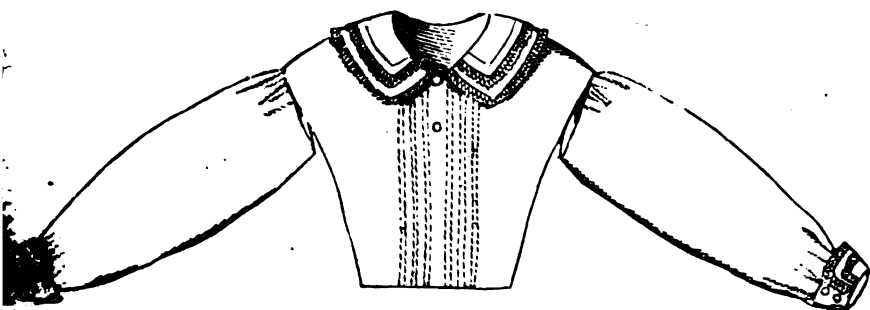
Illustration de J. B. B.

LES MŌDES PARISIENNES.

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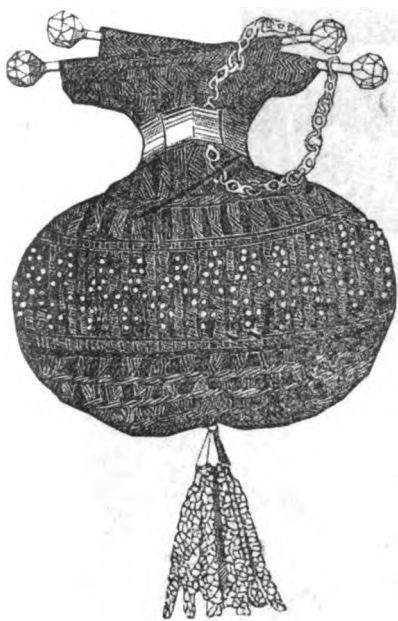
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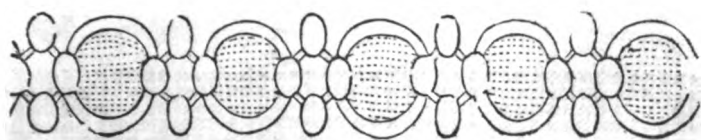
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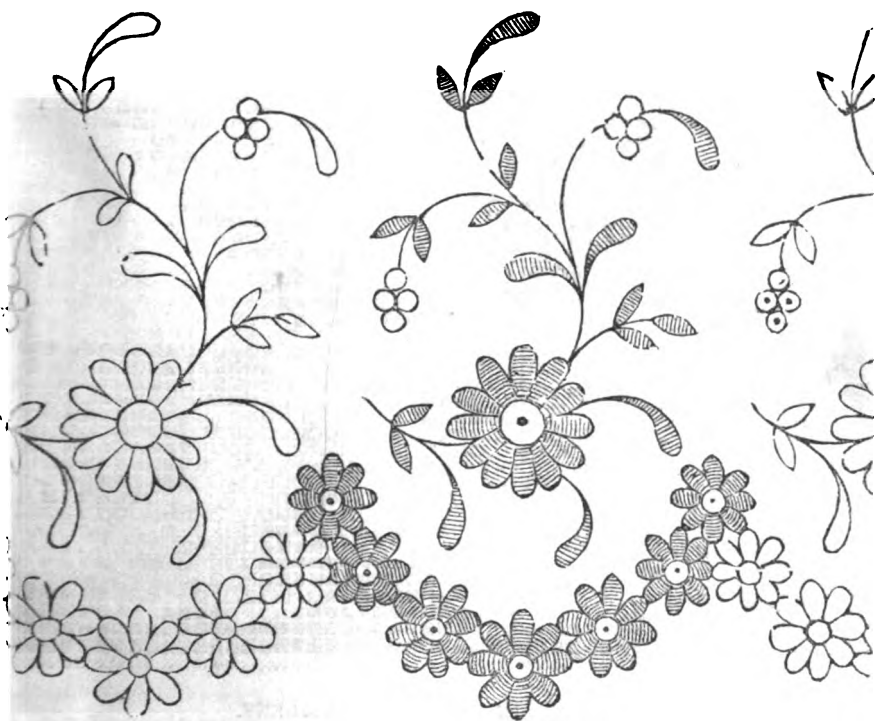
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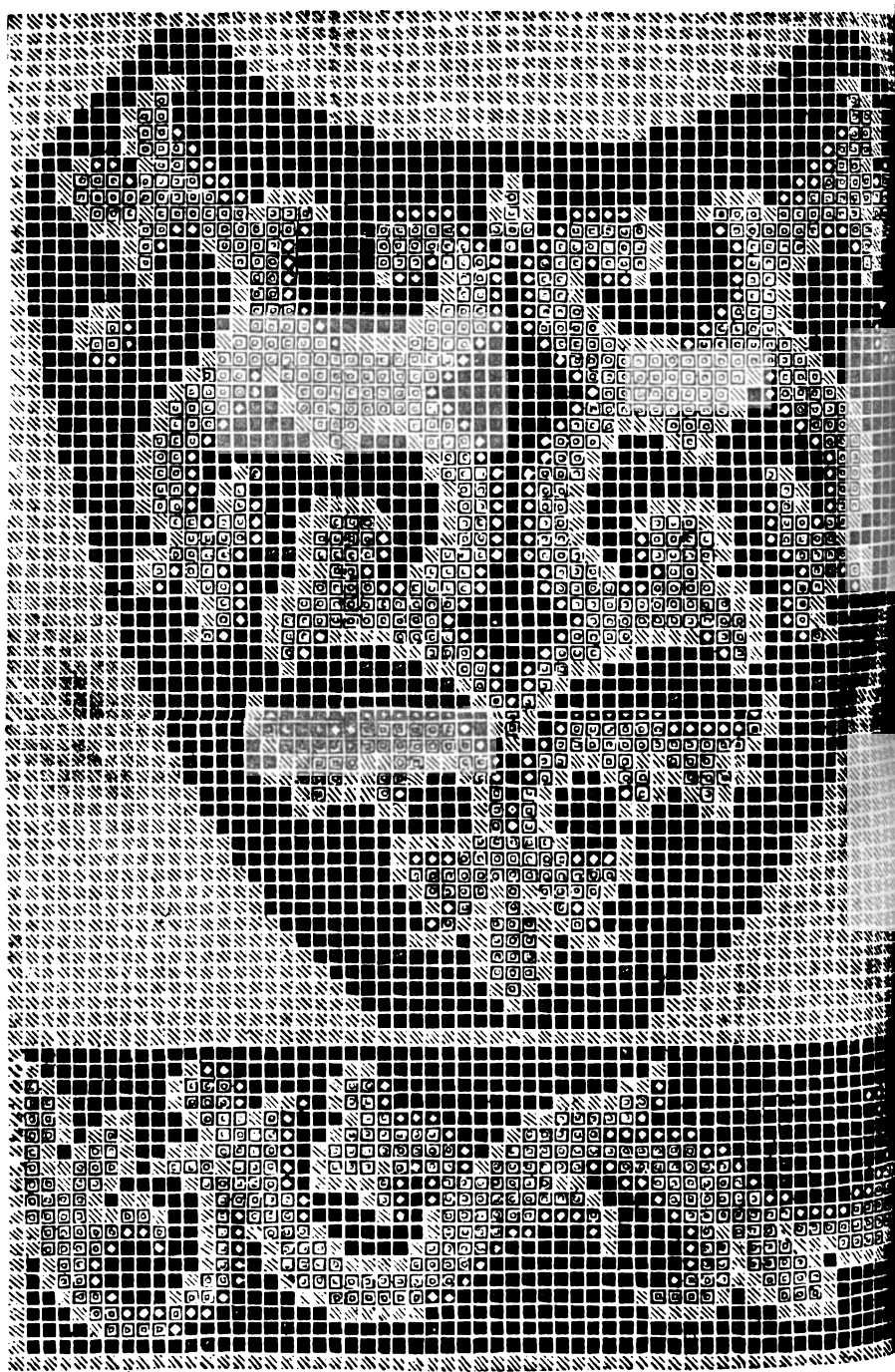
INSERTION.



SILK EMBROIDERY FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



EMBROIDERY FOR BOTTOM OF SKIRT.



SLIPPER IN COLORED EMBROIDERY.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIX.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1856.

No. 4

WHY AUNT ALICE NEVER MARRIED.

BY KATE BERNARD.

"Come now, dear aunt Alice, you will tell me all about it, won't you?" said bright-eyed Lilla May.

"Yes, do, dear aunty mine," chimed in half a dozen youthful voices. "Why, are you an old maid? You promised to tell us to-night——"

Now, aunt Alice is a rare and precious specimen of the wickedly slandered genus "old maid." She is but a few years on the sunny side of fifty, yet still youthful in feeling and kindly sympathies. A bright sunshiny heart is hers, full of the gushing music of warm, intense affections, yet in guilelessness a very child. "Blessing and blest wherever she goes," aunt Alice is a universal favorite among a score of nieces and nephews, and is constantly surrounded by an enthusiastic circle of us, eager to listen to her dear, simple tales of, "When I was young——"

It was a frosty night in the latter part of December, when we were all cozily huddled round the blazing hickory fire in grandma's snug, old-fashioned parlor. Aunt Alice was at her work-table, busily engaged in finishing off some fine needlework for the "new baby" which had come with our youngest aunt, Fannie, to spend Christmas with grandma.

"Come now, aunt Alice," said little Ella, placing one arm affectionately over the old lady's shoulder, while she playfully took her work from her, "tell us, as you promised, why you never got married, like mother and aunt Susan and aunt Fannie and all the others did."

"Pshaw, children! you are such teases," said the old lady, and smiling she carefully wiped her spectacles and put them away in their morocco case. "Come, be quiet now, all of you, and I will tell you why aunt Alice never married."

"As mute as little mice, aunty," said we, all crowding round her chair.

"Many years ago, when I was quite young, and your mother Susie was a tiny babe, we lived

in a part of Virginia where railroads and even stage-coaches were unknown; where in fact the only vehicles which could safely pass the rough mountain roads, were those lumbering, unsightly wagons, which, even when empty, were a burden for the powerful teams that dragged them slowly along. At that time the mails were carried on horseback, and it rarely happened that any letters found their way to our backwood's settlement. Our mail carrier was an old, almost infirm person, who for years had crossed the mountains on his little grey mare, bringing in his saddlebags the newspapers of the neighboring city, and the few letters of business or friendship which constituted the mail for the village of S——.

"Rarely, if ever did any stranger visit our little nest hidden among the rugged mountains. You may judge then what an excitement was created one morning by the arrival of a fine-looking young man, who came into the village riding along by the side of old Wilson, the mail carrier. The tavern was soon thronged by a crowd of curious persons, eager to catch a glimpse of the handsome stranger, or find out his name and profession. He registered himself as Capt. Vernon, of the U. S. Navy, and made known his intention of travelling through, and obtaining some knowledge of the wild and beautiful country west of the Blue Ridge. His manners were so prepossessing, that he was soon upon the most friendly terms with our prominent citizens, and was considered quite an acquisition to our society, especially by us young damsels, who scorned the humbler village beaux when Capt. Vernon was near——

"Now it's getting interesting," said our mischievous cousin Harry. "Yes, this is certainly aunt Allie's hero of romance."

"Be quiet, my dear, or I shall never finish my story. Well, the young captain loitered about the village.

"And did you fall in love with him, aunty dear?" persisted Harry.

"Nonsense, boy! Do I look like one who had ever fallen in love?"

"But as I said, we had begun to look upon Capt. Vernon as an intimate friend, when he one evening announced his intention of going the next day to the neighboring town. In spite of the protestations of the girls who were well pleased with his polite attentions, and much to the relief of the rustic beaux who envied his city bred air and style, our newly-found friend promising soon to return, departed, again in company with old Wilson, the mail carrier. About daybreak next morning, Wilson was seen riding slowly through the street. Like wild fire the news spread throughout the length and breadth of the village, that Wilson had been waylaid and robbed of the mail. A crowd soon collected at the little post-office. In a few words the old man told his piteous tale. Having been left about dusk by his companion who took a by-path through the woods, in order, as he said, to see a friend whose acquaintance he had made while hunting, he was soon after thrown from his horse, and the mail taken from him by a man whom he could not plainly distinguish, but who resembled greatly the self-styled Capt. Vernon, U. S. N. The mail contained a large remittance from one of our merchants, who had imprudently spoken in public of sending it. This, no doubt, led to the robbery.

"And so your lover turned out a mail robber, aunt Allie, no wonder you have never trusted us men since," said cousin Willie.

"Hush, child, I did not say *he* was my lover—nor did I ever hear of the renowned captain again. Well, about a year after the robbery, when the occurrence was nearly forgotten by all, uncle Simon, an old negro, who had been hauling wood from the neighboring plantation, came rushing into the house one day, with eyes stretched until the whites alone were visible, and gesticulating violently with his coarse, ebony hands. 'What *is* the matter, uncle Simon?' exclaimed I.

"Gor a massa, Miss Alice, I fine 'em!"

"Find what, uncle Simon? What are you talking about?"

"Laws bless you soul, honey, I diskivered 'em. Way down dar, pas' whar dem big ches'nut trees is, I was a loadin' de waggin, an' I hearn Snap a barkin' and scratchin' way in de bushes, an' I thought 'twant onlikely dat he treed a coon or suthin', so I run down dar monsus quick like, an' I seen him scratchin' at some curious-lookin' animal, an' I was sorter 'fraid to tech it. Howsever, I cut a long pole, an' I fetch the darned critter, (ax yer pardon mistis) I fetch de critter a lick, and laws save you, honey, he never move—den I 'cluded he must ha' 'parted dis life, so I jist ketch right holt his tail an' haul him out; and wat yer tink he were, honey?"

"Dear bless me, uncle Simon, how should I know? 'Twant a coon—was it?"

"No'need, my precious baby, 'twas ole Joe Wilson's saddle-bags, wat dat slick rascal stole more'n a year gone. An' dar was all de letters bro' open, an' den stuf in de bags agin an' hid under de ole stump."

"Bless my life! uncle Simon—what did you do with them?"

"Oh, I fetch 'em 'long home wid me, an' tote 'em right straight to de pos'-office, cos' I sorter 'fraid de mail-bags, any way."

"While uncle Simon was still talking, the postmaster's little son came running in breathless with excitement. 'Oh, Miss Alice, Miss Alice, the missin' mail's found—and father says here's a letter that was for you in it.'

"I jumped up in amazement for I had never had any correspondents, seized the letter which was already opened, and growing red and pale by turns as I read it. What do you think it was children?"

"Oh, do tell us, aunt Alice, quick, quick!" exclaimed all.

"It was a proposal from a friend whom I had not seen for years. He required an immediate answer, as he was about leaving for the West, whither he hoped to carry aunt Alice—but fate and Capt. Vernon decreed otherwise. So you see, if that mail had not been stolen, that letter would have been answered, and I should now be the Hon. Mrs. —, from Ohio, instead of aunt Alice, the old maid. But as that was the only offer I ever had, you now know 'why aunt Alice never married.'"

THE DESERTED WIFE.

DESERTED, scorned, betrayed you kneel,
No friend is yours but God.
But oh! how hard to own Him right,
And kiss the chast'ning rod.

Martyrs have died by fire and steel;
A martyr too are you.
But angels hover o'er the flames
To bear you safely through.

C. A.

THE TWO WIVES.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

THE tea-things were removed, the children had gone to bed, and Charles Lighte, throwing down his newspaper, seated himself on the sofa, beside his wife.

A hand slid into his own, thinner, and less delicate than when, long ago, it had first met his; but the same confiding, loving hand.

And out of the fulness of her heart the good wife spoke: "I have been thinking, Charles, as I watched this bright firelight flickering over our comfortable room, how happily we live; how much we ought to do for others, in return for the blessings that are daily heaped upon our heads."

"Yes, Carrie, but these blessings are earned by daily work; you women sit at home by your comfortable fires, and little think how your husbands and fathers are toiling meantime to procure the shelter and fuel and food for which you are so grateful to Providence."

An arch smile lighted the still pretty face, as the wife answered, "Ah, and you husbands and fathers enter the orderly house, and eat the well-cooked, punctual meals, and play with the neat, well-dressed and well-disciplined children, and enjoy the evening comfort and repose, without realising how your wife, with head and hand and heart, must have toiled to bring about all these quiet results. I might easily give you practical proofs of what I have asserted; but I delight in having you think of home as a place for enjoyment and repose, a warm, sunny harbor after the storms and chills of the world outside; therefore, I take my own rest, at the time you take yours. Is not this better than to be always keeping before you, by help of a little management, the conviction that I am a weary victim? Our interests are mutual, and I feel that the knowledge I am resting, adds to your repose."

Mr. Lighte's face glowed with pleasure at his wife's candid, simple, confiding words; she sympathized with and understood him, she only in the great wide world! How he loved her! How good and true and gentle she had always been!

Thus he thought, as they both sat dreaming by the fireside.

Mrs. Lighte awoke first from her reverie; she was not accustomed to waste time in dreams:

"Charles, while I think of it, for I forgot this

morning, the white sugar is all out, (they had been married a great while, and the transition from sentiment to household wants was natural, for her) we must have another barrel."

This brought Charles Lighte back to the purpose for which he had thrown aside his newspaper: "Don't you think, Carrie, that now we have so many children, and they all young, we might use brown sugar instead of white?"

"What shall I do for company? and beside children have as sensitive palates as we. I recollect well how, in my childhood, I disliked coarse, cheap food."

"And now your family are all epicures."

"What! gluttons?"

"Oh, no; but if meat is an hour too old, or bread a trifle done, or eggs are in the least altered, or pudding is heavy, nothing will do but you must procure a substitute; the things are not really bad; many would eat on for the sake of economy."

"Is there no good result from my epicurianism?"

"Yes; I am willing to own that no man in the city has more nutritious and palatable food on his table than I; but, Carrie, the times are hard, and we must begin to economize."

"Now, I understand; you have been talking with Mr. Murke; I thought you meant to dissolve your co-partnership in the spring; that man will spoil you with his meanness."

"I cannot afford to dissolve yet; my family expenses are too heavy. And beside, I am not sure but what you call meanness in Murke, is, after all, commendable foresight. Do you not remember what a spendthrift he was, in his first wife's day?"

"No, Charles; I remember that when we were lovers, we used to admire his generous, disinterested conduct. I do not know a man in Boston whose position was more truly enviable than his, at the time of which we speak."

"What! besieged by high and low for help, never sure of a moment at his own command! Do you call it enviable to be at every one's beck and call? Was a poor family burnt out, or somebody's fifth cousin to be buried, or a minister to be admonished or supported, or a returning prodigal to make peace with his family, or a

lunatic taken to the hospital, or a city improvement made, no one could accomplish the object so well as Murke."

"And his pleasure lay in his duty; how his honest face would glow with delight, as in his boyish way, he walked up and down our parlor, relating the success of some benevolent scheme! What a pity he could not have died then; the rough exterior would have fallen away from a strong yet gentle soul, as beautiful and radiant as any angel that ever entered heaven."

"But, Carrie, you little enthusiast, what would have happened to his wife and children? Had William Murke died ten years ago, they might have been in the poor-house, for he had not saved a penny then; now they will all inherit handsome fortunes."

"Oh, Charles, you cannot be in earnest; the world has not so blinded you but you must feel that the wealth in his purse is a poor compensation for the wealth that is fast dying out of his soul. Think what a cheerless home, think how his children are neglected, how ignorant they are allowed to remain of all the courtesies and amenities of life, and what little scarecrows in appearance."

"Scandal, Carrie! scandal."

"Truth! But a truth is as bad as scandal; that second wife is to be his ruin yet, mark my prophecy! She has retrenched, until she has scraped all the beauty and polish and gilding, all the treasure and worth out of his house, and poured them into his money-bags. Is that an advantage? Is money better than the money's worth? Miserly people worship the symbol, and forget or neglect the truth it symbolizes."

"You are too hard upon Mrs. Murke: she brought her husband fifteen thousand dollars, and had a right to demand that he should add his share to the family fund. She is saving for his children."

"Of what advantage will money be, when they do not know how to use and enjoy it. Wealth only lifts vulgarity and ignorance upon a pedestal, where they shall be a surer mark for ridicule and contempt. But, Charles, let us leave the Murkes to manage their own way; and tell me what you think of sending the children to dancing-school: they are quite old enough, and if you do not feel able to afford the expense, I can do very well without the silk dress you promised me this autumn."

"I am tired of those old dresses you have turned so many times: you must have the silk, and as for the children, pray what real need is there of their learning to dance?"

"It is a pleasant accomplishment. it makes

them graceful and gentle; prepares them in short for the society in which we hope they will maintain an honorable place."

"How ambitious you are! but have your way, I will trust a mother's instinct against all reasoning."

The ghosts of Mr. and Mrs. Murke had been allayed, but only for one evening; day after day they returned to perplex and weary, but never vanquish good little Mrs. Lighte. It was,

"Carrie, Murke has taken a house far up on the neck; the rent is cheaper, but that's not the best: he assures me that by moving to so inaccessible a place, he is rid of scores of relatives and friends, who formerly made a convenience of his house, almost converting it into a hotel. Now the next house to Murke's is unoccupied: had we not better remove thither?"

"A mile from our childrens' school, and our church, and your store? Why not go up into the backwoods at once, if we are to seclude ourselves from society? I wonder if Mrs. Murke ever happened to read what the Bible says about 'entertaining strangers,' how often we meet these injunctions, 'be courteous;' 'be hospitable;' 'given to hospitality;' 'entertaining the saints;' 'ministering unto others' necessities.' Let us remain where we are, my husband; and while we have a crust of bread, let us share it with our friends."

So Mr. Lighte went whistling to his store, thanking the Providence that had given him a wise helpmeet.

But the ghosts returned.

"How sober you are, Carrie!"

"To tell the truth, my teeth have ached for a fortnight, and I am half worn out with pain."

"Why did you not tell me earlier? Pray go to a dentist immediately."

"I knew this would be the first thought with you; and dentists claim such exorbitant prices, I could not bear to add one of Dr. Bemis' bills to our expenses; but I will walk as far as his office with you this very afternoon."

"That's right, yet, Carrie, now I remember, Murke recommended a Mr. Huddle, who fills teeth for just half what Bemis charges."

"Is that all he told you?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Huddle filled Mrs. Murke's teeth so badly, that in three years they had half broken out, and the other half were blackened with decay; even after this, their eldest daughter was sent to the same person, and her fine teeth will be sacrificed in consequence."

"But Huddle is making a beautiful set of false teeth for Mrs. Murke."

"You'll see if they are not always breaking, and set in such brassy gold that they fill her mouth with canker."

"Ah, I yield, you are foresighted!" and the husband and wife departed on their way to Dr. Bemis' office.

Yet the ghosts tracked them home again.

"Carrie, Mrs. Murke has sent away her servant; and her board and wages and waste are substracted at once from the family expenses; do you not think that we might do the same?"

"No, my dear. I am constantly and fully occupied already."

"I know that, but Murke says you can get worlds of work out of children; keep Ellen at home from school awhile, the rest from study will do her good. Ned can wait upon you and set tables; and the little ones also may gradually be drawn into harness."

"My children are not colts!" Mrs. Lighte had never addressed her husband with so much asperity before. "It is but a little they could do at best, and why compel them to this? Are we not too sure that in after life care and toil will enter: and well for them poor things, if it do not make up the whole sum of their lives!"

"Let us prepare them for it then by early teaching."

"Yes, by the teaching of example: we shall never make them industrious men and women, by disgusting them with work in their childhood; let us accustom them to a cheerful, orderly household, to palatable food, and decent clothing: they will not readily submit to a change in after years. Let us make our children remember home as a pleasant place, not as a theatre of exactions, mortifications and querulous complaints."

The ghosts came once more, and the children siding with their mother, this time the influence of the Murkes was vanquished and annihilated.

"Carrie, Murke and I have been comparing expenses, and it frightens me to find my own triple the amount of his; we must retrench."

"In what way? I am ready."

"In a hundred ways: our house is too large, our fires are too bright, our table is too luxurious, our children dress too well, we have too much company, our pew at church is too expensive; the Murkes have a pew close by the door, they hear quite as well, and pay only half the tax that is required for ours; they close two-thirds of their house, and thus are rid of the expense of heating it."

"Wait a minute! their water pipes have frozen and flooded it three times this winter; the expense of repairing cost more than several tons of coal."

"That was only an accident. Murke covers

his fires with ashes, and the coal burns half as long again in consequence."

"Yes, and their sitting-room is like Greenland."

"Cool rooms make children hardy."

"Oh, father," broke in a little voice, "don't heat our room with ashes and water, don't! Coming home from school the other day I should have cried with cold, but I kept thinking of our good, bright fire."

"Yes," outspoke another, "and last week I called Willie Murke in here to warm his hands, he looked so cold as he was running by: and he stared as if he never saw a parlor before, and asked me if we always kept our piano unlocked, and lived in the front room, and had silver spoons on the table, and other plates for pudding. He said he wished that he had a mother like mine. Why you can see sparkles of ice on the inside of Mr. Murke's hall door all winter long."

"Hush, children, don't interrupt when your mother and I are talking. The butcher calls here, Carrie, twice a week: and Murke says they use salted and dried meat, which they procure at wholesale and pickle themselves."

"Do you like pork very much?" whispered Lizzie Lighte, pulling her mother's sleeve.

"And Mrs. Murke doesn't use butter nor pork for frying griddle cakes; a little dry salt, they assured me, will answer every purpose."

"I know one thing, I'm glad mother doesn't have griddles greased with salt," ventured Lizzie.

"Then these potatoes, small and poor as they are, cost over a cent a piece. Murke substitutes Indian dumplings."

"Boiled in water, I suppose, palatable! Give me another piece of chicken, Charles, if you please," was Mrs. Lighte's only reply.

"What do they make instead of sweet potatoes?" asked Lizzie, who was very fond of the latter delicacy.

Mrs. Lighte looked smilingly for her husband's answer.

"They do not eat such luxuries, my child Mr. Murke is saving against he grows old."

"Why, father, we'll take care of you when you are old; and I mean to have a home just like ours, sweet potatoes and all," said the child, "yet the Murkes *do* have some luxuries, for when the cake gets burnt, Mary often brings the crusts to school for her luncheon; she says her mother told her that they'd make her breath sweet, but solid cake was poisonous: I shouldn't think she'd give poison to her company."

The ghost was banished; but the thrifty woman known as Mrs. Murke, came one last time to the home of Charles Lighte.

There was to be a funeral on the morrow, the sofa by the fireside was empty, and dust was gathering over the work-box that stood on the centre-table; a group of children were huddling together, crying as if their hearts would break.

After the long life work, she had folded her hands at last, and the corpse lay waiting for burial: Carrie, the provident mother, the faithful wife, the good, gentle, sympathizing friend; and as Charles Lighte stood watching her, with sorrow too deep for tears, Mrs. Murke came to offer consolation, she said.

"Yes, she was good, and a kind neighbor to me. I shall never forget her early influence over my husband; but, Mr. Lighte, we must not waste time in grief; and every sorrow has its compensations. You have now one less to support in these hard times. Your wife had a great many children, and was ambitious for them, and liked to keep up a good appearance in the world. She was an excellent woman, but you may find another that will do as well as she, and save your money beside."

"Ah," broke forth the husband, too grieved for anger, "she spent for us; she watched and planned and wasted all her strength for our welfare; this house is full of the works of her hands. My heart is full of recollections of her patient love and industry. I have too often pained the gentle heart that is sleeping here, by repeating your advice. Yesterday my partnership with your husband dissolved; to-day, Mrs. Murke, I beg leave to dissolve my acquaintance with yourself."

And they buried her, that good Carrie. "With the fruit of her hands" she had "planted a vineyard," and when she was dead, her husband and children dwelt therein.

The Murkes added gold to gold, and "laded their souls with that thick clay." They built a fine house, and gave a great formal party every year; then covered the furniture, packed away the silver, locked the parlors, and lived in a few small back rooms.

Mr. Murke's daughters married early; to escape the ungenial home, accepted the first adventurers that offered themselves, and one by one came back to him, with wasted health and ruined hopes, and a family of children. His sons rushed into dishonesty and extravagance, and were a living disgrace and sorrow to the parents' hearts.

Doling out with many a sigh, the scanty pittance which they consider needful for the wants of their children and grandchildren, Mr. and Mrs. Murke live alone in their house, pore over newspapers and needs, discuss stocks, bonds and notes, and feel poor; as well they may, who have lost their souls for the sake of gold which perisheth.

Mr. Lighte, with sufficient property for all his wants, divides his time between many households, all copies of the dear one he can never forget; and in each of which he is eagerly welcomed and cared for with watchful love. His children continually develop before his eyes the traits which he has now learned to appreciate in his buried wife. They have taken the place in society for which their mother fitted them, have married into good families, are surrounded with refined friends, and make themselves attractive by whatever among the comforts and elegancies of life may be within their reach.

As Charles Lighte, an old man now, sits thus at the fireside of his children, and watches his daughters, ornaments to society, blessings to their homes, comforters to the destitute, and his sons, forward in all good works and manly enterprises, tears, not of loneliness but of gratitude, fill his eyes, and he thinks how the good wife "being dead, yet speaketh."

Yea, "let her own works praise her."

Reader, I would not disparage the excellent and needful virtue of economy; but only suggest, by this sketch, drawn from actual life, that there are kinds of waste which lead to wealth, and kinds of accumulation which lead to miserable waste.

WORDS.

BY CLARA MORTON.

"When thought holds empire in the mind of man,"
And deeds unworthy we are brought to scan,
How leaps the soul with indignation stung,
How words that burn find utterance on the tongue!
When treachery strikes the heart with coward blow,
And falsehood strives her subtle dart to throw,
The soul speaks up right nobly in its scorn,

Unless its clay be but ignobly born.
Not so when love falls wounded to the dust,
Smitten by hands it only knew to trust;
Words then are worthless to the anguished mind:
Savo, "help us, God," no other words we find;
And but His strength upheld us in our need,
We should be weak and powerless indeed.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

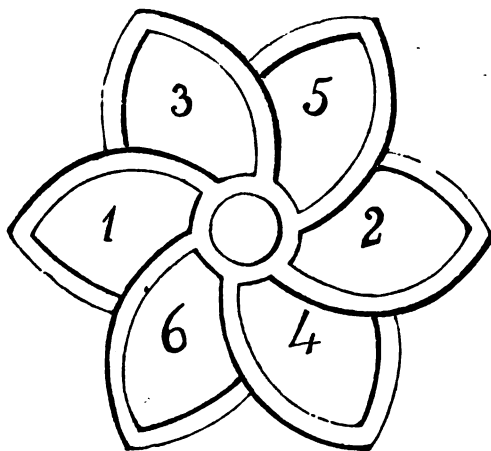
BY MRS. LOUDON.

ONE of the many improvements in gardening which have taken place in modern times, is the custom of producing a brilliant effect in town gardens, by "bedding out," as it is termed, half hardy annuals and green-house plants, which are only intended to live during the summer and autumn in the ground, and are then left there to be killed by the first frost.

This custom of raising plants to produce an effect for only a few months, was formerly confined to large gardens, where expense was of no consequence—as, according to the old mode of managing, numerous pits and green-houses in a reserve garden were required to raise the quantity of plants necessary; but as cheap luxuries have

gradual exposure to the cold; and afterward they are planted out in the ground, or kept in boxes on balconies, where they remain growing and flowering all the summer and autumn, and in fact, till they are killed by the first winter frosts.

The plants most generally treated in this manner, are geraniums, (or pelargoniums, as they are now frequently called) yellow calceolarias, crimson or pink verbennas, and blue lobelias, and with these alone a very brilliant effect may be produced in almost any garden. There are, however, various other kinds of verbenas, purple and white petunias, and fuschias of almost innumerable shades, and several other



become the order of the day in everything, the march of improvement has extended to gardening, and any person possessing a town garden, may, at a very trifling expense, produce as brilliant an effect on a small scale, as the possessor of the most princely garden can on a large one. The manner in which this is done is as follows:—

Cuttings are made in autumn, which are put as thickly as possible into pots, and kept in a cold pit all the winter; in the spring they are divided and potted separately, and these pots are plunged into hot-beds, which have been used for forcing early vegetables, where the heat forces the young plants to form blossom buds. As soon as this is the case, the plants are hardened by

plants, which may be treated in the same manner.

The way in which these plants look best in a town garden is, when they are arranged in regular beds, each bed being filled with plants of one kind and one color, so as to produce the effect of the pattern of Turkey carpet, when seen at a little distance. It is evident that plants used for this purpose should be of bright and decided colors, and that they should flower abundantly. It is also essential that they should be of low growth, in order that the flowers may be as near the ground as possible, as, unless the ground is completely covered with flowers, the effect is lost. Another point which is essential in the planting of a garden of this kind, is

to contrast the colors skilfully, and to produce a symmetrical effect in their arrangement. Thus, for instance, if the flower garden were of the pattern shown in the engraving, 1 and 2 should be planted with Tom Thumb geraniums, which are of low growth and produce a great quantity of brilliant scarlet flowers; 3 and 4 should be planted with the small golden yellow calceolarias; and 5 and 6 with lobelia gracilis. In the centre of the garden there may be a tree rose, a vase, or a fountain; and the walks between the beds may be grass or gravel according to the taste of the possessor of the garden. This will produce a beautiful effect with very little expense, and very little trouble.

Before planting the beds, the earth should be forked over and raked smooth, being slightly raised in the centre; and then a hole being made by the trowel for each plant, it should be turned carefully out of the pot without disturbing the roots, put into the hole prepared for it, and the earth pressed firmly round it. Great care should be taken that no space is left between the ball of earth turned out of the pot and the earth in the bed, because if there is the young roots of the plant will wither. Care should also be

taken not to put the plants in too near together, as, if they are planted too close, they will be drawn up and produce more stems and leaves than flowers. The usual distance is a foot apart every way. When planting verbenas out of the pots, gardeners generally put them in, turning the most bushy part to the north, and then peg them down with a little bit of forked stick at every joint; and when this is done carefully, the plants generally grow and flower luxuriantly, fresh roots being produced wherever they are pegged down. The calceolarias and geraniums being of a more brittle and succulent nature, will not bear pegging down in the same manner as the verbenas; but low, bushy plants should be chosen, and they should be kept open by tying them to little upright pieces of stick, placed so as to be as little seen as possible. If the beds are so large as to require more than one line of plants, there should be three lines, and the tallest of plants should be in the centre; but generally speaking, one line of three plants will be enough for each bed, as great care should be taken to keep the plants within the beds, and to prevent them from growing over the lines

UN SOGNO.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

A RADIANT flood of mirrored light
Reflects the brilliant hall;
And on the thick piled carpets
The footsteps softly fall;
And luxuries are spread around
To meet the stranger's gaze;
But our hearts sadly muse upon
The home of other days.

Yes! we are thinking of a home
That held the loved of earth,
Where social gladness fondly met
Around the cheerful hearth,
Where wit and mind and sparkling jest,
Seemed kindled with its blaze;
For bright, congenial spirits met
In the home of other days.

The guests that throng this room to-night,
A courteous smile may wear,
And sounds of mirth may lightly pass,
Amid the young and fair;
But a tone of heartless mockery,
Its hollowness betrays,
It is not like the joyousness
We felt in other days.

For rare and true the spirits few
That round that fireside meet;
And many a memory garnered there
We never can forget;
Untried in all life's bitterness,
We planned life's future ways,
With that unfettered hopefulness
We felt in other days.

We spoke of love with laughing eyes,
Each bosom free from care;
Of poetry, for then our souls
Nursed visions Heavenly fair;
How warm, how earnest were we then
In aught that won our praise;
For heart and soul all entered in—
The thoughts of other days.

We leave this scene of seeming joy,
With careless smiles we part,
But the memory of happier years
Lies fresh in either heart;
Yet hopes that centre not below,
The deep regret allays;
Of meeting upon earth no more
In the home of other days.

THE MERCHANT'S TEST.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"Dick, I am afraid the old man has taken it into his head to send you adrift."

"Why, what can you mean, Philip?"

"Only that he was talking very earnestly with Mr. Oglethorp as I went into his room just now, and as they ceased very discreetly on my entrance, I took the liberty of waiting outside the door till the conversation was resumed, and I heard enough to satisfy me that Oglethorp has a nephew who is about to take your place."

"What did you overhear?"

"Merely a sentence from each. Oglethorp said, 'So you think my nephew will have no difficulty in filling the place of your head clerk;' and Beale replied, 'None whatever; the other clerk, Philip Walden, has been in my establishment a long time, and can give him a little insight into our business affairs if need be.' I did not wait to hear more, but that is enough, I think."

"So it would seem," was the reply, in a tone of deep despondency.

"It is mean in the old man to discharge you, and equally strange; if it was *me* now, I should not think it so odd, but he has all along seemed to think so much of you. But 'tis just like him, always doing something out of the common way."

Richard Wilkins was too sick at heart to reply.

He turned to the desk and endeavored to concentrate his wandering thoughts upon his work, but in vain. The pen dropped from his fingers, and leaning his head on his hand he gave full scope to his sorrowful and indignant feelings. When the two gentlemen emerged from Mr. Beale's private room he started like one guilty of a secret crime, and snatching the pen pretended to be all absorbed in his duties. His hurried manner, so different from his usual quiet composure, was noticed by his employer, who drew his own conclusions therefrom. Mr. Oglethorp was returning to his home in Baltimore. His friend accompanied him to the steamboat, and on returning closely observed his two clerks as he sauntered back and forth through the store. Philip's appearance indicated nothing unusual; but Richard, though he had partially regained his customary composure, could not prevent a slight hesitancy and constraint when replying to Mr. Beale's casual remarks.

Several days after, Mr. Beale brought Richard a letter to seal and deposit in the post-office as he went to dinner. At the same time he sent Philip to a neighboring store on business, which would detain him some little time, he then returned to his private room. Left to himself, Richard gazed on the superscription of the letter long and earnestly. "D. Oglethorp, Esq., Baltimore"—the words seemed burned into his brain. What would he not give to know the contents of that letter? Doubtless it related to the nephew who was to supplant *him*. Richard hesitated, turning the letter over and over. Why could he not glance into it? It was not sealed—he would betray no confidence by doing so—most of the business letters were given him to answer, and certainly to no one living would he reveal the contents, whatever they might be. These reflections overcame his strong repugnance to the act, with a trembling hand he opened the letter and read—

"DEAR SIR—I wish your nephew to arrive, if possible, by Tuesday, the thirteenth, as on that day young Wilkins' year will have expired, and it is desirable that his successor should be on the spot to enter immediately on his duties.

Truly yours,

J. BEALE."

The blood mounted to Richard's brow as he read. For an instant he forgot the consequences to himself of the threatened blow in indignation at his employer's duplicity.

"Four years ago," he murmured, bitterly, "aye, four years next Tuesday, I entered this store. Not once since that day has he had occasion to reprove me for the slightest neglect or oversight: stern and exacting as he is, I have given him no cause for complaint, and *this* is the end—*this* is my reward. I am to be discharged to make room for one of his friend's connections. I am thankful I opened the letter—now I can prepare for his treachery."

With a calmness that surprised himself, the clerk sealed the letter, and dropped it in the post as he had been directed. On his way back to his employment he called at the counting-room of a merchant, whom as one of Mr. Beale's acquaintance he well knew. Richard wished to make

inquiries in an indirect way for a situation, but while he was striving to form some question to this end the gentleman came to his relief, by asking if he knew any young man in need of a situation whom he could recommend to him, as he had a vacancy for a clerk. Richard eagerly offered himself. Mr. Curtis was surprised that he should wish to leave his old place, but gladly accepted him, having long admired the integrity and strict application of the young man, whose praises he had frequently heard from Mr. Beale. The yearly salary was named; it was one hundred dollars more than Richard was now receiving; and having engaged to enter on the duties of his new place on the following Tuesday, he went with a light heart to his old employment. He did not mention his intention to Mr. Beale, and so the week passed without Mr. Curtis visiting the store. He hoped that he had not met his employer, for Richard had a wish that the latter should not hear how his treacherous scheme had been defeated till the last moment.

On Monday evening Richard knocked at the door of Mr. Beale's room, and in a few words as possible requested the wages due to him, as he was engaged to go to another house on the morrow.

"I have known of your engagement since Wednesday," replied Mr. Beale. "Mr. Curtis informed me of it. May I ask the motive of this secret and unusual proceeding on your part? I believe I gave you no cause for so sudden a determination to quit my employment—did I?"

"No cause!" Richard repeated, bitterly. "Oh, no, sir, no cause, of *course*—the clerk is only the dupe, the slave of the merchant, and has no right to complain of any conduct, however iniquitous, of which he is the victim."

"Your sarcasm is rather out of place, young man," replied Mr. Beale, coolly. "I asked if I had given you any cause of offence. I *know* I have not—you falsely imagine that I have, and thus imagining, you have done yourself a great injury. Nay, no questions—I will tell you all. On the day that Mr. Oglethorp was here I noticed a great alteration in your looks, your words, your whole conduct. I suspected at once that Philip had overheard our conversation and repeated it to you, in consequence of which you were disturbed in mind. This was natural, and I was far from blaming you; but it afforded me opportunity for a test which I had peculiar reasons for desiring to apply. I penned a brief note to Mr. Oglethorp, gave it to you to seal, and watched your after proceedings from that window. I thought the temptation would prove a severe one, and that if you arose superior to

it I need never have any fears concerning you. I was right, the temptation was strong—*too strong* for your honor or integrity to withstand, I saw you open the letter, 'twas enough. I did not at all wonder when I heard of your applying for a new situation; you thought I was acting treacherously to you, and that you would outwit me."

Mr. Beale ceased, and looked fixedly at Richard, whose whole countenance was suffused with blushes as the true nature of his conduct was brought thus calmly to his view. In his indignant feelings he had not till this moment thought of his dereliction of principle in opening a letter not intended for his inspection; now he was overwhelmed with shame and remorse, for he was naturally upright and ingenuous. Mr. Beale saw his confusion, and turned to his desk to pay what was due of Richard's salary, but first taking some papers from a secret drawer, threw them on the table before the young man.

"All this is at an end now," he said, "but you may see how unjust your supposition was to me, how injurious to yourself, as I said awhile ago."

Richard's eyes were intently bent upon the papers. One was in the merchant's handwriting, a notice of Richard Wilkins having been admitted as junior partner into his old and established business firm; the others were the necessary legal papers relating thereto. Richard continued gazing on them as if fascinated, till the merchant's voice broke the spell.

"Well, young man, do you understand the matter now?"

"Oh, sir!" said Richard, turning his eyes imploringly on him, and then unable to repress his tortured feelings, he bent his head on the table to conceal the fast gushing tears.

"Regret is unavailing now," said Mr. Beale, in his clear, cold tones. "I had every reason to place confidence in you. During these four years I have observed your conduct closely. It was such as to satisfy me: and resolving to reward your strict integrity and faithfulness, I had decided to take you into partnership as you see by these papers, prepared nearly two months ago, and only wanting signatures and date. My friend, Mr. Oglethorp, had frequently mentioned his nephew, whom he much desired me to employ. At his last visit I agreed to do so. It was my intention to give you an agreeable surprise to-morrow, and, therefore, I desired to keep all my arrangements secret, fortunately as I now see; for my whim enabled me to test the strength of your principles."

"Oh, if you could only forgive me, Mr. Beale,"

exclaimed Richard, imploringly. "It was my first error in this regard—I am sure it will prove my last."

For all answer Mr. Beale quietly pushed the money he had counted over to Richard, and picking up the papers tore them into small fragments. The young man looked sadly at them, but knowing that remonstrance or entreaty was alike unavailing with the stern man, he by a strong effort conquered his emotion, and taking up the money bowed his thanks and farewell to his late employer, and turned to leave the room. As he laid his hand on the door-knob, he paused and asked, in a still faltering voice, if Mr. Curtis was informed of all this.

"No, I did not think it necessary to speak of it," said Mr. Beale, "for I had reason to think it was your first departure from the straight road, and though all business connection between us has ceased, yet I would not wish to injure your reputation by revealing an act which I

thought you would regret. You will find Mr. Curtis a more indulgent employer than you are leaving, your salary will be larger than it has been here, so that on the whole, perhaps, you are no loser, and I hope for your sake that your first error will prove also your last."

Richard sadly left the store. On the morrow he entered on the duties of his new situation. It proved agreeable, and the addition to his previous salary was of great use to him; but what could silence remorse for the act by which he had not only lost so much in a pecuniary point of view, but also sank immeasurably in his own estimation? He profited by the lesson, however. Years after he found himself in a position prosperous and enviable as that which he had forfeited in early manhood, but to his dying day he never tried to banish the humiliating but salutary recollection of his first and last deviation from the straightforward path of honor and integrity.

IN DREAM-LAND, LOVE.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

Oh, come to me in dream-land, love,
In flowery realms away;
Where brighter gleams the fair starlight—
More soft the moon's pale ray:
Where Summer skies bend soft and blue,
And roses woo each gale;
And streamlets murmur songs of love
Adown each dewy vale.

I'm weary of this cheerless real,
This prosy world of ours,
Where toil, and care, and endless strife,
Blight all the heart's sweet flowers.

But in that clime, life's sterner cares
Are never, never known,
And we can pass the fleeting hours
In dreamings sweet, mine own!

Then meet me oft in dream-land, love—
Come at the twilight hour,
When poesie lends to the heart
A strange and wondrous power.
And I will gaze in thy soft eyes,
And calm this wearying strife;
And while the heart responds to heart,
Forget the ills of life!

SUNSET.

BY VIOLET VALE.

DAYLIGHT dies along the plain;
Shadows lengthen on the grain;
Birdlings seek their leafy nest;
Dew-drops fill the violet's breast.

Brooks unseen, like fairy bells,
Tinkle soft in mossy dells;
In the Western mellow light
Shines a star, a gem of night.

O'er the lake the whip-poor-will
Sounds his note so sad and shrill;
Gently waves the scented flow'r,
Pearly drops gleam from the bow'r.

Slumber closes childhood's eyes;
Angels watch from Paradise;
Night steals on with garments bright,
Holy calm and silent night.

OUR MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY FANNY RIVERS.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 200.

CHAPTER IV.

GREY clouds drifted a leaden sky, and the winter wind as it drifted the falling snow into great heaps at the road-side and about the corners of the cottage, had a very dreary sound. The storm had steadily increased since the dawn, and one unbroken sheet of white spread out on every side, broken only by the dark forms of the trees, that held up their naked arms to the blast. Very dreary was the scene to the eyes of our Ella, as she turned from the window to the bed whereon Ally was laid. The curtains had been withdrawn, that the light, dim as it was, might fall upon her suffering face, and show some hope, by awakening some sign of reason. As yet vainly. The fever-red that burned on the thin cheek, the vacant glare of the half-closed eyes, and the snatches of delirious raving that occasionally broke from her parched lips, still revealed only the terrible power of disease.

More than a week had passed since one glance had rewarded Ella's untiring watchfulness, more than a week since a word spoken, save in delirium, had met her ear; and now as the little sufferer turned to and fro, or for the moment sunk into a deathly slumber, as she felt the burning heat of the little hand prisoned in her own, hope seemed hopeless, and a sense of utter desolation came over her. It was nearly night-fall when the restless moanings of the child gave place to a deep, still slumber, and her face began to pale from the fever redness. The gloom deepened into night, and the shadows in the room darkened into blackness—and still Ella watched on. Even Mrs. Stanfield's step, as she replenished the fire, and adjusted the sick-lamp, seemed to be unheard, in her earnest watch, and the old lady turned away with the pitying look on her face deepened into tears, and left the solitary watcher alone. The evening was far advanced, when the sharp click of the gate-latch came faintly to her ears—and with a cheek paling even more with anxiety she waited for the sound of an approaching footstep.

They came soon—quick, impatient on the piazza below, and then springing down the stairs, Ella was clasped in her brother's arms.

One hasty embrace, a whispered word of thanking that he is yet in time, and they reascended the stairs and passed into the sick room. Silently taking their places on opposite sides of the bed, they watched on, and again the same deep stillness, and yet no change. By-and-bye the good old doctor was added to the group. With a saddened look on the wasted form before him, and a half encouraging, half doubtful reply to Ella's inquiring look, he took the slender wrist between his fingers, and carefully counted the quick throbbings of the pulse. As he replaced the little hands, he whispered more cheerfully, "There is hope. Pray that she may awake sensible, and all will be well." More anxiously bent the watchers, checking even their breath, and still deeper grew the hush in all the house, and so the night wore on. It was not till grey streaks began to appear in the east, that the heavy breathing of the child grew lighter and more frequent, and while the sun rose, the closed lids were unsealed, and Ally woke, with a wondering look at the faces that bent over her. A smile of recognition crossed her wasted features, as she held out her hand to her brother, and when the tears fell on the thin fingers which the boy pressed to his lips as he hurried from the room, the tears gathered in her eyes, and she said, faintly, "Poor Albert, why does he cry?" And when Ella would have soothed her with many loving words, the old physician interposed, and saying, impatiently, though with a smile, that he must be nurse as well as doctor, or his patient would be talked to death, dismissed Ella with an injunction to "go and rest." With the tears of a great joy in her eyes, and a deep gratitude swelling in her heart, she turned away to seek in the solitude of her own chamber, an opportunity for indulging in the various emotions which filled her heart, when a sound as of stifled weeping fell upon her ear. She listened for a moment, and then passing through the half-open door of her brother's room, beheld him extended upon a couch, with his face buried in the cushions, while his whole frame quivered with the violence of his emotions. For a moment she stood irresolute, and then crossing the apartment, and kneeling beside him, she said, soothingly,

"Hush, Albert, do not mourn so very much, do not weep so; surely the danger is past, and our dear one will be restored to us. Dr. Ellis says that she only needs care and nursing to restore her to health again. Hush, my brother," twining her arms caressingly around him. "But you are so weary, you have travelled so far and suffered so very much. You need rest and quiet, and——"

"Rest, rest," interrupted her brother, with a bitter emphasis, "rest is for the innocent, not for me."

"You must not speak so, Albert; but you are so excited and tired. Rest now, for my sake," and she pressed her lips fondly on his hot forehead, and brushed back the matted hair from his face. He clasped her hands in his with passionate energy, and springing from the bed, strode rapidly up and down the room. And why, as the girl looked on him, did the blood leave her cheek and settle round her heart, with that dark, sickening feeling, which made her clasp her hands in mute supplication, and with a despairing helplessness in the gesture, which would have made death welcome. On the furrowed brow, haggard cheek and bloodshot eye, now fully seen for the first time, were deep traces, not only of weariness and fatigue, but of dissipation, of guilt; on the face so dearly loved, on which she had often looked with a mother's pride, in its nobleness and dignity, the tale written of a noble mind sadly debased, and covering her eyes from the sight, she sank back on the bed from which he had arisen, and burst into tears. A moment, and her hand was taken between his burning palms, and he said, sadly,

"I would have spared you this, Ella, had I not heard from you that Ally was dying. You should never have looked upon my face till time had changed me into more of a semblance of what I was. I am changed, sister, oh, how changed, and you have worked it, but not all. You think me weak, you cannot dream how wicked. I went away an enthusiastic boy, I am now come a man, and with the sorrow of an unavoidable doom upon me. Not for myself alone, dear one, but you will suffer, and for me. I was weak, and the boys laughed at me because I would not drink. I put the cup to my lips and drank. You cannot dream how easily one wrong step brings on another, and at length I—gambled. For small sums at first, but gradually increasing until I was forced to apply to a money-lender and obtain from him, at extortionate rates, the money which I needed. Four days ago this man told me that if I did not within a fortnight

repay what I had borrowed, he would make an exposure of the whole affair. It is out of my power to do this, and once expelled from the walls of so public an institution, every avenue is closed upon me, save one. I had engaged on board a vessel bound for India, and when your letter reached me, was writing one to you, to tell you of my departure. And now, Ella, my own precious sister, we must part. I have wrought my own ruin, and must leave you perhaps forever. Fool, fool," he continued, passionately, and then suddenly changing his tone to one of entreaty, he sank upon his knees before her. "Bless me, my sister, vile, wretched as I am, put your hand upon my head and let me have your blessing before we part. You will think of me, pray for me sometimes. And if long years can wipe away the past, if years of undying repentance and earnest striving for the right can atone for the wrong that I have done, I will return as pure as self-sacrifice and penitence can make a soul so deeply stained as mine—Ella, darling one, bless me, for I must go——"

"Albert," almost shrieked the girl, "do not leave me. We may yet arrange these things, and you will stay with us."

"Not so," he said, calmly, but with a fixed demeanor. "Do not grieve so very much, sister; believe me there is no other alternative. Tell Ally as gently as you can," and the tears fell upon her face, as he leaned over her, "we shall meet again." He clasped her closely to his heart, and would have rushed from the room, but, twining her arms around his neck, she said, slowly and with difficulty,

"Brother, this must not be; you can yet be saved, but not as you propose. You have sinned, but repented also, and now is the time to make manifest how deeply. You must retrace your steps here, however painful it may be, and win back in the future what you have lost in the past.

"Your path was marked out plainly before you, follow it, it is still there, and oh, my brother, if it is lowly, it is blessed."

"But, Ella," interrupted the young man, "this is impossible. How can one so debased minister in holy things?"

"Hear me," she implored, "hear me, my brother, and deny me, if you can. There was one, whose pride you were, who called you his only son, whose hope it was to see you standing in his place, a minister of the gospel. He has gone," and a low sob escaped her lips, "and will you disappoint his desires. He blessed you as his successor; he prayed that you might

worthily tread in his steps, and can you make that blessing and that prayer unavailing. You saw him cold and white in his confined sleep—his departure made blessed by the belief that you would fill his vacant place, that your voice sounding when his was hushed, to lead his flock to the one fold, where he awaited them. Oh, by her love who sleeps beside him—by the deep love and tenderness she bore you—by all the long years blessed by their presence, turn not away.

"Think of the past, so full of happiness; of the picture which you alone can make so full of beauty, and you will not leave us—you cannot."

She looked earnestly in his face, saw the hot tears gushing over his cheeks, and her voice grew fainter, her head sunk on his bosom, and she lay lifeless in his arms. He laid her on the couch before the window, and trembling as he looked on that white, senseless face, parted the dark hair on her forehead and bathed it with water. To his excited fancy hours seemed to pass before signs of returning life rewarded his efforts, but at length the crimson tide swept along the parted lips, and with a sigh she opened her eyes and started from her reclining posture. Her brother was beside her still, and looking imploringly into his face, she murmured,

"You will not leave me."

"No, Ella," he said, soothingly, "but lie down again and rest, darling. I will stay here till you awake."

With a quiet smile, and clasping his hand within her own, she sank back upon the pillows and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. The overtaken frame had given way, and for hours there was no motion, no sign of life but the deep breathing of slumber. And as the unhappy man sat beside her, he could see the traces which care and anxiety had marked upon her once lovely face. In the deathly paleness, unrelieved by the slightest color, in the deep lines all around the mouth, in the wasted form and sad expression which even sleep only seems to deepen, suffering had graven its impress—and as he looked on her the tears of a bitter repentance ran down his cheeks.

The morning passed quietly away, noon passed, and still he kept his watch, and not until deep in the afternoon did the broad, white lids begin to quiver with returning consciousness, and smiling faintly as she looked into his face, she whispered,

"You cannot know how happy I am to be with you thus, my brother, and feel that you are the same brother that I knew in the dear old days,

and not a lonely wanderer, hopeless and perhaps suffering. Yet tell me once again that you will not leave us, Albert, for there is a strange sense of insecurity which only you can allay."

"Ella," was the mournful reply, "listen to me, and I will tell you how impossible it is that I should remain. These debts must be paid, or this man will keep silence no longer, and then I am disgraced forever. And even if I were free, how could I stand in a holy place and minister with polluted hands to those who require purity of life as well as doctrine? Oh, my sister, I have suffered, God only knows how bitterly—and it is better far that I should go to a strange land and retread the path of life alone."

"And how large a sum would it require to pay these debts?"

"Five thousand dollars," said Albert, firmly: "and now, Ella, how impossible it is for me to remain."

"It is not," said the girl, hopefully. "Five thousand dollars of our property are still untouched, and you shall take it and satisfy these men."

"Your little dependance, my sister," said the boy, while the burning blood rushed even to his forehead with the thought, "take your all and leave you and Ally beggars, that I may pursue my path with ease."

"Listen to me, Albert, and to all my plans, for you know you used to say that I had a true woman's wit for contrivance," was the reply, and a half smile played around her quivering lips. "This money will make you free again, and we will rent this place, and that will partially, at least, sustain you. Ally and I are not very lofty in our ideas, and could be happy on very little. I will even turn schoolmistress, and that will do nicely for us," and the affectionate girl turned toward her brother, that he might see the smile that played over her face.

And when the boy indignantly exclaimed that he never would consent to such an arrangement, she placed her little, wasted hand over his lips, and said gently,

"It will be no sacrifice, my brother, but a blessed privilege, with the knowledge that you have turned back to the paths of pleasantness and peace. It will be no task for me to teach these children, for I dearly love them, and love maketh all labor light—but oh, to think of you a wanderer, a stranger in a strange land, to know that at the best it would be many years before I should look upon your face again. I should see you sick, suffering, dying, alone, and far from all who love you, oh, my brother, spare me this sorrow," and she burst into tears.

"Even here your path will be full of trial and difficulty, and surely it is nobler far to face them and overcome where you have yielded. It will be only a few years, and then we shall be together again, and we will live in this dear old place where our parents dwelt, and you shall fill his place. Tell me that you will stay and make so happy the days that are coming, which else will be so full of darkness. You will not refuse me this, my brother, you shall not."

There was a long silence, and then in a voice which was broken by many tears, the boy answered,

"God make me worthy of such love, my darling, and give me strength to tread the path before me."

As Ella had planned so was their lot, and before the violet banks had shown more than a few purpling buds, the little ones of the village were gathered around her in the little room, which was her home in the house of one who loved her parents. It was not so beautiful as the house she had left, but there were traces of her pure mind even on the outward arrangements of her dwelling. Albert had departed, full of regret for the past, and hope for the future. The old house was given up, and all prepared for the changed life before her.

To Ella, although no murmur ever passed her lips, the sacrifice was great, and at times the desolation and loneliness of her life almost overcame her. Many a lonely hour—many a starting tear was claimed by her suffering heart from the dry, and sometimes almost insupportable round of duty imposed upon her. But she won peace at length.

Insensibly she became interested in the children committed to her charge, and in earnest effort for them, found that reward which always comes to the true, unselfish spirit. And so it was, that although the faint flush her cheek had worn faded away, and around the small mouth there was an expression of patient endurance, there was a lofty, almost holy calm resting on her broad, white forehead, that was more beautiful than any merely physical loveliness. The early glow of her youth had passed, but if the large eyes had a misty, sorrowful light instead of their brilliancy, it was but the token of a pure spirit made perfect through suffering. A gentler, more patient teacher never had rule over more loving heart, and ere long her pupils had learned to feel that a deeper shade over "Miss Ella's" face was the most severe of punishments, and a brightening of her pensive face into one of those soft smiles their dearest reward. Many a bouquet of violets and drooping anemones were

borne to her room by the little ones, on whose souls the strong dew of love lay as brightly as the night-tears on the blossoms they bore.

Once only did Ella leave her home. It was to see the departure of her brother from the institution where he had long been honored as its most successful and laborious student. She beheld him with the sorrowful farewells of his companions, and the blessings of the learned and virtuous resting upon him, turning from them all to read her approbation in the face dearer than all the world beside: and she went back to her humble duties again with a heart full of gratitude that she had been the instrument of so much good.

CHAPTER V.

It was a lovely summer evening, and our little parsonage was looking more than usually beautiful in the rich sunset light that slept in benediction over it. The tall, old trees were gilded by the golden flood, and many a curve and wreath did the shadows of the leaves make on the sward below. The air was heavy with the breath of the flowers and the low twittering of the birds as they sunk to their nests, mingled pleasantly with the joyous gurgle of the little brook as it went laughing on its way. A misty glory seemed to fill the air with floating gold, and lent to the blue hills in the distance a glory not theirs. A few fleecy clouds slept in the azure depths of the blue overhead, like "snow-flakes on a bed of violets," their edges tinged with the rosy light that broke from the western sky, like a promise of to-morrow's brightness.

Ally was there, our sunbeam, a lovely girl of seventeen, and in her golden curls a wreath of white roses, placed there by her brother's hand. A happy smile was on her lips, and in the depths of her blue eyes a laughing joyousness and mischief, that told how completely the clouds had passed from her spirit, as with a ringing, musical tone she told how beautiful everything was, how lovely the flowers, and how happy she was to be at home again: and away she flew to seek Mrs. Stanfield to tell her some of her overflowing thankfulness. And there the good old lady stood in the doorway, her grey hair as smooth as ever, and a calm, contented expression settling on her pleasant face. And beneath the old trees, with all the glad presence of home about her, stood Ella, and not alone. Around her slender form there was thrown a strong arm, eyes of love looked into her own, and a voice low and tremulous, yet richer with its burden of emotion than in its full strength it could have been, murmuring

such loving words as make glad the heart on which they fall, that told her at length through tears how great his sense of her love and forbearance was, and how unworthy of such tenderness he felt himself. And as Ella looked on the manly form beside her, as she felt the love of that noble heart go quivering down to the depths of her own, did she not renewedly feel that all her labors were rewarded—did she not feel how blest were the sacrifices which had led such an one back to the paths of peace? She knew that on the morrow he would stand in that dear little church a pastor with his people, chosen to stand in his father's place by those who loved that father, and in the light of those crimson clouds; from every flower there seemed sweet influences of blessing and love, that filled her heart even to overflowing.

The sunset light faded quietly away until only one crimson line bordered on the almost purple heaven, and the clear bright stars came out shining so peacefully in the blue, until they also were eclipsed by the flood of light which the moon poured from her golden chalice over the meadows.

Silently Albert drew his sister closer to him, and without a word they passed through the little gate of the church-yard, the tree branches fell over them as they passed with a rustling noise, and they stood beside those graves.

Years had passed since in sorrow and tears they had knelt for the last time on that spot, he with the weight of deep remorse upon him, she with the suffering of a tired and desolate heart entering on a path of difficulty. Now he had nobly retrieved that one false step, and one sense of calm happiness was stretching out before them. Years had passed over Ella's head, laden with sorrow, and stolen away the roses of her youth, but to her brother's gaze, a seraph's could scarcely be more beautiful than the pale, sweet face uplifted to his own, with the moonlight spiritualizing every feature, and adding yet another charm to its gentle sweetness. For a long time they stood in silence, for their thoughts were busy with the past, but at length Ella spoke in a low, subdued voice,

"Standing here, with so much happiness before us, can we not trace the hand of love in the path, though dark, that brought us hither. And in this deep quietude which has fallen upon my spirit, I can almost feel a spiritual presence. May it not be that our departed one is with us, and angels guarding us even here."

"While the visible are permitted to assume the office of guardian angels, there is little need to seek the departed," said a voice beside her,

rich, and thrilling every nerve with its familiar tone. With a start of astonishment, Ella turned and looked into the speaker's face. "Willie!" burst from her trembling lips, as he caught her, pale and agitated, in his arms.

"Even so, dearest," said he, bending tenderly over her. "Even so, my own; the same Howard who left you so long ago, come back again with a heart unchanged, though in all else but the semblance of what has been. Changed in all but loving you, for time has been sadly at work with me since we parted. Oh, Ella, could you know how through these long, weary years, the thought of your purity and love have been with me, keeping me from evil; how, by day and night your image has haunted me, until there seemed no world, save in your presence, you would bid me stay my wandering feet by your side evermore. Rest and forgetfulness—I have sought them in every land the sun shines, but found them not, and I have come back again, my own, to hear from your lips the answer to the deep questioning of my soul. Do not cast me off, beloved; do not send me back again to wear out my life in a fruitless effort, uncheered by one word of thine. These long years have more than fulfilled the vow you made in a moment of excitement, and now you are free. Talk not of change of time," he continued, passionately, seeing she was about to speak, "they have nought to do with the heart. They cannot have control over you, they shall not. But one word, darling; you love me still, Ella, is it not so?"

A moment and the long lashes were lifted from the dark eyes. "As my own life," came murmuring to his ears, and burying her face on his bosom, she burst into tears of intense happiness. He soothed her with many gentle, loving words, and many a soft caress, and then poured into her listening ear the long story of his wanderings—from the hour when his farewell was spoken, to the moment when now he clasped her in his arms, his own, forever, and pictured the happy, blissful future that should recompense all their sufferings.

Again the early autumn time, gloriously robed for decay! Our church was opened, and within its walls were gathered all the villagers, though it was a week day, and all with happy faces, for only such befitted the bridal morn of sweet Ella Gray. Very gay was our church; for though the flowers had faded, the many-tinted leaves well supplied their places. In massive garlands and lighter wreaths, they were woven together, and not only twined round the slender pillars, but even the altar was one mass of

glowing wreaths. The dusky crimson of the oak, the blood-red tinge of the maple, the gold and purple of the willow and beech, were intertwined with evergreens and interwoven in long festoons with hemlock and ground pine. The crimson berries of the mountain ash hung like coral drops in the feathery pine garlands—side by side with “robin berries,” the delicate blue undisturbed by the careful fingers of the weavers of their pretty wreath. One chaplet of pure white roses lay on the communion table, but all beside was glowing with rainbow tints, like the sunset clouds at evening.

They stood before the altar, her simple dress of pure white a type of her purity of soul—and in her rich, dark hair one half-open rose. How

very beautiful she was, with the glad light breaking up from her large eyes, and the delicate rose-tint coming and going in her soft cheek.

And Howard Willis, too. There was a deep devotion in the glance that rested on the frail form by his side, and volumes of love in the earnest, thrilling tone in which he spoke the words which bound them together for life and death. There were those who marvelled that our young minister's voice should be so tremulous, as he joined the hands that man cannot sunder, but they knew not what deep memories were breathing over his heart-strings, nor how earnest was the benediction his spirit pronounced over our darling Ella Gray.

THOUGHTS OF THEE.

BY WINNY WOODBINE.

ANGEL whisperings all day long,
Thrill my heart with pleasure,
And notes of softest, sweetest song,
Glide in joyous measure
Upon the balmy evening air;
And hither, thither roam,
While brilliantly and doubly fair,
The stars in Heaven's dome,
Now cast their beams of radiant light
O'er earth and o'er the sea;
And as they gleam and sparkle bright,
I truly think of thee.

When golden arrows pierce the veil
That shrouds the rising day,
And stars and planets 'gin to pale
Before the bright'ning ray;
When upward from his unseen place,
The lark doth wing his way,

And warbles forth with gleeful grace,
A sweetly thankful lay;
When sunlight smiles upon the earth,
And gilds the calm blue sea,
'Tis then my happy heart gives birth
To sweetest thoughts of thee.

I'll give thee every midnight thought,
Each day dream fair and bright,
And every ray my heart hath caught
From fond love's beaming light.
And were the wealth of India's shore,
Or gems from ocean, mine,
I'll give thee all, and aye, far more,
A loving heart for thine.
And had I but the power to keep
All sorrow far from thee,
Thou ne'er should'st have a tear to weep,
Unknown, unheard by me.

THERESA.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

So purely had she walked the earth,
So lovely still her life had been,
It needed but her soul's remove,
A place for her in Heaven to win.

She died with blessings on her lips,
Nor dreaming of that fearful night
Which saw a compact sealed in blood,
When stood two forms on Brocken's heights.

Nor while she breathed the cherished name
Of him the most beloved on earth,
Dreamed she that morn 'twas his command
Had sent the dread death angel forth.

Oft by a gracious Father, oft
In mercy is such blindness given;
'Twas well she knew not that she loved
One whom she might not meet in Heaven.

THE GOLDEN CROCUS.

BY A. L. OTIS.

AUGUSTA C——, beautiful, and an heiress, was not very happy, though surrounded by friends upon whose affections she could rely, by agreeable acquaintances, and by numerous suitors.

These last were her trouble. Wherever she appeared, whether in summer at Saratoga or Newport, or in winter at balls, musical parties, or social evenings, admirers were sure to be at her elbow. She could not even take tea with a lady friend in the quietest way possible, but some gentleman aspirant either dropped in *accidentally*, or was brought forward by her hostess, as a "delightful person, one she would like to know."

If she could only have been persuaded that it was genuine admiration of herself, or if she could have believed her friends thought so, perhaps vanity would have consoled her for all annoyances. But she knew, and thought they knew, that her money was her attraction; therefore she was utterly tired of it all, and longed for some escape.

She left the city early one spring to spend a few weeks with an invalid friend who resided in the country. She smiled as she approached the solitary mansion, to think that there was no one in that family who could want to marry her fortune. Yet again she was mistaken, for, as the carriage drew up, behold her friend's distant cousin, a handsome young gentleman, stepped from the porch to help her out!

She felt that the world was in league against her. Every marriageable man plotted for her money, and every female friend had some penniless brother or cousin, or interesting acquaintance to help to a chance. And each party saw so readily through every other design, and was so eager to put Augusta on her guard, (from pure friendship!) that too many times had such speculations been revealed to her, for her not to see through the smallest attempt at once.

No wonder then that angry, reproachful thoughts filled her mind at meeting, as she entered the house of one she had believed her disinterested friend, another smiling, obsequious suitor. She imagined she would have in the next three weeks the same displeasing part to play—first, common courtesy; then a cautious, discouraging coldness; then a disagreeable ex-

planation of her feelings; or if respect tempered her opinion, a puzzle to know how to refuse and not wound; then generally a distressing *final* scene, leaving her uncertain how much pain she had inflicted, or whether the disappointment deserved her pity or her contempt.

She grew despairing as she thought of it.

But, while these thoughts, or instructive feelings, glanced through her mind, she was accepting the proffered aid, as ungraciously as was possible to her, and greeting with a little petulance the offending friend Emily H—— and her husband. To the young gentleman himself, who was introduced as Mr. Horace W——, she gave her most frigid bow.

When in her own room dressing, she grew quite indignant over her grievances, and when Mrs. H—— knocked, she granted her admittance with even more coldness than she had before manifested.

"What is the matter, Augusta?" Emily asked, after a short silence, during which both had felt much embarrassed, "I am sure you feel angry with me."

Of course Augusta could not give her true reason, and it flashed across her mind that it was the silliest thing imaginable to be so angry without apparent, and with only fancied, cause. So she laughed heartily as she kissed her friend, and making some playful excuse, became her own sweet tempered self again.

Yet suspicions returned when in a few days Mr. W——'s eyes began to linger on her face, and she detected them—when his tone grew faltering as he addressed her by name, and she guessed what it was meant to mean—when her wishes grew to be his law—and she despised him for it. She determined to return home before the crisis; but that came sooner than she expected.

It was the last day of the first fortnight of her visit, a warm, misty spring morning. She was walking in the garden where the snow-drops, daffodils, blue-bells, and hyacinths were bursting into bloom, enjoying their first entrancing fragrance, when Horace joined her, and began to talk in a low, dreamy tone of the beauties of spring. He recalled many of the charming descriptions of the poets, and Augusta grew animated giving quotation for quotation.

One word about Horace W——. The reader must not regard him with Augusta's eyes. An honest lover never lived. Augusta believed she had never seen him before, but he well remembered having met her two years prior, at her first ball, when she seemed to him the embodiment of young joy and grace. Later, he had handed her a glass of water at Saratoga, had passed up her fare in a Broadway omnibus, had watched her all one evening at the opera, and had heard her praises sounded "long and well" by his cousin Emily. He was young, just two years older than Augusta, and full of ardent enthusiasm—handsome, and not unduly aware of the fact, or over careful to turn his natural advantages to account.

Little did he suspect the unworthy interpretation put upon the frank expression of his earnest, true feeling—the newly-found "well spring of delight" in his heart.

Horace, so far as money was concerned, was poor; but he had ability, health, good family and position in society, and an education of a high order. He was not vain, yet he did not think his aspiration extravagant, when he began to hope for favor from Miss Augusta C——, though she had the one thing he had not—money.

Had not Augusta's mind been warped, leading her to apply the general rule too indiscriminately to every individual, she would have seen his noble qualities. As it was she passed them by scornfully. Yet her gentleness of manner, and her sensitiveness to the pain or mortification of others, prevented her being so repelling as to attract the notice of a not-too-far-presuming lover, which was perhaps the reason why many other suitors had gone so far as to require a positive refusal.

To return. Horace walked beside Augusta, and spoke so well, that her interest was awakened, and her smiles warmed him into deeper eloquence. They stepped from the path into a grass plot, the young verdure of which was spangled all over with numerous bunches of purple, white, and yellow crocus. Horace, always awake to all forms of beauty, and now with a more glowing appreciation than ever, broke into praises of them. Choosing one he offered it to Augusta, saying merrily, while his flushing face seemed more earnest than his words,

"It seems to bloom very gladly in the spring sun. It must feel as I do when you smile. It's golden cup is as full of sweetness as my heart is of love."

A slight sneer passed over Augusta's face.

Horace did not see it, but he felt the coldness of her tone when she said,

"I see you have proffered a golden one."

"I did not observe the color. They are all beautiful, but perhaps the golden ones are prettiest, they seem most smiling and genial. Besides I offer it to you as typical of my heart full of love. It ought to have the glow of the purest metal."

She had not taken the blossom, and he again offered it with a manly daring. She felt bitterly how hard it was to be obliged to suspect motives where most she wished to esteem, and she shortly refused it, saying,

"It has but the semblance of gold. When it rings true I will take it."

"Not true?" he said. "Do you believe I would dare to pretend to love you? What can you think of me?"

He subsided into a thoughtful, puzzled silence, and they returned to the house.

Mrs. H——, ever watchful of her guests, found Horace deep in moody thought, and tried by every means in her power to discover its subject. She was afraid her favorite plan had failed, that Horace had been precipitate, and received a refusal. Not that he was aware of her designs. He was too open himself to suspect them, and she knew him too well to confide them to him. Finding her efforts useless, she sought Augusta, hoping to get a clue from her. They met upon the porch.

"Horace is in the library," she said, "as blue as if he were another of your discarded lovers."

Augusta made no reply at first, but seeing what interpretation her friend put upon her silence, said with indifference,

"You class him then with the other mercenary torments, who let me have no peace?"

"Oh, no. Horace never had a mercenary thought in his life."

They were below the library window as Augusta replied bitterly,

"No doubt he likes the color of gold as well as others. I believe in none of them. If he becomes a suitor I shall suspect him."

Emily's reproachful ejaculation, "Oh, Augusta!" and her troubled looked touched Augusta's heart, but she was still displeased with Emily for conspiring against her. Therefore she said, coldly,

"Well, Emily, I can't help it. Warn your friends that such is my disposition. So unlovely a trait will soon damp their ardor."

That evening Horace departed for his home, and a few more months saw him at the mines in California digging all day, sleeping wrapped in

a blanket under a tent all night, and seeming inspired to activity by a very urgent motive. From a fortunate miner he became a merchant, then a land owner. His property rose immensely in value as emigrants flocked to San Francisco, and a few years saw him a millionaire. He returned home to invest his money in eastern securities.

His abrupt departure had been a surprise to Augusta. She had expected persistence and importunity. Horace's sensitiveness was a new experience to her, and she gave him twice as many kindly thoughts as she had ever bestowed upon any other lover.

One of Horace's first inquiries, on his return to his native city, was for Augusta.

"Oh," was the reply, "she is still living with her mother, who is a great invalid."

Augusta sat, one spring evening, looking sadly from the parlor window, upon the little grass plot shut in from the street by an iron railing, where her own hand had planted crocuses, now in full bloom. A servant entered with a small package. It was directed to her, and she opened it with curiosity. It contained a morocco case, in which from a bed of brown gold stone, seemed to grow a small crocus of gold, surrounded by leaves of green enamel on silver. It was a charming bijou, and she knew well whence it came, though through all these long years, she had not heard one word from Horace. In taking it from the case for closer examination, she found beneath it a slip of paper with these words—

"Pure gold! You promised to accept it."

While she still held it, and was carried in dreamy thought to the day she had wandered in the garden, and had been so ungracious to the person she now felt such kindness for—the servant threw open the door, and Horace himself entered.

Augusta did not recognize him, until after she had met his earnest gaze, and with an unembarrassed smile he said,

"What! Just arrived! Jewelers promises are made to break. Pray, Miss C——, let it recall that lovely garden, that misty day, and some

remembrance of the earnestness of my offer of the natural flower."

A deep blush stole over Augusta's face when he took her hand like a long parted friend.

He could not refrain from gazing at her, for she had lost no charm but the evanescent dewy bloom of girlhood, while she had gained a look of peace and contentment she once lacked.

They had not sat an hour by that window, before Horace again expressed his hopes that she would allow him to aspire to her hand, well knowing that now she could not suspect his motives, but he was again surprised by a refusal. Unlike himself in his more boyish days, he persisted in knowing wherefore.

"You have a right to know, Mr. W——," Augusta answered, with effort. "It is because I now prefer the living crocus you once offered me, to this hard, glittering imitation, the reality, the cold shadow."

"It is no true type. It was only meant as a hint to you, that I had not forgotten. My heart is as truly, as warmly yours as ever—yes, as much filled with earnest love as on that entrancing spring day."

"But how can I accept a millionaire? Simply because I was so suspicious of others, you have a right to suspect me."

"It is an impossibility," said Horace.

Augusta had too much sense and good-will toward her lover to persist in refusal—but would consent to no engagement for six months, lest Horace, in becoming better acquainted with her, might see cause to repent his love.

The delay was needless. Horace was one of those fortunate individuals blest with either so sure an instinct, or so true a heart, as to be a touch-stone to the truth and purity of others. He knew from the first that Augusta would make him happy.

They were married in spring—one year from his return from California.

As Augusta was his happiness, he was no less hers, and should they live fifty years from now, to celebrate in the season of crocusses their golden wedding, they are likely to be as blest in each other as they are at present.

STANZAS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

On strange roads, night broods, distressing
Sickly heart and wearied limbs:
Ah! how like a silent blessing,
The soft moonlight o'er me swims.

Gentle moon!—thy calm rays banish
Far away my night-born fears,
At thy glance all sorrows vanish,
And my eyes run o'er with tears.

MISS TOUSELEM'S TATTLE.

BY CARL CARNY.

CHAPTER I.

"An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told."

BLACKWATER is a quiet village—a little world by itself. The hills which rise around it, shut out the noise and tumult and commotion of the great world, of which Blackwater is a component part. It is only when the mail arrives, as it does regularly three times a week, that this little world knows the movements of events outside its own orbit. The rail cars have not yet thundered through the village, and it is not probable that they will, at present. The inhabitants were in a hubbub of commotion a few years since when the surveyor came along to locate the great Central route, with his red flags and chains and three-legged instruments, and triangulated his way across the mill-pond, and departed, leaving a line of stakes in his trail. Everybody expected that the railroad would "come;" that real estate would rise an hundred per cent, at least; that there would be several cotton factories erected right away, on the mill brook that dashed itself upon the rocks and idled away its time. Blackwater was to be another Lowell. The railroad would pay great dividends; it would open to Canada and the great West: and inexhaustable quantities of produce—flour and corn and pork would pass over it! The good people of the village subscribed largely to the stock; but, after all, the railroad did not come; it went up the other way, leaving Blackwater alone by itself. Town lots depreciated in value, the cotton factories disappeared from the mental vision of those who had constructed them, and the mill stream plashed on, weaving, instead of cotton goods, its own merry melody upon the rocks.

The inhabitants of the place are a quiet people, generally attending to their own affairs; but in such a little world, so narrow in its limits, where everybody knew everybody, it would be indeed strange if there were not some individuals who found time to attend to affairs other than their own. To this class belonged Miss Mehitable Touselem, my first schoolmistress. When I knew her, in that capacity, she had sharp, twinkling eyes, with brown hair gathered in clusters of curls. I was afraid of her, urchin that I was, as I stood by her side repeating my

a-b, abs. The forefinger of her left hand pointed along the column, while the forefinger and thumb of the right hand screwed up my ear, if I hesitated or was inattentive. It was, however, her method of imparting knowledge to the child—screwing it in at his ears! Not very pleasant to the child; not very effectual. While she was thus *instructing* me, her eyes were upon every scholar in the room. She passed them in review, knew all their doings, understood at once if there was a wind-mill in any of the boxes; and had the remarkable faculty of not only knowing what we were up to, but what our intentions were! She was a *sharp* lady, at least that was the opinion of the committee men who employed her, not because the scholars learned as much under her tuition as they were capable of learning, but because she made them "stand round!" Such was the Miss Mehitable Touselem of my childhood.

The Miss Mehitable Touselem of later years, is a maiden lady, who sits at a window opposite the village store, and knits socks. Her hair is still gathered in clusters of curls upon her brows—not the small filament which springs naturally from her own head, but the flowing locks gathered perchance from the brows of some maiden across the water, or in the great city, whose fair form is cold for evermore in the embrace of death. Miss Touselem purchased them at the wig maker's. Time has turned furrows upon her cheek, and run his plough athwart the once fair field in many directions. The twinkling eyes are still sharp. From her window, she can look down the street and up the street, and into the store and post-office, and also into the blacksmith's shop. She can hear the bellows roar and see the sparks fly up the chimney, and if she listens *hard*, perchance may hear what the blacksmith is saying to his patient customer. She sits there from morn till night, plying her needles, turning out blue stockings by the score, peering through the window from time to time, to see who is coming up the street, who down the street. On sunny afternoons she may sometimes be seen, with her work-bag on her arm, calling upon her lady friends, to chat with them an hour, to hear the news, to drink a cup of tea.

It has been remarked that tea is a promoter of scandal; philosophers have not determined the point; but it is a notable fact that Miss Touselem has a great deal to say about matters and persons, as she sips her tea at a neighbor's table. Events which have transpired, and things which are to happen, are fully discussed. At times, Miss Touselem's prophecy is at fault; but the little world is never at want for gossip—the mint turns out new coin as fast as the old is used up. Such is Miss Mehitable Touselem of the present.

CHAPTER II.

"Every one is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse."

JACOB MALCOM was the merchant of Blackwater. For many years he had occupied the store opposite Miss Mehitable's dwelling. From small beginnings he had accumulated a competency for life. He was an honest man. His goods were priced, and the figures marked on little bits of paper, so that all might read them. He had no secret marks, but was willing that customers should know the cost of his goods, and if they thought his profit too great, they were at liberty to trade elsewhere. He was also the post-master of Blackwater, and so acceptable were his services to his fellow-citizens, that, through all of the political changes of a dozen years, he retained the office. He had a son, James—a bright, active youth, kind and considerate—of noble form and correct deportment, who, at an early age, learned to perform the duties of a clerk, and thus relieved his father of many cares.

When the surveyor of the railroad passed through the village, leaving his line of stakes, Mr. Malcom subscribed liberally to the stock, as did many of his fellow-citizens; but the construction of the road upon the other route, disaffected most of the subscribers, and their stock was relinquished. Mr. Malcom, however, being governed somewhat by the representations of friends in the city, paid his assessments as they became due, hiring money from his neighbors, and among others from Miss Touselem, and not calling upon those to whom his own money was loaned, as his debtors were hard-working men, commencing life with small means; but who, through industry and economy, were gradually reducing their mortgages. He took this course, because he did not like to call upon them. The stock of the railroad for a time was at the top of the market; but the construction of a rival route, which the directors of the Central tried, in vain, at great expense, to "head off," and

other causes, began to tell upon the value of the stock. The directors declared one or two dividends, which were paid in hired money, hoping all the while, that when the connecting links to the great West were completed, the corn and flour and pork would pour over the Central in one continuous avalanche. Each annual report dwelt at length upon the fact, that when the West was once fairly tapped, the receipts *must* flow into the treasury of the Central. The directors regarded the West as a huge cider-barrel; the Central alone held the bucket to catch the flowing stream. Let the head be punctured, and the bucket would be filled at once forever! The connecting rails were, however, laid, and then it was found that other spigots had been put into the barrel. Many streams were running, and there was not much probability that the Central bucket would ever be filled; as a consequence, the stock began to go down the scale.

On a bright sunny day in mid-summer, Miss Mehitable Touselem sat by her front window, knitting stockings as usual. It was mid-day, and she often cast a glance down the street, to see if the two-horse mail-stage between Blackwater and the railroad station, Woodup, ten miles distant, was coming. She wanted to see whether any passengers came; if so, who? besides, she would like to know what they came for? At last it appeared, Joe Bagman driving, and with him, on the hind seat, a spruce-looking gentleman in the prime of life. It was "newspaper day"—the day on which the weekly papers from Boston reached Blackwater. Miss Touselem was not a subscriber to any paper, although her thirst for news was so great; but she always contrived to get the reading of Mr. Malcom's, and generally, was the first person to peruse the interesting pages. Miss Touselem wondered who the strange passenger could be? what was his business at Blackwater? was he from the city? he must be, he looked so "civilized," as she said! "He has gone into Mr. Malcom's, as sure as I am alive!" said Miss Touselem, as the stranger entered the store. "I wonder what he's after? I guess I'll step over." So saying, Miss Touselem put on her bonnet and crossed the street. Mr. Malcom was assorting the mail when she entered the store—holding a conversation with the strange gentleman through the lattice-work that divided the post-office from the main room. Miss Touselem wanted a little tea, she said to Mr. Malcom, but as he was busy, she would wait; but if he had no objections, she would like to run her eyes over the "deaths."

"Certainly," said Mr. Malcom, as he handed his own paper, fresh from the press, and yet in its wrapper, through the pigeon-hole.

Miss Touselem took the paper, looking sharply at the strange gentleman at the same time, to see who he was. She retired a short distance, removed the wrapper and inhaled the odor of news which steamed up from the damp sheet.

"Can't you do it?" said the strange gentleman to Mr. Malcom.

"I cannot, possibly," was the reply. "I was richer once than I am now, (Miss Touselem's ears was open) I have a great many demands. Really, sir, I don't see how I can accommodate you."

"Perhaps you will have it on hand next week, when I come back, and be glad to do it," said the stranger.

"Perhaps so, but I think not," Mr. Malcom replied.

"Stage ready!" shouted the driver from the door. The stranger departed—disappointed Miss Touselem thought.

"What's in the wind now?" said the lady to herself. "One of Mr. Malcom's creditors from the city, I'll warrant!"

"And what's here?" she said again to herself, as her eye noticed an article headed—"Railroad Defalcation"—followed by an account of a stupendous fraud which had been discovered in the affairs of the Central, in consequence of which the stock was much depressed—full twenty per cent. She read the intelligence with amazement, and at once coupled it with the visit of the stranger to Blackwater. Mr. Malcom must fail at once. She must lose no time in obtaining her five hundred dollars, which she had loaned him. Mr. Malcom finished assorting the mail and came forward.

"What can I help you to?" said he.

"If you have any good tea," said Miss Touselem, in reply, "I will take an ounce to try its quality."

"Certainly," said Mr. Malcom, and he proceeded to put up that quantity.

"By-the-way," said Miss Touselem, leaning over the counter, and speaking in a whisper, "if you have any money to spare, I should like some!"

Mr. Malcom wondered what project Miss Touselem had in view; but replied, "I had a plenty this morning, but James has gone to the city to purchase some goods, and he has taken it. How much do you want?"

"I would like the whole amount," said Miss Touselem, whose suspicions were greatly excited about the solvency of Mr. Malcom.

"I am sorry that I have it not by me, but I can obtain it. How soon do you wish it?"

"Just as soon as possible!" she replied, in a tone so earnest that Mr. Malcom knew not what to think.

"Very well," he replied, "I will obtain it at once."

Miss Touselem left the store and returned to her knitting, but she was in a state of feverish excitement. She was afraid that Mr. Malcom would fail before morning.

Mr. Malcom was puzzled to know what Miss Touselem intended to do with her money; but as it was no affair of his he made no inquiries. It was with pain that he read the intelligence of the defalcation of the man who had advised him to invest in the Central, one in whom he had placed unbounded confidence, and who, till now, had stood high in the estimation of his fellow men for integrity of character. He scarcely thought of the loss to himself through depreciated stock, for he had abundant means aside from his investment in the Central; but it was humiliating to know that a friend who had stood for many years before the world unspotted, should in his manhood dishonor his life, his principles, and belie his better nature. Mr. Malcom mourned the defalcation of moral principle, rather than the loss of his own hard earnings.

Two days passed—days of nervous agitation to Miss Touselem. Mr. Malcom did not appear with the money. Why didn't he? He must be hard pressed! Indeed, he had said as much to the city creditor—the man who went up in the stage with Joe Bagman, and who would soon return, and as likely as not see Mr. Malcom at once! Thus Miss Mehitable soliloquized. She would stand it no longer. She must have her money and she would! or she would know the reason! She carried out her resolution by crossing the street and making a formal demand upon Mr. Malcom for the loan she had made him. He at once opened his pocket-book and paid the amount in full, saying that he had but just received it, and was intending to call over as soon as he could leave his business. Miss Mehitable returned to her home, locked up the money in a secret drawer, there to remain profitless to herself and to the world.

CHAPTER III.

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

"Have you heard the news, Mrs. Culpepper?" said Miss Touselem, a day after the money had been received from Mr. Malcom. The question was asked at Mrs. Culpepper's tea-table.

"No, I haven't; what is it?" responded Mrs. Culpepper.

"Well, as near as I can find out, the Central Railroad has all but failed, if not quite."

"You don't say so! How did it happen?" said Mrs. Culpepper.

"As near as I can find out," replied Miss Touselem, "somebody—the President, or Secretary, or Treasurer, or one of the Directors, has issued stock and hypothecated it."

"Mercy on us! How did he do that?" exclaimed Mrs. Culpepper, whose knowledge of business matters was somewhat limited.

"I don't know exactly," replied Miss Touselem, "but as near as I can find out, it was through the brokers."

"Oh, dear me!" said Mrs. Culpepper, "I hope John Twister hadn't anything to do about it; you know that he's a doing something of that sort."

"No, he's a brakeman, and not a broker," responded Miss Touselem.

"Arn't they the same?" inquired Mrs. Culpepper, who as yet had not placed her foot inside of a rail-car, and had seen them only as they thundered along the iron track.

"Not exactly," was the response.

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear that," said Mrs. Culpepper. "What would John's poor mother have done if he had hyperbolicated a lot of the ears?"

"Hypothecated the stock, you mean," said Miss Touselem, correcting the mistake.

"Well, I don't know but what that was it," responded Mrs. Culpepper.

"I shouldn't think it at all strange if it affected Mr. Malcom some," said Miss Touselem, as she drank her tea.

"You don't say so!" replied Mrs. Culpepper, clasping her hands in astonishment. "'Twont fail him, will it?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Mehitable, "but I shouldn't think it at all strange if he was hard pressed. As near as I can find out, it's as much as he can do to get along."

"Mercy on us! who would have thought it?" said Mrs. Culpepper, fairly confounded at the intelligence. "Thank fortin' we shan't lose by him, if he does fail."

"Nor shall I," said Miss Touselem. "I got my pay yesterday."

"That's lucky for you," responded Mrs. Culpepper.

"Besides all this," said Miss Touselem, "as near as I can find out, one of Mr. Malcom's city creditors was up here three days ago, dunning him."

"You don't say so!" said Mrs. Culpepper, still more amazed.

"Yes, and as near as I can find out, he's gone up alone, and will be back in a few days, and if Mr. Malcom don't pay up, I shouldn't be at all surprised if the stranger should sue him."

"Massy sakes alive!" said Mrs. Culpepper holding up her hands in astonishment. "Who would have thought it? What will the poor man do?"

Thus the good ladies discussed the probabilities of Mr. Malcom's failure. The ball was started. Rumor went forth with the tidings. Mrs. Culpepper told Mrs. Stirup, and that lady informed Mrs. Marvel, and both of them informed their husbands. The pebble had been dropped into the water, and its circling waves rolled out over all the village of Blackwater.

The following week was an eventful one to Mr. Malcom. At first he noticed strange whisperings among the people; then his creditors began to call in, desiring, "if it was perfectly convenient," the full amount due them. He was surprised at the sudden demand for money, and wondered what had happened to cause it. He knew that he was perfectly solvent, and, therefore, gave himself no anxiety. At last the mystery was solved. The sheriff appeared with a writ drawn in favor of a creditor in an adjoining town. The wave had reached him—Mr. Malcom had failed! at least that was the current report, and the creditor lost no time in sending an officer to secure the debt, if there was a chance.

Mr. Malcom was thunderstruck. He satisfied the demand at once; but the avalanche had been started, and Mrs. Mehitable sat by her window and noticed the arrival of the sheriff. It was intelligence not to be locked up in her own brain; she informed Mrs. Culpepper, that as near as she could find out, Mr. Malcom had been sued. Ten minutes later, it was whispered all over the village that Mr. Malcom had failed!

Now came a scene of commotion in the little world. Esquire Dockett, the lawyer, was as busy as he could be in making out writs of attachment, and the sheriff, Mr. Mitimus, was quite as busily employed in serving them. All of Mr. Malcom's old friends were as eager as hounds to be first in at the death. Hard words were uttered, and the kind, benevolent man, whose whole life had been without a stain, was called to his face a scoundrel, a villain, a robber. At first he attempted to stop the stampede; but it was a useless effort; his creditors were frightened, and he sat down calmly to await the end. The work was completed ere night-fall, the shutters of the store put up, and the key handed

over to the sheriff. Miss Mehitable sat at her window and saw it. It was a great day in her calendar.

CHAPTER IV.

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

SWEET Belinda Baylor! Long years have passed since I stood by thy side in the old school-house! Like a dream they exist in memory. I see thee now, light-hearted and joyous, bearing up with buoyant hope against the ills of childhood. I stand by thy side. I pick the berries in the meadow, and thou art with me. I sit with thee beneath the sighing pines—thy merry voice mingling sweet music with their melody. Thou art as blithe as the bird that sings amid their branches.

None other of my mates was like Belinda Baylor. No voice so sweet as hers; no laugh so cheery. I see her now dancing along the pathway, her loose locks tossing, and the bright flush mantling her cheek. I hear her voice—singing the music of the heart. It charmed me in childhood, it cheers me in age. Clear, full, sweet and tender—it soothed the sorrowing child, and controlled the little band that gathered around her. It came from the heart; it went to the heart, beautiful and pure, and lovely as the blushing rose she ripened into maidenhood—the pride of the village.

"It appears to me," said Miss Mehitable Touselem to herself, as she sat by her window one afternoon, "that Belinda Baylor goes into that store pretty often, and I should like to know what she goes after."

Mr. Malcom had, after a few days suspension, again established himself in business, paying all demands against him with ease. Belinda Baylor entered the store on the afternoon in question, and was the innocent cause of Mrs. Touselem's reflections.

"I have noticed that she has been in there a great many times of late, and I shouldn't wonder if there was something going on between her and James Malcom," said Miss Touselem to herself, as she mused upon the matter.

It was an unjust judgment. No words of love had been spoken between James and Belinda. True, a strong friendship existed between them; they enjoyed each other's society, and James felt a strange fluttering at the heart whenever Belinda made her appearance. He loved to look at her as she stood in the choir upon the Sabbath, and poured out her soul in the psalms and hymns. Her voice thrilled him as it rose and fell in softened cadence. And not him alone;

but all the devout worshippers felt the warm glow stealing over them, as if a void, not of earth, but from the celestial choir, was stirring the soul. Even the good, old minister, Father Bliss, who, for many years has been ripe for heaven, loved to listen to her charming numbers; for it reminded him of the song of the Redeemed—of the great company which no man can number standing around the eternal throne.

Belinda was the eldest of a large family of children, which had sprung up in the house of Mr. Baylor. Upon her were heavy burdens. Yet they were always borne with cheerfulness.

Mr. Baylor was an industrious mechanic. From early morn till night, he plied the plane; but a sick wife and a large family absorbed his earnings. He was much respected as a man, but he was not rich. Belinda worked with a willing heart, to do what she could to assist her father in supporting the family, and alleviating the cares of her mother. She had an exquisite taste in matters of dress, the arrangement of flowers and the like—a taste which nature had given her. There was no millinery establishment in the village, and Belinda conceived the idea of setting up such an establishment in a small way. She accordingly purchased the material of Mr. Malcom, and made an arrangement with him to sell the manufactured articles, paying him a commission, and receiving the profits herself. The income derived from this source soon equalled the earnings of her father, and she accordingly labored with great diligence, not only to place the family in comfortable circumstances, but to obtain the means for attending school at the academy herself.

This employment gave occasion for frequent visits to the store. Belinda had indeed felt a pleasure in the society of James Malcom; but if her heart acknowledged the pleasure, it was revealed to no one else. She was too pure, and noble and good, to manifest it unduly. She loved, if she loved at all, in secret.

Miss Touselem watched the store constantly. All the arrivals and all the departures were duly chronicled in her memory. Belinda was under keen surveillance. In the course of the following week, Miss Mehitable noticed that she entered the store not less than three times; once, quite late in the evening, after Mr. Malcom had gone, and after James had put up the shutters! "What impropriety!" said Miss Touselem, to herself, "who would have thought it?" Once, Miss Touselem put on her bonnet, and ran over as quickly as possible, but she met Belinda coming out smiling, with a letter in her hand, which she had just received from James.

"So they write letters, do they?" said Miss Touselem to herself, again; "it must be so, for who in the world is there out of Blackwater to write to Belinda?"

Belinda greeted Miss Mehitable with a smile, and hurried away.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and Miss Touselem concluded to call upon Mrs. Stirup, her nearest bosom friend, and unburthen herself of the news, so important to the well-being of the community.

"How does Mr. Malcom stand it since his smash up?" inquired Mrs. Stirup, as they sat down to tea.

"As near as I can find out, he is getting along as well as could be expected," replied Miss Touselem.

"It was a hard blow; I'm sorry for him; but then folks must look before they leap. People ought to be thankful that they didn't lose anything. I was in a dreadful worry all the time that the sheriff was attaching the goods, lest we should lose by him; for Mr. Stirup had sold him ever so many loads of hoop-poles. I wanted husband to get out a writ, but he wouldn't. We didn't lose anything, however, for on reckoning up, we owed him. Mr. Stirup wanted to pay the balance in hoop-poles, and told the commissioner that that was the bargain, but the man said he must have the cash; so Mr. Stirup had to go and hire fifty dollars. I think it was shameful," said Mrs. Stirup.

"I will thank you for a lump of sugar," said Miss Touselem.

"Certainly, excuse me. Is your tea strong enough?" said Mrs. Stirup.

"Very agreeable, I thank you. You get your tea of Malcom, I conclude?"

"Yes; but I think he charges enormously—only think! fifty cents for this!"

"I got a little in there, to-day, from a new chest, to try it," said Miss Touselem, in reply, "which he said was seventy-five."

"It ought to be good at that price. I never pay over fifty," was the response.

"By-the-way," said Miss Mehitable, "have you noticed the intimacy between Mr. James and Belinda?"

"No; you don't say so!" Mrs. Stirup replied, with amazement. "How long has it been?"

"As near as I can find out, it has been going on some time," said Miss Touselem.

"Well, I declare! that beats me! I never should have thought of such a match! Not but that James is a good fellow enough. I should liked to have had my Betthias formed his acquaintance once, but now that Mr. Malcom

has failed, I am not so particular about it. I don't know as there is anything very bad about Belinda, only I should think, on the whole, that James was rather looking down," said Mrs. Stirup.

"I am afraid they don't conduct very well," replied Mrs. Touselem.

"You don't say so! What do they do?"

"Well, as near as I can find out, Belinda goes into the store after Mr. Malcom has gone home."

"You don't say so! What works! Who ever heard the like?"

"And as near as I can find out, they write letters, and I shouldn't think it at all strange if James told her when to come to the store."

"You don't say so! What are we coming to? It is time she was exposed!" said Mrs. Stirup, greatly amazed at this alarming departure from the path of rectitude on the part of Belinda.

The Sabbath came, the holy day of rest. Belinda was in her place in her choir. She noticed, however, that some of her companions regarded her strangely; why, she knew not. The whole congregation gazed at her, as she poured out her soul in praise of her Creator. What could it mean? Her face became crimson, and then there were whispers and glances amid the congregation. She tried in vain to discover the reason; but at last gave it up, and in a measure forgot the incident, by becoming absorbed in the sermon.

As she passed out of the church at noon, Mrs. Stirup, Mrs. Marvel, Mrs. Culpepper and two or three other ladies were in a group, whispering quite audibly. Belinda heard the words "awful," "wicked," "ought to be made an example of." She reached home with a throbbing heart, with a presentiment that something fearful was about to happen.

In the afternoon, she was again in her place, breathing forth, with tremulous voice, more touching and tender on that account, the songs of the sanctuary. The same strange glances greeted her. Lips curled contemptuously. Her once kind mates were kind no longer. She grew sick at heart, and tried in vain to hide the tears which could not be concealed. Her voice was not heard in the closing hymn. She sat alone—her face buried in her handkerchief.

"Betrays her guilt!" said Mrs. Culpepper, in a whisper, to Mrs. Stirup.

Mrs. Stirup replied with a nod.

The good old pastor pronounced the benediction, and the people retired. There was but one topic of conversation among them—the criminal conduct of Belinda Baylor. James Malcom was forgotten; it was Belinda who had sinned.

When Belinda left the church, a note was handed to her by Mr. Marvel, one of the committee men. Alone and in sadness, she reached her home, and retired to her room. She opened the letter. It accused her of criminal conduct—stating that the evidences were against her, and until she could show herself innocent of the charge, she was requested to leave the choir.

The room grew dark. Her mother, wondering at her long absence, entered the room, and there, like a statue thrown from its pedestal, was Belinda—white as the marble, and apparently as lifeless.

CHAPTER V.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THE ambassador of the prince of peace sat in his study, meditating upon the great themes of the gospel. He was a far-seeing man, well acquainted with the motives of human nature. His insight into character was keen, and his views of practical life comprehensive. He was kind and charitable; slow to believe without positive evidence, and firm in his decisions. He heard of the moral delinquency of Belinda, from various sources, and at first, was shocked to think that so fair a flower should be so frail. Although the story in regard to her was told as an indisputable fact, he had his suspicions that Belinda, the loveliest of his flock, had been defamed; that instead of having fallen from her high moral integrity, she was, as she ever had been, the embodiment of virtue. He resolved to withhold his judgment till possessed of further evidence.

While the pastor was thus meditating, Deacon Dole entered the study.

"Father Bliss," said he, as he took a seat, "I have come in to talk about this lamentable triumph of Satan. What do you think about it?"

"To what do you refer?" inquired the pastor, knowing quite well, but determined to have the statement more clearly made.

"Why, to this monstrous, alarming departure from the paths of virtue, by Belinda Baylor, who, you know, till now, has been one of the fairest ornaments of the church!"

"Well, what evidence have you, deacon, that such is the fact?"

"Evidence! evidence! why, a plenty. Everybody says it's so. It's common talk, and what everybody says *must* be true, you know!"

"No, deacon, I don't believe in that saying; on the contrary, I should have more faith in it, if it said—what everybody says is *not* true!"

"Well," responded the deacon, "whether the saying is true or not, it does not affect the case in question."

"I am aware of that," said the pastor, "but I want to know what evidence *you* have, deacon?"

"What evidence *I* have? why—. Well, I can't say as I have any direct evidence, but such a story is afloat, and everybody seems to think it true."

"Not everybody, deacon. I do not, deacon," and the pastor lowered his voice and spoke slowly. "I act on that principle of common law, which presumes a person to be innocent till proved guilty. The Christian charity which we profess will not allow us to condemn, till we have evidence of guilt, and until I have *some* evidence that Belinda has sinned, I shall not harbor the thought that she is guilty. It is no light matter to make a charge so grave as this. If she is innocent, it is a bitter, cruel, wicked and heart-breaking accusation, to one so young and lovely!"

The pastor paused, and the deacon remained silent. At last he departed, remarking that perhaps it would be as well to get at the facts.

At a later hour, Belinda walked with tottering step along the road leading to the parsonage. Her hands were folded upon her chest, as if to hold a heart ready to burst with surcharged grief. The bright flush had faded from her cheek, and the fair form seemed frail, as if some blighting mildew had withered its life. She had heard the story, and sunk under its crushing weight. Conscious innocence demanded a vindication of character, and accordingly she resolved to seek her pastor and lay all of her troubles before him.

With tremulous hand she rung the bell at the pastor's door. The good, old man himself answered the summons, and welcomed her with a kind and cordial greeting, which of itself gave comfort.

"I have come, sir," she said, crushing back the rising flood of emotion, "to talk with you."

"What is it, my child?" said he, as he drew a chair to her side and took her hand in his.

"That—that, I am innocent. That, as I hope for mercy, I am innocent!"

The words were uttered, and then the poor, weeping, broken-hearted maiden sunk down at the old man's feet. The great, overpowering effort had been made, and the truth stated: but it had been too much for her.

The pastor raised her up, laid her gently upon the sofa, and called his wife. They knelt together by her side, and bathed the pulseless brow, and waited for the flood of life to flow

again. At last it came, in gentle ripples, and then in stronger waves. Words of sympathy reassured her, that, though all others might desert her, the pastor—*her* pastor—the ambassador of Him who giveth rest “to the heavy laden,” would be, still, her friend. Oh, the assurance, the comfort of the thought! She leaned her head upon his breast and told him all her heart, and then listened, as he spoke words of peace and comfort. She told him all that she knew of the stories—or rather that she knew nothing, knew not who started them, or for what purpose they were uttered. She gave him the letter delivered to her by Mr. Marvel, and wept aloud as she felt the shafts which an unseen hand had thrown, piercing the heart.

“Don’t cry, my child,” said the pastor, “it is all for the best.” He poured oil upon the troubled waters, and soothed the sorrows of the maiden with words of cheer, till shadows of old smiles returned to the whitened cheek. When she left the parsonage, it was with the assurance that the world would yet learn of her innocence.

The pastor took his cane and walked out to see his parishoners. He called upon Mr. Marvel, asked him in regard to the letter written to Belinda, and desired to know what evidence he had of her guilt. Mr. Marvel knew nothing personally; but wrote the letter on account of the representations of his wife—that the married ladies had decided in council that Belinda ought to leave the choir. The pastor inquired of Mrs. Marvel as to what she knew of the matter. Mrs. Marvel knew nothing personally; but Mrs. Stirup was her informant. The pastor accordingly called upon that lady; but Mrs. Stirup knew nothing of the matter personally. Miss Touselem had stated it to her.

“The fox is driven into his hole, I think,” said the pastor to himself, as he passed on toward Miss Touselem’s dwelling. He had been a close observer of the events transpiring from time to time in his parish, and knew that Miss Touselem delighted to be the first to tell news, no matter what its character, and he was also aware that much scandal was afloat, which attendant circumstances convinced him must have emanated from that lady. He had long been convinced that Mr. Malcom’s failure was caused by her.

“It is time she was smoked out,” said the pastor to himself again, as he mused upon the matter. He called upon the lady. Miss Touselem was delighted to see him. “How was Mrs. Bliss? how was his own health? how were the people around the parish? how was old Mrs. Bunker—would she ever get well again? what

was the state of religion? was there anything new?”

“Nothing of importance that I hear,” said the pastor, in reply to the last question. “Have you heard anything?” he asked.

“Nothing in particular; only as near as I can find out, the school-teacher, Mr. Spellman, allows the children to cut up all sorts of didos. I guess if all the stories are true, the money might just as well be thrown into the mill-pond,” said Miss Melitable, in reply.

“Indeed!”

“Yes,” she continued, seeing that the pastor was evidently surprised. “As near as I can find out, he isn’t any better than a tow string. I guess the children do pretty much as they are a mind to!”

“That is bad, certainly,” said the pastor, in response.

“Don’t you think something ought to be done about it?” inquired Miss Touselem.

“Well, if it is *true*, perhaps there ought to be,” was the reply. “But,” he continued, “I have not time to talk about it now. Suppose you come up and take tea with us to-morrow night, and we can discuss it then?”

“Well, really, sir, I don’t go out much; but I thank you, and think that I will,” replied the lady.

The pastor departed, saying as he did so that he must call at the post-office and get the weekly paper. Mr. Malcom was in attendance at the office. The pastor desired a little conversation in private, and they both retired to an inner room. It was late when the pastor reached the parsonage, and his anxious wife was fearful lest some accident had happened to him; but he quieted her fears and informed her that he hoped to *straighten out* things before long. The good woman understood the import of the expression and awaited the development.

CHAPTER VI.

—“Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied.”

Miss TOUSELEM appeared at the parsonage at a seasonable hour. The general topics of the day were fully discussed by the visitor and the minister. Mr. Malcom also called in to chat a few moments. “It was so pleasant,” he said, “to leave business now and then.”

Tea was announced, and the little party of four proceeded to the dining-room. The table was, however, laid for five, and the fifth person, now appearing, proved to be Miss Belinda Baylor. With a wave of the hand the pastor motioned her

to the vacant chair, as though she was one of the family. Miss Touselem knew not what to think of the strange proceeding, and propounded many questions to herself in regard to the matter; but her imagination returned no satisfactory answer to the interrogatories.

The pastor knew how to entertain his guests agreeably. After imploring a blessing upon the repast, he entertained them with anecdotes of his youth, the college scrapes especially, bringing forth hearty peals of laughter from Mr. Malcom, slight simpers from Miss Touselem, and smiles from Belinda. Then he referred to the changes that had taken place since he had been settled at Blackwater—how that old people had passed away—how that Mr. Malcom had risen in business and had been cast down, but was once more rising.

"I never could quite understand how your failure was brought about," said the pastor, addressing Mr. Malcom.

"I suppose," was the reply, "that it grew out of the fact, that a stranger—an agent, soliciting funds for the establishment of a college somewhere out West—happened to call upon me. He wanted me to give one hundred dollars, but as I did not know him, and as he had no credentials that were of any value in my estimation; besides as I had lost so much in the Central, to say nothing of the superior claims of other objects, I told him plainly I could not furnish him with any money."

"How could such a trifling matter as that produce your failure?" the pastor inquired.

"Well, I hardly know how, only it began to be whispered that one of my city creditors was up to dun me," Mr. Malcom replied.

"How did the public learn about the conversation between yourself and the agent?" the pastor again inquired.

"I suppose that somebody must have overheard us, and intentionally, or innocently perhaps, placed a wrong construction upon the conversation. I believe, however, that there was no one present but yourself, was there, Miss Touselem?" he said, turning short upon her.

"Really, sir, I—I—don't, I can't remember," said Miss Touselem, in an agony of excitement at the position she found herself in.

"I will be very charitable, Miss Touselem," said Mr. Malcom. "I will hope that you intended me no harm by the course you pursued in that matter. It was an unpleasant affair, and we will let it drop, only I hope that in the future you will be more discreet."

The lady made no reply. Her pride was

mortified, not that she had told the scandal, but because she had been found out and placed in a position so uncomfortable.

"You had my hearty sympathies, Mr. Malcom, during your embarrassment. But your troubles were nothing to those of poor Belinda here," said the pastor. "By-the-way, Miss Touselem," he continued, "have you heard of the sad charge made against Belinda?"

"Well, really—yes, sir, I have heard that there were some stories afloat," was the stammered reply.

"Do you believe them?" said the pastor, putting the question in a way not to be avoided.

"Well—really—I can't say—I don't know. No, sir, I guess not," she replied.

"But," said the pastor, determined to make quick work of the matter in hand, "have you not made some statements charging Belinda with immoralities?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, have you not made some statements, charging her with improprieties, and allowed others, implicating her character to go forth, when it was in your power to contradict them?"

"I don't know but what I have said that she has been into Mr. Malcom's store at night, after James had put up the shutters."

"What did you intend to state by that remark?"

"The truth; for it is the truth!" replied Miss Touselem, rousing herself for a defence.

"Miss Touselem," said the pastor, lowering his voice a little, and speaking slowly and solemnly, "I am surprised that you have placed yourself in such a position. I am pained. It is needless for me to talk of Christian obligations, or of Christian charity; your own heart tells you that you have made a statement in such a way that it has become a falsehood. What necessity for making the statement that Belinda had been into the store? The falsehood has done its work, crushing her heart, wounding the soul and embittering the life; besides dishonoring the church and being prejudicial to the moral health of the community. It is a great, a grievous wrong, and I counsel you to ask the forgiveness of one you have injured so cruelly. Mr. Malcom has magnanimously forgiven you the wrong you did to him, although you have not manifested any compunction for that act. I have arranged this meeting, that you might meet your victims face to face. As you hope for forgiveness yourself in the last great day you must make restitution now."

It was overwhelming to Miss Touselem to be

thus addressed. She had no word to utter in reply, but burying her face in her hands, sobbed out her grief. She became more calm at last, and begged to be forgiven.

"Now," said the pastor, after Mr. Malcom and Belinda had assured her that they freely forgave her, "there is one other duty for you to perform. The offence has been, in a measure, public, and so must the restitution be."

He handed her a written document, requesting her to sign it. She perused it carefully and wrote her name upon the paper.

"There is still one other duty in which we will all join," said the pastor, "that of seeking the forgiveness of our heavenly Father." Then raising his hands toward the eternal throne, he prayed that their sins might be blotted out.

The Sabbath came, and Belinda was in her accustomed place in the choir. Again, her soul melted in melody, more touching and tender than ever before, for the affliction had chastened her. The hymn ended and the pastor arose.

"My friends," said he, "our sins, as a people, are many; they are aggravated in the sight of the Holy One. There is one particular sin, of which we all are guilty—that of bearing false witness against our neighbor. That we may forsake this sin, I read this form of confession." And he proceeded to read as follows:

"Be it known unto all, that so far as I know, the calumny now current against sister Belinda Baylor, is false; and I humbly implore forgiveness for any agency I may have had in promulgating the same. **MEHITABLE TOUSELEM.**"

"And now," said the pastor, "let us pray!"

The whole congregation arose, and the reverend man prayed fervently.

Where was sister Mehitabel Touselem? Not at the church. Like him who smote his brother to the earth, and shed innocent blood, her punishment was too great to be borne. She was not there, nor did she ever appear there again. She had a sister residing in the city, and there she took up her abode.

There was joy in the old church. Belinda was the same Belinda. What melody was that which echoed among the arches, as with straining eyes and tremulous voice, she joined in the closing song of praise? What kind hearts gathered around her when the service was concluded! And what shame came to those who had been eager to proclaim her frailty!

The years passed on. The flush returned to the fair maiden's cheek, and the tell-tale heart of Belinda Baylor beat as never before, when James Malcom asked her to be his bride. The invitation was accepted.

Reader, if you should chance to visit Blackwater, and can as well as not, please step into the store of James Malcom. He is a fine man, and will give you a cordial greeting. If you are obliged to wait a day for the two-horse stage to take you to Woodup, the railroad station, and are troubled with *ennui*, by all means obtain an introduction to James Malcom's wife. There she is, sitting at a window opposite the store, where Miss Touselem used to sit. The house is fitted up with exquisite taste, and those flowers in the yard are of her planting. Hear her voice as it comes through the forest of tulips and roses! how rich! She is a charming woman. Do by all means find some excuse to make her acquaintance.

DREAMINGS.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

ALL the morning melts away,
Gliding onward into noon;
Trembling, dies the fainting day,
Still I dream the hours away
With my thoughts all set to tune.

Pen and paper lie forgot!
All unwritten, fancies wild
Idly flit my brain athwart;
I am wrapped in happier thought—
I am dreaming like a child!

What to me the voice of Fame?
I have won a dearer boon!
Tender lips speak o'er my name—

Loving eyes burn brighter flame.
Love hath waked my heart to bloom!

Care I not for others praise!
Care I not for others sighs!
I am well content to gaze,
Seeking only for my praise
In the clear wells of his eyes.

So the mornings melt away,
Gliding onward into noon;
So still dieth day by day,
While I dream the hours away
With my thoughts all set to tune.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

BY MRS. C. E. BLACK.

I AM so rejoiced to spend my first "spring-time in the country" in such a beautiful home. I have examined the village from every window in the house, and my conclusion is that there is not another dwelling within its bounds for which I would exchange my own. There is none with so large a piece of ground attached; much less one displaying equal taste in the arrangements.

A sinuous, dimpling brook enters the yard on the north side; passes along the south, keeping mostly near the fence, winding here round the base of a hillock, and there passing beneath the roots of an old apple tree; then turns suddenly toward the east; then toward the north again; and after thus partially enclosing the house, curves to the east once more, and passes out. Its clear, laughing waters plainly show the shining pebbles and yellow sand which compose its bed; and the white clover which borders its banks is as beautiful as possible. It is delightfully shaded with trees, apple trees the greater part of them are, combining beauty with utility. There is one exceedingly large one, gnarled and mossy, overhanging its waters, and a limb extends out just on the edge of the bank, so low that it forms a delightful seat. There is a knoll, covered and surrounded by a perfect thicket of roses and lilacs, hiding this limb from the house; for which I am not at all sorry, as I am not certain how far my father is willing for me to become ruralized, and I prefer not to be seen by him up in a tree.

Now that the apple trees and lilacs are in bloom, and their perfume is filling the air to absolute intoxication, I find my seat in the old apple tree a most delightful hiding-place, and spend a considerable part of every day there, with my books or sewing. I notice that my dominions are passing out of my hands, however, for my father is taking hold of the garden and yard, as though nature had intended him for a horticulturist. Well, I can abdicate with a good grace, so long as I can have my retreat behind the lilacs and roses.

— The apple blossoms have fallen, the lilacs have disappeared, but I find that the roses, which for a week past have been swelling and bursting their green prison-houses, are beautiful and fragrant enough to drown all regrets for the departed

children of light and spring. Within a few days past, I have noticed two persons next door, a young gentleman and lady, who ever in their walks pause and gaze at my roses. I wish they had roses of their own to look at; it disturbs me to have things that other people do not, especially if I am sure they want them. If I were only acquainted with these strangers, I could give them a bouquet every day. The lady is very pale—perhaps she is just recovering from illness, and if so, how I know she longs for them! for I have not forgotten the tears I shed last summer after a fever, when I saw a bunch of flowers go by the window, and I could not have any. Yes, I dare say she feels just as I did, and if I were like some people, I could give her some without any trouble; but I am so awkward, so invariably embarrassed just when I want to be most at my ease. If she would only walk out alone! The gentleman is always close at her side, and offering her every little attention, supporting her steps, and watching every motion, every look, with the most anxious tenderness. But if he were not with her, I think I could gather and give her some of my flowers without that foolish embarrassment that is always so vexatiously in my way. Some roses she must have, nevertheless.

— My mother has always told me she never saw any one with such a genius for blundering as I. Well, I tell her I know it, but how am I to help it? I am sure my blunders vex and mortify me as much and as often as they do any one. I was walking slowly out toward my favorite seat, this morning, with a long stick in my hand, following the course of the rills, and trying to fancy myself a shepherdess. All at once a large snake glided from under the very hem of my dress. Hissing violently, and coiling itself up at a little distance, it began shaking its tongue at me. Before taking time to think, I screamed—a regular steam-whistle scream, it seemed to me, when I thought of it afterward. I was instantly angry with myself, for much as I hate a snake, I do hate this young ladyish fashion of screaming much worse; and looked about for something to kill it. Of course there was nothing to be found—nothing ever is to be found when it is wanted—and my father has been

too proud of his tasteful yard not to keep it neat to the very extreme of Quakerism, so far as Quakerism can be brought to bear upon nature and yet leave it natural. The stick in my hand was long and slender, forked at the end, and without stopping to think twice, I imprisoned my enemy between the forks. It was so slender that it bent, and I could only hold the snake in its place: to think of killing it was out of the question—and if my stick should break!

All this passed in a moment, and the echo of my foolish scream had scarcely died on the air, as I stood there watching the impatient writhings and hissings of my captured foe, when a man's heel was suddenly placed on its head. I looked up, more startled, if possible, than when I first saw the snake; and there stood the gentleman, our neighbor! He met my eye with a half smile, colored, bowed, and turned away; then turned back to where I still stood looking like a great, stupid school girl, I suppose, and politely inquired if I were hurt—if I were much frightened? I don't wonder that he colored and turned away. I thanked him, stuttered out that I was not at all hurt and very little frightened, and ran into the house. Once there, I thought what a nice opportunity it would have been for me to send the lady some roses, and—and—well, I don't know what, but I felt startled and angry with myself, and confused, and ran up to my room to cry. Of course, I was no sooner fairly enjoying my tears than my mother must want something, and come and find me, and ask what I was crying about, and laugh at me for being so silly. I wish she wouldn't always ask me what I am crying about; I would rather tell without being asked. And I wish she wouldn't laugh at any of my foolish scrapes, and tell me "her tears are too precious to waste so."

— The lady was walking alone this morning! I suppose her companion was afraid he should see me, or afraid he shouldn't see me—or more likely he did not think of me at all! I would rather not be thought of at all than to be laughed at. But I must be careful, or I shall discover that I have been writing nonsense. I ought to be very happy that I have been able to give pleasure to an invalid. I have not learned her name yet, but I was very much struck with her beauty, as she stood looking so delightedly at the roses and thanking me so gratefully. I think she will be a very pleasant acquaintance. She informed me that she was just recovering from an illness of six months. How tedious it must have been. I thought I should die of weariness when I was only confined to my room for six weeks.

— Lilian, (what a sweet name!) Lilian was walking alone again this morning, and I gave her some more roses, and she told me her name, and I told her mine; I think we had quite advanced from acquaintanceship to friendship, and almost to intimacy, when a voice close to us made me start, and Lilian, turning, introduced me to her brother, Ernest Raimond. We had been chatting so busily that I did not hear his approach; and the suddenness of his appearance, and the introduction, gave me no time to run, as I probably should have done. I was able to perceive that his color rose, but that was all; I had more than I could do, to take care of myself, and get my face cooled down an endurable degree. It felt as if I had dipped it in scalding water. Some kind of an apology I must have made, though I cannot now tell what I said. Lilian looked inquiringly at her brother, who informed her that he "had the pleasure of killing a snake for Miss Ada, the day before yesterday."

"Indeed, you neither of you told me anything about it," said she. I rallied myself, and replied, laughingly,

"Miss Lilian, I am very fond of praising myself, so if I had behaved in a creditable manner, you would certainly have heard of it."

"I don't see what better you could have done," laughed Lilian, after hearing my version of the affair. "I think I should have called for aid myself, when I found my own resources insufficient."

"Had I known your call was involuntary, I think I should have kept away," remarked the gentleman, mischievously, "but it was certainly very urgent; and I believe, on the whole, that I agree with you—you were decidedly ungracious, considering the services I performed."

I had already forgotten that I was with entire strangers, and replied, without thinking,

"I beg you will forgive me for making you blush so outrageously as you did." To which I received the grave response,

"No, I did not blush; it was but the reflection of your own face you saw, and what color do you think it was, a moment since? It is well, indeed, for you to talk of blushing, to a grave, elderly person like me."

I suppose he is about twenty-five.

"Indeed," I retorted, "I was too old to blush, ten years ago;" another of the silly speeches I so often make, to wish unsaid again as soon as I am alone, and have a chance to think.

They are both very polite; and I shall never be able to tell, when in their company, whether my remarks are witty or simply silly. I was

frightened, when I came into the house, to find how long I had stayed talking with them, for we had much chatting and laughing, after what I have recorded was said. I am glad, on the whole, we are to have such pleasant neighbors.

— My roses are all gone; I gave them to Lillian each day while a bud remained, and each day had the pleasure of seeing the color brighten on her cheek, and a growing elasticity in her step. But now—I am to lose her. She told me to-day that they were going to Saratoga for a few weeks, and we shall probably be gone back to the city when they return; and who can tell what may happen before next spring? I burst into a violent fit of tears when she told me, (another foolish habit of mine! If it had not been for those tears I might—) and ran into the house. I saw him coming down the walk as I turned away. He would have laughed at me, if he had seen them, as my mother always does. I am glad my father has not such sharp eyes. I shall not want to visit the old apple tree any more, if I cannot watch for them.

— I was in my usual seat, this afternoon, indulging in a few comfortable tears, and thinking of—Lillias, when I heard a step behind me—I was sitting with my face to the thicket; and a hasty glance showing me who was coming, I sprang to the ground and ran. Not far, for longer steps than mine pursued me, and I was wrested midway to the thicket.

"Ada," he exclaimed, "what are you running away from me for?"

I was trembling violently, and was strangely embarrassed. I felt the quizzical glance which was regarding me, and could not look up to meet his eye. But I did not dare to let another tear fall, so I held on to them, and made no answer. He must have thought I was faint, for he put his arm round me, and after a moment or two, whispered,

"Ada, I love you."

This remark was certainly unexpected, and put an end to all tendency to cry. Nay, I felt the corners of my mouth drawing back, in spite of myself.

"I love you, Ada," he repeated, looking intently at my eyelids; "cannot you love me?" he added, after a pause.

"No," I answered, looking him full in the face for an instant. But the vexatious man, instead of letting me go, and walking calmly by my side, as I struggled to walk toward the house, or turning and going back into his own yard, only put his other arm about me, and drew me closer to him, repeating my answer.

"No," bending down and kissing my lips; "no, you don't care anything about me," kissing one eye and then the other.

"Mr. Raimond, you are crazy," I exclaimed, trying with all my might to push him away; "I shall call for some one to come and put you in a lunatic asylum."

"As loud as you called for me, once upon a time?" he relentlessly demanded, pushing my head back, and looking in my eyes; "I think you had better. Here, Lillian," lifting me almost from my feet as he turned toward his own house and met his sister, "take care of this naughty, crazy sister of yours; I have business with her father."

And he left me there, in the dear girl's arms, and disappeared. When I came in to tea, my father pinched my cheeks, and called me a runaway, and asked what I meant by stealing the heart of a rising young man like Mr. Raimond, the son of his particular friend, at that; (I never knew before that he had any particular friends;) and my mother quietly remarked that she hoped I had done up all my crying for the future.

— The trip to Saratoga is postponed; and when they go, I am to go with them.

POETS AND POET WORSHIPPERS.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

"Listen to the voice of the Reim-Kenner."—SCOTT.

Oh! blame not thou the dreamer,
If he too fondly bend
Above the page, where rainbow words
In forms of beauty blend.
It cheers, when all Life's scenes show dim
Through Sorrow's darksome rain,
In Fiction's bright kaleidoscope
To see them shine again.

And honor then the Poet,
Whose spirit "kens the rhyme,"
That even for a moment, calms
The bosom's tempest-time.
Oh! if his words of hope and faith,
Have e'er brought strength again
To only one discouraged heart,
He hath not sung in vain.

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE NUN.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

WHILE a young man, I was very partial to field sports, and the part of England where I resided, afforded me excellent opportunities for enjoying them. In seeking these amusements, I not only rambled about our neighborhood, but oftentimes visited the preserves of acquaintances in the adjoining parishes. And happy times these were! when I could start at sunrise with my gun across my arm, with my faithful "Carlo" by my side, with my game-bag hanging from my shoulder, with health upon my countenance, and happiness at my heart. Without a mark of care upon my forehead, and with an eye full of hope. When I could feel the freedom and the freshness of youth, and a joyousness which a prince might covet.

On the month of November, 1809, I made one of these visits to the house of Squire Primrose, (as we called him) in the village of Fremington, in Devonshire. I should be wrong in saying that shooting was the sole object of this trip. The squire had two very pretty daughters, and I felt more anxiety to win a smile from Jane, than to bag partridges and pheasants; and would have willingly exchanged the prospect of a dozen brace of snipe, for a quiet half-an-hour's walk in her company. But sporting was the ostensible object of my call, and matters were not then sufficiently far advanced to avow any other. I was accompanied by an intimate companion,—Bob Turner, who was similarly situated toward Jane's sister, Elizabeth, and who, like myself, made the squire's love of game a means for making love to his daughter.

On the evening of the day upon which we arrived, we assembled in his comfortable but old-fashioned parlor, where we amused ourselves in various ways. During the evening, two or three visitors dropped in, and narrated all the gossip of the neighborhood, which never fails to be interesting. We then enjoyed a game or two at cards, and told each others' fortune. In the midst of this, the squire, who had been looking at a newspaper, drew our attention to a remarkable but improbable ghost story in its columns, which reminded Mrs. Scroggins—one of the visitors in question—that her man John had observed the "White Nun" last evening, on his way to the old church, and that the said John

had solemnly promised never to pass that way after dusk.

The mention of this circumstance aroused our interest. I entreated the old lady to give us the history of the nun. After exhibiting that amount of apparent hesitation which gentlemen always exhibit when they are anxious to sing, and young ladies when called upon to play on the piano, she expressed a doubt if it would be found interesting, and then consented to gratify us.

The convent of Stickle-path Hill, which, two or three centuries ago, presented a handsome and an imposing appearance, is now represented by a few tottering walls, which all of you must have frequently observed. A little beyond them, to the right, are the ruins of a castle, which formerly belonged to the Bassett family.

About the year 1474, Sir Hugh Bassett occupied the castle, then strong and imposing, and possessed a daughter, Agnes, an only child, who was the admiration of every one who beheld her. She was a standing toast at every feast, and the queen of love at every tournament. Her hair was raven black; her eyes dark, large and sparkling; her cheeks, like a full-blown rose; her teeth, like pearls; her lips like "cherries peeping thro' the snow." The expression upon Miss Agnes' features was as agreeable as she was beautiful, though sometimes bore a look of coquettish sauciness, and at times, of undaunted resolution. Her figure was very graceful, and in person she was tall.

To the poor of the neighborhood she was always kind, and very much admired by them in return. To some of her own rank she was somewhat reserved, while to others she was frank and fascinating. To her father she always showed great respect, even when she reluctantly gave him her submission. She had been unfortunately deprived of her mother at an early age.

It was observed that those for whom she exhibited a partially were generally more remarkable for their virtues than their wealth; more for their manners than for their titles. She seemed, which was remarkable for that age, to enjoy and respect the honest and industrious peasant more than she did many a baron who could boast of numerous "quarterings" upon his standard.

Her father descended from a family that had accompanied William the Conqueror to England. He was as proud as he was powerful. He measured virtue by wealth—merit by military prowess—and respect, by the length and position of one's ancestors. He was a firm believer in all the mistaken notions, pride and prejudices of that period. He loved his daughter more because she was his daughter than because of herself. He deemed her entitled to respect, not so much for her virtues or her beauty, as for the Bassetts' blood which flowed in her veins.

Miss Agnes' fame naturally brought a great many admirers. For a long time she did not seem to show a preference for any one of them. At length, a slight blush might be observed on her cheeks, when a young knight named Roderic Wray was announced; and that she would occasionally seek some retired nook in the room when he entered, so that his conversation might be enjoyed unperceived and undisturbed.

This young man was the adopted son of a neighboring baron, whose name he bore. His origin was unknown. His adopted parents had found him laid, while an infant, at the foot of an oak, in a place called "Anchor Wood." Having no children by their marriage, they brought him up as their son, and he never gave them occasion to repent of their choice. At an early age he displayed unusual sagacity, and a nobleness and generosity of disposition. The old friar who instructed him in Latin, and the limited course of education then taught, declared that nature intended him for the church, and lamented his destination for arms. His appearance corresponded with his character. He had a manly and graceful figure, a noble forehead, light curly hair, large hazel eyes, and a frank expression upon a handsome face. At an early age he was sent to the Low Countries, from whence he returned after a lapse of five years, bringing with him spurs of knighthood, and several scars. He was an occasional visitor at the castle, and Sir Hugh always received him with cordiality.

He had been from his earliest days an admirer of Agnes. He used to dream about her at night long before he entered his teens. He used to picture a beautiful residence, situated in a romantic vale, and surrounded by a beautiful lake and gardens—where he would roam about with her among the trees, and sail with her upon the lake. He used to put eloquent language in his mouth and pour it before her, and then fancied she would make a far sweeter reply. He would imagine himself to be a successful warrior, laying all his trophies at her feet; then a wealthy

baron displaying to her his jewels and domains. She occupied him equally when awake. Her image accompanied him in his studies, in his devotions and amusements. But after cheating himself for awhile with such pleasant delusions, the remembrance of his uncertain origin would dash them away, and present an insurmountable obstacle to the union he so ardently desired. He was well aware of the strong pride of birth which existed in the breast of Sir Hugh, and he was even then doubtful about Agnes. He sometimes thought when they strolled together upon the hill opposite their residence, or sat on an evening upon the battlements, that she was more than partial to him, but he knew that without her father's consent that partiality would be of little service. But it is hard for us to abandon an object we have once cherished; we cling to it with maternal partiality long after reason proves its impossibility. Hopeless as his prospects sometimes seemed, he still cherished the accomplishment of his wish. He thought, also, that by perfecting himself in military exercises, by acquiring fame in his destined profession, he should render himself worthier of her regard, and more likely to secure the acceptance of her father.

It was with this view he so eagerly sought active employment. At his own wish he left for Flanders (as before mentioned) at an early age, where warfare was rife, and where he hoped to obtain distinction. Accordingly he was to be found at the head of every engagement, in the midst of every danger—encountering a formidable opponent, or leading a forlorn hope. He knew his conduct would reach the ears of Agnes, and that endowed him with superhuman strength and courage. It would make a long, fatiguing march agreeable, and converted a dangerous undertaking into an agreeable duty. And when he lay at night beneath his tent, upon some bleak and lonely spot, covered with wounds and writhing with pain, he would think of her approbation, he would fancy he had now won and deserved her love, and then his sufferings would be forgotten, his pain would cease, his dangers disappear.

Upon his return he was pleased to find that no rival had apparently won her affection, and he was cheered by observing an increased interest in her manner toward him. Her father also, in consideration of his achievements, treated him with greater respect and consideration. His own family looked upon him with pride and joy. These seemingly propitious circumstances did not induce him hastily to avow his love, but encouraged him to renew his former intimacy with her to probe deeper into her feelings.

With a woman's penetrating eye in these matters, she early had suspicion of his intentions, and she threw no obstacles in the way of the frequent meetings for which he framed excuses. In a short time these intercourses displayed each other's affection too clearly for further concealment, and they mutually confessed their love.

No sooner was this done, than she thought of her father, and tremblingly conjectured his consent, but as Sir Roderic was seemingly increasing in his estimation, she advised that their engagement should be kept secret for a time.

Among her numerous suitors was one whom she very much disliked. He was high in rank, and illustrious by decent. He possessed broad lands, and a numerous retinue. His manner was apparently agreeable, and his disposition, to a superficial observer, would seem to have been good. But an examination would have detected a sneer with his smile, a concealed sarcasm in his compliments, and a leer hanging about an assumed benevolent countenance. A stranger would have supposed he was overflowing with affection, although there was not a spark of benevolence in his character. When he spoke, one might fancy he was the personification of modesty and submission, but his bosom was filled with pride and vindictiveness. Such was the character of Lord de Burgh, and as such was it known to Agnes.

She always endeavored to keep him at a distance, but his pertinacity made the attempt useless. He had the habit too of presenting himself whenever she was conversing with Sir Roderic, and accompanying an apology for intruding with his customary half-concealed sneer. He would sometimes watch them together from a distance, and a dark shadow would spread over his face when he observed they exhibited any degree of pleasure.

About two months after Agnes was engaged, he offered her his hand, and of course received an instantaneous refusal. He then waited upon her father, and attributed his ill-fortune to Sir Roderic. The old knight thereupon sought a private interview to remonstrate with her for rejecting the offer, upon which she disclosed her betrothal to her lover. When he heard this, his anger knew no bounds, not because he could find fault with Sir Roderic's character, or because she had accepted him without his consent, but solely on account of his uncertain origin—the mere accident of birth. It was his pride—his most sensitive part—which was wounded. It was self—his own interests—the gratification of his own vanity which was disappointed. It was not influenced by a regard for her happiness, her dig-

nity, or her feelings. In very excited language he told her she must accept his lordship or the veil; and that he would hang her lover from the battlements if he again presented himself at the castle. He then urged him upon her acceptance. He brought forward his wealth, his ancestry, and his influence—but all in vain. She replied by exhibiting the bad traits in his character, the incompatibility of their dispositions, her indifference to rank unaccompanied by virtue, or to wealth followed by unhappiness. These arguments were new and strange to her father. He could see but little of their force—they stimulated rather than weakened his determination.

As time passed on, these conflicts, and the importunities of de Burgh increased, but like the flower whose stem strengthens under storms, the more she was urged to abandon him, the more she felt she loved him. But at length she saw no hope of a connection, and she thought "a living death" was preferable to an odious marriage. She entreated her father to send her to a convent, for there at least she would break no vow, nor violate her affection.

He consented to her wishes, and she entered upon the noviciate. But even then she was not exempted from the disagreeable presence of de Burgh. By his influence joined with that of her father, he obtained permission to visit her whenever he pleased, to renew his annoying overtures. Poor Agnes thus led a very disagreeable life, and she looked forward to the period which would finally exclude her from the world, with melancholy satisfaction. Her private moments were occupied in tears and prayers, while her thoughts were wrapt in the object of her affections. Thus she pined away like a flower bereft of sunshine.

Sir Roderic had heard through a messenger, privately sent by Agnes, of her father's displeasure, and the prohibition which had been placed upon his visits. The grief this occasioned him was much aggravated, when he was afterward informed that she had been sent to the convent, and that he had a rival in de Burgh. His foster-parents now became acquainted with the cause of his melancholy, and as they felt that a personal remonstrance with Sir Hugh was useless, they could only endeavor to soothe his grief, by holding out prospects which, at best, were very problematical. But this treatment, though kindly intended, is of little use. It may lengthen the stay of hope, but it aggravates the disappointment when hope disappears!

That the great and most cherished object of his life should be thus suddenly dashed away, at a moment too when everything seemed so

propitious, was to him a terrible disappointment, but with a disinterestedness not oftentimes observable in men, he thought more of her sufferings than of his loss. He felt that his life would be richly purchased by the securing of her happiness. With this aim, after a short struggle, he induced his father to wait upon Sir Hugh, with the resignation of his claims upon Agnes, and a pledge to change his residence to some foreign country, provided she was restored to her home, and released from the annoyances of de Burgh. This proposition was proposed, and indignantly rejected.

Shortly after this incident, Sir Hugh was attacked with a disease, which in a few days carried him to the grave. So angry was he with his daughter that he refused to see her upon his death-bed; and so great was his partiality for de Burgh, that he left him the whole of his domains provided he became her husband, and ordered that they should be divided into thirds, between a nephew, the convent, and de Burgh, in case she became a nun, which she was compelled to be, if she persisted in refusing to be his wife.

The period of her noviciate was about to terminate, and as Sir Roderic's rival saw little hope of his success, he privately formed a plot to carry her away by night, and then marry her by force.

On the night previous to that fixed for its execution, one of the men who was to assist him, communicated it to a former waiting-maid of Agnes, with whom he was in love, under a solemn promise of secrecy. Like the generality of such promises, it was speedily broken. She was very partial to her young mistress, and took means to convey this information to her on the morning after she received it.

Agnes treated the warning with disbelief. She said he would not do it; and he dared not if he could. She thought it so undeserving notice that she declined to intimate it to the Lady Abbess.

When night arrived she departed to her rest as usual, without adopting any precautions. She had slept about two hours when she was awakened by a noise on the balcony, and surprised by seeing a man open her window without apparent difficulty, and then advance toward her bed. It was dark, but she believed, at once, it was de Burgh. With fear, shame and indignation struggling in her breast, she seized a small dagger which hung by her side, and as he approached to where she lay, she plunged it in his breast. A cry of pain burst from his lips, and informed her that she had killed her lover instead

of his rival. She sprang from her bed, caught him in her arms, and then with a piercing shriek, she loosened her hands from his dying body, and fell senseless upon the floor.

The noise awoke the abbess, and several of the sisters, and brought them to her chamber. When the horror and surprise which this spectacle produced had somewhat abated, they obtained persons to carry the corpse to Baron Wray's castle, and procured a leech for Agnes.

It seemed that de Burgh had employed a man to assassinate his rival, while enjoying his customary walk upon the banks of the Taw. By an accident he discovered himself at the moment he raised his arm to strike, and thus enabled his intended victim to parry the blow, and to ultimately wound him. While writhing from agony and in momentary expectation of death, he revealed to Sir Roderic the name of his employer, and also informed him of de Burgh's intention to carry off Agnes that night to a distant castle, where she would be confined in a dungeon until she consented to accept him.

Collecting a few men, our hero hastened to the convent, by the outer wall of which he discovered his opponent and his accomplices. A conflict immediately ensued, in which de Burgh was killed by his hand, and several of his companions mortally wounded. Ascending the rope-ladder they had secured from the wall which supported the balcony leading to her window, he groped his way into her chamber, for the purpose of mentioning her deliverance, and for effecting her escape. In that endeavor the fatal mistake occurred.

Some time after his removal Agnes became restored, but the revival was momentary, and she quickly relapsed into delirium. While this lasted, she would hold forth the hand which had held the dagger, and declare it was stained with blood, and entreat for water to remove it. At other times she would call upon Sir Roderic, and maintain, with him, an imaginary conversation, in which she would ask his forgiveness, and endeavor to exculpate herself from guilt. Then she would appeal, in solemn voice, to her Maker, to corroborate her assertions and extend his pardon. On the third day reason again appeared, and enabled her to explain the particulars of the affair to a favorite nun who was attending her. In the midst of this conversation she suddenly stopped, and looked as if she observed some one entering the room, and with the words, "Yes, I'm coming," upon her lips, she departed.

The church in which her lover was buried faced the convent, and when its lofty doors were

open, the space within could be plainly seen from poor Agnes' room. One of the sisters, who from thence watched the funeral, declared she died the moment his coffin entered within the portal. The mourners said that at that moment they heard a rustling sound advancing from behind, and a white shadow simultaneously make its appearance, which remained by the priest during the performance of the burial service.

This phenomenon was laid before a neighboring abbot, who enjoyed a high reputation for his learning, and he gave it as his opinion that it was the spirit of Agnes. "The motives," said he, "which induced her to draw her dagger were not wholly guiltless, although she would be declared innocent of the charge of murdering her lover. As an expiation for her guilt, she will, therefore, be required to walk in penitential garb, to his grave, on each anniversary of his death, for the space of three hundred years."

Tradition asserts that this penance has been regularly performed; that on the seventh of November of every year, she may be seen, about the hour of midnight, walking in a white dress, with her beads in her hand toward the ruins of the old church.

A silence of two or three minutes' duration followed the conclusion of the tale, when Jane expressed her dissatisfaction with the punishment of Agnes—she declared it was too severe, and that de Burgh almost deserved the treatment intended for him. Elizabeth also wanted to know how the abbot became so intimately acquainted with the judgment, but this was a question which no one seemed able to answer.

Bob and myself, however, remained silent during the whole of this discussion. When it terminated we thanked Mrs. Scroggins for her Legend; "but," I added, "I must nevertheless express my disbelief in all ghosts, witches, or fairies. They are the offspring of ignorance, and we ought no longer believe in their existence."

"I must differ with you," replied Mrs. Primrose. "I have lived many years in the world, and have had many reasons for knowing that there are such beings; and I may add that I have generally found that those who pretend to be the most sceptical about them in broad daylight, or in a crowded room, are the most affrighted when any unusual sight presents itself in a dark room, or in some lonely spot."

I felt this to be something like a rebuke and a challenge, and I felt I was bound to express my readiness to visit any haunted place, or come into contact with any supernatural appearance, no matter what.

This wish was similarly expressed by my friend Bob, who quizzed Elizabeth for her cowardice, as he called it, and laughingly asked her if she believed in the truth of Mrs. Scroggins' story?

The hour being now far advanced, we all retired to our chambers, and it was agreed that Bob and I should start early on the following morning for a famous sporting spot, some miles distant, and not return until evening, when a small party was to be given.

Accordingly we arose about five, and left highly refreshed with a good breakfast, but still more by a parting salute, which we quietly stole from the lips of our lady-loves. It was fine, frosty weather, and we briskly leaped the hedges and gates on our way. For we were then young and active—in the sapling-time of life, when all our limbs were supple, and our leaves fresh and green.

Our sport did not equal our expectation, and we, therefore, went two or three miles beyond the place where we intended, and having bagged a few pheasants there, we called upon a neighboring acquaintance and partook of some refreshment.

Here we remained quietly until six, and as dusk then began to make his appearance, we departed.

The country through which we had to pass, on our return to Squire Primrose, was associated with many legends and fairy tales. Ruins of old castles, priories, and churches were to be found in every direction, and, as a matter of course, each was associated with the usual quota of supernatural appearances and romantic events.

In passing through a very lonely place called Anchor Wood, we found it very dark, and had no light, save a few faint rays which the moon glimmered among the trees. We walked Indian fashion, I following Bob's trail, with our guns carelessly flung across our shoulders. While thus trudging along, my mind—like all young minds—building fame and fortune for the future, and anticipating much enjoyment from our intended evening's amusement, I was startled by the sudden stopping of Bob.

"What is that?" said he.

"What?" I replied.

"That tall, white object which is standing a few yards in front, directly in the centre of the path!"

I looked in that direction, and to my astonishment, I saw what he described. It seemed to be a tall female, in a white dress, and she appeared to be awaiting our approach.

"That is surely like the nun Mrs. Scroggins talked about," observed Bob, "and who knows but what, after all, it may be true what she said about her?"

I pretended to pooh! pooh! the supposition, but I must confess, that as I gazed upon the object, my courage failed me. At last I remarked, in an assuredly careless tone, but feeling very queerly, "I'd rather I had not ridiculed her in the manner I did last evening."

"Oh, I wish you had not," stammered forth my companion, his teeth chattering as if they were about to drop from their sockets.

"What shall we do?" said I. "It is of no use to stand here. The evening is rapidly advancing, and the Primroses will be alarmed by our absence."

And as I spoke, I drew back a lock of my double-barrelled gun, to secure myself from danger, a precaution which was quickly followed by my friend.

"Call out to her, and ask what she wants," whispered he.

"Do you."

"I'm almost afraid!"

Seeing no likelihood of inducing him to make the attempt, I demanded, in a loud voice, "who is there?"

But, to our surprise, I received no reply. This question was repeated two or three times, with the like result.

Bob now suggested that we should discharge one of the barrels of each of our guns, which we accordingly did, but their contents did not seem to make any impression.

"Ah!" he sighed, "there is no doubt now that it is a spirit, for the shot don't seem to have had any effect upon her."

I made no answer, but my agitated feelings quickly embraced the supposition.

The reader must now be made fully acquainted with the dilemma we were in. At our left was a wide and deep marsh, at our right ran the beautiful Taw, on the other side of which the Primroses resided. The means we had for crossing was a bridge, which could only be reached by the road which was taken possession of by the spectre. The only course, therefore, by which we could avoid her, was in swimming across the river.

As we gazed on, we fancied we observed a slight movement, as if she intended to advance toward us. That was enough! We flung our guns and game-bags aside in a second, and jumped—clothes on—into the river.

As soon as we reached the opposite bank, we commenced to run, and never stopped until we

reached our destination. We entered the house with our garments dripping with water, and our teeth chattering with cold; without our caps, guns or game; with our eyes distended with fright, and our faces pale with excitement. The family and the company had been long waiting for us, and you may feebly conjecture their astonishment when they saw us in this condition.

Every mouth was consequently now opened with inquiries, but a long time elapsed before we could make a reply. At length I stammered forth, that we had met a ghost, and that we had strong suspicion she was the White Nun Mrs. Scroggins had been speaking about on the previous evening.

This, however, only increased their curiosity, and it was with a great deal of difficulty that I could give them a satisfactory explanation of all which had occurred. Poor Jane! I saw a tear silently trickling from her eye while I was eloquently describing our terror and our danger; and I observed Elizabeth, at the same moment, give Bob a secret but affectionate squeeze of the hand.

We then speedily changed our dresses, drank a tumbler of warm brandy and water, (which was then considered an infallible remedy for colds) and re-entered the parlor.

Just at that moment the clergyman of the parish arrived. Every one observed something peculiar in his manner, and we all ran toward him, and inquired if he too had seen the ghost?

"Yes," said he, "as I was advancing through Anchor Wood, I observed something like a tall lady in a white dress. I was very much startled with this unexpected appearance, and I inquired who she was? I received no information. I began to feel a little uncomfortable, and determined to return home; but upon second thought I felt it was my duty to advance, and discover the mystery. As I did so, I discovered that it was no ghost at all, and that the illusion was produced by the reflection of the moon's rays upon a pool of water!"

A roar of laughter, which might have been heard for a mile, followed this disclosure. But no smile came from Bob's lips or mine, and no more crest-fallen poor mortals were never seen than we were for the whole remainder of the evening.

Any one would have pitied us had he observed how woefully "down-in-the-mouth" we became. For my part, I did not know for a long time whether I stood upon my head or my heels, and ever after I would sooner be compelled to face a wild beast, than hear the

slightest allusion to my adventure with the White Nun!

Poor Bob! His bones were shortly after laid beneath the walls of Badajos, and Elizabeth died

soon after. Jane is now an aged matron—the beloved wife of the writer. The others, who were in that room, have all long since left for another, and I hope, a better world!

LITTLE NELLY.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

My Nelly sleeps, when will she wake,
When flowers bloom once more;
When the blue violet and the brake,
Are on the streamlet's shore?
When wild-wood birds are in the dell,
And green the leafy bowers,
When low winds breathe a soft farewell,
To-day's last golden hours?
When Spring's light footstep on the earth,
Is sounding soft and free,
And blending with the zephyr's mirth,
Is the humming of the bee?
Or will she wake from her silent sleep,
When the rosy morn is nigh,
When the golden sunshine softly creeps
Up the azure of the sky?
She will not wake when these glorious things
Are on the green old earth;

But you say she will hover on angel wings
O'er our lonely, silent hearth.

You say she is singing a chorus sweet,
To the songs that I hear in dreams,
In the land where the loved and lost ones meet,
By sweetly glancing streams.

You say I may hear her soft, low tone,
When the zephyr's breath sweeps by,
Calling me gently, sweetly home,
With a glad, soft murmured sigh.

Oh, never more will those lids unclose,
From those eyes of Heavenly blue,
And the tint of the lovely, blooming rose,
O'er the cheek spread its soft bright hue.

My Nelly is sleeping a dreamless sleep,
Was the gentle bud but given
To lead us to look through the tears we weep,
To the cloudless sky of Heaven.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Dost thou woo the breath of Heaven,
On thy tuneful strings to play?
For methinks I hear this even,
Tones seraphic in thy lay;
Such as angels,
Holy angels,
Well might make on harps of gold,
In the Saviour's upper fold,
Where our lost ones sing supernal,
Anthems to the great Eternal.
Oh, thy music sweetly breathing,
Like the harpings from afar,
Every thought with Heaven is wreathing,
Where the pure and sinless are;
Faintly sighing,
Gently dying,
Gently dying is each tone;
Like the wind's expiring moan,
O'er the graves where loved ones slumber,
With death's congregated number.

As I listen, tones are stealing,
Like sweet music, o'er the sea;
Tones, that stir the fount of feeling,
Like a mournful memory
Gushing, welling,
Now they're swelling,
Joyous symphonies arise,
Higher, upward to the skies;
Like a glorious psalm seeming,
In that land with beauty teeming.

Such angelic tones awaken
Thoughts I would but cannot speak,
Of our dearly loved ones taken
Home by angels, blest and meek;
Winging, winging,
Earthward winging,
Her blest spirit now may be,
Joining in the symphony,
Happy angels swell the chorus,
As unseen they hover o'er us.

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 246.

CHAPTER VIII.

WITHIN sight of the library window, and down upon the sloping grounds that rolled in broken hollows to the sea, Catharine had noticed the building of a pretty Italian villa, that for a month or two of the spring had been throwing out some new wing or cornice through the trees that were to embower it. Even the workmen's hammers could now and then be heard in the stillness of the morning, when nothing but the birds and those who toil for their daily bread are abroad. In a still life like hers, everything has its interest. From almost unconsciously watching the progress of such portions of the building as the irregularities of the ground made visible, Catharine began to wonder who this pretty residence was for, and how its inmates might hereafter affect her own singular life. It was the only dwelling in sight, and threatened to encroach somewhat upon the isolation of her home; thus the subject became one of peculiar interest to her; while the old people now and then wondered who was building a house so near them, and if their close neighborhood to strangers might not interfere with the entire freedom which poor Elsie now enjoyed.

Elsie herself heard the conversation regarding this new house, with a sort of wild attention. It seemed to startle her, and she murmured some vague comments as the others conversed, which betrayed a degree of unrest and excitement even, that filled the good old people with fresh anxiety.

At length, in the month of June, just when the roses were in their richest flush of beauty, the workmen seemed to have completed their task. No more sounds came on the wind to remind the family that human life was so near. The glaring freshness of unpainted wood was toned down into a warm, grey tint, scarcely visible beyond the tall elms and fruit thickets that covered the intervening grounds. From any effect it had upon Catharine's life the house might never have existed; it was a pretty object in the distance, nothing more; and yet it always

gave her a faint pang when she looked that way. The same strange sensation occasioned by her husband's picture seemed in some way associated with this house; yet it was perfectly new, and had no possible connection with her or hers more than the forest trees that had supplied the timbers.

One afternoon the family were all gathered in the common sitting-room, loitering about the tea-table, till twilight stole on and the air was heavy with falling dew. Elsie was sitting as usual at her mother's feet, looking vaguely up to her face, and smiling that wan, hollow smile, that had neither intelligence nor warmth, and yet was so grateful to the gentle old mother. The old gentleman had been dreamingly reading the religious paper, which brought his weekly allowance of literature; but as the golden dusk stole on, he had laid the venerated sheet upon the table, and was serenely reflecting over its contents. Catharine sat by the window, restless, and with a vague feeling of expectation, the more remarkable because no guests were ever invited to the lone dwelling, and because her reason told her that this impulsive feeling, that some one interested in her was coming, must be perfectly groundless. Still she sat wistfully gazing out into the dusk. Every sound, if but the fluttering of a bird upon its nest, made her start. She went forth in imagination into the world again, and mixed in the great promenade of life, from which she had so long absented herself.

As she sat thus, leaning upon the window sill, there came up through the evening mist two figures, a lady and a child, moving onward softly like shadows gliding over the grass.

Catharine held her breath and gazed upon them in silence. Were these the persons whom she had been unconsciously expecting? Who were they? And why did they creep so noiselessly across the sward?

The lady was in mourning, not the heavy black which shrouds the person as in a midnight of despair; but her garments were of soft, pale

grey, that floated around her like a mist, leaving her gentle face in relief, dim but beautiful.

The child moved, like a tropical bird, beside his companion; his dress was of crimson, rich with the most delicate embroidery, that lay upon its borders like the plumage on the neck of a flamingo. The light was too dim for more than a general view of the two; but as they came slowly houseward, her heart beat fast, and she felt a sudden warmth mount into her cheek, as if something kindred and pleasant were stirring her spirit to its depths.

Impelled by a sudden impulse, at once urgent and unaccountable, the young woman arose and went out upon the front door-steps, as one who receives an expected guest. |

The lady and the child paused. They had not intended to enter the house, but, lured on by the quietness and lovely glimpses of scenery that surrounded it, they had been led unconsciously in front. "Look, look, mamma. See that beautiful lady. She is coming to speak with you; come!"

As the child spoke, he drew eagerly upon the hand which led him; and Catharine, impelled by the same influence that had brought her to the door, descended the steps and met them.

The lady smiled.

"My little boy is so delighted with the fruit trees and flowers, that I cannot keep him off your grounds," she said, mistaking Catharine for the mistress of the house. "It is an intrusion, I fear."

Catharine did not answer. She was looking downward, with a sort of fascination into the soft, brown eyes of the boy, who neither smiled nor spoke, but returned her look so earnestly that his face grew sad, and he seemed ready to burst into tears.

"We will retire at once," said the lady, hurt by her silence; "I am sure it is an intrusion."

Catharine lifted her eyes from the child, and cast a wistful, inquiring glance upon the mother, as if the words of this excuse, so sweetly uttered, had fallen upon her ear but not upon her sense.

"He is yours," she said, with a strange smile; "dear soul, he is yours!"

Again her eyes were turned on the boy, who met them with a steady, earnest gaze, half tearful, half smiling.

The young widow smiled a troubled assent, and turning slowly, appeared about to retrace her steps.

"Do not go yet," pleaded Catharine, catching her breath, and for the first time realizing her position and the strangeness of her conduct.

"The grounds are pleasant always at sunset,

and so little disturbed, that you can find the charm of a wild wood almost in them. Do you like to hunt birds'-nests, and wade through the wet grass for peppermint, darling?" she added taking the child's hand, while her own began to tremble at the touch.

"I don't know about the other, but birds, yes, yes, I love birds; mamma has got, oh! so many in a big cage at home," answered the boy.

"He has not been much used to the country," added the mother; "we only came to the Island last week, and our place is so new, that it scarcely can be called rural just now. These old trees and thickets make me almost dissatisfied with the barrenness of our home."

"Then you live in the new house, yonder. I am glad of it. We are close neighbors. I have looked at your pretty villa from the window yonder, for months, wondering who would live in it. You will remain, then, and this little boy—oh, how glad I am that he will stay in the neighborhood."

"Thank you; this is very kind, after our intrusion; but your father must think it strange. We did not intend to come so near the house," said the lady, glancing at the window, at which a venerable head appeared, while Elsie was seen fluttering like an inquiet spirit in the dusk of the room beyond.

"He is not my father," said Catharine, simply. "only the person I live with. His daughter is ill; I am her nurse, that is all."

"The nurse of a sick woman, and so young, so——"

The lady was about to have said "so beautiful," but checked herself, blushing.

"It is a pleasant life," said Catharine, "and I am grateful for it—merely to have a home is so much of itself."

"Yes! it must be a great blessing to those who have ever been homeless," answered the lady, with a look of interest. "It makes me shudder to think how desolate a poor young creature must be, cast upon the wide world. I have known beautiful, helpless young creatures driven to the very alms-house from the want of a roof to shelter them." A shudder passed over the lady as she spoke, and her eyes filled with trouble.

"Yes," said Catharine, with a degree of composure, that had the dignity of experience in it. "I have seen these things—they do happen, but there are troubles that make even the alms-house as nothing. While we have one true heart to love us, it is shelter enough. To be unloved is perfect desolation."

A faint blush stole over the lady's face, the

flush of suppressed tears. She looked down at the child, and clasped his hand closer.

"We have lost our heart-shelter," she said.

The boy's face clouded. He understood that look of gentle grief too well.

"He has no father, then?" inquired Catharine.

"No one but me, in the wide world."

The boy took hold of his mother's garments, and looked lovingly in her face. It was a pretty habit of dependence that he had learned while an infant, that of clinging to his mother's skirts, and she loved him for it.

They wandered slowly away from the house, talking quietly and sadly, like old friends that could afford to be natural; but by degrees Catharine became restless and slightly perturbed. There was something strange in this sudden confidence with a stranger, that made her thoughtful. Familiar sounds in the voice, a sort of mesmeric atmosphere that had hung about her own childhood, came back. It seemed as if she had known this gentle widow years ago, and the wideness of the idea harassed her. The child, too—his eyes, the pretty curve of his red lips, the pure forehead, all were familiar; she seemed to have kissed them a thousand times; and it was with a pang of self-constraint that she kept from throwing her arms around him.

This strangely familiar feeling was shared by the widow; while the boy gave his hand lovingly to Catharine, and walked between the two, silent, but listening to all they said. But the dew was falling, and the grass sparkled with moisture beneath the glow of a full moon. The fire-flies scattered their tiny stars along the sward and in the thickets, flashing in and out with a brightness that dazzled the child. He sprang away, with his arms extended, rushing on, and grasping his little hands here and there, hoping to fill them with sparks. The young woman called after him but he would not come. The ground was uneven and rolling where they stood, a hickory grove lay in the distance, and all along the slope of the hill were knolls covered with winter green and barberry thickets, in which the child soon lost himself.

The fire-flies were constantly deluding him, flashing here and there, but never giving themselves to his grasp. He had outrun the voice of his mother, and the stillness frightened him. All at once as he stood listening, a whip-poor-will began his night moan in the hickory grove. The boy began to tremble as he heard it, the sound was so near a human lament, that it filled him alike with affright and compassion. Some one was in pain, he was sure that wicked robbers were hurting some one down in the woods.

What could he do? Where was his mother that she did not help the poor creature, whose lament fell so plaintively on the night?

The child called aloud for his mother, who had gone wildly in an opposite direction in search of him; and Catharine had blindly followed. Thus every instant increased the distance that separated them. Each interval of silence filled him with fresh terror, and when the bird wail came, his own wild cry for help rang with it to return upon him without answer.

At last shriek after shriek rent the air; but all in vain. Then he sunk to the ground. Lifting his eyes to the stars, and folding his hands palm to palm, he began to say his prayers. They were broken with sobs of grief, for it was difficult for the child to have faith in heaven, when his mother neglected to come.

As he knelt upon the turf, sobbing out fragments of the Lord's prayer, a light tread came behind him, and he was lifted suddenly from the ground.

"Mamma! mamma!" he cried, joyously.

But it was not mamma. It was a pale, dark face, that, lighted up with passionate joy, bent over him. The dark eyes, taking that strange brilliancy that nothing but moonlight can give, seemed luring their glances into his. The lips, all in motion and agitated with broken murmurs, rained kisses upon his face, his arms, his hair, and even upon the folds of his dress.

"George—Georgie my own Georgie!"

"No, no, not yours. I won't, I won't!"

The little fellow struggled violently in the strange arms, that had seized upon him, and his eyes grew wild and large with terror. But the female bore him on, whispering to herself,

"I have found him, I have found him. Let them take all the rest. He is mine, mine!"

She raised her voice and sped on, shouting, "Mine, mine." Her long, iron-grey hair had fallen loose, and floated out upon the wind; a tragic joy sat upon her features, as the moonlight glanced over them; and between her words she laughed a clear, gleeful laugh of defiance, which the whip-poor-will answered by his slow wail.

The boy grew still. Something in the face of his captor fascinated him. The breath was checked upon his parted lips as she bore him along.

As she approached the house, Elsie, for it was she, slackened her pace, and began to caress the child with a gentle sweetness that soon dispelled his terror. His name fell from her lips with a sort of charm. He began to wonder rather than fear.

"Hush, now hush, don't speak a word, little

Georgie; don't breathe loud, that's a dear. There, there!"

She pressed his cheek to hers, whispering these cautions softly, and stole through the lilac and snow-ball thickets into the house.

She glided, with ghost-like stillness, through the hall, and through a long, dark passage, into the library. The shutters had been left open, and the room was filled with moonlight. It came through the bay window in a silvery flood, leaving but few shadows, and lying full and broad upon the two pictures.

A great easy-chair stood in the centre of the room, and in this she placed the child, still holding both arms around him, while she crouched half upon her knees on the floor.

"See, see, the boy comes willingly; he wishes to come; he loves me, and will stay forever and ever. Oh! ha! smile and smile; you cannot get

him away again; he is mine, I tell you all, mine!"

As she spoke, Elsie fell to caressing the boy, stilling his fears with the mesmerism of a strong though disturbed volition, till at last he wound his arms about her neck, and fell asleep, with his head bent forward upon her bosom.

Softly the poor, demented woman drew him down to her side upon the floor, and making a couch of the cushions which she took from the chair, she covered him with the great crimson shawl worn over her loose, white robe.

Thus resting upon one elbow, and brooding over the child, as a thousand sweet feelings settled upon her face in the moonlight, she lay till daybreak, watchful and silent, triumphing in her soul over the two portraits that were to her human beings over whom she had attained a conquest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LELIA.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

SHE is not with the gay of earth,
Its pleasures to share:

She is not in the hall of mirth,
To find sorrow there.

Lelia is at rest—
And her longing spirit's blest,
She sleeps 'neath ocean's breast,
Safe, safe from care.

She is not at the merry feast,
Along with the fair;
She is not where the happy jest
Now rings on the air.

Lelia is at rest—

And her longing spirit's blest,
She sleeps 'neath ocean's breast,
Safe, safe from care.

She is not in the path of sin,
Where danger is rife;
She has not now like me to win
An end to this strife
Lelia is at rest—
And her longing spirit's blest,
She sleeps 'neath ocean's breast,
Safe, safe from care.

DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

WHAT curious visions visit us in dreams!

More beautiful than aught the world contains;
The real fades before what only seems,

While Heavenly music breathed in dulcet-strains,
Floats round us in soft notes and sweet refrains—

And gentle beings born of love and light
Our steps attend, and waft us on our way,

Enchanting, lovely, rapturous to the sight,
Those forms which visit us in pleasant dreams by night.

Yet some are dark and gloomy in their guise,
Freighted with forms and sounds of deep despair;
No radiant beauty meets the longing eyes,
No sounds of melody float on the air—
But frightful forms in gloomy sadness dare
To invade our presence in the shadowy land;
Thus various scenes attend our sleeping hours,
Some ravishing, some darkly, wildly grand—
Would that the bright alone might come at our command!

THE BIRD FROM PARADISE.*

BY H. J. VERNON.

ONCE upon a time, there lived, at Olnutz, in Germany, a pious monk, who had rendered himself famous by his good deeds and his learning. Yet brother Alfus, for so he was called, had his seasons of doubt and misgiving. Temptation came in the guise of a skeptical reason, which assumed to say that one ought never to believe what he could not understand. Many times, brother Alfus came out victorious from these struggles, for, confiding in prayer, faith came to his aid, and his soul rocked gently on the tide of pure love, holy visions and heavenly hopes.

Finally the Arch-Enemy assailed him in a new guise. Brother Alfus had remarked that everything beautiful loses its charm by long use; that the eye soon grows tired of the most beautiful landscape, the ear of the sweetest voice, the heart of the fondest love; and then he asked, "how shall we find, even in heaven, a source of eternal joy? In the midst of magnificence and delight which have no end, what will become of our restless souls? Will not unchangeable pleasure at last bring on ennui? Eternity," he continued, "what a word for creatures who know no law but that of change and diversity! What man could wish his sweetest pleasures to last forever! Oh, my God! no more past and no more future! no more remembrances and no more hopes! Eternity! eternity! Oh, sorrowful word! Oh, word, which hast spread fire and lamentation upon earth, what must thou, then, mean in heaven?" Thus spoke brother Alfus; and every day his doubts became greater.

One morning he issued from the monastery before the other monks had arisen, and descended into the valley. The fields, still moist with last night's rain, were glistening under the first rays of the rising sun. Alfus strolled gently through the shady thickets on the hill-side. The birds, which had but just awoke from their slumbers, were perched in the hawthorns, shaking down rosy blossoms on his bald head; and some butterflies, still half asleep, flew lightly in the sun to dry their wings. Alfus stopped to gaze on the scene before him. He remembered how beautiful it had seemed when first he saw it, and with what transport he had looked forward

to ending his days in that delightful retreat. For him, poor child of the city, accustomed to see nought but dark courts and sombre walls, these flowers and trees, and clear air, were bewitching novelties. How quickly passed the year of his novitiate! Those long rambles in the valleys, and those charming discoveries! Streams murmured through the corn-fields, glades haunted by the nightingale, eglantine roses, wild strawberries—what joy to light upon them for the first time! To meet with springs from which he had not yet drunk, and mossy banks upon which he had never yet reclined! But, alas! these pleasures themselves do not last long; very soon you have traversed all the paths of the forest, you have heard the songs of all the birds, you have plucked nosegays of all the flowers, and then adieu to the beauties of the country! Familiarity descends like a veil between you and the creation, and makes you blind and deaf.

And thus it was now with brother Alfus. He looked with indifference on a spectacle which in his eyes had once been ravishing. What heavenly beauties, then, could occupy throughout eternity a soul which the works of God on earth could charm for a moment only? Asking himself this question, the monk walked on, his eyes fixed on the ground, but seeing nothing, and his arms folded on his breast. He descended into the valley, crossed the stream, passed through the woods, and over the hills. The tower of the convent was beginning already to fade in the distance, and at length he stopped. He was on the verge of a vast forest, which extended as far as the eye could reach, like an ocean of verdure. A thousand melodious sounds met his ears from every side, and an odorous breeze sighed through the leaves. After casting an astonished look upon the soft obscurity which reigned in the wood, Alfus entered with hesitation, as if he feared he were treading on forbidden ground. As he advanced, the forest became larger; he found trees covered with blossoms which exhaled an unknown perfume; it had nothing enervating in it, like those of earth, but was, as it were, a sort of moral emanation which embalmed the soul. It was strengthening and delicious at the same time. At length he perceived farther on a

* Adapted from the Swedish.

glade radiant with a marvelous light. He sat down to enjoy the prospect, and then suddenly the song of a bird overhead fell upon his ears—sounds so sweet as to defy description, gentler than the fall of oars on a lake in summer, than the murmur of the breeze amongst weeping willows, or the sigh of a sleeping infant. All the music of the air and earth and water, the melody of the human voice, or of instruments, seemed centred in that song. It was hardly a song, but floods of melody; it was not language, and yet the voice *spoke*. Science, wisdom, and poetry, all were in it; and in hearing it one acquired all knowledge.

Alfus listened for a long time, and with increasing pleasure. At last the light which illumined the forest began to fade, a low murmur was heard amongst the trees, and the bird was silent.

Alfus remained for awhile motionless, as if he were awaking from an enchanted sleep. He at first looked around in a sort of stupor, and then arose. He found his feet benumbed; his limbs had lost their agility. It was with difficulty he directed his steps toward the monastery.

But the farther he went the greater was his surprise. The face of the whole country seemed changed. Where he had before seen sprouting shrubs he now saw wide-spreading oaks. He looked for the little wooden bridge by which he was accustomed to cross the river. It was gone, and in its place was a solid arch of stone. On passing a hedge on which some women were spreading clothes to dry, they stopped to look at him, and said amongst themselves,

"There is an old man dressed like the monks of Olmutz. We know all the brothers, but we have never seen him before."

"These women are fools," said Alfus, and passed on. But at last he began to feel uneasy. He quickened his footsteps as he climbed the narrow pathway which led up the hill-side toward the convent. But the gate was no longer in its old place, and the monastery was changed in its appearance; it was greater in extent, and the buildings were more numerous. A plane-tree which he had himself planted near the

chapel a few months before, covered the sacred building with its foliage. Overpowered with astonishment, the monk approached the new entrance, and rang gently. But it was not the same silver bell, the sound of which he knew so well. A young brother opened the door.

"What has happened?" asked Alfus; "is Antony no longer the porter of the convent?"

"I don't know such a person," was the reply.

"Am I, then, mad?" exclaimed Alfus. "Is not this the monastery of Olmutz, which I left this morning——"

The young monk looked at him amazed.

"I have been porter here for five years," was the rejoinder, "and I do not remember to have ever seen you."

A number of monks were walking up and down the cloisters. Alfus ran toward them, and called them; but none answered. He went closer, but not one of them could he recognize.

"Has there been a miracle here?" he cried. "In the name of heaven, my brothers, has none of you ever seen me before? Does no one know brother Alfus?"

They all looked at him with astonishment. "Alfus!" at last said the oldest; "there was formerly a monk of that name at the convent. I used to hear the old men, long ago, when I was young, talking of him. He was a learned man, but a dreamer, and fond of solitude. One day he descended into the valley, and was lost sight of behind the wood. They expected him back in vain. He never returned, and none knew what became of him; but it is now a hundred years or more since that."

At these words Alfus uttered a loud cry, for he understood it all; and falling on his knees, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed, with fervor,

"Oh, my God; it has been Thy will to show me my folly in comparing the joys of earth with those of heaven. A century has rolled over my head as a single day, while listening to the bird which sings in Thy Paradise. I now understand eternal happiness. Oh, Lord, be gracious unto me, and pardon Thine unworthy servant!"

Having thus spoken, brother Alfus extended his arms, kissed the ground, and died.

LINES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

Thorn without, the snow-drifts tower,
Though hail falls, and tempests shower,
Rattling on the window-pane:

Still their gloom is all in vain—
For her form doth ever bring
To my heart the joys of Spring.

THE HIGHFLIERS.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL

THE three Misses Highflier were sitting in their morning-room, engaged in fancy needle-work. It was a cold, yet pleasant day in December, and the ground was covered a few inches with snow. Sleighs jingled merrily by at short intervals, causing the youngest of the sisters to glance frequently out of the window.

"Florence, I do wish you wouldn't be so interested in watching those countrified sleighs," remarked Julia, the eldest Miss Highflier. "I'd be a little more dignified were I in your place."

"Oh, sis," retorted Florence, saucily, "you're too stuck up, by a great deal. I think you might accept Miss Warthy's invitation for to-morrow night."

"Indeed! that *would* be lowering our dignity! You forget that Jane Warthy is only a farmer's daughter. We, who are both the wealthiest and most fashionable and refined family in the village, should be careful with whom we condescend to associate." And Miss Highflier's nasal protuberance, which was by no means a small one, elevated itself considerably.

"Ahem!" ejaculated Florence, mockingly; "a-a-ahem! Allow me to inform your ladyship that Jane Warthy is as well educated, and has as much refinement as the proudest in the land. Her society is sought, you well know, by persons of the highest respectability. She is a true lady, though she puts on no airs and makes no pretensions."

"It is easy to see that you have been spoiled by old uncle Wilmot. 'Tis a pity you didn't stay with him. He was bringing you up admirably!" sneered the amiable Julia.

"Dear uncle Wilmot! good old man! How I wish father had let me remain with him. I was so happy there."

"We'll willingly sign a petition to have you return to him," remarked the second sister, who had hitherto remained silent. "Indeed, it is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

"I am going to ask father to let me go to Jane Warthy's party," said Florence, after a pause of some moments.

"You had better!" returned Julia, derisively. "You have got such low notions, I would advise you to fall in love with Fred Warthy. Hadn't you better, now?"

Julia looked sarcastically into her sister's face, and was both surprised and shocked to see it mantled with a burning blush.

"Good heavens! Anna, I truly believe the creature is in love with that horrid farmer. Do look at her!"

Anna held up her hands in horror, while Florence sprang like a frightened bird from the room.

"Good gracious! what shall we do? That girl will be an everlasting disgrace to the family. Who would have imagined that she would descend to smile upon Fred Warthy. What's to be done, Anna?"

"Let us carry the matter before our respected mother," returned her sister, who was excessively affected in speech and manner. "She will undoubtedly bring matters to a crisis. Indeed, it were a consummation devoutly to be wished."

"I wish I could, Fred. But mother won't consent."

"Allow me to ask her. We are going to have such a pleasant time."

"Oh, no, no! There is no use. When she says a thing there's no turning her."

"It's too bad. I wish your mother was like other people."

"So do I. There's no use in wishing, however. You must go, Fred; they'll soon be home from their sleigh ride, and mother will almost murder me if she finds you here."

"Does she so hate me?" asked the young man, a shadow resting upon his handsome face.

"No, she does not hate you—but—but—they all think that—"

"I understand you, now. They do not deem me worthy of your society. It would be a mortification to their pride to associate with a farmer. Good morning, Miss Florence!"

He bowed respectfully, and made a step toward the door. Florence sprang to his side, and caught him by the arm.

"Stay, Fred, one moment! I am not proud—I have no ridiculous ideas of exclusiveness—I don't think myself better than my neighbors—I—"

"Then you don't hate me, Florence? You

do not think me beneath your notice? You will not be angry if I dare to treasure your image in my heart? Answer me, Florence!"

She laid her blushing face on his manly shoulder, and softly murmured, "No!"

"Bless you!" His lips touched her brow.

Starting from him, she sprang to the window as a sleigh dashed up to the door, a splendid turnout, with a liveried driver.

"Here they are! what shall I do. Go out of the back door, Fred! Here, quick!"

"No, I won't!" coolly answered Fred; "let 'em turn me out." And seating himself, young Warthy quietly awaited their entrance. Mrs. Highflier and her two daughters swept into the room, all fuss and feathers, flounces and ribbons, followed by the husband and father. A battery of eight eyes immediately poured down upon the unfortunate intruder, and four proud heads gave as many haughty tosses, while poor Florence stood pale and trembling in a corner.

"*Sir!*" ejaculated Madam Highflier, with the air of a queen, "we have not the honor of your acquaintance—wherefore this intrusion?"

Fred rose, and bowing politely, replied with perfect *sang froid*, "I had no intention of intruding upon you, madam; it was Florence I came to see."

"What insolence!" indignantly exclaimed Miss Julia. "It were well to order Patrick to duck him in the horse-pond."

"Indeed," echoed Anna, "it were a consummation devoutly to be wished."

"You will oblige us by retiring, *sir!*" said madam, pointing to the door.

"Certainly! anything to oblige so elegant and polite a lady," returned Fred, a mocking smile upon his lips, and a flash of proud superiority in his fine dark eyes, as he prepared to depart. Unaccountably to themselves, all quailed beneath his glance, and each felt guilty of a very mean action, as his manly form disappeared from their view.

Turning to vent themselves upon Florence, it was discovered that the bird had flown. The poor girl remained all that day and night locked up in her room, not even admitting her mother.

"My dear children," said uncle Wilmot, "I would advise you to marry."

"But my mother—my sisters—they will disown me!" rejoined Florence, anxiously.

"Let them. I shall not. They'll come around when they think of my money-bags." And the old gentleman laughed merrily.

"But, sir," said Fred, "I have too much pride to intrude myself upon a family who deem me so much beneath them."

"Don't talk to me in that way! Beneath them, indeed! because you haven't quite as much money—that's all the difference. I tell you they know you are infinitely above them in intellect, and *that's* the reason they dislike you. One thing you may rest assured of, where there are little brains there is always great presumption and ridiculous pride."

"Get married, my children, as soon as you please. The money-bags will make it all right." And they did.

THE MANIAC.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

I AM pacing my desolate prison,
And am thinking and thinking of thee,
Of the beautiful being, whose spirit
From bondage my hand set free—
Art singing in Heaven, sweet spirit,
Of glory and love to me?

Oh, the gash in thy billowy bosom!
'Twas a fearful thing to behold!
And the moment my dagger had made it,
My bosom grew icy cold.

How the warm, red blood did trickle
O'er thy breast like a stream of gold!

The heart my cold dagger discovered,
Long ago it was given to me;
But thy father had sworn that his daughter

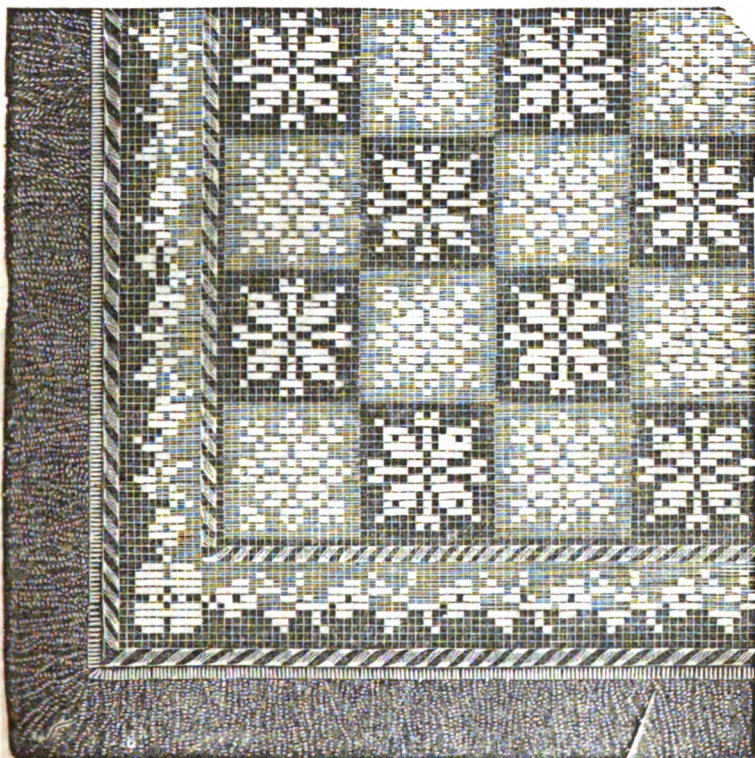
The bride of another should be.
They wove their strong fetters about thee—
Ha! ha! but my darling is free!

I slew thee to save thee, my darling,
From a lingering death—of years;
From a journey of darkness and sorrow,
From a life of despairing and tears,
From a path to the house of the dying
O'ershadowed with sadness and fears.

I shall hasten to thee in the morning,
When the sun is beginning to shine;
I know thou art happy with thinking
How quickly I shall be thine.
Ha! ha! there is none to prevent thee
From being in Paradise—mine!

CHESSTABLE COVER.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

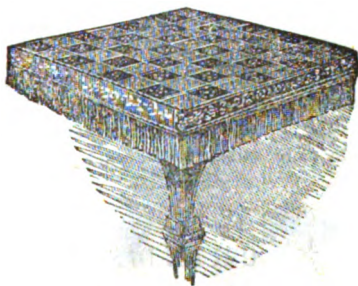


MATERIALS.—A square of rather coarse canvass. Filoselle of the following colors: rich crimson, blue, and maize. Crimson and maize silk cord, and blue bullion fringe.

We would advise our readers to select the ordinary square canvass, for this work, as the silk will be found to fill up the squares better. Great care should also be exercised in choosing the colors that will blend well. The whole of the pattern is done in the maize silk, the squares being grounded alternately in crimson and blue. The upper part of the border is also grounded in one color, and the lower in another. We give a corner for the border, but would ourselves prefer folding in the canvass at the corners, and so making it fit tightly on to the table, which must, of course, be of the same dimensions. The inner cord will then form the edge, and the outer will cover the heading of the fringe.

By the aid of our two illustrations this cover can be worked without any trouble. It is done

in ordinary cross-stitch, and the proper selection of materials is the only difficulty, as much of the effect depends on the size of the canvass, and the contrast of the colors.



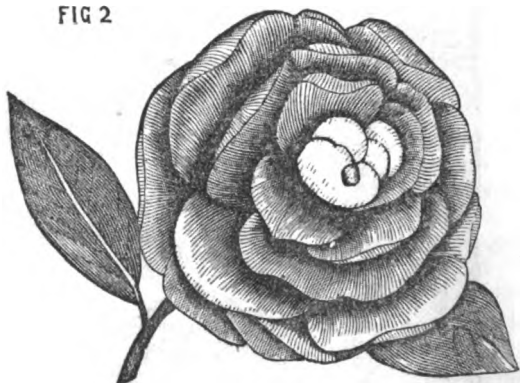
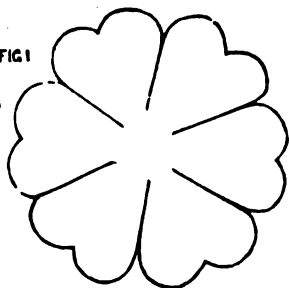
Tables with handsome pedestals and common tops, fit either for covering with beadwork or with such a movable cover as this, can readily be procured.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A JAPONICA.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

FIG 2

FIG 1



MATERIALS.—White unruled letter-paper; chrome yellow and whiting; green and white tissue paper, wire, cotton, gum, &c.

Cut five sizes, two of each size; fold your paper so as to cut six petals when opened; for the centre use the white tissue paper, cut like a small rose. Mix a small quantity of chrome yellow and whiting together, dry; rub on with a piece of raw cotton from the centre of each set of leaves, being careful to gum each set together, so that they will not slip round. Curl each set of petals slightly on each side. Make a small bulb of raw cotton on the end of a piece

of wire, sufficiently long to form the stem of the flower: slip it through the outside petals and finish the back with a green calyx and cup.

* **MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 31 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

FRENCH working cotton Nos. 80 and 100, and the finest No. of spool sewing cotton. The principal part of the leaves and flowers are to be done in satin stitch and French knots. The

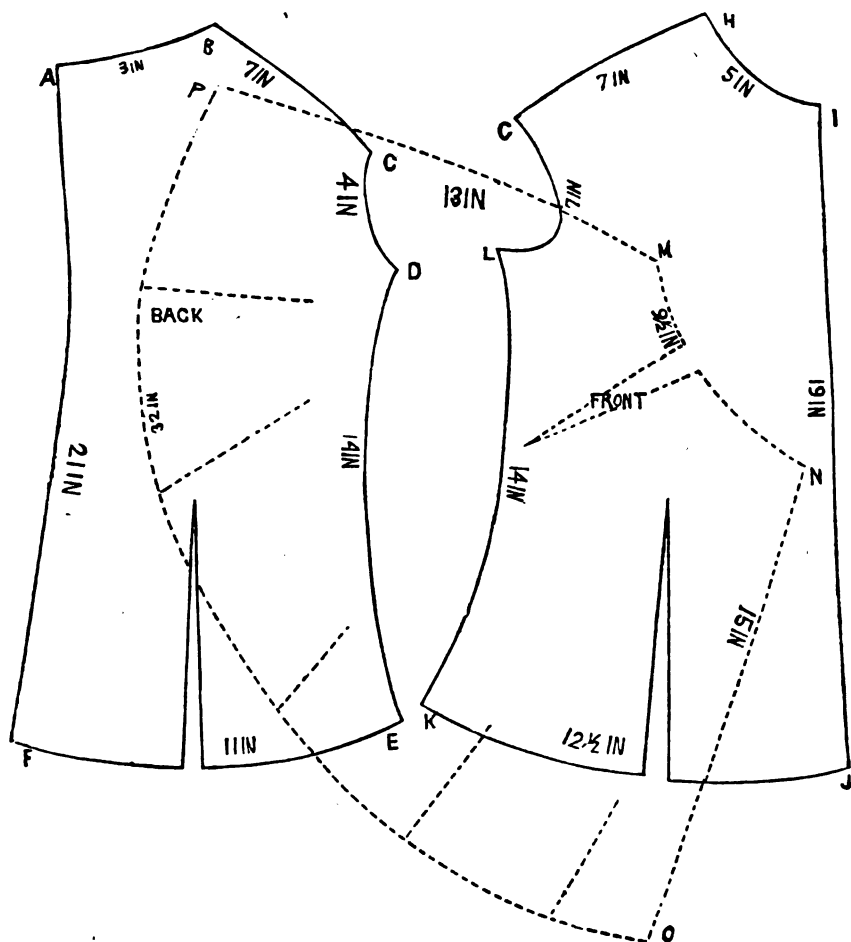
chain work in over-stitch, to be filled with French knots. The open space is left for the name, to be done in stitches corresponding with the rest of the work.

CHILD'S SACK-COAT AND CAPE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, on the top of the next page, a diagram, by which a child's sack-coat may be cut. This garment is finished with the cape, the pat-

tern of which is marked by the dotted line. The left-hand pattern is the back, the other the front of the sack.



LADY'S PURSE.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR

MATERIALS.—Two skeins purse silk, one hank steel beads, steel crochet guaging No. 16. Illustration in front of number.

Make a chain of five stitches.

1st, 2nd, and 3rd round.—1 stitch, d c, 1 chain all round.

4th round.—1 long stitch, 1 chain into every stitch.

5th and 6th rounds.—1 long stitch, 2 chain into every loop.

7th round.—D c into every stitch.

8th round.—2 stitches d c, 1 bead stitch; repeat.

9th round.—1 stitch d c under 1st in last round, 2 bead stitches; repeat.

10th round.—Same as last.

11th round.—1 stitch d c under last bead in last round, 2 bead stitches; repeat.

12th round.—Same as last.

13th round.—1 stitch d c under 1st bead in last round, 2 bead stitches; repeat.

14th round.—Same as last.

15th round.—D c under d c, 2 bead stitches; repeat.

16th round.—2 stitches d c, the 1st under the one in last round, 1 bead stitch; repeat.

17th round.—D c.

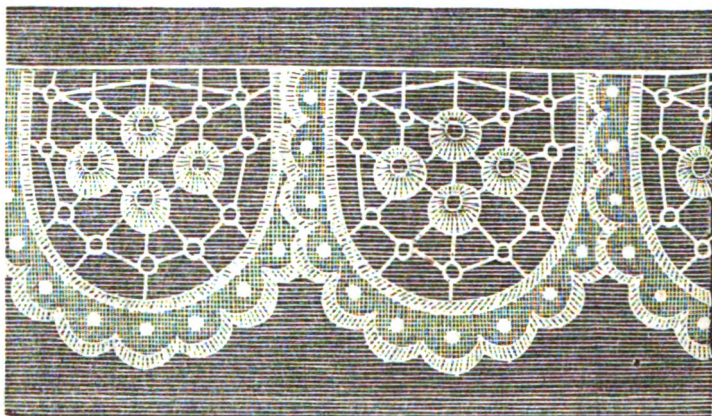
18th round.—1 long stitch, 1 chain, miss 1; repeat.

19th and 20th round.—1 long stitch, 1 chain every loop.

21st round.—D c.

Work d c backward and forward half across the purse four times, then the other half. D c over the poles.

THE MARGUERITE TRIMMING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES.



MATERIALS.—Stout jaconet muslin, and working cotton, No. 24.

This design has been made expressly for trimming children's dresses, and is intended to be used instead of the ordinary crimped frills. It is, of course, to be put on plain. For the frocks of boys of four to six years of age, which usually open at the side of the front, the trimming is carried all round the top, and down the opening of the front to the waist. Similar work should trim the short sleeves.

The bars are all worked *over* the muslin, but the small holes *on* it, the muslin being traced, pierced, and then sewed over in button-hole stitch.

The four spots, also, technically called *pois*, in the centre of each scallop should be considerably raised, before being sewed over. It will be observed that the whole is not in the centre of these; the lower part of each being the deepest, should also be the most raised.

SLIPPER IN BERLIN WORK.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

We give another of these beautiful designs to be worked in colors. This is the only Magazine that has ever given such patterns.

MATERIALS.—Canvass. Three shades of Berlin wool for the design, and Berlin wool for grounding. For pattern see front of number.

We give here a pattern so simple, that even our juvenile friends may, without fear, try to work from it. Only three shades of color are required. As to the choice, that must depend

on taste; but the following combinations we would suggest as among the prettiest. Three shades of orange, or of blue, on a rich brown ground; or of crimsons, on a crimson ground, three shades darker; or of green, on a claret ground.

The white squares indicate the lightest shade; the diamond squares the darkest. The design will do either for a lady's or gentleman's slipper, according to the size of the canvass selected.

SPRING MANTILLAS.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."



MANTILLAS are very beautiful this spring, though the styles are but slightly altered; their elegance consisting chiefly in the manner in which they are trimmed. In addition to those represented in the steel fashion plate, we have had two of the most charming drawn and engraved; and give them above. One is of black silk, of the scarf shape, trimmed with deep black lace, set on under a ruche of silk. The upper row of lace is ornamented, at regular intervals, with bows of ribbon and ends. The other, which is more "dressy," as it is usually trimmed, but less useful, is of a white net, with silk applique, that is, silk cut out and put on with a braid or chain-stitching. A deep fringe finishes this very elegant mantilla.

The scarf shape, which falls off the shoulders as in the above pattern, and those which come up high in the neck, will be equally worn. For those made of a heavy silk material, the high ones are decidedly preferable, as they will be worn in a season when a little warmth is of some consequence; but for summer, taste may decide between the two.

The rounded shape is almost universal; a slight slope at the arms, however, preventing it

from being a perfect circle. Some of the silk mantillas are composed of two colors, such as dark blue and black, brown and black, green and black, &c.; and these are placed in longitudinal stripes, which make the mantilla look somewhat like a quartered orange. Of course the fringe, which finishes these, is also of two colors. Black lace mantillas will be much worn this summer. Some are embroidered in palms, bouquets, &c., of the most graceful description. White muslin, with ribbon run in the hem above the ruffle, will also be fashionable, particularly for young ladies. White bareges, with the ruffles finished, or trimmed with ribbon, will be found useful.

As we have said before, the Talma shape is almost universal; but we have noticed that in Paris the mantilla is gradually verging toward the form of the shawl for balls and the opera. In the course of another year we may expect to find this style on our streets. It is not elegant, however, for winter wear, because it must then be wadded, which renders it ungraceful. Nothing but a full, round shape, when made thick, should be allowable; but we are glad to see even an approach to the return to the ever elegant, ever

graceful shawl. In fact, shawls are already now more popular than they have been for years. They certainly afford a better protection to the chest in cold weather than a mantilla; are much more economical; as the styles, though varying, are not so changeable as those of mantilla.

HINTS ON BRAIDING.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

A GREAT French authoress once observed—*"La simplicité est charmante—mais il n'y a rien de si difficile!"* We are almost inclined to make the same observation regarding the very pretty, very easy, yet difficult mode of decoration termed BRAIDING.

Nothing can be prettier, more effective, or more simple, yet there is hardly any sort of ornamental work so rarely well done. Its apparent easiness leads people to think that there is not, in braiding, as in most other things, a right way and a wrong; and, consequently, for want of asking or receiving a very few hints as to the proper mode of procedure, ladies frequently find their braiding most unsatisfactory: the braid looks jagged and uneven—sharp points become curves, greatly wider at the extremity than anywhere else—and curves lose altogether the flowing grace that ought to distinguish them.

The articles most frequently braided are sofa-cushions, ottomans, mats, smoking-caps, slippers, cigar-cases, shaving-books, and handkerchief-cases, with silk or fancy braids; and sleeves, collars, d'Oyleys, bread and cheese cloths, with white or woollen braids.

Russian braid should always be run on with a thread of the silk of which it is composed. A length of about half-a-yard should therefore be out off to begin with, and the strands drawn out as required. The nature of this braid makes it easy to coax it into curves, in forming the pattern, and if the stitches are taken *across* the braid, (and not, as too frequently is done, along the centre) there will be little fear of its presenting the variation of width which so spoils the appearance of this sort of work. Points should always be very sharp. To effect this, draw the braid rather tightly, and take a stitch completely across it, to confine the width. Then turn the braid over, as it were, on the wrong side.

The ends of braid should always be drawn on the wrong side of the cloth.

Russian braid is the only kind that can properly be employed with an edging of gold thread, as no other sort has a flat surface and even

border. When gold thread is employed, the end should first be drawn to the wrong side, and then the stitches taken, with China silk of exactly the same shade, *not straight across*, but slanting, in the same direction as the twist of the gold thread itself, and so that the fine silk blends with it.

Two new sorts of braid have been introduced within the last year or two to the public. They are the Star and the Eugenie braids. The Star braid has the edges in minute Vandykes. The Eugenie has the appearance of Russian braid, but crimped as with a crimping machine. To preserve this crimp, yet not allow the braid to spread, is rather difficult, and we do not think the Eugenie braid will ever be very popular. The Star braid is very firm, and easy to put on; and a pretty variety of it, termed *Alliana* braid, containing two or three different colors, is just now popular.

All these are especially adapted for articles of dress; for sofa-cushions and seats nothing is either so pretty or so durable as the *Albert* braid, or cord—which, in fact, it is. It looks best in shades of orange, or blue; the greens are also pretty, and the crimson is very rich. For sofa-cushions two shades of orange *Albert*, laid side by side, on certain *nuances* of brown cloth, with amber trimmings, are as rich as any braiding can be. *Albert* braid is also the most suitable for edging velvet *applique* on cloth, as being thick and raised it forms a better edge to the thickness of the velvet.

The stitches must not be taken *through* but *across* this braid; and, as it is not so flexible as the other kinds, it will be necessary to pinch it to make it form sharp points. This braid may also be edged with gold thread, which must, however, be thicker than that used for Russian braid.

Among the purposes for which this braid is peculiarly appropriate, we must not forget to mention children's dresses. The pink and blue tints, for trimming, white cashmere; and the white, for either of the above colors, looks truly beautiful.

Though although black is the usual accompaniment of scarlet cloth, we greatly prefer a rich Napoleon blue: it subdues the glare quite as much, without being so sombre. Trimmings, especially for sofa-cushions, should be ordered, at least, when the cloth and braid are purchased; and should, if not of the plain tint of the braid, combine both colors—or, in fact, all the shades used.

White cotton braid is used for the muslin sleeves now so fashionable for morning wear. The sleeves are in two forms: the Mandarin and the Bishop sleeve. The edge of the former should be finished in button-hole stitch, with embroidery cotton; and a narrow Valenciennes edging will make it perfect.

D'Oyleys and bread-cloths, marked in braiding patterns, we greatly prefer done in chain-stitch, with scarlet embroidery cotton. The borders must be worked in button-hole stitch.

The Eugenie tape—used in some embroidery

designs—is a fancy tape, nearly half an inch wide, and crimp like the braid. It makes some designs, for petticoats and such articles, very strong and durable.

We will conclude by observing that a long, fine needle is better adapted for putting on flat braids than any other.

The broad silk braids are so little used, we have said nothing about them. They are, however, extremely beautiful, especially for working aprons in bold and graceful designs. They should be run on at both edges, and the points carefully mitred; that is, the braid so folded, as to have a line down the centre.

Of gold braids, the Parisian is by far the purest as well as the most flexible. There is a *soutache* made of gold and silver, which looks very brilliant, and if not so lasting as pure gold braid, has the merit of not being above a third of the price.

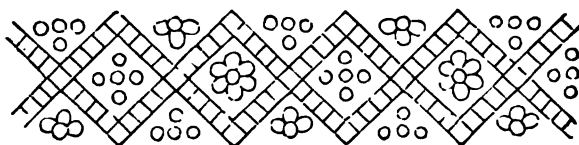
VENITIAN POINT-LACE COLLAR.

MATERIALS.—Three yards of Italian braid, with Point-lace threads and cottons. For illustration see front of number.

The outlines of this collar are done entirely in Italian braid; the double lines which form the diamonds are connected by a series of Raleigh bars, and in the small lozenges are Mecklin wheels. All these are done in thread, No. 80. The line forming the outer edge of the collar is

finished with a row of Sorrento edging, done in No. 100 thread. The principal points of the cross are filled in with foundation stitch, and No. 70 cotton; the Mecklin wheel, in the centre, and the plain button-hole bars which connect it with the sides are done in No. 80 thread. The other crosses are worked in the same way. The Brussels lace which fills in the spars round the neck, are done in cotton No. 90.

EDGING AND INSERTION.



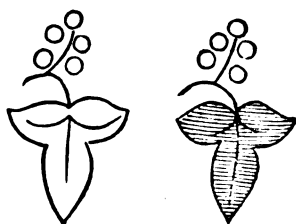
BONNETS, EMBROIDERY, SLEEVES, ETC.



HEAD-DRESS.



SPRING BONNET.



EMBROIDERY.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



LETTERS.



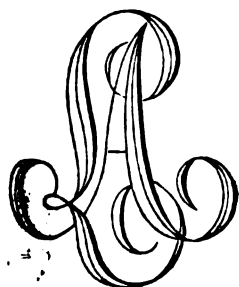
LETTERS.



SLEEVE.



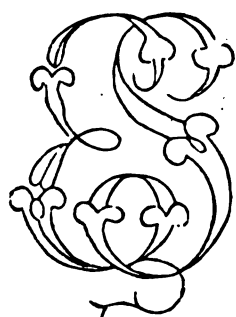
CAP.



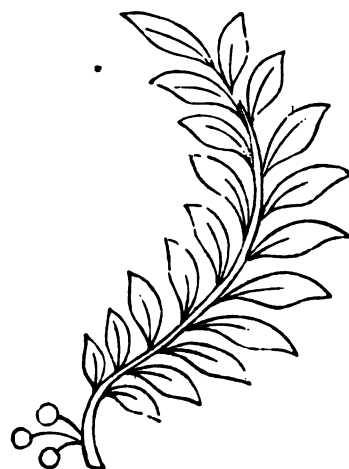
INITIALS.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.



INITIALS.



EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HISTORY OF THE BONNET.—Various have been the forms which the bonnet has assumed since it was first brought from Italy in the reign of Elizabeth. The materials employed were then cloth of gold, crimson satin, and other rich stuffs, and the form was something between the round Italian hat and the French hood. The large Leghorn hat was the first head-covering which took the true bonnet form; and all bonnets and capotes up to the present day have been modifications of the original model. It was introduced into England with the first importation of French fashions in the early part of the reign of George III.; it had a perpendicular crown, with a large brim standing out high and wide round the face, and covered with immense bows of ribbon intermingled with artificial flowers. From this time variations have appeared in its shape every two or three seasons; it has lately been gradually becoming less and less—at one time close and narrow in the brim, at another wide and open, more or less trimmed according to the caprice of the mode, but always having a decided peculiarity of form, opposed to the hat shape. We cannot help thinking that if the high priestess of fashion would condescend to glance over the variety of head-coverings which have adorned the fair countenances of our ancestors at different times, she would be able to select one more serviceable and more picturesque than the unmeaning, flower-bedecked, little cauls which are now in vogue. We are here only alluding to out-door costume, and we would desire to render the head-dress less tawdry. Who that recollects the charming cottage bonnet of straw, that does not regret that it has become extinct? The bonnet of the present day has nothing to recommend it, and is more out of taste, and more open to criticism, than any other article of female attire. If ladies are anxious to display the luxuriance of their hair, there are many styles better adapted for the purpose than the bonnet of the present day, or the ugly straw mushrooms which were allowed to disfigure so many pretty persons during the past summer. The hat worn for riding is capable of becoming, under the skilful fingers of some tasteful milliner, equally well suited for the promenade. Made in velvet or cloth, drooping slightly over the upper part of the face, with the hair arranged in thick coils of plaits, massive braids, or clustering curls, it would lend attraction to many a mediocre face. The nose and forehead would be screened from the air and preserve their delicacy, while the exposure of the cheeks would cause a brighter tint to settle on them, and add a natural brilliancy to the countenance. It is whispered in boudoirs and *salons de toilette*, that the

Spanish mantilla is to be brought into vogue. I shall hail its appearance with pleasure; for a mysterious witchery hovers round the mantilla, as we in Spain, which we should like to see realized in this country, and we think, also, it would prove a valuable acquisition to the lady's wardrobe, as embracing a combination of the useful and the picturesque.

GOOD THINGS NEVER OLD.—Saxe's poem, "The Modern Belle," has probably been perused by many of our hundred thousand readers. But there are few, we are sure, to whom it will be new. Will even those, who have seen it before, will not be sad to meet it again.

The daughter sits in the parlor,
And rocks in her easy-chair;
She's clad in her silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She looks at the rings on her fingers,
She simpers, and giggles and winks;
And though she talks but little,
'Tis vastly more than she thinks.

Her father goes clad in his russet,
And ragged and seedy at that;
His coats are out at the elbow—
And he wears a shocking bad hat.
He's hoarding and saving his shillings
So carefully day by day,
While she on her beau and her poodle
Is throwing it all away.

She lies abed in the morning,
Till nearly an hour of noon;
Then comes down snapping and snarling,
Because she was called so soon;
Her hair is still in the papers,
Her cheeks still dabbled with paint—
Remains of her last night's blushes,
Before she intended to faint.

She doats upon men unshaven,
And men with the flowing hair;
She's eloquent over moustaches,
They give such a foreign air;
She talks of Italian music,
And falls in love with the moon;
And though but a mouse should meet her,
She sinks away in a swoon.

Her feet are very little,
Her hands are very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light;
Her color is made of cosmetics,
Though this she will never own;
Her body's made mostly of cotton,
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
Who swells with a foreign air—
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair;
One of the very best matches—
Both are well mated for life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
He's got a fool for a wife.

GRACE GREENWOOD.—Do you wish to read a delightful story? Then purchase "The Forest Tragedy," by Grace Greenwood, just published, and to be had at any of the book-stores. Grace Greenwood is one of the few cotemporary authors who really possess genius. She has a rare perception of the beautiful, a warm and glowing style, a sincere love of truth and goodness, and a rich and luxuriant imagination. She never confounds coarseness with strength, nor gives us bombast instead of eloquence. We can recall no writer who seems to us to follow her profession with such single-minded honesty. She evidently regards her genius as a gift from heaven, for which she is accountable to God, and which therefore ought to be dedicated to what she believes to be the good of her race.

Her "Forest Tragedy" is a story of the War of Independence. The principal characters are a young French nobleman, an Indian girl, and an Oneida chief. The tale is one of great beauty, and will take, we think, permanent rank in our literature. The character of Oneida, the Indian, is an exquisite creation. It is, as all elevated ones are, ideal; for no others raise us above ourselves, no others teach us to have that faith in the possibilities of human nature, which alone can conduce to progress.

Grace Greenwood is still engaged in editing "The Little Pilgrim," a monthly serial for the young, which is furnished to single subscribers at fifty cents a year, and to clubs at even a lower price. "The Little Pilgrim" topographically is the neatest of all the Magazines for juveniles; while in point of literary merit it ranks unquestionably first. We can conscientiously recommend it to families of intelligence and refinement. Address L. K. Lippincott, publisher, No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia. We believe specimens are furnished gratis.

"THE OLD LOVE."—We find the following floating about the newspapers. It has more than the average merit of such fugitive poems: so much more, indeed, that we think it worth preserving.

I met her; she was thin and old;
She stooped, and trod with tottering feet;
The hair was grey, that once was gold,
The voice was harsh, that once was sweet.
Her hands were withered, and her eyes,
Robbed of the girl's light of joy,
Were dim; I felt a sad surprise
That I had loved her when a boy.

But yet a something in her air,
Restored me to the vanished time,
My heart grew young and seemed to wear
The brightness of my youthful prime.
I took her withered hand in mind—
Its touch recalled a ghost of joy—
I kissed it with a reverent sigh,
For I had loved her when a boy.

LEAP YEAR.—Several ladies, in a brisk New England town, lately gave a leap year ball. They made all the arrangements, invited their partners, and led out gentlemen to dance. Ah! if we had only been there.

DEATH OF MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.—This estimable lady, and popular writer, died of pneumonia, at Marianna, Florida, on the 17th of February. She was born in Lancaster, Massachusetts, and was the daughter of General John Whiting. She began to write poems, novels and tragedies before she was twelve years old, and thus disciplined her mind for her more mature works. She was married to Mr. N. M. Hentz, professor in North Carolina University. Her adult life has been chiefly spent in the Southern states, and she has there laid the scene of some of her recent most successful novels. "Linda," and "The Mob Cap" are, perhaps, the best of her novels and shorter tales, respectively. She was ill but a few days.

CURIOUS PLAY ON "CIPHER."—The following lines afford an instance of the ingenious uses to which the English language may be put:

"You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for you;
Oh, sigh for no cipher, but oh, sigh for me;
Oh, let not my sigh for a cipher go,
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so!"

The above is more briefly expressed in the following manner:

"U 0 a 0, but I 0 u,
Oh, 0 no 0, but oh, 0 me;
Oh, let not my 0 a 0 go,
But give 0 0 I 0 u so!"

"THE FIRESIDE VISITOR."—This is the title of a new weekly, designed for families of culture, and published in this city. Its editors are J. M. Church, Esq., and Ella Rodman. Mr. Church is favorably known as the former editor of "The Bizarre," and Ella Rodman will be recognized, by our readers, as one of our most sparkling contributors. The journal appears in an elegant dress, worthy of its chaste selections, able original articles and discriminating reviews. We sincerely wish it success.

E. L. WALKER'S MUSIC STORE.—The best selection of music, in Philadelphia, may be had at E. L. Walker's, Chesnut above Sixth streets. Orders by mail, enclosing the money, are promptly filled. We call the attention of our fair readers, in the country, to this expeditious and safe method of obtaining music.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Home Service. A Manual intended for those who are occasionally hindered from attending the House of God. With Sermons and a collection of Hymns. By Rev. Wm. Bacon Stevens, D. D. 1 vol. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.—This book will supply a want long felt by professing Christians, especially those of the Episcopal denomination, when detained, by sickness, inclemency of weather, or other causes, from attending public worship. It contains four services for four Sundays, each being different, in order to give variety in the mode of worship. A liturgical

form has been observed, the author being an Episcopalian divine; but the forms are such as cannot be objected to, we think, by any Christian, whatever his sect. The selection of hymns is excellent. The sermons are in the best vein of Dr. Stevens, who is well known as one of the ablest pulpit orators, belonging to his denomination, to be found in the United States. We cannot praise too highly the taste which the publishers have shewn in the typography, paper and binding of the volume.

India; or, The Pearl of Pearl River. By Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. 1 vol. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—We consider this, in many respects, the best novel Mrs. Southworth has written. The characters of the two heroines are finely contrasted. Mark Sutherland is after both a nobler and more rational ideal than Mrs. S.'s heroes generally. The incidents also are less improbable. On the whole, it is a very superior fiction. We speak of it, of course, entirely from a literary stand-point. Of late, it has become too common to praise, or censure novels, on other grounds; whereas a critic, so long as a fiction is not immoral, has nothing to do except with the literary merit and demerits of the work. It is as a work of art, and not otherwise, that he is to pronounce upon a book laid before him.

Elements of Logic, together with an Introductory view of Philosophy in general, and a Preliminary view of Reason. By Henry P. Tappan. 1 vol. *New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A solid, well-matured work, that taxes the intellect to digest; such a work as trains the mind as well as increases the stock of knowledge. The author has ably performed the difficult task he undertook. He does not conceal his indebtedness to the great thinkers who have gone before him; but neither does he blindly re-echo their words: he has thought for himself as well as read; and the result is a treatise of rare merit. The introductory view of philosophy will be found of interest to the general reader. The publishers issue the volume in quite a handsome style.

Rachel Gray. By Julia Kavanah. 1 vol. *New York: D. S. Appleton & Co.*—Miss Kavanah avers that this tale is founded strictly on fact. It is the story of one of those humble martyrs, in every day life, whose whole existence is one long sacrifice; martyrs of whom "the world is not worthy;" martyrs who leave no sounding name behind, but whom God will proclaim before all men at the Judgment Day. There are thousands of such, both in England and in this country, meek daughters, uncomplaining wives, self-devoted mothers, the heroes of common life, who die, not by fire or cord, but by slower tortures. We commend "Rachel Gray" to all true hearts.

Macaulay's History of England. Vols. 3 and 4. *Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.*—A neat duodecimo edition, bound in embossed cloth, and retailed at the low price of forty cents a volume.

A History of Philosophy in Epitome. By Dr. Albert Schweigler. Translated from the original German by Julius H. Seelye. 1 vol. *New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—The best concise manual extant on the subject, from the school of Hegel, according to Dr. Smith, of the Union Theological School of New York. Its account of the Greek and German systems of philosophy, he says, in an introductory note, is of especial value and importance. The doctor recommends it "as one of the best works for a textbook in our colleges, upon this neglected branch of scientific investigation." After such high authority, praise from us, on such a subject, would be presumptuous.

Edith; the Quaker's Daughter. By one of her—*Descendants.* 1 vol. *New York: Mason Brothers.* This is a story of Puritan times. We have always thought that era, especially about the period of the Quaker persecutions, the fittest, in point of art, for a historical novel, of any epoch in American annals. But the present writer is not equal to the task of making the actors of that age live again. She is not even always correct in her Quaker phraseology. She exhibits, however, some merit; and has, on the whole, made a readable book. The publishers have issued the work in the neat style which characterizes all their books.

Tolla: A Tale of Modern Rome. By Edmond About. 1 vol. *Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall.* This novel has two rare merits. In the first place, it is unexceptionable, although by a French author. In the second place, it is a love story which is neither maudlin nor sentimental. The *London Athenæum* says of it, that "with the glow and passion of Roman life," it is "as pure in tone as the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' while it is as strongly interesting as the 'Roman d'une Femme.'" In this eulogium, extravagant as it may seem, we quite concur, after having read the book.

Alone. By Marion Harland. 1 vol. *New York: J. C. Derby.*—Few novels have had such extraordinary success as this. It rapidly ran through several editions in this country; was re-printed in England; was translated into several foreign languages; and now makes its appearance, revised and corrected, with the magic words, "nineteenth thousand" on its title-page. Of such a work it is unnecessary to speak. The public has set the seal of approbation on it, beyond all cavil, and to an extent that renders encomiums superfluous.

Charlemont; or, The Pride of The Village. By W. Gilmore Sims. 1 vol. *New York: Redfield.*—This story is founded on incidents which some of our readers may remember, as they were of comparatively recent occurrence in Kentucky. The volume forms part of Redfield's series of "Sims' Revised Novels;" a series that ought to be in the library of every American; for there is no writer who is so eminently national, in many respects, as William Gilmore Sims.

Life in Brazil; or, A Journal of A Visit to the Land of the Cocoa and the Palm. With an Appendix, containing illustrations of ancient South American Arts, in recently discovered implements and products of domestic industry, and works in stone, pottery, gold, silver, bronze, &c. By Thomas Ewbank. With over One Hundred Illustrations. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We ought all to know more of Brazil than we do. Its trade with the United States is large and increasing; its people, its customs, and its climate are full of points of interest; and it enjoys the same commanding position, in power and influence, in South America, that our own country does in North. The present volume gives altogether the most complete account of Brazil of any which has yet fallen under our notice. It is pleasing in style, abounds with valuable facts, and is plainly the work of a keen as well as discriminating observer. It may be called, in fact, a daguerreotype of Brazil. Sufficient personal narrative is mixed up with the statistics, the descriptions of Brazilian customs, and other matters of information, to maintain the interest at the highest point. The appendix is full of curious antiquarian knowledge, establishing the fact, that the inhabitants of Brazil, before the discovery of America by Europeans, had attained a very considerable degree of civilization. The volume is a handsome octavo.

Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1856. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—A record of the discoveries in science during the past year, ably edited, and quite handsomely printed. It is part of a series, the work having been published for several years. It has everywhere met, we are pleased to say, with that popularity which it so well merits. Those persons, who have the preceding volumes, should immediately order this; while those, who have none, should purchase the whole series.

Home. By Anna Leland. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby.—A novel evidently founded on fact, and written with considerable earnestness. As a work of art, however, it is deficient. Judged by the severe critical standard, as a literary production, it is not above mediocrity. But regarded as a life experience, it deserves praise for its varied incidents, its wholesome moral tone, and many bits of very excellent characterization.

The Iliad of Homer, literally translated, with Explanatory Notes. By T. A. Buckley. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another number of the "Classical Library." In this translation, and especially in the notes accompanying it, use has been made of all the latest critical labors of the best scholars. For what learners call a "pony," the book is just the thing.

History of Fernando Cortez. By J. S. C. Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A spirited account of the Conquest of Mexico, embellished with numerous fine engravings. The book is designed for youth.

Five Hundred Mistakes of Daily Occurrence in Speaking, Pronouncing and Writing the English Language, Corrected. 1 vol. New York: Daniel Burgess & Co.—Every young lady ought to have this book, for in every part of the Union there are provincialisms in speech, peculiar to that particular locality. To correct such, as well as other errors in speaking, writing, or pronouncing our language, is the purpose of this work. There are, besides, many curious things in the volume, which would amuse, not less than instruct the reader. We quote one in our chit-chat.

The Blue Ribbons. By Anna Harriet Drury. 1 vol. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall.—The most charming story for young people that we have read for a long time. The lovely Marie Antoinette figures in it, not in the gloomy guise of her later years, but as that "almost celestial vision," which Burke describes her as being in her younger and happier days. Several beautiful illustrations embellish the volume.

Parisian Sights and French Principles, seen through American Spectacles. By Jas. J. Jarvis. Second Series. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—All who have read the former volume, by the same author, will be glad to get this, the second of the series. The book is racy, fresh, and full of out-of-the-way information. It is capably illustrated: indeed some of the engravings are wit itself.

The Shakespeare Papers of the late William Maginn, LL. D. Annotated by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—All of these essays are meritorious, but that on "Lady Macbeth" is particularly so; indeed it alone qualifies the work for a place in the library. The notes of Dr. Mackenzie considerably increase the value of the volume.

Wolfsden. By J. B. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We have received this book just as we are going to press, and are therefore unable to speak of its merits from personal inspection. But we observe that it is highly praised by the newspapers. The publishers have issued it in a very neat style.

Edith Hale. A Village Story. By Thrace Talmon. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This new novel came with "Wolfsden," so that we cannot speak, from personal examination, of it either. It also, however, is eulogized by the press generally.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, &c.

ARROW ROOT JELLY.—Mix three tablespoonfuls of arrow root powder in a teacup of water till quite smooth: cover it, and let it stand a quarter of an hour. Put the yellow peel of a lemon into a skillet with a pint of water, and let it boil till reduced to one half. Then take out the lemon peel, and pour in the dissolved arrow root, (while the water is still boiling)

add sufficient white sugar to sweeten it well, and let it boil together for five or six minutes. It may be seasoned (if thought necessary) with two teaspoonfuls of wine, and some grated nutmeg. It may be boiled in milk instead of water, or in wine and water, according to the state of the person for whom it is wanted.

CHICKEN JELLY.—Take a large chicken, cut it up into very small pieces. Bruise the bones, and put the whole into a stone jar with a cover that will make it water tight. Set the jar in a large kettle of boiling water, and keep it boiling for three hours. Then strain off the liquid, and season it slightly with salt, pepper and mace; or with loaf-sugar and lemon juice, according to the taste of the person for whom it is intended.

Return the fragments of the chicken to the jar, and set it again in a kettle of boiling water. You will find that you can collect nearly as much jelly by the second boiling. This jelly may be made of an old fowl.

BREAD JELLY.—Measure a quart of boiling water, and set away to get cold. Take one-third of a six cent loaf of bread, slice it, pare off the crust, and toast the crumb nicely of a light brown. Then put it into the boiled water, set it on hot coals in a covered pan, and boil it gently, till you find by putting some in a spoon to cool, that the liquid has become a jelly. Strain it through a thin cloth, and set it away for use. When it is to be taken, warm a teaspoonful, sweeten it with sugar, and add a little grated lemon peel.

SAGO.—Wash the sago through two or three waters, and then let it soak for two or three hours. To a teaspoonful of sago allow a quart of water and some of the yellow peel of a lemon. Simmer it till all the grains look transparent. Then add as much wine and nutmeg as may be proper, and give it another boil altogether. If seasoning is not advisable, the sago may be boiled in milk instead of water, and eaten plain.

IRISH MOSS OR CARRAGAN.—Soak half an ounce of the moss in cold water for a few minutes; then withdraw it, shaking the water from each sprig, and boil it in a quart of milk till it attains the consistence of jelly, and sweeten to the taste. A decoction of the same quantity of moss in a quart of water is also used as a demulcent in coughs.

PORT WINE JELLY.—Melt in a little warm water an ounce of isinglass; stir it into a pint of port wine, adding two ounces of sugar candy, an ounce of gum arabac, and half a nutmeg grated. Mix all well, and boil it ten minutes; or till everything is thoroughly dissolved. Then strain it through muslin, and set it away to get cold.

RICE JELLY.—Having picked and washed a quarter of a pound of rice, mix it with half a pound of loaf-sugar, and just sufficient water to cover it. Boil it till it becomes a glutinous mass; then strain it; season it with whatever may be thought proper, and let it stand to cool.

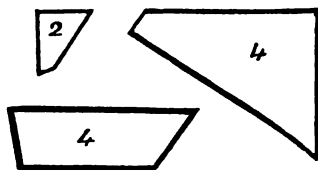
TAPIOCA.—Wash the tapioca well, and let it steep for five or six hours, changing the water three times. Simmer it in the last water till quite clear, then season it with sugar and wine, or lemon juice.

PUZZLES.

ANSWER TO "THE LINE PUZZLE."—The answer to "The Line Puzzle," in our last, is as follows:

NINE

TO FORM A SQUARE.—Cut out ten pieces of card or wood of the same size and shape as in the diagram, and then form a square of them.



NEW RECEIPTS.

Waffles.—These delicious articles, with butter and honey, make a very agreeable addition to the breakfast-table. Everybody, though, does not know how to make them. We find in an exchange paper the following recipe for making quick waffles.—Mix flour and cold milk together to make a thick batter. To a quart of the flour put six beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and a teaspoonful of salt. Some cooks add a quarter of a pound of sugar, and half a nutmeg. Bake them immediately. Rice waffles are made after this method:—Take a teaspoon and a half of boiled rice—warm it with a pint of milk, mix it smooth, then take it from the fire, stir it in a pint of cold milk, and a teaspoonful of salt. Beat four eggs, and stir them in, together with sufficient flour to make thick batter.

Plum Pudding.—Cut the crumb of a penny loaf into slices, pour over them a sufficient quantity of boiling milk to soak them. When quite soft, beat the bread up with half a pound of clarified suet, half a pound of raisins, stoned, half a pound of currants, sugar to the taste, five eggs well beaten, candied orange and lemon peel, and a few bitter almonds, pounded. Mix the ingredients thoroughly, add a cup of brandy, pour it into a dish, and bake it. When done, turn it out and strew powdered lump sugar over it. These ingredients make as good a pudding boiled. The cloth or mould used for this purpose must be well floured. It will require very long boiling.

Soda Cake.—Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a pint of milk; rub two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in as much flour as will make a dough, with a piece of butter the size of an egg, and a little salt: mix all well together.

Blanc Mange may be made by washing half an ounce of Irish Moss, and boiling it in half pint of new milk to such a consistence that it will retain its form when cold, sweetening and flavoring it to the taste. An agreeable jelly may be made by boiling it with water instead of milk, and adding lemon or orange juice or peel, wine, &c.

Cheap Cheese.—Take a crock or two of thick milk; put it on the stove, stir it once in awhile; let it get milk-warm and no warmer; take it off and pour it into a thin bag; hang it up five or six hours, so that the whey will all run off; then take a bowlful, and put on enough sour cream to make it quite soft, and it is good, and certainly cheap.

White Potato Pudding.—One half pound of white potato, boiled nearly done, and then grated; the yolk of four eggs; half pound sugar; half pound butter, beaten well together, with the juice and rind of one lemon; half a nutmeg; half a wine-glass of rose-water. Then beat the white of four eggs very light, and stir it in very gently. Bake half an hour.

Sponge Cake.—Eight eggs, the weight of six in sugar, and the weight of three and a half in flour. Mix the sugar and the yolk of seven eggs together, and add rose-water and lemon. Then mix a pound of flour, four whites of eggs alternately very lightly. Bake twenty minutes.

Floating Island.—Set a quart of milk to boil, then stir into it the beaten yolks of six eggs; flavor with lemon or rose, and sweeten to taste; whip the whites of the eggs to a strong froth. When the custard is thick, put it into a deep dish, and heap the frothed eggs upon it. Serve cold.

Sweet Potato Puddings may be made in the above manner, only boil the potatoes well and mash them through a colander. Omit the lemon.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF PLUM COLORED SILK.—The skirt is ornamented at the lower part with palms brocaded in the silk. The mantilla is of black silk, in the Talma shape, with a pepline of silk of the color of the dress. A ruche of the same silk with a deep, rich fringe ornaments it. Bonnet of white crape, with a full blonde face trimming, with a tuft of pansies on one side, and a bow and ends of plum colored velvet ribbon on the opposite side of the face.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF BRIGHT FAWN COLORED SILK, with two deep flounces; each of which is bordered with a wide satin stripe of a deeper shade than the silk. Mantilla of black silk, ornamented with black fringe and green chenille trimming. The lower ruffle of this mantilla can be removed at pleasure, making it lighter and more suitable for warmer weather. Bonnet of rose-colored silk, with a large bow of ribbon on the top, and an edge of white blonde.

FIG. III.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF GREY PLAID

SILK.—It is made with one flounce, edged with black velvet and rows of black lace. The body is high and plain, but over it is worn a jacket, edged and trimmed with a deep ruffle, and ornamented like the skirt. The sleeves are composed of two soft puffs, beneath each of which is a ruffle trimmed like the jacket and flounce.

FIG. IV.—A DRESS OF PINK CASHMERE FOR A LITTLE BOY, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and buttons.

FIG. V.—A back view of the same.

FIG. VI.—A HANDSOME HEAD-RESS formed of black velvet and pink ribbon, put on in diamonds. It is ornamented with blonde, bows of ribbon and tufts of feathers.

FIG. VII.—A SUMMER MANTILLA OF THIN WHITE MUSLIN.—The body of this mantilla is of the scarf shape, and is edged with Vandyked needlework. A full, deep ruffle is set on the bottom of the scarf, and is also finished with the same kind of needlework. A pretty colored ribbon, run in the hem of the ruffle, would be an improvement.

FIG. VIII.—BONNET OF PINK CRAPE, with a large bunch of roses on one side. Ribbon across the front terminating in a bow on the side opposite the other bow.

FIG. IX.—MORNING CAP, composed of rows of worked muslin, separated by rows of green ribbon. Full bunches of ribbon at each side, and long ribbon strings left to flow loosely.

FIG. X.—MOUSQUETAIRE SLEEVE, made of guipure insertions and small plaits.

FIG. XI.—LADY'S HABIT SKIRT AND SLEEVES OF THIN MUSLIN.—The collar and cuffs are edged with a double row of needlework. This needlework does not extend the entire length of the cuff, but leaves sufficient room for a plain piece, on which to place studs.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The most elegant dress goods have already appeared for the spring and summer. The silks, if not in flounce pattern, are usually in wide stripes. Some of these are of a chevron figure, others have the alternate stripes composed of plaids; but in fact the styles are so numerous that we find it as impossible to particularize, as we would to select, with so many tempting things before us. The variety of flowered patterns is quite as great, but both are equally fashionable. In the French foulard silks the ground is usually dark or black, with rich stripes composed of flowers or palms, or with these scattered profusely over the dress. Cashmeres and de lains, as well as the English chintzes are all in the same style, rich and elegant, some dark, some light. The chales are mostly light and flounced, but these dresses are comparatively expensive, and fray and tear very easily. As to the summer tissues, they are enough to drive a weak-minded woman crazy. First in the list are the Grenadiers, or d'unies of twisted silk. These are as light and airy as gossamer, but rumple less and wear longer than any thin tissue of which we know.

Consequently, though more expensive in their first cost, they are really cheaper in the end than almost any other material. These have black, dark brown, dark blue, or green ground, with wide stripes of brilliant colors, bouquets, &c. Many have come in flowered patterns of the most beautiful styles. Some are of white grounds with delicate rose-color, blue, chocolate or green bouquets, &c. Those of white grounds which are flounced are not suitable except for a dinner dress at a watering-place, or an evening dress. The same general remarks apply to bareges, silk tissues, &c. The organdy lawns are particularly beautiful this year. Nearly all are striped with palms, wreaths, &c. The rule for dress goods this season is with stripes or flowers; of course there are exceptions, to suit the taste of those who may prefer otherwise.

The style of making dresses has varied but little. Lappets at the waist are not only retained, but are made of extreme length. To give ladies who are fond of variety the pleasure of having it at command, one of our dressmakers has contrived lappets for a plain body that may be taken off and put on in an instant; so that one dress presents two different styles.

Rich trimmings play a great part in all the decorations of dresses. High bodies are covered with fringes, galloons, guipures, frogs and buttons. The front of skirts is decorated in the same manner when not flowered.

On the front of most bodies, we now see, beside charming galloons with shaded or plush tufts, an array of little Chinese pendant buttons, or the chenille tassels with several branches, producing a delightful effect. Some basques are finished with knotted fringe a quarter of a yard deep. Among the newly introduced trimmings may be mentioned some beautiful fringe, in chenille and jet, as well as silk fringe, intermingled with small bell-shaped ornaments and tassels.

Little white bodies to wear with low-bodied dresses are in high vogue, as are also the *Marie-Antoinette* and the *peasant* fichus. Evening dresses are made quite low in the neck, with very long points both before and behind. The drapery on the body often comes down in a heart-shape before and behind, like braces.

Embroidered under-sleeves with a puff and closed by a wristband, are at this moment in greater favor than those with frills, but these are not considered sufficiently of a dress for evening wear.

Collars are worn *moderately* large.

Bonnets are made indifferently, according to taste, either of a sloping form or with a round crown. They come very forward on the forehead and sit off from the cheeks.

Curtains are made of great depth; insides are profusely trimmed; they have ruches of three rows of blonde. As for flowers, they are put on as bouquets, frequently on one side only.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

WHAT IS SAID OF US.—Our efforts to furnish a cheap, yet superior Magazine, are everywhere appreciated. This is flattery to us. Hundreds of private letters express wonder at the combined excellence and low price of "Peterson." The public press is unanimous on the same point. The *Shepardstown* (Va.) *Register* says:—"Its pages are filled with entirely original matter. It is equal to the three dollar monthlies, and deserves the patronage of all the lovers of fine literature." The *Skankateles* (N. Y.) *Democrat* says:—"It is undoubtedly the cheapest and best Ladies' Magazine published." The *Cha-taouque Democrat* says:—"This Magazine never falls off. Its publisher always fulfils his pledges." The *Temperance Advocate* says:—"We don't wonder at the enormous increase in the subscription list of Peterson's Magazine, when we take into consideration that it is quite as beautiful as the other Magazines, has nearly as much reading matter, and is one dollar cheaper. Its success is the reward of true merit."

THEY STILL COME.—Subscribers still pour in. Clerks, principal, and all, are kept busy, till late in the night. But we are willing to work hard in a cause so good.

EDITOR'S WIVES.—The editors' wives all like "Peterson's Magazine." Says the *Delaware Sentinel*:—"Of all the Magazines with which we exchange, our 'better half' decidedly prefers Peterson's." Says the *Union News*:—"Our 'better half' prizes this Magazine highly, and could not possibly do without it, in fact, she would be so 'cross' that we should be afraid of the broom handle when we entered the door, but just present this Magazine, and all is sunshine at once. Gentlemen who have scolding wives, just try it."

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

BACK NUMBERS.—We are able to supply back numbers for 1856 to any extent, the numbers being stereotyped. We shall stereotype every number of the year.

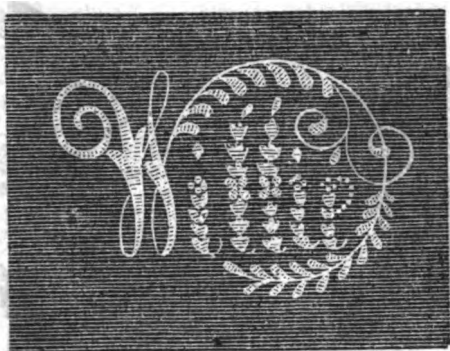
IS THIS NUMBER LATE?—If it is, remember the bad roads, and don't blame us.







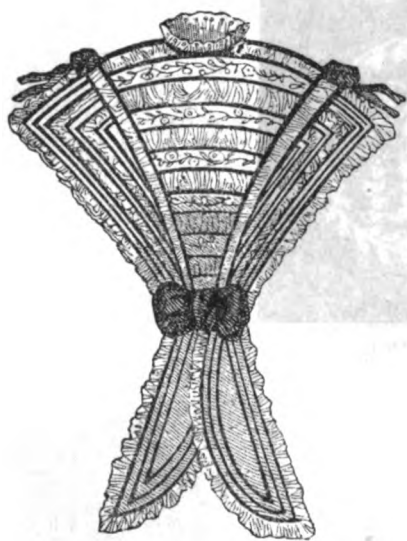
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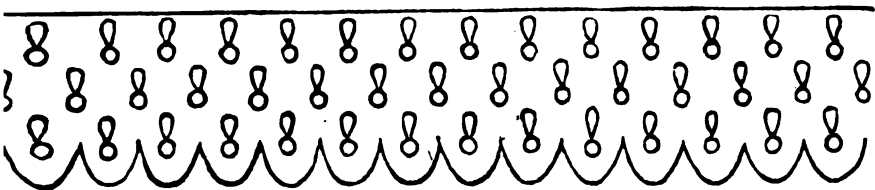
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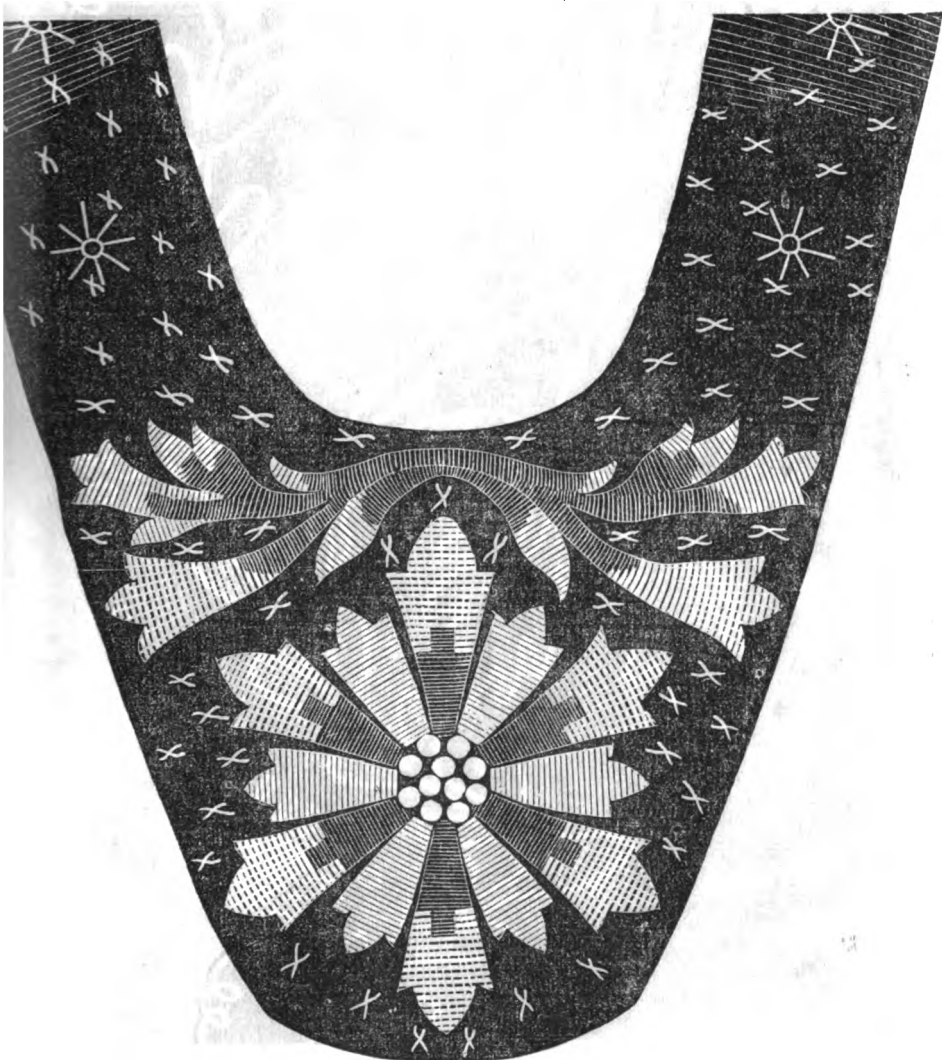
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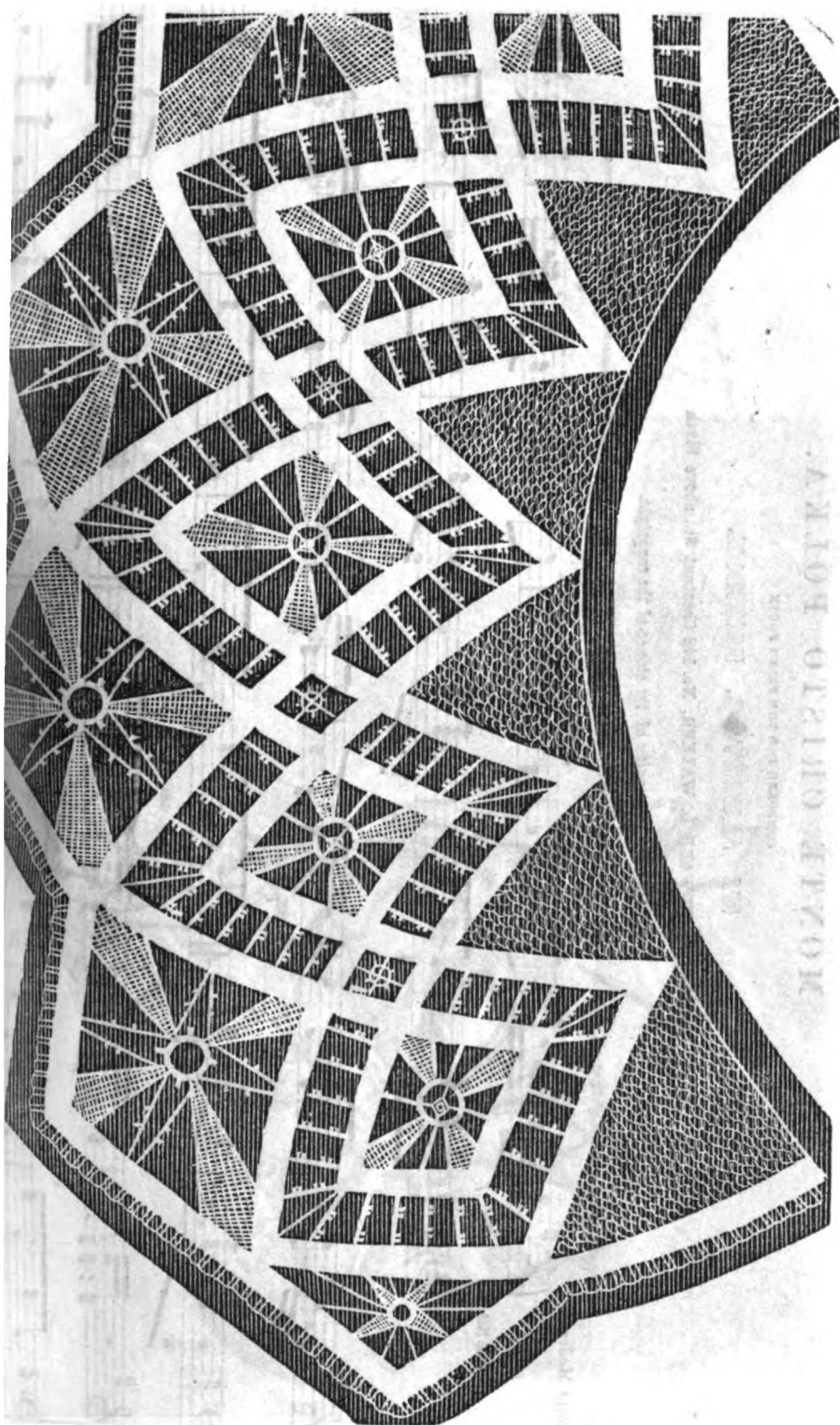
EDGING.



TURKISH SLIPPER IN GOLD AND SILKS.



FLOUNCE FOR BALL-DRESS.



VENITIAN POINT-LACE COLLAR.

MONTE CRISTO POLKA.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FORTE

BY ALBERT G. EMERICK.

Philadelphia, EDWARD L. WALKER, No. 143 Chestnut St., above Sixth

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Allegro Moderato.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano on a grand staff with two systems. The first system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace, with a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The second system also consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace, with a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The third system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace, with a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The fourth system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace, with a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The score is set against a background of a large, stylized sunburst or starburst pattern.



Victoire

NAME FOR MARKING.



FASHIONS FOR MAY.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE..

VOL. XXIX.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1856.

No. 6.

"IN LOVE OR NOT IN LOVE? THAT IS THE QUESTION."

BY E. W. DEWEES.

"The amount of it is," said handsome Henry Harvey, to his friend Tom R——, at the end of a long and confidential conversation—"the amount of it is, I'm in a confounded scrape. I've gone a little too far, perhaps, in my attentions, the girl's over head and ears in love with me, and I don't see how I'm to get out of it with honor. I don't like the idea of broken hearts, and all that sort of thing—but what is a fellow to do? I've no more thoughts of marrying than I have of turning preacher. Come give us your advice, old fellow!"

Tom eyed his friend with a merry twinkle in his eye. A sagacious and mischievous smile played round the corner of his mouth.

"Nothing easier in life than to get out of the 'scrape,' as you call it, if you want to."

"How? how?" asked Harvey, eagerly.

"You say she's handsome, witty, amiable and accomplished?"

"Yes."

"Well then," knocking the ashes from his cigar, "she's just the wife I want, and I'll take her off your hands."

"Absurd!" cried Harvey, trying to turn into pleasant smile the frown which suddenly darkened his face. "Impossible, Tom," he continued, amiably, "it would never do. In the first place, you would not suit each other in the least—their would be no congeniality of disposition, intellect," &c.

"Is she then so decidedly my inferior?" asked Tom.

"Inferior?" cried Harvey, firing up with sudden indignation. "I don't know the man she is inferior to. She's a glorious creature, I tell you."

"Well, where's your objection then?"

"Well, I meant—perhaps I'm not very civil to say so, Tom; but the fact is, though you're the best fellow in the world, you're sometimes a

little rough; and she's so sensitive and refined, that—that—besides, as I told you, Tom—found it—so I told you, she's in love with me, there's the rub—there's the rub," and he rubbed his hands together, with returning spirit, as if he had hit the idea he had been vainly seeking, at last."

"Thank you, Harvey, for your complimentary hints," said Tom, as he watched the ascending smoke of his cigar; "but on the whole, notwithstanding my extreme natural diffidence, I believe I don't take quite so low an estimate of my character as you do. And as regards the being so desperately in love, and all that—I know how much that means. Trust me for managing that. Nothing for curing a girl of a fancy for one lover, like the appearance of another. Why, if the odds were equal in other respects, the *novelty* gives the last comer such an incalculable advantage that there is no doubt of his success. Besides, in this case, we will have the advantage of playing into each other's hands. You have only to hold off a little at first to give me a chance. You play cold, while I play warm, and I bet you a box of cigars I win the day, 'as easy as kissing,' as the ladies say."

"I think you are entirely mistaken," said Harvey, stiffly, in a tone of pique and annoyance.

"Well, shall I try? aye or no?" asked Tom.

"Oh, certainly, certainly, I should be much obliged, of course," replied Harvey, whose manner presented the greatest contrast to his air of boastful security at the beginning of the conversation.

That same evening Tom accompanied Harvey to Miss Northwood's house.

He found her all, and more than all, Harvey had described. He was indeed charmed with her grace and beauty.

The conversation, after the first preliminary common-places, fell on works of art and the

wondrous galleries of Europe. Tom had been an extensive and intelligent traveller, and was in his element on this subject. He had much of interest to say, and found much pleasure in answering Miss Northwood's discriminating questions.

Harvey, who had never travelled, was of necessity silent, and thrown quite into the shade.

From this subject the transition was easy and natural to music; and here too Tom was at home. In fact, music was his strong point. He was an accomplished musician, with all a musician's enthusiasm for the art. Soon he and Miss Northwood were settled at the piano, singing, humming snatches of airs, admiring, comparing tastes, and ecstasizing as enthusiastic lovers of music will.

"Do you know this little air?" asked Tom, "I learned it in Venice, and it is, I think, peculiarly beautiful. It seems to carry with it a perfume of Italian flowers, and the sound of rippling, moon-lit waters."

"Fudge!" muttered Harvey, from the distant sofa, to which he had retired, from behind the book he was pretending to read.

Then followed the air referred to, sung in the most exquisite taste, with the richest of manly voices.

Miss Northwood admired warmly, and expressed what she felt.

"Coquette!" sneered Harvey, in an accent of concentrated rage.

But all unconscious of these muttered comments, the musicians lingered over their music. One favorite air suggested another, and there were scores to be looked over, and duets to be sung. And Tom had so many anecdotes to tell of such and such musicians, and such delightful little histories of how such and such pieces of music came to be written, that time flew on swift and noiseless pinions.

Miss Northwood's eyes occasionally went in search of Harvey, but whenever she addressed a remark to him, with a view of drawing him into the conversation, he replied with such un-courteous brevity that she was repelled from further advances.

"Well!" cried Tom, as they emerged from the house late in the evening, "pretty well for a beginning, Harvey. So far, so good. I consider the affair in most hopeful train. Miss Northwood more than satisfies my expectations, and I flatter myself I made an impression. Hey, Harvey?"

An unintelligible growl from Harvey was the only reply.

"I say, Harvey," continued Tom, in the

highest spirits, "I don't see those unmistakable symptoms of being in love, in your fair lady, which I expected. May you not have deceived yourself on that point?"

Another growl, ominous this time, from Harvey.

Tom proceeded.

"You did very well to-night, Harvey. I commend you. Keep your distance, that's right—no poaching on my grounds, you know."

"Your grounds! you rascal!" burst forth Harvey, in a fit of ungovernable rage. "I've a great mind to knock you down for your insufferable assurance, you—you puppy. And there, sir, is my card, if you want the satisfaction of a gentleman!"

Tom raised the card Harvey flung at him as he left him, bursting with laughter as he did so.

"Tom, my good fellow!" cried Harvey, as he burst into Tom's room the next day, with the most beaming of smiles on his face—"Tom, I've got something pleasant to say to you. Wish me joy, my fine fellow!—It's all settled. We're to be married this day three months. It's all fixed, and I'm the luckiest dog! Why don't you congratulate me, old boy?"

"Because you take my breath away. I can't believe you. Why you told me yesterday you wanted me to take her off your hands—"

"Nonsense!"

"And that you considered yourself in quite a fix, from which I good-humoredly consented to help you."

"Fudge!" cried Harvey, a blush of vexation and shame coming into his face.

"And that Miss Northwood, poor thing, was likely to die of a broken heart—"

"Come, come, Tom! 'no more of that an thou lovest me!' The fact is, Tom, and I may as well own it—a man does not know whether he is in love or not, sometimes, till a little jealousy, or something else, opens his eyes for him. But it's all right now."

"Oh! aye," said Tom, with affected gravity, "you may think it's all right; but there is something yet to be settled which may stand in the way of your true love running so very smooth." As he spoke, he gravely drew forth Harvey's card from his pocket.

"I have ordered coffee and pistols for to-morrow morning, and who knows? I may stand a chance for Miss Northwood's hand yet."

Harvey snatched the card, and sent it spinning into the air, as he burst into a merry laugh. Tom joined him heartily. Their hands met in a cordial grip, as they exclaimed—the one "You may thank me, Harvey, for teaching you your

own mind—and the other, “I understand you, Tom, you’re the best friend I ever had. See if I don’t prove my gratitude, some of these days, by flirting with the lady you’re in love with.”

“You’re welcome,” cried Tom, “by the time I’m in love you’ll be like the lion, sans teeth and claws—a married man, and no longer dangerous.”

THE LAST WISH.

BY MRS SARAH S. SOWELL.

“Crown me with flowers; intoxicate me with perfumes; let me die to the sound of delicious music,” said Mirabeau on his death-bed. Not a word of God or of his own soul.—LAMARTINE.

Crown me with brilliant flowers,
Let their fair forms, their richly glowing bloom
Shed a bright rainbow radiance through the room,
O’er life’s last fleeting hours.

Bring from the shadowy dell,
Where Summer winds are wandering cool and free,
The snow-drop pure and pale anemone,
And fox-gloves purple bell.

Go to the meadows free,
Where on the bosom of the winding stream,
In the clear light the water lilies gleam,
And bear them thence for me.

Oh, haste, and for me twine
Fresh crimson roses wet with pearly dew,
The pure fair lily and the violet blue,
And clustering eglantine.

And bring ye rich perfume;
Pour fragrant odors on the silent air;
Let my last hours be charmed by all things fair—
I’ll rob e’en death of gloom.

Bring ye the lute and lyre;
Let music with its full voluptuous swell
Throw o’er my senses a bewildering spell,
And let me thus expire.

Would’st thou thus pass away
Without one Heavenward look, one thought of God!
Oh! was it thus the holy Saviour trod
The dark and fearful way?

Was his head crowned with flowers?
Did the soft swelling tones of music sound?
Was the rich breath of incense poured around
Through his last gloomy hours?

When on life’s farthest shore
My weary feet shall stand, and vague and dim
Rolls death’s dark stream, let me look up to Him
Who passed that flood before.

Let bright and fragrant flowers
Be show’red around me, and let music’s flow
Float on my ear all solemnly and low,
To charm the weary hours:

But let not this be all;
Let deep devotion fill the brooding air,
And faith, and hope, and holy love be there,
Free from sin’s blighting thrall.

So can I calmly die;
So can I walk with fearless step death’s wave,
Leaning on Him who rose from the dark grave
To reign with God on high.

EARTH-BORN! WHY TAKE DELIGHT?

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

EARTH-BORN! why take delight
In life’s short dream?
Why, mortal, fear the flight,
O’er death’s cold stream?
There is a home above,
Where all are blest,
And in those bow’rs of love
We soon shall rest.

Earth-born! why should ye shrink
In youth’s bright hour,
Though life is sweet, to think
Of his dread power?

We soon shall dwell in light,
’Neath purer skies,
Where death can never blight,
Nor fears arise.

Weary, we onward wend
Our devious way,
Yet Heav’nward we tend,
To see that day.
There rest the pilgrims feet,
Life’s journey o’er;
There parted lov’d ones meet,
Absent no more.

WHY AUNT HESTER WAS AN OLD MAID.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"WELL, girls," said aunt Hester March to a group of us who sat around the old lady's glowing hearth one cold winter's evening, when the far-away stars gleamed in the dark-blue steel-like heavens, and the keen west wind went piping about the corners of the little brown farm-house without, and the blazing hickory fire leaped cheerily up the wide-mouthed chimney, before which we were sitting—"well, girls, I'll tell you the story to-night, then. Kate and Alice, and you, too, Mary, go and sit there in the corner on the lounge—for I can't bear to see you looking so earnestly at me when I'm talkin'; and Jenny, dear, stir the fire a little, and give Tabby the warm corner. Poor Tabby!" and the old lady stooped and fondly patted the great grey cat which lay purring at her feet.

Aunt Hester lived in the little brown house at the foot of the hill—its weather-stained walls all overrun with crimson blossoming, honeysuckle, climbing-beans, and blue and white morning-glories; with a gay garden in the little front yard in summer-time, and two tall poplars flinging their leafy arms protrudingly over the humble, mossy roof.

The kitchen floor was always nicely swept, scoured and sanded; the little round table was kept white as the floor; the pewter ware on the old-fashioned dresser shone like polished silver; the old clock in the corner ticked on week in and week out, with a steady monotone; and always in keeping with the neatness of the little farm-house was the prim figure of the old lady, arrayed in her dark, stuff gown and white kerchief, who, that cold winter's night, sat bolt upright in her antique arm-chair before the hearth.

Everybody liked aunt Hester. All the village dames went to her for advice. If "the butter wouldn't come," she knew precisely the fault and the remedy; if a nice herb cheese was to be pressed, aunt Hester's counsel was solicited; if a child had the croup or the measles, no one could bring "healing balm" like aunt Hester, and nurse the little sufferer into health again. In truth she was the village chronicle.

And the *girls*, too! I verily believe that aunt Hester was the *confidante* of half the love affairs in all Ashleigh!

Was a match made, she knew it, and predicted just how it would "turn out;" had a young maiden quarrelled with her lover, aunt Hester was sure to discover it, and, by some unknown process not laid down in her daily text-book, the almanac and the cook-book, effect a reconciliation. All the young people loved her, and were never in greater glee or more joyous spirit than when the good old lady made a tea-party or gave a quilting, where we drank the fragrant "old hyson" from little, old-fashioned, transparent parent china tea-cups, and did ample justice to the smoking "drop cakes" and rich golden custards. Aunt Hester's custards! No wonder that she prided herself on her skill in concocting them! or that her "luck" in cookery was the wonder and envy of half the farmers' good wives! And then, when the afternoon's task was completed and the quilt rolled up on its frame—the tea-table set back—the hearth swept up, and Tabby purring in her favorite corner—then was brought from the cellar a large fish of golden russets, or cherry-cheeked Baldwins, and placed before the glowing coals to warm—then, perhaps, two or three of the village beaux dropped in, when ensued a game of "blind man's buff," "pledges," or "hunt the slipper;" and afterward, when, wearied, we sat down to rest, aunt Hester would pass the refreshing apples, and tell us some old story of her youth.

And on that winter's night, when we were gathered about the warm hearth in the old kitchen, Jenny Lee, a playful witch, and a great favorite of the old lady's, said,

"Now, aunt Hester, do be good, and tell us all about your girl-days, and your *lovers*—for of course you had your share; and do tell us why you never were married!"

Aunt Hester started; her wrinkled face flushed for a moment; and she passed her withered brown hand over her dim, grey eyes. And then we trembled, lest the giddy girl's thoughtless request had wakened painful memories, for, though many a time we had wondered what strange freak of fate had doomed one so good, so formed to make others happy, as was aunt Hester, to a life of single blessedness, yet we would all have deemed it the very acme of presumption to ask the question.

But Jenny, teasing, lovable, sunny-haired, blue-eyed Jenny—the old lady's petted one—passed the “open sesame” to a heart whose memories of our era in its girl-life no other hand dared take down from the shelf whereon it lay hoarded like golden treasures—playful may Lee's queries were not to be evaded, and she said, again,

“Come, aunty, do tell us all about it! that's dear, good body!”

Aunt Hester sat silent for a few moments, and then spoke:

“Well, girls, I'll tell you why I'm a poor, lonely old maid, though nobody ever heard the way before. To tell the truth, I don't like to talk much about those days.

“You wouldn't think, would you, that old Aunt Hester was once young and handsome? At the time was—a good many years ago, though—that no girl in all Ashleigh had brighter eyes, redder cheeks, or blacker curls than I. And in all the country round nobody could make lighter bread or better butter or cheese, or spin so many rolls in a day. But now I'm old and feeble, my red cheeks are gone, my skin is wrinkled, and my hair is grey. Ah, girls, time withers the fairest cheek and dims the brightest eye!” and the old lady ceased, for a moment overcome with emotion.

For a few minutes we all sat in silence, and then Jenny, impatient for the story, exclaimed,

“But, aunty, you know you promised to tell us about your lovers!”

The old lady looked up, and smiled sadly. Wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, and giving her knitting-needles a preparatory snap at the commencement of a new round, she began:—

“My father owned a snug farm—my mother was a quiet, industrious woman—and I was their only child. Until I was sixteen years old I went to the district school, excepting a day now and then when mother wanted me to help her at home. But that wasn't very often, though; for she was right smart herself, and thought a deal of education, so she wouldn't keep me from my books more than she could possibly help.

“But when I was sixteen I left going to school, and began to take my share of the household work upon me. I learned to cook; spun and wove linen; and helped in the dairy; till, what with so much to do, I got very little time to go on with my book learnin'.”

“But the beaux—the beaux! You'll never get to them!” interrupted Jenny—herself the veriest little flirt in existence—for whom a story had no charm if none of the masculines figured in it.

Aunt Hester looked fondly on her pet, smiled again that sad smile, and continued,

“Well, when the winter of my sixteenth year came round there was a singing-school, where the young people about went; but I had to tease and coax father and mother a good while before I could get them to say that I might go too. Finally I gained their consent; and a happy girl was I when they told me ‘yes,’ for in a lonely country town there were not many places of amusement for young people; and father, who was a deacon in the church, was rather more strict in his notions than pleased me.

“The singing-school was held Wednesday and Saturday evenings in the old red school-house at the village, and on cold winter nights, too, when we had to muffle up well in cloaks and tippets from the keen, biting air. And then sometimes there would come a snow-storm, when the drifts would be heaped up over the stone walls and fences, and some of the neighbors' sons would harness up their double sleighs and carry all the girls—so you may be sure that we had good times then.

“The singing-master was a young man from a town some twenty miles distant, who went to college, but had come to our village to teach in vacation.”

“Ah! now I know the whole story!” shouted Jenny, starting up and clapping her hands. “Don't you see, girls? The singing-master fell in love with aunt Hester, and aunt Hester with the singing-master—and—and——”

“Well, what else? you don't seem to see very far, for you're puzzled already!” said Kate Allen, mischievously, enjoying Jenny's confusion. “You'd better let aunt Hester tell her own story, I think!”

Jenny sat down with a pout on her cherry lips; and the old lady, with a smile, continued,

“Well, girls, as I have said, Walter Martin—that was his name—came to Ashleigh to spend his vacation. His singing-school was large—and before he had been in town three weeks, nearly all the girls had invited him round to tea. By-and-by mother consented, and it came my turn. Mother baked her nicest pumpkin pies and drop cakes—and I was all in a flutter for the day to come.”

“Was he handsome, aunt Hester?” inquired Alice.

“Yes,” was the old lady's reply, “he was tall and slim, straight as a young poplar, with beautiful black eyes and hair, white teeth, and a pleasant smile. I don't know as the girls all thought him as handsome as I did; but they were all bewitched with his singing.

"Well, the day came, and he took tea with us; and in the evening the neighbors dropped in, and we had a sing. How quickly that evening passed! The old clock struck ten; but it seemed only a few minutes since he had come. When he went, father and mother invited him to call often—for I knew they took to him—with his pleasant voice and beautiful smile. He thanked them, and looked at me; but if I did not *speak*, he must have read in *my eyes* that I seconded their invitation.

"Well, the winter passed away—so fast that it seemed but a dream. We had sleigh-rides, apple-bees, parties and sings, and at all these Walter Martin was the leader—first and foremost, with his sparkling eye and pleasant smile.

March came, and the singing-school had not closed. I lived nearly a mile from the old red school-house, and only two of the girls came my way—Susan Emmerson and Jane Foster. We were coming out one night, and Sue and her brother James were close beside me, when all at once I felt somebody touch my arm. I looked up, and the singing-master stood beside me.

"May I walk home with you to-night, Hester?" he asked—he had never called me *Hester* before—and he drew my arm within his.

"I trembled a little, and clinging to Susan, said, 'Susan is with me.'

"And Miss Emmerson, too," he said, with a smile—"for, unless I am mistaken, James will be glad to accompany Miss Foster"—you see, girls, James liked Jane, though he was sort o' shy-like, and the singing-master knew it.

"Well, so James and Jane went on before; while Susan, who was a wild, laughing girl, and always had courage to say or do anything, took Walter Martin's arm, exclaiming gaily, 'Thank you, Mr. Martin; but aren't you afraid of losing your *dignity*, if you walk home with your scholars?'

"Oh, I wouldn't care if I *did* lose it in the eyes of *some*!" he answered, and glanced down to me with a smile.

"Susan here, for instance!" I said, boldly, determined that she should not understand him, for she was such a torment she would have plagued my life out, I was sure; and so I turned it off, and the master said no more.

"Susan lived about half way between the school-house and father's, and we soon left her there. She had talked and laughed all the way, while I hardly said a word. I *couldn't* talk—only to answer, 'yes' and 'no;' somehow the words got fast into my throat, and seemed to choke me. How I wished that I could joke and laugh like Susan—but all in vain.

"Well," continued aunt Hester, plying her knitting-needles anew, "Susan reached home, and went in, crying, 'A pleasant walk to you, and don't get into the snow-drifts! Good-night!' and we walked on.

"It was a bitter cold night, and the low snow was blowing about—for there had been storm the night before.

"I am afraid you will take cold. The air is sharp and stinging," said the master, drawing my arm closer to his side.

"No, I guess there's no danger," I said, at length; for the fact was, my head had ached all day and evening, and mother had tried to persuade me to stay at home that night; but, *would* go, and now I was determined to brave it out.

"I noticed that your cheeks were very red all the evening, and I thought you had a headache. I should be sorry to hear you were sick," he said, tenderly.

"I made no answer, but began talking fast about something else until we reached home.

"He lingered a little at the door, as if he hated to go; and then turned back with a low, soft 'good-night,' sweet as music, on his lips.

"As I opened the door from the entry into the kitchen, mother cried out from the bed-room,

"Hester, go and warm your feet *before* you go to bed," but I did not feel cold—I was all in aglow—and so I took a candle and went up stairs.

"I went and looked in the glass: the master had said my cheeks were red—I kept thinking of it—and then I remembered how often his eyes had wandered over to my seat that evening, and his words about 'losing his dignity, in the eyes of *some*'—and then I wondered if he did not love me; and so, all in aglow, with happy and confused thoughts, I went to bed.

"The next morning I awoke with a dreadful headache, my throat sore and swollen, and my tongue parched and hot. Too sick to get up and dress myself, I laid there and cried, and presently mother came up to call me to breakfast, and the moment she looked at me she was frightened and ran down for father. He came up and put his hand on my burning forehead: but I cried aloud with pain, for my head seemed bursting.

"She has got a fever; I must go for Dr. Greene," he said; and in half an hour the good old doctor stood in my chamber. Poor old man! he's dead—long years ago! how everybody loved him—kind soul!" sighed aunt Hester, pausing in her knitting to wipe the dimming mist from her glasses.

"Well, I only remember," she went on, "of

hearing him say, 'Violent cold—lungs sore—head hot—fever,' and then I heard no more.

"Three weeks after, he said that I was out of anger; but it was not until the grass had begun to spring up, and the lilac buds to open, that I left my room.

"One day, after I got down stairs—it was the first of May, I believe—we heard a rap at the front door. Mother went; I heard her say, 'Oh, yes, Mr. Martin—yes, she's almost well—got down stairs—walk in.'

"How I trembled; I was pale as a cloth only a minute before, but the color must have come into my face, for as the singing-master came and shook my hand, he said,

"Ah, Hester, I'm glad to see the red cheeks again!"

"All the long weeks that I lay on my sick bed, and while slowly recovering, I had daily and hourly wondered if the singing-school was done, and if Mr. Martin had gone; and one day when Susan Emerson came in to sit with me, I asked her.

"Oh, yes! the school's done, and the master's gone!—and, dear me! I'm so sorry—for we did have such nice times! You've lost a good deal all this long time you've been so sick here," was her reply.

"Then my heart ached, for I loved Walter Martin, and had once felt almost certain that he loved me, too; but now he had gone away and forgotten me. Mother had not told me how he had called nearly every day to inquire after me; and I did not know that the illness and death of his father had called him from Ashleigh; but that was all past now—for he stood before me, and I felt happy, almost well again.

"He did not stay long, or talk much with me, for I was still weak; but when he rose to go he gave me a look which sent all the blood to my heart, and said he should call often while in town, for he should go back to college in another week. And then I must have started and turned pale again, for he looked earnestly at me, shook my hand, and said,

"And I hope the roses will come back to your cheeks before then."

"He came often; and at last the night before the day of his departure came, and it brought him to our house. And I had grown a great deal better—was almost well again.

"That night he said words to me which made my heart glad; and when we parted there was a little plain gold ring upon my finger, which he had asked me to wear for his sake——" and here aunt Hester ceased.

"Girls, you know," she at length continued,

after a little pause, during whose brief moments the old lady lived over again her early days of happiness, till her eyes sparkled with the light of olden love recollections, and her voice grew soft, youthful and melodious—"girls, Alice, Jenny, all of you, you are young, and know what a blessed thing it is to be beloved. You know how joyful must have been the life of poor, old aunt Hester then! There are no such days now! I am old, and desolate, and lonely. Never again can I be young and loved as then!" and she bent her withered face on her shaking, wrinkled hand, and her voice trembled with choking tears.

We all sat very silent. Not a word was spoken. Even the thoughtless Jenny was subdued and quiet; for with all her levity and gaiety she possessed a true woman's heart, throbbing with tender pity. It was very still there; and no sound was heard in old aunt Hester's kitchen save the ticking of the tall clock in the corner, and the complacent purring of Tabby on the hearth.

At length the old lady continued. "We parted—Walter to seek his books again on the morrow—and I to live a new life in my quiet home. How pleasantly passed the months until I saw him again! Father and mother had blessed my choice; all was bright before me. Again he came and passed a brief vacation, and again he left. But letters reached me often—letters that I read and dreamed over—for when his last year at college was over, he would come to claim me; he would leave his books—settle down on the fine old homestead his father had left him—and I should be so happy as his wife!—ah! I was too happy then!" sighed aunt Hester.

"Another letter came; it was the last he was to send me—for in a week more he was to come himself. Everything was ready—the wedding-gown was made—I had spun the finest lambs-wool and woven the finest, whitest linen—the farm was stocked, and father had brought me a set of parlor furniture from the city—all was ready.

"On the night he was to come I put on a nice new stuff gown, braided up my hair and placed white rose-buds in it, just as he had liked to see; and sat down at a window in the west room, which faced the road, that I might catch the first glimpse of him. And so I sat there, waiting, waiting, till long after sundown, wondering why he did not come; and it was not until the village bells rung nine that I heard the clatter of hoofs on the road, saw a form dismount at the front gate, and sprang to the door to meet—not my Walter—but a stranger!

"And then I heard a few words—terrible,

dreadful words, which seemed to burn into my brain. But, oh, God! why do I talk of it now? I cannot—I cannot!” and aunt Hester wrung her hands for a moment, then buried her face in the thin fingers which were clasped over the arms of her old oaken chair.

The cat on the hearth still purred, and the old clock ticked louder than ever; but aunt Hester had never a caress for her favorite, nor heeded the minutes as they flew by. Her heart was away, away—wandering in the days of her girlhood, not beside blue waters, then, or under sunny skies, but striving with memories of the cloud which had settled down, down, like a pall upon her life-path, striving to quench thoughts of *what might have been*—thoughts which rose up, phantom-like, before her in that hour, and whispered, “Lost happiness—lost youth—*lost love!*”

And the group of youthful beings gathered about the old lady’s hearth sat in silence, respecting the sad thoughts of the dreamer before them too well to interrupt them.

Presently Tabby rose from her warm corner

of the hearth, put up her furred back, and walking to her mistress’ side, rubbed her head caressingly against one of aunt Hester’s hands which hung down over the arm of her chair; and just at that moment the old clock gave the warning for nine.

Aunt Hester wiped her eyes, picked up her knitting work as she started from her sad reverie, and the girls rose to go.

“Tell us, only tell us, aunt Hester—*did he die?*” asked Jenny, in a low voice, lingering by her chair, and bending her sweet young face down to the aged woman’s grey-haired brow.

“Yes, dear, my Walter *was dead!* He had been thrown from his horse, and instantly killed!”

And then, in a voice choking with emotion, tenderly folding Jenny to her heart and kissing her, she fervently exclaimed,

“God bless *you*, my darling—God keep *all* of you from such sorrow! Sixty years have passed since then; others there were who asked me to share their hearts and homes—but I *could not!* The memory of her first and only love has made aunt Hester an old maid!”

THE CROSS.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

SYMBOL of Shame! wretch, bow thy head,

Thy weight of sin bemoan,
And wrap the darkness of the dead
Around thy heart of stone!

Thy guilt so great, that Jesus bled
To ransom and atone!

Symbol of Hope! oh, soul of mine,

Why so despondent grieve?
See, how aloft its glories shine!

Look up, oh, soul and live!
For light, and life, and love are thine,
Which none but Christ can give!

Symbol of Life! Forevermore

Be blessing and be blest!
Of promises, oh, soul adore
The richest and the best!
How sweet to know we leave earth’s shore
To be for aye at rest!

KEEP NOT THY LOVE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

THE friendship! ’Tis a little word
By which the human heart is stirred,
That feeds the current of our life
With shadows of joy and pleasure rife;
Keep not thy love, then, it may bless
Some fainting soul eternally;
Our Great Example taught us this,
His love was boundless, deep and free!

His benediction will not rest
Upon my cold and selfish breast;
So let the love that she has given
To thee, be free as dews of Heaven;
For it may call an erring soul
From ways of treachery and sin,
And by thy words of cheer and hope,
Some straying wanderer thou may’st win.

MY BLIND SISTER.

BY MARY A. TOWNSEND.

I SEE her now—see her as I saw her years ago, with her sunbeam brow and rippling hair, standing in the old cottage porch, her pale fingers wandering among the vine leaves, and her coral lips curved with a touching expression of sadness. Whenever the day was pleasant and the sun warm, there she would always be, out upon that dear, old shady porch, listening to shouts of mirth from sports she could not join, or dreaming of beauties she never might behold.

Heaven knows I loved her dearly, loved her deeply even then; but it was nothing to this memory-love which rises now in my bursting heart, and brims my eyes as I think of her. I was only two years her senior; but we were necessarily widely different in our pursuits; and my wild, restless spirit, much as I loved my sister, could ill brook to share her gentle, quiet sports, or linger long by her pensive side.

As if to make up for their disappointment in Lilly's affliction, my parents lavished every attention and accomplishment upon me. Wild and thoughtless as I was, I was quick to learn, and almost everything I undertook I accomplished to the satisfaction of my teachers and the pleasure of my parents. Among other things, I was taught to play upon the harp; and if there was one thing in which I excelled, it was that. Visitors expressed themselves delighted, friends applauded, and the pride of my mother was revealed in her smiles and caresses. But of all the praises to which I listened, none were so dear, none so treasured, as those which fell from the lips of my blind sister. Hour after hour, with her little hands meekly folded, her lips apart, her form bent forward, she would sit at my side drinking in the soothing strains; and when I had finished, she would fling her arms about my neck, and beseech me to teach her to play. Only teach her to play, she said, and her blindness would no longer seem so hard to bear; she would be so patient, so attentive, if I would only do this kindness for her. I remember now, more vividly far than I felt it then, how selfishly I sought for every excuse to refuse her request; how, even more blind in my childish vanity than she in her affliction, I would turn away from her pleading stress and streaming tears, telling her harshly that she could never learn, and there was no use

asking me. If her checked sobs and meek look of submission touched me for the moment, I would shake it off, and forget it in some merry game, or exhilarating horseback ride across the fields.

My harp was the talisman by which I won from Lilly any kindness I desired. It drew from her heart all its little childish secrets. Many a time, too, I have played till she flung herself upon the floor in the height of excitement, imploring me to stop, while the wild tears gushed from those poor, blind eyes in stormy tides; and I, led on by I know not what, would still play, watching with mischievous delight the quivering of that slight form, and rejoice in the power I possessed. And yet I loved her!

It was a warm day in June, and an invitation had come for me to attend the birthday party of one of my schoolmates. I was in high spirits, and as the hour of attendance began to draw nigh, I called on Lilly to make me a wreath of flowers for my hair. She had a most exquisite taste in the arrangement of flowers, distinguishing one from another by its perfume, and twining them as no one else could do. On this occasion, I was particularly anxious to have one of Lilly's wreaths among my curls; but to my astonishment, when I asked her, she promptly refused. All my entreaties were in vain. Lilly was decided; and I grew almost wild with anger, so hasty and impetuous was my temper. We were sitting on the garden steps, and I sprang up and ran to gather the roses I needed. As I flung them in her lap, she took them in her little, wan hands, and said,

"I'll make the wreath, Clara, if you will give me a lesson on the harp, only one."

"Not without?"

"No," said she, turning her face, earnest but smiling, toward me, "positively no."

I knew not what possessed me; but her refusal seemed then so obstinate, and my disappointment, trifling as was the cause, seemed so great that it was sufficient to rouse all my fiery nature; and shutting my teeth hard, I sprang to my feet and struck her; struck her heavily full upon the chest.

Never, while I live, shall I forget the expression of that sightless face, as, ghastly pale, it

was lifted for an instant up to my own. Then without a moan the bright blood gushed over Lilly's lips, and she fell forward with her face upon the roses.

In an instant, my anger was all gone. I caught my poor sister to my heart, adjuring her by name, kissing her pallid brow, and using every endearment to call her back to life. My shrieks alarmed the household, and as they bore her in the house, I heard my mother say, "Oh, Clara, Clara! your temper will be the curse of your life!"

It was long before Lilly recovered, and as the slow weeks went by, I sat anxiously by her bedside, holding out to her every cheering prospect, inventing every way to make the hours of her illness lighter to bear. Never, by a look, did the patient sufferer allude to the cause of her illness—never did she utter a moan in my presence. The harp, as usual, was her delight, and hour by hour I struck the dulcet chords, and sung my sweetest songs, a thousand times repeated, if the old smile once came back and lighted Lilly's face. How fair were the promises I then held out, that when Lilly was well enough to sit up, I would teach her to play; and how earnestly those blind eyes would wander to my face, as if seeking the strength of my purpose there!

At last Lilly was well—still weak, and oh, so pale, but she said quite well. Every day saw her in her old place on the porch, and every day she timidly reminded me of my late promises. Alas! with her return to health, all my better feelings had faded; and I found myself calling up the old excuses, yet not without a pang of conscience, and putting her off again.

We were in the habit of riding often on horseback; I, mounted on a spirited little Canadian pony; Lilly at my side upon a gentle little pacer, which had been reared by hand on my father's place. I always held Lilly's check rein, and mine being a well-trained horse, the two animals travelled beautifully together; and our rides constituted almost our sole mutual enjoyment.

It was a morning radiant with beauty, when nature seemed to have awakened from her night's slumber, all aglow with dewy freshness and loveliness. The sweetbriars on the porch were decked in diamonds, and the clover leaves laid themselves heavy with gems on the bosom of mother earth. The birds were singing blithely, and everything combined to put me in the most exhilarating spirits. Lilly and I were on the porch together. I was telling her how bright and beautiful everything looked, how full of dew-drops the roses were, and how rich their

tints appeared. She turned, and laying her bright head upon my shoulder, said,

"I can see no beautiful things save through your eyes, my sister; and I love to think they are always looking at beauties for me—God has given me a love for the beautiful, while he has seen fit to deprive me of that most necessary for the enjoyment of it—sight. But, oh! I can hear—I can listen to the birds, and the brooks, and all sweet sounds; and sometimes I think I can almost see with my ears. Teach me, then, dear Clara, to create those sounds which so delight me when you strike them. Teach me to play upon the harp."

It was the old plea, and oh, how touchingly earnest and sweet her face looked as she lifted it toward me!

For a moment I hesitated; then kissing her hastily, I said, "The morning is so lovely, dear Lilly, let's first have a brisk ride on our ponies, and I am yours. It is too pleasant to stay. Come, I'll assist you to dress," and I caught her hand to lead her away.

"Indeed, Clara, I haven't quite strength enough to ride Bob, this morning," said Lilly, shrinking back.

"Nonsense!" I answered, impatiently; "you have only to keep your seat, and I'll guide you."

"And I may have the lesson when I return, Clara?"

"Yes!"

I led her away, and we were soon mounted. At first we rode slowly, for Lilly was timid, and often trembled, and begged me to stop until she could recover her composure; but after awhile, I could no longer bear the tedious gait, and started on at a brisker pace. Lilly implored me to stop, but the brisk motion had imparted too much wildness to my spirits for me to heed her call, and clasping her check rein tightly, I hurried the ponies still faster onward.

"Clara! Clara! stop. I am dizzy. I shall fall," she cried, at last.

"Hold firmly to your saddle. There is no danger," I answered.

"Oh, Clara, in mercy, stop! If you will ride so fast, drop my rein, I implore you."

With a laugh I answered her. Horror! it is ringing in my ears this moment. For, as I uttered it, I struck my horse a fiercer blow, Lilly's rein slipped from my hand, and I dashed on at the wildest pace. A large pond lay in my way, where Lilly and I had often stopped to dream away an idle hour, and give our ponies drink. I flew past it, now, with my utmost speed, laughing aloud to see the blue dimples smiling at me from the surface of the water. I

did not pause an instant, though once I fancied as I neared the end of the pond, that I heard the cry of "Clara! Clara!" swiftly sweeping after me, but I only hurried on.

At last I drew rein, my wild heart satisfied with the mad recklessness of my race. As I sat pouncing in my saddle, patting the heaving sides of my pony, I suddenly thought again of Lilly. I could not tell why the thought was accompanied with such a burning, bitter pang; but I felt as if a fire blazed suddenly in my heart, subsiding as instantly, and leaving it cold as ice. What had become of her? She was nowhere in sight, and when I sprang to the ground and placed my ear there, I could hear no sound of her horse's hoofs. With a sharp fear in my heart, I gathered up my reins, and whipped my pony into even a swifter pace than before. Wildly I called "Lilly, Lilly!" but no answer came; and almost distracted, I hurried on, pressing my hand on my heart, to quiet the beatings which almost choked me. As I turned a sharp corner in the road, I came in full view of the pond, and there, a short distance before me, standing deep in the water, was Lilly's horse. With a shriek, I dashed in, madly, calling Lilly all the while. Still no answer came; but as I reached her horse, I saw what I shall never, never forget.

Lying on her side, with one arm under her head, the other rising and falling with the motion of the waves, as if warning me away, her face pale as snow, lay my blind sister, under the

dimpling water. A lifetime of agony swept over me in the few brief moments I stood gazing there. I felt that I had murdered her; felt that the Recording Angel was writing a great sin against me; and I longed to lie down, pale and cold, beneath the waves with her. I could not lift her, but my cries soon brought help, and clinging close to her chilled form, I walked beside those who bore her, my heart almost bursting with its anguish.

I heard my mother's awful cry as she caught sight of her child, and I closed my eyes as if to shut out some horrid dream. When I heard them say, without questioning me, that the pony had doubtless broken from me to obtain water, and thus Lilly had fallen from her seat, I did not contradict it; I could not; for a wild cry was ringing in my ears; a voice was calling forever, "Clara! Clara!" That same cry is in my ears now.

Oh! how anxiously I chafed those cold hands and temples. But there was no sign of animation. The doctor for whom we had sent, and who had first received Lilly in his arms, came at last. I watched him eagerly as he bent over her. He laid his fingers on her pulse, his hand on her heart. Our eyes met. I read all in that pitying face, and fell fainting across the cold form before me.

My blind sister was no longer blind. Her blue eyes were opened in heaven. The angels were teaching her to *play upon the harp!*

EVELYN MAY.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

I LOVED dear Evelyn May,
And Evelyn May loved me;
And oft we met on starry eves
Beneath the linden tree.
I breathed my vows in gentle tones,
In accents sweet and slow;
She whispered back her fond replies
In love-tones soft and low.
Yes! there we met in youthful hope,
Beneath the linden tree;
For I indeed loved Evelyn May,
And Evelyn May loved me.
Her eyes were a sunny hue,
Her hair like golden sheen;
Her face a Heavenly beauty wore,
None fairer e'er was seen,
And then a heart so fond and true
Is seldom found on earth.

And yet the one I fondly loved
Was but of humble birth;
What, then! we cherished "love's young dream"
Beneath the linden tree,
For I indeed loved Evelyn May,
And Evelyn May loved me.
But all things earthly have an end,
And we were doomed to part,
Though every word and every look
Was cherished in each heart.
But soon an angel came for her,
To grace a lovelier clime;
Beyond the clouds that darkly lower,
Beyond the ills of Time.
But I can ne'er forget the trysts
Beneath the linden tree,
For I loved dearly Evelyn May,
And Evelyn May loved me.

NELLIE ASHLEY.

BY SARAH HAMILTON.

CHAPTER I.

"But you love him, Nellie?"

"I never said to the contrary, mother," and a deeper flush stole over the young, childish-looking face.

"And he—what did he say, Nellie? What did you talk about, child? Here, I will stir that coffee—you look warm."

"Thank you, this cool water is so refreshing," and the little white hands bathed the rosy face and filled the blue eyes with sparkling pearls. "Now don't I look like one of Undine's nymphs? say, mother, with these great dripping drops falling from my hair?" and the heavy tresses were pushed far back from the low, broad forehead. "What did we talk about? that was your question, I believe—well, Alfred talked about the pleasant weather and my geraniums—and how I had grown since last we met—'why,' said he, 'you were nothing but a child, then;' wasn't it funny, mother? Then he told me all about his uncle's great house in the city; of the pleasant company to be met with, there; of his cousin Kate—says she is the most beautiful creature he ever saw, and so fascinating, and—well, he is soon to become one of the firm, and is getting along so grandly—ar'n't you glad, mother? I'm sure I be. He was always so good."

"Did he ask you to write, Nellie?" said Mrs. A—, looking earnestly into her daughter's face.

"No, he did not;" and the sweet lips in giving this answer would quiver just a bit, spite of the firm little heart that throbbed so wildly beneath the muslin bodice. "But there, your coffee is done, mother. Shall I make some for dinner—Arthur loves coffee, you know. 'Tis most time he and Lizzie were here—they must have taken a long walk. Hark! they have come. I guess I'll be back in a moment," and Nellie was gone.

"Poor child!" said the mother, looking fondly after her; "poor child! if she could only be as happy as her sister, now. Oh, dear! if it should trouble her much. I've been fearing this for some time. Absence blots out bright pictures on some hearts—Alfred Wendall will only be one of the too many. How I shall hate him, if he has stolen my child's best affections, but to fling

them back as worthless and unprized. Oh, life! thou hast many bitter cups, but this is one of the bitterest to see our loved weeping over faded hopes—if she loves as I fear she does, I know not what the effect will be; 'tis evident she does not wish to disturb me—but mother's eyes are never blind; who can sympathize with her as I can? I must know all. I cannot rest with this half knowledge."

"Who was it?" asked Mrs. A—, as Alice re-entered the room.

"Arthur and Lizzie, as I supposed. Now, mother, I want you to let me get the dinner, and you rest. I want to get it all my own way, and set the table with that old-fashioned china on the upper shelf in the closet, it will look so odd and pretty—may I?"

"Yes, child, anything you wish," and the tears gathered fast in the loving eyes; Nelly could but see them. "Mother," said she, going close to her, speaking very slow and distinct, "you wish me to talk about Alfred—to tell you my own feelings and what I know of his—perhaps 'tis right I should. I love Alfred Wendall as fondly as I am capable of loving. I have loved him for a long time—ever since I first saw him. I love him now, and I feel very certain I always shall. Don't look so, I can't talk if you do. I am poor, mother, plain, ignorant. I forgot—no, I did not forget—I did not know it once—but the knowledge has come—how, I hardly know—I feel so little, so obscure. Don't speak, mother, you will blame him; he has done no wrong; he never said, Nellie, I love you—I doubt if he ever thought of it; those days, past and gone, were rife with happiness; we both of us lived in the present; the awakening to life's realities has come—the future is golden to him—a little shady to me—but, mother, I will teach the warm, beautiful sunshine to come back again; I think I can, dear mother—I wish I were where I could see him—his good, noble face—I should so enjoy to look upon his prosperity. I think I could bear this—this forgetting me, better. I hope he will not grow worldly, and lose all relish for those things we once loved together."

"Nellie, you are a strange child. Do you think you could banish love from your bosom by having its object constantly before you? Oh,

am thankful that trial is spared you, 'tis so dreadful to see the coldness and indifference of those who have once been dear to us."

"Forget him! why I never thought of such a thing—how could I? you don't know the past—you think, perhaps, I could not look upon his happiness without a feeling of envy, unreconciliation.

"My love, mother, is too deep to dwell wholly upon self, 'tis this selfishness that robs life of its sweets; we must ignore our own little sorrows, heal our own heart wounds by striving to relieve those of others. I am not ashamed of this love, God implanted it in my nature, the germ has budded and blossomed in the warm sunlight of Alfred Wendall's smiles. I will not seek to crush it. No other flower can take its place, but I will see that it does not drink up all the health that gives vitality to other dear affections, it shall not diminish my love for father, mother, sister, or the world at large. It will not be the willow of my grave. I shall live a long time, I hope, dear mother, a blessing to you and all of my friends."

We will now leave Nellie and her mother for a short time, and go back a few years, introducing to our reader Alfred Wendall.

Alfred was the only child of his widowed mother, who had long made her home with a favorite brother, residing in the city of P—. Mr. Howard was very wealthy. Having but one child—a little daughter. Alfred being a bright, interesting boy, shared largely in his uncle's affections. He was sent to the best schools—all his wants were most lavishly supplied. From a rosy, laughter-loving urchin, he soon became the tall, slender, studious youth. His books were almost his only companions. He sought not, cared not for the society of those of his own age. Day by day his eyes grew brighter, darker, deeper—day by day the fair face lost its roundness, and a pale, sickly hue took the place of the healthy glow that once added beauty to his boyish face. His friends became alarmed, and concluded rest and country air would be more beneficial than study and school life. So he was sent to the pleasant little village of S—, to spend the summer months—here he met Nellie Ashley for the first time. I wish I could give my reader a description of her appearance, but I may not, for she was one of those whose beauty lay more in the life and animation of her countenance, than in the well-cut features. I cannot really tell you the color of her eyes. I have heard them called blue, hazel and black, this must have been owing, I presume, to the dilating and contracting of the pupil, which grew bril-

liantly large when engaged in earnest conversation, or when any subject of interest claimed her attention. Her features were, perhaps, a little too sharp, but time would relieve that; the long, rippling curls of sunny brown; the merry dimples deepening in both cheeks when the sunlight stole into her heart, made her seem much younger than she really was. One could scarcely believe fifteen summers had darkened the golden hair. Such was the pleasing vision that met Alfred Wendall on his arrival at his aunt's, in the retired town of S—. She was just the fair, fragile being that had so often stolen into the mazes of his day-dreams, when he tried to picture a sister that he could love with all his heart. A wife he had never seriously thought of, but a sister was a bright ideal he was constantly longing for. Oh, those long, joyous days that ushered in rosy twilights and starry eves—those long, pleasant walks, in search of specimens for Nell's herbarium—the drinking in of the poet's burning words, seated side by side. Was it strange the links of affection grew strong? Was it strange such an atmosphere should beget love? Weeks flew—months passed, and the day of separation came, sad to both, equally sad, but they could write, that was one comfort, and they did write, many glowing pages syllabeled the thoughts of each. Twice had Alfred visited Nellie, the third time commences our story. Three years intercourse with the world, the busy mingler in the jostling crowd had brought many changes to Alfred. His studies on account of his health had been relinquished—his business talents had been called into play, and his uncle had the satisfaction of seeing him all he had fondly hoped for long years, and now only one wish remained ungratified, that was to see him the husband of his beautiful daughter, Kate Howard, now in her sixteenth year—he would have this son of his love, his own indeed.

Oh, how much circumstances have to do with our life's happiness or misery. If Alfred Wendall's barque had floated in the narrow waters that rocked Nellie Ashley's, forgetfulness would never have obliterated the bright dream that once made melody in his heart, the music of Nellie's presence would never have lost its echo; but amid the din and confusion of hurrying waves and dashing billows, with another sweet face looking into his for sympathy and protection, can we wonder, for it was a man's heart—can we wonder the star that once lightened his heaven, gradually disappear to illumine it no more forever? Nay, we do not wonder, but God pity those who we thus left, let them seek a

balm in his loving words, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

CHAPTER II.

EVENING is fast veiling nature's beautiful landscapes with its misty veil of silver, ere we again enter the cottage, left at the dinner hour. The low murmur of voices attracts us to the parlor, where we will make the acquaintance of Lizzie Ashley and Arthur Leslie, betrothed.

"But, Lizzie," said Arthur, playing with the white fingers claimed as his own, "we shall doubtless have troubles and trials, they come alike to all, you know. I shall use my utmost exertions as a faithful pilot to steer clear of the fatal rocks and sandbars, where human happiness too often presents us a fearful wreck. No cloud mars our sky now, but clouds may arise. We should be prepared for them, girded with the armor of fortitude, having a firm, unwavering faith in Him who is able and mighty to save."

"With you, Arthur, I fear no danger—if I share the calm, shall I turn back when the tempest approaches? You do not fear me, Arthur?"

"No; but I was thinking of life's changes, but we will not anticipate those evils that may never come."

"Oh," said Lizzie, sighing, "if life could only be one smooth, shining sea, how tranquilly and sweetly would our earthly pilgrimage pass. Why could it not have been so ordered?"

Here their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Nellie, who seated herself by her sister's side.

"How is it with you, Nell?" asked Arthur. "Would you echo Lizzie's wish that life could be one smooth, uninterrupted sea?"

"No, I would not."

"Why, Nell? I do not think this little, fragile form would bear much buffeting."

"Perhaps not," replied Nellie, with a smile; "but you have seen mighty trees torn from the earth by the fierce hurricane, that left the drooping flower that nestled in their shade unharmed."

"True; but tell us your ideas of life."

"Listen! Do you hear that clock?—tick, tick, backward, forward, pausing not, quickening not, even, regular—would I have my life marked off in that dull, monotonous way, no fever, no fret, no lagging, no bounding forward, alive, but lifeless, real, but undefined? No, never. I ask not for the life that climbs no precipices, a lake without a ripple, a star without a shine, a fragrantless flower. Nay, give me the dash of bil-

lows, the deeps of sorrow, the sunshine of joy, the rough rock, the sharp point, the deepening cloud, the smile of blue, fling them together and you have life, something to battle—something to strive for, action and rest, trial and peace, garlands woven by bleeding fingers, and bleeding brows that wear no garlands. Life is a struggle, true life a hope, a belief, a doubt, a fear, the birth of mind struggling for existence, a spark of divinity that cannot go out, but shall burn and never die, flame-lighting the whole Universe, brightening God's throne forever and ever."

"Quite a speech," said Lizzie, winding the long, wavy curls caressingly about her fingers. "We shall now begin to look for the stirring of the fountain; what, may I ask, 'has come o'er the spirit of your dream?' you are not wont to look upon life's sober side. Why should you, for what have you done but sip honey all your days, a flower-loving creature?"

"You are right, sister. Truly a butterfly's existence has been mine, one illy calculated to fit the mind for that dark side, which if not presented to me, is constantly flinging its weight of sorrow upon others. To-night, being in a more thoughtful mood than usual, life's ways seem clearer, more sharply defined. I view its realities as an earnest of something better than mere rest—an indolence that slumbers away all those heaven-born aspirations that rise above fate; and teach man the means of hewing out a road for his soul to travel in. Trouble and sorrow are the medicines of life: continual prosperity, like luxurious feasting, weakens and debilitates; then does the great Physician deal out in mercy the bitter portion. Shall we murmur at the smart that brings healing with it? But I am sure you and Arthur can find more interesting topics of discussion than the woes of earth, and I will leave you to hunt them up, at your leisure, so good-night."

"Isn't she strange?" said Lizzie, to her companion. "Who would think, to look in her laughing face, she could preach such sober, matter-of-fact stuff?"

"If I mistake not, Lizzie, that sparkling fountain, the mind's waters, have been stirred from some cause deeper than either of us may think. If trials be hers, heaven grant her strength to bear them."

We will now follow Nellie to her chamber. She had thought when she left the happy ones below, to indulge in a good fit of weeping all by herself, reddening her eyes and lightening her heart. But when she had reached her room, and stood in the pure, bright moonlight that

flooded the whole apartment with its mellowing beams, she changed her mind, and seating herself by an open window, soon became apparently entranced with the dreamy beauty of the night, and the melody of its slumbering music—for nature whispers glad things in her sleep—and the heart of man is then so open to her teachings, that he may not commune with her without feeling something of that peace that comes from above, stealing silently into the deepest recesses of the soul. Who has not felt at such times God's angels were about him, ministering comfort to the sorrow-scoured heart, pointing with the hand of faith to a home of love, where all the gross, unsubstantial things of earth are flung aside for the real and pure necessities of man's best desires.

Nellie was one of nature's pupils—in her she ever found a true sympathiser, one that carried her thoughts upward, beyond a world though beautiful, full of changes. And long before the weary head sought the pillow of rest, did she kneel before her God in prayer, thanking Him for all His priceless gifts, with a heart overflowing with love and resignation to His divine will.

Who was the happiest that night? She who slumbered trusting in the goodness of her heavenly Father, or the sister who leant upon the love of frail humanity? We need not pause to say who had the surest foundation for future blessedness.

We must now pass over the few sunny weeks that ushered in Lizzie Ashley's bridal day. Never shone a lovelier morning on maiden fair. Nellie had left her couch and sleeping sister long before the golden sun had kissed the sparkling dew-drops from her flowers. So they were gathered wet and blushing in all their pristine beauty, to ornament the room where two fond and loving hearts were so soon to be united for aye. Nellie was busy in arranging her treasures, when the patter of small feet broke in upon her quiet. "Please, Miss," said the little urchin, "father meant to have sent it in last evening, but forgot it."

"What?" said Nellie, looking up and recognizing the son of a neighbor. "What is it, Edwin?"

"This letter," and a smooth white envelope, directed, in a bold, masculine hand, was presented. A cluster of beautiful roses rewarded the bearer, and Nellie was left alone to learn the contents of the missive. At first a feeling of joy, of glad surprise, sent a glow to her heart and a blush to her cheek—but for a moment only. A strange thrill, a cold shudder passed

over her frame, leaving her chill and pale. But whatever it was the truth would be better than suspense. With trembling hands the seal was broken.

Shall we too, look, reader?

"DEAR NELL—My heart's sister congratulate me, for the fifteenth sees me the happiest of men. Kate is mine. Can I say more, ALF."

Dear Nell! but this is only an echo of the hoarse thunders of a storm that had swept over her heart weeks before. 'Twas all over now, every lingering hope that would tarry spite of cold reason.

Speak, Nellie, move, weep, thank heaven thou art saved! No discordant notes of weakness shall vibrate thy quivering heart-strings when touched by other fingers, thou hast faith in the mysterious dispensations of Providence. Smiles, too, ah, Nellie, thou art a true woman, smiles and tears are mingled together. The missive is again read, now slowly, and with apparent composure, and is then laid aside, and the bright, beautiful flowers again become the work of the morning.

How nicely are the delicate shades blended, how the damp, dark-green relieves the too dazzling hue of one blossom, and displays the faint, pearl-like tinge of another. And now all is arranged—roses and garlands—can we wonder at the surprise and delight of the sister who enters as Nellie gives the finishing touch to her morning's work, by admitting just enough of the clear, brilliant sunshine to warm up and color the whole.

"Oh, if Alfred were only here," exclaimed Lizzie. "'Tis too bad, isn't it, Nellie? but don't look so sad. I'm not going a hundred miles off. I can see you every day. I'm so happy—I was never half so happy before—now if Alfred—"

"This day, that brings so much joy to you," interrupted Nellie, "also sees the consummation of his dearest wishes—read this."

"Nellie! why I thought—don't you care, though? but I see you do not—it would kill you if you did. I'm so glad; I feared mother would lose you, too; I never did think much of—"

Just then Arthur entered, much to Nellie's relief, and the subject was dropped.

A few hours later, and Mr. and Mrs. L— were admiring the beauties of their new home. Well might Lizzie joy in her present prospect of happiness. Arthur Leslie was one to make the humblest fireside agreeable, rich in heart gifts and worldly gear. Lizzie was also noted for her pleasing manners and amiable disposi-

tion. Tender parents had shielded her thus far from all that could annoy—but will she bear with cheerfulness the burdens of more mature years? Will the noonday sun find her still active, unwearied with the toil of the day? Time will only show. How deserted and almost dreary seemed the garlanded room at the old homestead. One of its brightest blossoms was missing. It had been gathered to radiate another circle—to be the pride and joy of the manly heart that now wore it.

Poor Nellie! none felt the loss more sensibly than she; days passed—in vain she tried to awaken within herself an interest in the daily labors of those around her—her thoughts were constantly roving, now to the absent sister—almost envying her—so perfectly happy did she appear in her new sphere of action. Then far away to the city's din—and a tall form would steal to her side. But this would never do; she would be no stagnant pool; her mind needed

employment, and employment she would have. So arousing herself one pleasant morning, she called upon the school committee of their village, and offered her services as teacher—services which were at once accepted with surprise and gratitude. Never was there a happier, better disciplined flock than Miss Nellie's, and while she daily strove to enlarge and enlighten the tender minds of her pupils, her own was not left uncultivated—unpruned. She found knowledge a never-ending source of pleasure—a stream that widened and widened, ever repaying her with rich treasures when sought.

Gradually came back the peace of other days. She would think of the past, as one remembers a sweet strain of music that once held entranced all the senses—filling them with a heavenly bliss that can never be forgotten in time—perhaps not in eternity. She regretted it not—it had ceased to annoy, to trouble her—she was at rest.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

A WANDERER came from the world's worn way,
Back to his home one glad Spring day,
When murmuring winds in their soft low glee
Sang sweetly through waving bush and tree,
And the warble of wild birds was blent with the song,
That floated so gladly the bright earth along.

The grass thick and green from the Spring's soft
showers,
Was gomm'd with the blue of the violet flowers;
And the leaves on the maple that whispered so low,
Were bright with the glad young Spring-time's glow;
And the jessamine wad o'er the old house still,
And the white rose climbed up the window-sill.

To him each sight struck a magic string,
Wild thoughts o'er his struggling heart to bring,
And in each sound was a spirit's tone,
That welcomed the way-worn wanderer home;
And thus a voice, in a gush of song,
Seemed borne o'er the lovely scene along.

"Thou hast come back to thy native dell,
Where so soft the gleams of sunlight fell
On the golden hours of that sunny day,
When thou passed from its lovely haunts away,
Oh, say, hast thou brought pure feelings back
From the dusty ways in the world's worn track?

"Hast thou brought them back as fresh and warm,
As on that glad, bright Spring-time morn?
Are the dreams all there that thy spirit filled?
Or hath their fairy forms been chilled
With the blight that oft dims their gladness here,
The tears that fall on the loved one's bier?

"Alas! alas! by the furrowed brow,
And the sorrowing look that betrays thee now,
I know the dreams that thy young heart bore,
Are guests in its chambers now no more,
With their forms of beauty they all have fled,
And no flowers spring up o'er their cold, damp dead.

"No change in thy vision thy fair home wears,
The meadow is bright with soft dewy tears;
And the leaves and the flowers look up with a smile,
The sadness from out thy worn heart to beguile;
Alas! that the dreams of the young buoyant heart
So soon with their gladness and lightness depart,

"Dimness is gathering thy dark eye o'er,
Thou art thinking of those who return no more,
And deeming that in the low wind's sigh,
As it sweeps with its thousand voices by,
Thou hearest the loved one's familiar tone
Breathe softly around the haunts of home.

"There's a weight of feeling deep, dark, and strong,
That sweeps o'er thy way-worn heart along:
A blight has fallen that withered there
The flower of affection, bright and fair;
No more they bloom, the heart is a grave,
From whose dark recess no power can save.

"Thou wilt mourn o'er them as o'er the dead,
On whom a spirit of beauty shed
A wealth of sweetness, and thy young heart
Had linked it with gladness too bright to part;
But ah! no more thou wilt find them here,
Drop flowers above their lowly bier."

WHAT'S IN A HOOP?

BY SUSAN MULLEN.

CHARLEY BRIGHT thought everything of aunt atty, and aunt Patty reciprocated his affections, so that at twenty-five he was still unmarried, though many young ladies had been the subject of his serious contemplation. None, however, attained to his standard of perfection; one suited, either, the fastidious taste of his indulgent but whimsical guardian. Charley admired Miss Patten and her curls, but aunty thought they drew too much on the brain; aunty believed in Miss Bobrig, Charley thought her too strong-minded; and so on through a catalogue of unmentionable names. It seemed as if they would never agree upon any one to unite their varying minds.

But one Sabbath morning the eyes of Charley fell upon a young lady whom he instantly declared eligible in all points, if equally attainable, a fact which he set about zealously finding out. He pressed his suit so warmly, that he entirely forgot his obligation to suit aunt Patty; and he was actually engaged before he remembered that Miss Brandon, the tip of the fashion, might be received by aunt Patty with sovereign contempt.

"Miss Brandon is no doubt very well for a rich man's wife," said Miss Bobrig, coming in to torture the irritable lady with the rumor of the courtship, "but I fear she lacks fortitude to meet the vicissitudes of our changing state." And she crossed her arms as she delivered herself of this speech, with a determination and masculine vigor that showed her ready for any emergency.

"And yet, my dear," pleaded aunty, "trials often develop latent traits of self-reliance in very timid natures."

"Yes, but Miss Brandon is so worldly. 'The glass and mould of fashion' have so long been her study, that little change can be looked for in her character. I fear greatly for Charley's happiness with such a companion."

Aunt Patty closed the door upon this visitor with a sigh, and mentally pronounced Charley ungrateful and ungrateful. Presently another and different caller was announced. Miss Patten whisked into the parlor, her long curls flowing round her alabaster face and neck; somewhat freckled, it must be confessed, for the clearest alabaster, but so called by admiring lovers.

"Dear Miss Bright, I am so glad to see you," she cried. "I heard such shocking intelligence just now. They do say that Charley is carried away with that Maria Brandon, from New York. Such a nice young man! And he might have married Miss Bobrig, too. An intellectual, sweet, affectionate woman, who could have sympathized with his ardent nature. For my part, I can't see what he admires in her. All starch and ribbons. Jo Petty says he saw her squeezing through the church-door with a hoop on as big as his mother's water-cask."

"Hoops!" screamed aunt Patty, now fairly indignant, "you don't say she follows that monstrous fashion? Why, it belonged to the very worst age of the English court, Queen Anne's. I've heard my grandfather tell stories of the time. Oh, dear! oh, dear! that Deacon Bright's son should come to this; and after all my counsel and instruction."

From this time forth aunt Patty set herself vigorously against the match, refusing even to meet Miss Brandon or to hear Charley's ardent defence of her virtues.

It was enough that Jo Petty had spoken upon the subject; that hoops were *the* fashion; and that she herself had seen Charley half-concealed by a prodigious breadth of skirt, as he and Miss Brandon walked down the Broadway of Mullen-town. On her part, Miss Brandon would not change her dress to propitiate the prejudices of aunty. So Charley was not only likely to lose the affections of aunt Patty, but also an interest in her bank securities.

Women of fashion are often sadly misrepresented by their own set. It was so now with Maria Brandon. Miss Bobrig, who was a strong-minded person, and affected Madame de Staël, declared that her intellectual attributes were deficient. Miss Patten, who curled her hair desperately, and compared herself to Dante's Beatrice, was sure she would never be a congenial spirit for Charley; and each had their eager believers. Whereas, the true conception of woman's nature lies not in Miss Bobrig's theory of attributes—nor yet in the other extreme of sentimental fancy and yet grosser folly. The centre of these antipodes is a rational woman, who avoids all singularities. Such are

those who lend a charm to society, by yielding gracefully to its established etiquette, instead of flying in its face as *outré* reformers, or romancing upon its heartlessness.

Such a woman was Maria Brandon. Simpering as Miss Bobrig had represented her, she had an independence that feared neither threats nor persuasions. Had aunt Patty commenced the siege less vigorously, the Malakoff might have relented and Sebastopol been taken. But when the enemy commanded her to lay down her hoops or surrender Charley, the Brandon blood took fire. Battered and beaten, poor Charley stood between the two combatants, exposed to a dreadful artillery of words, chiefly interjectional, and on aunt Patty's side declamatory.

"So you have thrown yourself away on this doll. Well, go your own course, Charles. I have loved you like a son, and I hoped that when this hour came, you would bring to my house one who would honor it by high intellectual worth."

"But, aunt Martha, Maria is refined, cultivated, good and noble."

"Yes! in the world's acceptance. She can play and sing, and doubtless attends to the forms of religion. But is she practical and comprehensive in her charities; and is it her chief desire to fulfil her mission in life?"

Somebody has said, that they read a novel till the heroine fainted. Charley listened to aunt Patty till she came to the mission theory, and then escaped. Besides, his mind was made up. He felt that he had never been in earnest before, and Maria's independence infused something of its spirited nature into his somewhat sluggish one. So they were married; aunt Martha having never exchanged a word with her obdurate niece.

"Let them go," the pertinacious old lady said, shaking back her false curls, and chucking an artificial tooth into its socket, "we shall see how they get along. He with his flute and guitar, she with her fine airs and city habits: Charley will find it different living on a salary and supporting such pretensions."

Twelve hundred dollars yearly was all the young couple could command; but upon this they commenced their united lives, in a large town, contiguous to the city of New York. Charley laid aside his guitar for the ledger, and Maria hung up her rings and entered into the mysteries of domestic art. Strange to say, she found that her ready theoretical knowledge of the chemical preparations requisite for bread would not make that article light or sweet, and that it was not half as important for her to

know about the evaporation of the carbon as the rising of the emptings.

However, practice perfected her, and Charley's wonder at her success lightened and sweetened even heavy and sour bread. So that three years passed rapidly away, and something had been annually saved, till Charley found himself able to purchase a permanent home.

Maria had in no point derogated from her habitual custom of being in the fashion. This, is, she never was a slave to tyranny, but she also avoided dressing singularly. Charley's side of dressmakers and milliners bills, gathered from aunt Patty, were fabulous in the extreme; but his married life had amply proved the erroneousness of aunt Patty's statements, as to what it would cost to maintain a fashionable woman.

In the meantime, poor aunt Patty, in spite of her high mettle and offended dignity, pined for Charley. Her mission, and the various new theories of Miss Bobrig and her companions in philanthropy, could not avert her thoughts from the injustice of which she felt she had been guilty. She was growing old and rheumatic and longed for love and sympathy instead of the self-imposed and monastic duties to which she had devoted her life. Poor aunt Patty! These charities have brought you nothing, because so dogmatically given; those duties have had no reward, so self-righteously have they been fulfilled.

Thus, between the distress of her mind and the ailments of her body, the good maiden resolved to spend a winter in New York, to try the new *pathies* and *ologies* of Miss Bobrig, if perchance they might not tend to recruit her failing energies. Oh! hopeless thought, that art can recuperate exhausted nature or vitalize the stagnant blood of age.

She went therefore immediately, nervously anxious, as only a single woman could be, alone for the first time in a great city. How the fashions annoyed her; how determined she was to yield nothing to city etiquette; and yet how ludicrously afraid she was lest some one would mistrust her country breeding. Innumerable were the baths, fresh and salt, cold and warm, to which she submitted. The fatiguing calisthenics, had just begun to shake the stiffness out of her rheumatic joints when a new *ology* was introduced, which set aunt Patty off into a melancholy train of thinking. Now this *ology* was nothing less than Hoopology, or a patient and impartial defence of graduated skirts on the plea of health and comfort.

"The practice," announced the demonstrator, "of hanging, by pins, or worse than all, strings,

avy skirts upon the hips, allowing them to hang downward with their whole weight, is a veny and dangerous one. Hip and other aches, side aches, faintness at the stomach, and indeed whole catalogues of evils spring from it is custom. On the contrary, hooped petticoats viate these difficulties, by relieving the pressure upon the person, and likewise prevent that jay dragging of a train, through the splash and mud of the city. The patients are cordially advised to try this new expedient, from which physicians hope for the best results."

Here was a fix! Hoops recommended by eminent scientific men, to whom aunt Patty and Miss Bobrig looked up as the savans of the age! What would Miss Bobrig say? What would Harley and Maria think, if after all she submitted to be hooped under medical advice.

"At least," thought the old lady, "there is no harm in my looking at one, as I must before I decide to put myself into it."

"Is that all?" screamed aunt Patty, as the matron laid upon her bed, a skirt of more than ordinary length, shirred at proportional distances with whalebones. Whalebones not punching one forever at the sides, or thrusting themselves into one's arm-pits, pinched into biases and gasping for breath, as in one's dress, but nice, respectable whalebones, that knew their places and staid in them on their own dignity.

"Is that all?" for aunt Patty had conceived that hoops were little less imaginary than be-headed water-casks, or soap-barrels, in which young ladies collapsed and expanded their sails at pleasure.

The result of this unprejudiced examination was that aunt Patty decided for the hoops; and in a day or two she was swinging in and out of

the great dining hall in a style worthy of Miss Hitemal in Broadway. The salves and strengthening plasters, by which she had adhered through life, melted in wrath before the reign of hoops; and judicious medical and moral treatment made a decided change in the spirits and health of aunt Patty.

But, previous to returning to her home, she entered Broadway to make some purchases. Arriving at the entrance of a store, her progress was interrupted by a gentleman, who was contriving an ingress for a lady in full dress, and a bewitchingly beautiful child, who was determined to pass in without releasing his mother's hand. How that feat was accomplished may be learned by reference to the wiring in and wiring out of popular politicians. Suffice it to say, it was done. The gentleman gallantly stepped aside as aunt Patty's turn came; but their eyes meeting by an irrepressible magnetism of attraction, he burst into uncontrollable laughter; and cried out, with his favorite expletive,

"Aunt Patty hooped, by thunder."

The next day, the old brown trunk went across the river, instead of taking the Sound boat to Mullentown.

Aunt Patty grew close to the hearts of her children, as she called them; and her daily ejaculation, as some new virtue unfolded itself in Maria, was,

"After all, what's in a hoop?"

Reader, do you desire a moral? It is this. Not that any fashion should be carried to absurdity, but that cynics condemn in fashion what they idolize in false philanthropy and eccentric reforms.

"WHAT'S IN A HOOP?"

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

BY MRS. SARAH L. RUSSELL.

Ye come to me in midnight dreams,
Oh! holy thoughts of Heaven;
And glorious are the spirit-beams,
That to my soul are given—
Of that fair clime, across whose sky
No storm-clouds ever sweep;
Where grief ne'er dims the radiant eye,
And none are seen to weep.

Ye come to me amid the care
That clouds the weary day;
And far, from earth's polluted air,
Ye waft my soul away;

And when some grief beyond control,
Has bowed me unto earth;
Ye whisper to my fainting soul,
Of its immortal birth.

Like fragrant zephyrs, from the shore
Of some far ocean-isle;
Ye pass my fainting spirit o'er,
And every care beguile.
Oh! when the dews of death hang chill,
Upon my dying brow,
Sweet thoughts of Heaven be with me still,
And cheer my heart as now.

PUNISHING A FLIRT.

BY MISS CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

For myself, I confess to a fondness for male flirts. My friend, Kate Stanley, would say a weakness. I like their pretty, practical way of pleasing. I like all those little, delicate attentions and languishing airs they are wont to play off. They please my fancy: they flatter my vanity, besides offering to my view a rather interesting phase of human nature. I am very fond of studying them, and more than once I have caught myself playing the innocent and interesting novice, in order to draw them out "horse and foot," that I might gain a more thorough knowledge of their line of strategy.

It is not for the sake of self-defence that I pursue these investigations. It is not that I at all intend to make use of the knowledge thus gained in warding off their shafts. It is only a sort of metaphysical anatomy that I thus practice in an amateur way; and my results are often sufficiently curious and amusing to repay the hazard of the operation.

My friend Kate has often represented to me the danger of this little amusement of mine—for Kate, albeit she is as smart and witty as any other of her name, is a specimen of the orthodox cast of womanhood, and scorns a flirt, or at least I have often heard her say in by-gone times. And I have as often confessed the probable truth of her predictions; but still it is a failing (if failing at all) which I despair of overcoming. I have indeed a strong presentiment that I shall some time fall a victim to my own spirit of reward in this department of science, but still this does not deter me. I doubt if the certainty of some time being caught in the charming, bewildering toils, of these dear, delightful woman traps, or in other words, dying of that feminine melody, a broken-heart, would at all cool my courage or damp my spirit of adventure.

However, in the story I am about to relate, my friend Kate was the heroine, not I.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley were going to Europe. Mrs. Stanley was an invalid, and her health required the voyage; but as Kate, their only child, had not yet finished her education, it was deemed best that she should remain at home. Their own house, a pleasant residence on the North River, was to be closed: and Mr. and Mrs. Ripley, Mrs.

Stanley's sister and husband, had kindly offered the young lady a home with them, during the absence of her parents. As it was Kate's desire to attend a large school in the city, during the coming year, for the purpose of pursuing a thorough academical course, the offer was very opportune and was readily accepted.

Mr. Ripley's family consisted but of himself and wife and a nephew, Frank Ripley, a young man of some four or five and twenty, handsome, talented, fascinating, and enjoying a wide reputation as a "lady's man."

As soon as Kate was comfortably established at her new home, I called upon her. Now it happened, as I was standing at the door of Mr. Ripley's elegant mansion, Frank Ripley, whom I only knew by sight, tripped gaily up the granite steps, and bowing in that style of pleasing gallantry, for which, as I have said, he was noted, opened the door with his night key, and aiding me into the drawing-room, rang the bell and called for Miss Kate, for whom I had inquired.

"What a lovely fellow that Frank Ripley is," said I, as soon as we had exchanged greetings. "Kate, my dear, not the least of your advantages here, is the opportunity you enjoy of captivating so charming a beau."

Kate replied somewhat indignantly, though with an evident air of reserve. "Indeed, then, I don't intend to avail myself of any such privilege as you imagine me to possess."

"Well, now, Miss Wilful, what fault have you to find with Frank Ripley? I think him a perfect gentleman."

"I do not then," was the spirited, and still not quite free answer. I could see that there was something in her mind which she had not yet expressed.

"Why, Kate!" I exclaimed, "I am surprised. What do you mean?"

"I mean that I think him a flirt, and a very dangerous person."

"Dangerous! how is that?"

"Because he is very fascinating, and very insincere."

"Ah! then you allow him to be fascinating?"

"Yes, indeed; why shouldn't he be? What has he been doing these five years past, or ten, I might as well say, but practising to make

self just the most agreeable person in the world to the ladies. He is the most perfect flatterer I ever saw. Not one of the fulsome, distasteful sort, who betrays their shallow pates, hollow hearts at every sentence, but so sensitive, so polite, so gentle and respectful, that one can't believe them to be anything but dear, amiable, kind-hearted creatures they seem, when all the time they are only playing their part in society; sustaining the reputation which it is the business of their life-time to acquire."

"Why, Kate, you are really eloquent. I shall suppose you coming out as a professional lecturer on the frailties of man, in connection with the rights of women, as soon as you have finished your education. But how did you know all this Master Frank? Has he been playing off his readable ways upon you, or has he neglected you entirely? It seems to me there is a spice of bitterness in your denunciations of the fascinating gentleman."

"Scorn there may be, for I despise the whole tribe of flatters, but nothing of bitterness. No, indeed, it is not in the power of such a being to arouse any jealousy in my heart. I have too much a contempt for them. Before I came here, however, I learned his character from a young lady friend, and determined upon the course I would pursue with him. I felt very certain from what I knew of him that he would be inclined to commence a flirtation with me. I am no match for a professional flirt, and if I were, I have no inclination for the sport. So I determined to avoid all disagreeable consequences by avoiding the cause thereof."

"Most prudent of school-girls—but how was our design to be effected?"

"To treat him coolly, and shun his advances, would, I knew, but pique his vanity and arouse his perseverance. So when the very first evening of my arrival he sat down by me and began to play the agreeable, I affected the utmost stupidity, and actually bored him into yawning the first half hour. For three successive days he continued his praiseworthy efforts to draw me out, and at the end of that time positively convinced that he was making draughts upon a vacuum, he left me; and since, though always polite, he is very distant, and, I believe, thinks me of less account than the ammunition he has already wasted upon me."

"Kate, you surprise me. I had no idea you were possessed of so much resolution, or of so much strategy. It is fortunate for the success of your plans that you had to live so quietly this winter. I fancy a frequent observation of your

animated face in society would convince him of his mistake."

"May be so," smiled Kate. "I intend, however, that he shall have occasion to learn a little more of my character before the winter is over. I shall not always pass for the dull 'copper' with him. If there is any of the look of the 'sovereign' about me, he shall find it out before many months."

"Ah! then you have only compromised with pride, not quite subdued it. But how is this enlightenment to be effected?"

"I cannot tell as yet. I am waiting for circumstances to develop my plan, but trust me, I'll punish him yet."

I well knew Kate's strength of purpose, as well as her aptness at manœuvring, and her fondness for fun, so I doubted not she would fulfil her threat.

CHAPTER II.

FRANK'S room was the front chamber of the third story, and Kate's the back room on the same floor. Between the apartments were dressing-closets, opening into the respective rooms. And as Kate stood in hers one day washing out some muslins, she became conscious that an animated conversation was going on in Frank's room. She did not, however, pay any attention to it, until at last Frank's hand came down upon the table with an unmistakable emphasis, as he exclaimed,

"A capital idea, Hal: let's us put it in execution by all means. Pass me that portfolio, please, from my writing-table, and I'll write an advertisement this minute." A lively discussion followed in regard to the various items, and it was ten or fifteen minutes before the document was completed. At last Frank read as follows:

"A young gentleman of excellent prospects and unexceptionable family and character, twenty-five years of age, and generally considered fine-looking, desires to open a correspondence with a view to matrimony, with a young lady of good personal appearance, cultivated mind and amiable disposition. She must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two. During an extensive acquaintance of five years in the best circles of metropolitan society, the writer has vainly sought one whose soul might form a counterpart to his own; and with whom he might pass the remainder of life in a blissful and congenial union, and the enjoyment of an existence untrammelled by the artificial rules and acquirements of society. Despairing of finding such a

spiritual mate in the ranks of fashion, he seizes upon this method of making known his wants. Any lady, desirous of communicating with him, may address, M. C. B. Box —, P. O."

"Bravo!" exclaimed a voice, which Kate readily recognized as Harry Bentley's, one of Frank's chums.

"That can't be improved. Those last, fine-sounding sentences will be sure to attract some of the 'strong-minded,' bleary old maids, and then, Frank, there'll be sport."

Frank made some laughing reply, and then having sealed and directed his missive, rang the bell, and despatched it to the office of a flourishing daily.

There was a wicked light in Kate's eye as she wrung out the last of her muslins, and let off the water from the basin. "Two can play at that game, my fine fellow," she said; and she drew out her writing-desk to the window, and sat down before it.

On the day succeeding the appearance of the advertisement, Kate watched warily until she saw Harry Bentley ascending the steps with a package of letters in his hand, and then hastening to her room, she repaired to her hiding-place to hear the comments elicited by the letters.

"One, two, three—seven," said Frank. "Very well, indeed, for the first mail. By-the-way, Hal, how are we to divide them, suppose we find any worth answering?"

"Will read them all over together, and then as you wrote the advertisement, you shall have the first choice."

"Agreed."

They opened two or three, and read them aloud. Various were the edifying remarks elicited, and hearty the laugh. At last Frank took up a dainty-looking little missive, written on rose-tinted and rose-perfumed paper.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "here's a little darling, Hal, this is mine. I claim it at once. Ah! isn't it charming?" He read on in silence for a time, and then as if unable longer to suppress his admiration, he exclaimed,

"Do listen, Hal, this is really captivating. I wish I knew the little minx who wrote it."

"To M. C. B.—With a hand whose tremblings only faintly shadow forth the shiverings of my heart, I take my pen to address you. Are you, can it be that you are the counterpart of a soul, which just gliding tremblingly from the sweet, unconscious period of girlhood, to sweeter, dreamier maidenhood, feels even so soon the need of a strong arm to guide her safely through

the perils that surround the helpless and the experienced?"

"I dare not hope it; and yet, as I read the concluding lines of your advertisement, a strange emotion of mingled fear and hope thrilled like premonition of destiny through my soul; so contrary though it may be to the dictates of both prudence and propriety, I cannot resist the impulse which draws me on to speak to you; tell me whether my words have power to thrill your heart-strings as you have thrilled mine."

"I have no parents to claim my present love and sympathy. Only those bonds which stretch across the heavy tide that separates this from another world, unite me to them. A childless uncle and aunt, with whom I reside, are my only friends. I love them, but they are prosy old-fashioned people, seeing little of the world, and with their puritan principles deeming me yet too young (I am seventeen) to be introduced to all the follies and gaieties, as they term them, which mark society in our day."

"This, however, I care nothing for. With the companionship of books, of music, and of art, I should be perfectly happy; only that I long for one congenial heart, one soul, into which I can pour all my hopes, and fears, and longings, and who can share with me all the dreams and visions of the future which visit my heart."

"Perhaps it may be wrong, unmaidenly, to confess so much to you, but an impulse I know not from whence urges me on. Even if you are not, and I scarce dare hope you are, the spiritual mate for whom I yearn, you cannot speak my name jestingly, for it is not yet known to you. But if you feel, on reading this, that there is that in your heart which responds to the utterances of mine; if as you trace the many wanderings of my pen, there comes to you, you know not whence, a strange conviction that destiny is near, then write to me, and your note will be a golden ray, piercing the clouds of an overshadowed life; the first sweet breath of spring, stirring the waveless depths of a hitherto sealed and hidden fountain."

CLARABEL,

"Brooklyn, Box 36."

"'Clarabel!' a sweet name, isn't it," said Frank, "just fitting the sweet, innocent, gifted little creature she seems. Really this is something worth while. I never expected anything half so agreeable to result from the advertisement."

"What a creature you are, Frank, so enthusiastic. What is that she says about her words thrilling your heart as yours has thrilled hers? Bah! it's all a hoax, you may depend upon it."

"Nay, now you are judging her by yourself, Hal. She is evidently in earnest. Just one of those sweet little beings one sometimes dreams of, but seldom sees. Pure and pale as a lily, ringing and bowing as a passion-flower, yet gifted thus."

"Frank Ripley growing sentimental, by the way. I never expected to live to see this yet. What a fall is here!"

"Hal, it's of no use talking nonsense, that girl is a soul. She does waken thoughts in me that spond to her own, and I'll answer her. I'm determined to know more of her. 'Clarabel! Clarabel!' what a sweet name. I must read Tennyson's poem again this very night."

"Well, Frank, I see you are smitten. Shall I tell you the end of all this? For a week you'll sigh and mutter 'Clarabel,' and read Tennyson, and indite rosy *billet-doux*, and then you'll discover your inamorata to be some little flirt of a grocer's girl; have a fit of the blues, think about committing suicide, and end by falling back into your old ways, and being a little more of a flirt than ever. But before you are quite off for your *chateau en Espagne*, tell me who that sweet-looking little girl is that I see coming down your steps every morning? Now, to my mind, she's a thousand times more bewitching, with her coal-black hair, and saucy, flashing eyes and pouting lips, than all the 'pure, pale lilies' in the world."

"It's Kate Stanley, I suppose, my aunt's niece. Rather a good-looking girl, to be sure, but as stupid as a beetle. The first day she came here I was rather fancy struck too, but I tried to talk to her, and found her just the dullest piece of furniture you ever saw."

"Perhaps she was shy and embarrassed, or it may be home-sick."

"Oh! no, that wasn't it. She was just stupid, nothing more or less. She is Mrs. Ripley's niece, and so of course no relation to me; but you know, under the circumstances, it was the easiest thing in the world to claim cousinship; but do you believe the brainless creature had the stupidity to suppose me in actual earnest, and to ask Mrs. Ripley if I were really her cousin. Of course aunt Ripley, kind-hearted old fogey that she is, begging her pardon for my irreverence, looked at me very gravely, and told me I 'mustn't be talking nonsense to Kate;' remarking to Kate *à voix basse*, 'boys will be boys, you know, you mustn't mind him, my dear.'"

"That was rather vexatious, to be sure," said Hal, but still he didn't seem exactly satisfied, and so the affair ended by his accepting an invitation to tea, and the promise of an introduction to Miss Kate.

"Ha, ha, Master Frank," said that young lady to herself, as she quitted her sentinel post, "you are laying out double work for me, sir. Wait till I get you nicely absorbed in this flirtation with 'Clarabel,' and then see if I don't find a way of opening Harry Bentley's eyes. I don't care to have all the world informed of my stupidity. But wasn't that letter a hit, though?"

Dressing herself with especial care, Kate descended to the drawing-room to meet Harry Bentley. She was very quiet, but there was a twinkle in her mischievous black eyes, that confirmed Harry in his previous opinions, but which Frank was too busy with thoughts of 'Clarabel' to notice.

Early in the evening the young gentlemen left the house, and Kate went up stairs to prepare her recitations for the succeeding day. But if anybody had taken the pains to look over her shoulder, as she solved her first problem in algebra, they would have seen that she found X a pair of black eyes.

CHAPTER III.

THAT night a light burned late in Frank Ripley's room, and his fair neighbor knew that it was past midnight before he retired. The next morning at breakfast she was sure that he looked paler and more excited than usual, and she was, therefore, quite certain that by the afternoon a letter would have found its way to the Brooklyn P. O. Now there was at Madam C——'s school, a young lady who came up daily from Brooklyn, and who passed the post-office on her way, and to this young lady Kate so far entrusted her secret, as to desire her to inquire for the letter and bring it to her. By this means it was delayed for a day, to be sure, but Kate could think of no other so secure from detection, so she patiently waited till the next morning for the missive. It came safely, and thus it read:

"TO CLARABEL—DEAREST LADY—It is with no little trepidation that I venture to address you, for the purpose of returning my sincere thanks for the charming little note which found its way to me to-day.

"Sweet prophetess, you are right. There is a chord in my heart which thrills responsive to your touch, and to yours alone. To you belongs the power to waken melody in my heart no other can. Nay, I was not till this hour sensible of the deep fountain which was in my own soul, hidden from any mortal eye, untroubled by any thrill of earthly emotion. Your voice has bidden its waters flow, and to you should its first cool gushings be consecrated.

"A crust of worldliness has hitherto concealed much of my heart from my own introspection. But now as with trembling, anxious glance I search its hidden depths, I feel there is something there worthy of your appreciation, I will say your love. You have enabled me to clear away the rubbish from around this priceless gem of truth—shall not the light of your smiles, the dew of your tears be to it culture and growth?"

"Let me hear from you again, sweet girl. I am all that in the advertisement I claimed be. Tell me where you reside, and give me permission to call on you. I know that your gentle, sensitive nature will shrink from meeting me in this informal manner. But give me the name and address of any gentleman friend of yours, and I will gain an introduction to him, and so come accredited to you. I am in haste to see you; to behold the shrine wherein so fair a jewel is encased.

"Until that blissful moment arrives, believe

Most sincerely and truly yours,

FRANK RIPLEY,

No. —, — street."

"The infatuated creature!" exclaimed Kate, "how does he know what mad folly he may be rushing into? Well, I must answer the precious document, I suppose."

There was a crimson blush on her cheek, and light of gratified vanity in her eye, that were more complimentary to Frank's eloquence than her words were. I think at that moment she quite forgot how dangerous are the fascinations of a flirt.

The reply was gentle, and beautiful, and lady-like as Kate could make it, and thoroughly adapted to her knowledge of his character. Timidly grateful for his appreciation, she shrunk into a reluctance that could not be overcome, from meeting him at present. He must wait until they had grown better acquainted through correspondence. Refusing even to disclose her name, but dated "Hick's street," (the residence of her young lady friend.)

By close watching, Kate was soon apprized of the reception of her note; nor was she greatly surprised, when the evening after, she saw him, by the clear moonlight, take a stage for Fulton Ferry. The next day she had the satisfaction of hearing that he had walked up and down Hick's street, all the evening, in the most distraught and miserable, love-like manner in the world.

Kate had early communicated her plan to me, and I had watched its development with a great deal of interest; but at this stage of affairs I was

absent from the city for some weeks, and so lost the thread of the romance. I had been at home but a day or two, however, when returning one morning from a shopping expedition, I found awaiting me Kate's card, with the following penciling upon it: "Do come and see me as soon as possible, Carrie, I have so much to tell you."

The next day was Saturday. So as early as the morning as etiquette would allow, I rang Mr. Ripley's door, and was soon seated in Kate's room listening eagerly to the details of her story.

"My dear girl," she said, "you can't think how interesting the affair is getting. He writes me three times a week, and sometimes often swears he is in love, and will marry me, let me be what I will."

"And you have told him nothing of yourself?"

"Of course not—how can I? But you've an idea how desperate he is getting. Let me read you a little extract from his last letter."

"Clarabel, my own darling, for you shall yet be mine, if there is a power on earth that can move your heart to love me. Why do you so resolutely hide yourself behind this envious veil? I love you passionately. It is not your person, nor your position, simply your mind which has thus enthralled me. You say your uncle and aunt would never forgive you for thus catering into a correspondence with an unknown gentleman. It is not in the least necessary that they should ever know it. Give me the name of any gentleman acquaintance, and though it were the Kahn of Tartars, I will procure an introduction to him, and so come fully accredited to you. I would rather, to be sure, go to your uncle himself, it would be the more gentlemanly way, tell him at once and frankly of my passion for you, and ask his permission to address you. Then if you find that you cannot love me, I will forever banish myself from your presence. But such would not be the result, I am sure it would not, for the sweet and innocent frankness with which you confess your prepossessions in my favor, give me welcome assurance that would you once break down this envious wall between us, we should be mutually happy in the result. Clarabel, you cannot refuse to do this, you cannot be so cruel as to refuse to put an end to this horrible torture of suspense."

"There," said Kate, laughing, as she folded the letter. "Isn't that tragic? It is working to a charm, I think. And to crown all, he is getting so pale and thin, and eats so little that my good aunt and uncle are terribly worried about him."

"Kate, Kate," I interposed, "it is you who are playing the flirt now."

he blushed, and looked down with an expression which puzzled me exceedingly.

"Oh! no, I am not," she said, "and if I were, it but a just punishment. It bids fair to be a complete and wonderful cure. I do believe he not called on a lady these three weeks; and once or twice when we have had company, he behaved himself with all the sober propriety of an actual Benedict."

You certainly cannot call him heartless after this, Kate."

"He has, I admit, evinced more feeling than expected," she answered, with the same downcast, blushing look, but then as before she raised her eyes warmly and continued, "so much the greater need you know of his being rescued from evil habits. I really do think he will be quite marriageable order when I am through with him."

"Ah! ha! little lady, then perhaps you intend to take pity on him yourself by-and-by."

"Oh, nonsense, Harry Bentley is far more to my taste. He comes here very often, and I think him the most agreeable person I ever saw."

I had a half suspicion that this was only said to arouse my jealousy, and to ward off further inquiry on the old score. Poor Kate well knew that Harry was an old friend of mine, perhaps a little jealous, for I answered,

"If you like Harry so well, and he is equally pleased with you, why don't you disentangle yourself from this affair with Frank, and accept Hal?"

She was playing with the tassel of her morning dress, and she looked up to me with a cunning, mischievous half-smiling glance, which I was puzzled to interpret, and then in a moment she said,

"There it is again. How am I to get rid of this fair? To tell the truth, I'm not a little puzzled to know how it is to terminate."

I was provoked with her, coquetting tease that she was, and when I left her, I was very much in doubt as to what her real intentions were.

CHAPTER IV.

"CARRIE," said Kate to me, as a day or two after I met her on Broadway, "turn and walk with me a little way if you are not in too much haste, I have something I wish to say to you." I readily acquiesced, for her merry, mischievous glance promised sport.

"How are you getting along with your flirtation?" I inquired.

"Oh, bravely, you remember that terribly interesting letter I read for you? Well after you left it at home and answered it, telling him I was

really sorry for having caused him so much pain, but that at the commencement of the correspondence I had no idea of the difficulty there would be in reconciling myself to the idea of a meeting after having corresponded so familiarly, and that though I was very favorably impressed by his letters, and thought it more than probable that a personal acquaintance might prove as objectionable to me as to him, I could not feel that it would be either prudent or proper under the circumstances. I was aware that he might consider me coquettish, but assured him I had not acted from any such motives and concluded by desiring that his correspondence might cease altogether. It was worked as skillfully as possible, so as not to wound his feelings—for indeed, Carrie, I do begin to pity him—and I hoped it would give the whole thing its terminus. But what do you think the foolish fellow did? Why instead of holding his peace as he ought, he sat down and wrote just the most nonsensical letter you ever read, (nonsensical, I saw by Kate's blush it was lover like,) it was enough to move the heart of the nether mill-stone; 'he could not give me up; he could give up life sooner.' I should have thought he was just hoaxing me, but I heard him pacing his room all night that night, and dear me," she said, "I was just foolish to lie awake and cry; though that was all for vexation, for I am sure I couldn't think how the matter was to end. But I have it now," she said, glancing up half sadly, half merrily into my face.

"Well," I asked, eagerly, "what is it?"

"I'm going to write to him, promising him an interview. You know he has called at your house with me once or twice. Well, I'm going to write to him that I have ascertained that he visits at the house of a mutual acquaintance, and that I will call there next Thursday evening, when if he chooses also to call he will meet me. I can easily manage to go myself without exciting suspicion, and you and I will watch him, Carrie, and see if he really does feel so badly as he pretends. I will beg him not to say a word to you, as I dare not trust any one with the secret, and so when his Clarabel doesn't come he will think she has deceived him, and then I will write him no more letters, and he will conclude it all a hoax and give it up."

"Your plan is perhaps as good a one as can be devised under the circumstances, unless, Katie, you can go to him frankly and tell him all about it. Wouldn't that after all be the wisest way?"

"I cannot, indeed I cannot, he will get over it in time, I am sure," she said. "You are not engaged for Thursday night, and have no objection to my appointing to meet him there?"

"Oh! no, not the least in the world, I shall enjoy it rather than otherwise, but Kate you are quite sure you are not carrying this little romance too far!"

"Oh, no, indeed. It is all in the family, you know. So there's not the least danger of scandal. Isn't it odd, though, the idea of carrying on so animated and mysterious a correspondence, with a person one sees at every meal?"

"It is rather funny, to be sure. But mind you don't get into trouble."

"Oh, I've no fears. I'm determined to give him a thorough lesson. I'll teach him the other side of the game of flirting."

We had arrived at Madam C——'s door, and so we parted. But as I recalled Kate's words, and the expression of her face, I was certain she was more perplexed than she chose to acknowledge.

"Frank," said Kate, demurely, "it being Thursday evening, I'm going around to B—— street, this evening. Will you go with me, or shall I depend upon uncle for an escort?" And she looked up smilingly.

Frank's brow clouded, but he answered politely,

"I should like to accompany you."

Kate looked grave. For some reason or other, she and Frank had been growing better friends of late—moved, perhaps, by the knowledge of his perplexities, perhaps by another motive. She had acted more naturally in his presence, and although he had shown no disposition to trifle with her, a very frank and friendly feeling had grown up between them. But to-night Kate was conscious that her company would not be agreeable to him, and unreasonable as it was, she was a little jealous of "Clarabel."

The evening was, it must be confessed, rather a dull one, for Frank striving to seem at his ease, was continually on the watch for arrivals, and Kate, noticing his evident absent-mindedness, nearly lost her temper at the inefficiency of all her attempts to divert him. To me, the scene was one of unusual interest. Toward the middle of the evening Harry Bentley dropped in. Kate immediately bent upon him all her powers of pleasing, and if she desired to pique Frank with jealousy, she could not have had a more desirable ally. Harry was all attention, and for an hour they kept up a very vigorous flirtation; (Hal, by-the-way, had gained some inkling of the joke in a confidential conversation with me) but it was all in vain. Frank was constant to his ideal mistress.

At last, Kate more out of temper than she would have been willing to acknowledge, rose to go. There was no longer any hope of seeing

Clarabel, so Frank was quite willing. She hid his arm in silence as they descended the steps, and for five minutes not a word was spoken either. Frank was first to break the silence.

"I am afraid I was rather stupid to-night, cousin Kate." (She had assented to the title last.)

"I don't know, indeed, I didn't mind," she said, in a tone of mingled chagrin and embarrassment.

He looked searchingly at her, but she did more cheerfully after a moment's pause. "The truth is, Frank, I was so pleasantly entertained with Harry Bentley's witticisms, that I didn't notice how you and Carrie were getting on. Is Harry a delightful conversationist?"

"Rather pleasant."

Again a pause.

"Kate, can you keep a secret?" he asked abruptly.

"I think so. Why?" her voice trembled a little.

"Because I am in trouble, and it seems to me you can help me out of it. At any rate, I know you are a kind, good-hearted girl and will at least sympathize with me."

Kate trembled. "What is the matter," she asked, in a tone of forced composure.

With an effort to begin his story, they walked slowly, and he finished before they reached the house.

"But how am I to aid you in bringing about a meeting with your recreant fair one!" she asked.

"I will tell you. One morning last week I rose early to write a letter to her, and when I had finished it, having business in Brooklyn, I went down town, crossed Fulton Ferry, and having transacted my business, deposited the letter in the office myself. It was still quite early, and as I stood waiting for a South Ferry stage, a young lady passed me, and entering the office received a letter, which as she passed me coming out I perceived was my own directed to Clarabel. I started, (so did Kate) as you may imagine, and hurrying after her entered the Fulton Ferry car and determined upon tracing her, followed her into an up-town stage, and saw her alight at the door of Madam C——'s school. She was closely veiled, and I could not gain a very distinct view of her features, but she was very petite in figure, and I should think light complexioned and rather pretty. Is there such a young lady at the school who comes from Brooklyn?"

Kate had been fearful, as she listened to the narrative, lest she might be obliged either to

ake a full confession or to implicate her friend, which latter she could not in conscience do; but now she saw a loop-hole for escape.

"There is one young lady from Brooklyn in school," she replied, "and only one, and she is dark complexioned and not at all pretty, and is, moreover, an unusually discreet person and an intimate friend of mine. I know her so well that I can at once assure you that she is not our correspondent. I do not believe she would engage in any such venturesome game, and if we had, I am sure she would have told me, for we are confidants."

"Are you very sure she would have told you?"

"Positively certain; and beside, although she is a good-hearted, affectionate creature, I do not think her at all capable of writing as beautiful letters as you say Clarabel's are."

"Then she must be a messenger for some one else."

"Perhaps so. But I am sure it would be fruitless to attempt to gain any information from her if she is pledged to secrecy, nor would I wish to ask it of her."

"Of course I would not have you. But, dear Kate, will you not strive, in some way, to ferret out this mystery for me? I shall never be myself again until it is explained."

In a faltering, unsteady voice she assured him of her willingness to oblige him, and they separated.

CHAPTER V.

Kate adhered to her intention of writing no more letters, and as day after day passed bringing with it no missive from Clarabel, Frank grew more and more uneasy. He went to Kate with all his troubles now; it seemed to comfort him to talk the matter over; and though I can't say but she enjoyed his confidences very much, she wasn't, as may be imagined, the coolest counsellor. Day by day she too grew pale and worried, and he thought it was all on his account, and blest her for her generous devotion.

If things had gone in this way much longer, with no news from Clarabel, and so much sympathy from Kate, coldly and capriciously expressed though it sometimes was, I cannot say how soon the denouement might have occurred. As it was, it was hastened by one of those little, unexpected, unaccountable mishaps which seem planned by very imparts of mischief, but which often prove how pleasant consequences may be extracted from the most vexatious circumstances.

Frank, notwithstanding Kate's advice to the contrary, still wrote occasional letters. He sel-

dom showed them to her, however, and as since she had learned how nearly her faithful messenger had been exposed, she no longer dared to trust her, she usually went for them herself: for heartily sick and tired as she professed herself of the whole affair, she had still a strange interest in the letters.

Usually she went after school, but it so happened that upon one occasion, having an afternoon engagement which would prevent her going at the accustomed hour, she went soon after breakfast.

She was a rapid walker, and disliked stage riding, so though the clouds threatened rain, she eschewed the popular vehicle and kept on her way down town, her thoughts busy with the net of perplexing circumstances which surrounded her. For the fiftieth time she wondered how it was all to end, and strove to find some loop-hole for escape, but for the fiftieth time she was baffled, and obliged to content herself with waiting patiently for circumstances to free her from the entangling meshes.

Before she crossed the ferry it commenced raining, but still she walked on, preferring to be slightly wet rather than to be crowded in among the heterogeneous mass of damp and reeking passengers. She entered the office, received her letter, and with it still in her hand turned to leave. There upon the door-sill, pausing in astonishment at seeing her, stood Frank. For an instant she hesitated; a crimson blush rose to her cheek and suffused her whole face; then without waiting for one word of greeting she darted past him, and careless now into what company she plunged herself, seated herself in a passing car. A significant smile drifted over Frank's countenance, but he did not follow her.

Of how much benefit the labors of that day were to Kate, I am not called upon to state. I do not think, however, that it would be safe to place a very high estimate upon them.

The day, like all others, had an end, and when the last bell rang Kate was obliged reluctantly to go home.

She walked slowly, for she dreaded the meeting that must ensue. When she reached the house, she found that her uncle was not yet at home from the counting-house, and Mrs. Ripley had gone out shopping and had not returned. With many a sad foreboding she prepared herself for dinner, and then she went down into the library to await the return of the family.

Seating herself in a large arm-chair which stood in the niche of a window, she leaned her head upon the casement and gave herself up to

anxious thoughts. So busy was she with the perplexities which crowded her brain, that she didn't hear the outer door swing on its hinges, she didn't hear a footfall on the carpet, she didn't know that somebody was standing beside her, till somebody whispered,

"Kate."

She didn't look, and somebody laid his hand on her long, dark curls, and passed his arm around her waist and strove to raise her. And then somebody seated himself in the great arm-chair and took Kate upon his knee, her face still covered with her hands, and whispered,

"Dear Kate, won't you look at me? I know it all, you are 'Clarabel.'"

"No, you don't; you don't know it all. I wish you did," she sobbed, "you don't know that I called you a flirt and vowed to punish you for your misdeeds, and that I overheard you and Harry Bentley planning the advertisement, and

that I did it all just wickedly to tease you, to cure you of flirting."

"Well, darling, you have cured me, and thank you for it. Won't you look at me and me tell you how much I thank you for it?"

She raised her bright, blushing face to him, and I think he was too weak to resist the temptation those ripe, pouting lips held forth.

"Your punishment has been a terribly severe one, darling," he said. "I don't think I'll ever forgive you unless you indemnify me by giving me this," and he pressed the little white hand in his.

What her answer was the oracle sayeth not; but a week after, when matters were all plain, I heard Frank declare, that though Kate was a model reformer, she nevertheless advocated *capital punishment*.

Hal and I are to "stand up" at the wedding; we are to have one of our own by-and-by.

THE SONG OF YOUTH.

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH.

Oh, ask me not again to sing
That song of other years,
I cannot wake the silent string,
Or check the falling tears;
For childhood's scenes are hurrying on,
I hear its voices low,
And almost deem that life's young morn
Is waking on my brow.

The bright dream flies, I cannot sing
The song of youth's glad hours,
For by-gone memories round me fling
Their deep and saddening powers;
Back through life's pathway rough and bare,
To childhood's hours I've sped,
But mossy are the mile-stones there,
The flowers all dark and dead.

Fain would I bind one sunny wreath
From youth's forsaken bowers;
Fain would I feel once more the breath
Of those long vanished hours,
But they have gone like radiant dreams,
Gone to return no more,
Nor will again their starry gleams
Light my dim pathway o'er.

As tracings on the desert sand
At the sirocco's breath
Have vanished, so that cherished band
Have passed away in death;
My spirit sad no more will stray
Youth's fairy scenes among,
Then ask me not of those bright days
To sing the fav'rite song.

THE SNOW-STORM.

BY LOUISA J. PEARL.

Once more the snow is falling fast,
And all without is cold and dark,
While dismal sounds the Wintry blast
To many a poor and weary heart.

Within the city's limits now
We see the sad and shivering poor,

And little children beg their bread,
With pallid lips from door to door.

And now ye rich and happy ones,
Upon whom clouds do seldom lower,
Think of the lonely, orphan child,
And pity the industrious poor.

ORIGINALS FROM OUR SCRAP-BOOK.

BY VARIOUS CONTRIBUTORS.

TALKING UP CHIMNEY.

"Do you ever talk up chimney, reader? I open to lodge in a house—a fine, large corner one, and my room is sunny all day. Stooping down to make the fire, one morning, a sepulchral voice said, in deep, strong tones, "Good morning."

"Good morning back again," cried I, starting back, terrified, nevertheless.

"How does your fire work, down there?" he next.

"Like the blazes, I'm obliged to you," returned considering what in the world had got in my money.

"It's all smoke up here," said he, gruffly.

"I should think it might be," I answered, still in amazement.

"Has Betty brought you warm water this morning?" queried my chimney friend. Betty is the maid of all work.

"No—I hear her coming," said I.

"Just send her up here, will you?" cried ruffly.

"I think the water will come easiest, friend," I ventured, with an eye to the width of my fireplace.

"How the dickens can the water come without me brings it? You don't think it'll walk up stairs itself, do you?"

"Up stairs, oh! aye! ah!" exclaimed I, fetching a long breath; "I beg your pardon, but I thought you was in the chimney."

Such a laugh as came down that smoke-flue, never heard before; ha, ha's of every shape, dimension and color—if sound has color. I slowly began to fear the lungs in the waistcoat from which they came would burst; and finally heard something very like a man rolling on the floor.

I went down to breakfast; but no sooner did I appear than the whole table began to titter. The man upset his coffee and ran violently from the room.

"I beg your pardon," said my landlady, "but sir—the tip—of—" here she broke down, both hands on the tea urn, and how she *did* laugh! I ran to a glass. Heavens! the whole end of my nose, my chin, and the middle of my forehead were black as—as soot! I had gone to

the chimney just as I was leaving my room, to look up and see, if possible, how it was I heard my neighbor so distinctly—the fine, inglorious particles of villainous, chimney scrapings adhered to my profile. It was prodigiously pleasant to all but myself.

"Good day, sir," said a slim, strange gentleman, about the hour of dinner.

"Good day," I ventured coldly—"you have the advantage of me."

"Why, sir, you and I have talked together quite in a friendly way," he responded.

"I beg your pardon—you never spoke to me before, nor I to you, I am positive. I have a keen recollection of faces."

"So have I," said he, carrying his handkerchief to his forehead suddenly. He shook; I thought he was nervous.

"So have I," at last he resumed, after a short silence, "and I remember yours distinctly as it—as it looked—this morning"—and he exploded in a cachination similar to the one I had heard in the early part of the day.

I laughed myself, then, and held out my hand, saying, "So you are my chimney acquaintance?"

"The very same," he returned, wiping the moisture from his eyes; "I trust we shall continue to be fast chimney friends."

"If that is your taste I hope you may be suited as well as myself," was my reply.

Upon that we joined hands, and many an anecdote has *flue* (excuse my grammar) up that old chimney since then. Next time I'll tell you some more of our up and down chimney conversations.

M. A. D.

ANNIE C.—

BY NELLIE NELSON.

THROUGH the stately room of yonder beautiful mansion, there was heard a voice of childish mirth, and a fairy-like girl went dancing over the rich, yielding carpets, and among the flowers of the brilliant garden like an embodied sunbeam. The ever changeful light upon her brow and cheek seemed reflected by the hovering of angel pinions, and too soon alas! have those pinions borne her from earth. "Death loves a shining mark," and Annie in her innocence and childish beauty has left her home desolate.

Desolate, but haunted ever by a thousand watchful memories. How will the mother forget to listen for the sweet, earnest voice! The father for the tiny pattering, hastening to welcome him! How will the brother and sister miss the affectionate pet and playmate!

The wintry clouds lay cold upon her little grave, but the spring is fast awakening, with her balmy whispers, fragrance and loveliness, a fitting type of the re-awakening of Annie's soul to the deathless blooms of paradise. There by that "gate of flowers," when the heart of the mourner is bowed in anguish, may the memory of the last words, "to-morrow it will be light, to-morrow I shall see," come sweetly as the echo of a spirit harp; and may they say softly thus,

"God's will be done, lost darling Annie! to-day and forever thou dwellest in light."

CONTENTMENT.

Oh! the bliss of contentment! you who have this priceless jewel, keep it bright and pure. Let no untoward tempest darken it for a moment. Add every day the ornaments of quietness and meekness. Thank God for the boon of making others happy—for contentment in a family is like a steady sun, diffusing light on all within the circle of its influence.

Yes, give us the mind that can pass by the splendor of this world, yet covet them not. Give us the rosy cheeked girl, who in plain bonnet and modest attire, can gaze on more costly gauds, yet never wish with an aching regret to become their possessor.

Give us the spirit of that man, who, beholding a neighbor dash by in his splendid equipage, can steadily plod on in humble garments undisturbed by thoughts of envy. Such an one is as far above the sneers and gibes of the whole army of aristocrats as heaven is above earth. The saucy lord of an opera-glass with his plain exterior does not disturb him. The studied coldness of the elegant fop provokes from him only—a smile.

Contentment is an inherent quality of the mind of some people, they are happy in spite of change or misfortune. Like the great Athenian philosopher, they can go to their lowly homes and say, "I have seen nothing that I wanted to-day."

"A contented mind is a continual feast." Are the dishes coarse and the viands plain? They are as good as silver and gold, and spiced meats to the contented man. Are his clothes coarse and common? Broadcloth would not elevate his own estimation of his dignity. His children are ruddy, healthy, rosy. Silks and satins could add nothing to these. He looks upon the hills, the groves, the stately mansion, the fruitful orchard, the teeming field, and feels that they are all his, to look, if not to feast upon. He is happy that others can possess them, while he is relieved of their care.

Oh! the bliss, the bliss of contentment! You who have this priceless jewel keep it bright and pure. Let no untoward tempers darken it for a moment. Add every day the ornaments of quietness and meekness. Thank God for the boon of imparting happiness to others, for contentment in a family is like a steady sun, diffusing light on all within the circle of its influence.

M. A. D.

A MEMORY.

BY CLARENCE MAY

'Tis but a curl—

A little sunny curl of bright brown hair—
Yet oh, I love to gaze upon it.
It tells of other times—a fairy tale
Of gladsome Summer days—an echo from
The dreamy past, that thrills the weary heart
With memories that sleep, like music in
A harp, within its hidden chords. Ah, me!
What weary hours have passed since first I pressed
This little token of affection's gift
So fondly to my lips—what heart-warm dreams
Have faded into air—what cherished hopes
Have ceased to thrill the heart!

'Tis but a curl—

A simple curl of soft and silken hair—
And yet no other one may know how dear,
How very dear it is to me. It speaks
A language to my heart too beautiful
For words, and tells a tale that is not meant
For other ears. Then wonder not that I
So often gaze upon this lock of hair,
For almost every heart will treasure up
Some tender memory of by-gone hours,
And love the thing that breathes a sorrowful
Delight of other, and of happier days!

THOUGHTLESS PROMISES.

BY A. L. OTIS.

"MOTHER, dear mother! 'there's a good time coming.' Glorious luck at last!"

So cried Jenny Price, as she joyously entered the room of her old, feeble mother.

"What now?" said the old woman, dejectedly, "another castle in the air, I suppose. Will you ever have done hoping for better things, child?"

"Never, never, never, mother—at least not till you are in a more comfortable home, and I can be sure of staying with you."

"Well, well, I should think that these two long, scraping months of your experimenting would have cured you of hoping."

"But, mother, if I only can get work at home, and not leave you alone every day from early dawn till after dark, it will be so much better for us both. It is worth waiting and hoping for, and see now if our prospects are not bright! Madame Gorie is so good and kind to me! She does not owe me the least grudge for setting up for myself. She has just sent me a note saying, that as she was hurried to death, she would send a lady to me as being one who would suit her, since the lady was in immediate want of a dress."

"Yes, yes, Madame Gorie is a kind woman, Jenny. She does one a good turn whenever she can without putting herself out. But, child, what of one customer? One won't help you much, and I am such a drag on my poor girl with my medicine, and doctors, and sick spells."

"Drag? No, indeed, mother. If I hadn't had you to do for, I should have been at common work yet, I dare say."

"Not you, my neat-handed girl. You would have laid by for a rainy day by this time."

"But, mother, hear the rest. I had hardly finished reading the note when the lady came. I fitted her. She said she liked the way I went to work. Wasn't that nice? And then she said, 'You had better do your best, for I have five sisters, and since Madame Jupon gave up dress-making we have never been suited. I promise you all our custom if my dress is satisfactory.' Now, mother, what do you think of that? And best of all—when she told me her name, I found out she was the fashionable Miss —, and there is no knowing how many will come to me only because she does."

"Ah, Jenny, I begin to think better of it—

and my old heart is taking comfort—for I know you will suit the nicest taste, and disappoint nobody."

"I was Madame Gorie's best fitter, and she was sorry to have me leave her. So I do think I must succeed, mother. Customers will throng here, I shall engage hands to do the skirts, and devote myself to the fitting and trimming. Then I shall dare to ask a paying price. Soon I shall be able to take that nice, little house in Stack-house court, with the vines running up to the second story windows, and you shall have a room with the sun on it, and tea twice a day. Splendid!"

"Yes, yes, you'll be a madame one of these days yourself, and make for all the fine folk."

"But I'm talking instead of working, and I've got so much to do! She told me to supply the lining and trimmings, and I must hurry out to buy them. She never thought to ask if I had any money to buy them with! I have enough left of my last wages from Madame Gorie that I put by for rent. This work will replace it."

"Now good-bye, mother. I'll not be gone long. 'Hope on, hope ever' is not a foolish proverb, is it? It is justified now, isn't it?"

She was a lovely and lady-like girl, but her greatest charm was her cheerful heart.

The dress was finished at the promised time. What though the two days hard work and close application had brought on headache, it would also bring future employment. What though anxiety to succeed, and fear of not pleasing caused burning fever—it would be allayed by the joy of success.

Jenny took the dress home herself, and asked permission to see it on, that she might take it away with her if it needed alteration. She fastened it with trembling hands, and started nervously when the lady exclaimed that it "did fit beautifully, and was so charmingly trimmed! Girls," she cried to her sisters—"girls, do come and see my new dress. It's a perfect love."

Jenny stood by with a beating heart while they examined it, but there was not one caviling voice. The lady then asked for her bill, which Jenny had not yet made out. But taking a pencil from her pocket she soon told its amount, for she was not so familiar with money yet, that

she forgot what she paid for things, or what was due for her work.

The charge was declared reasonable, and the bill paid at once—sending Jenny home with a light heart and a busy head. Those ladies, six of them, must need many dresses for the winter, and it was time to get them, all the new goods were just come. They would probably call upon her in a few days. So she got her patterns, pins and work-table in order, and felt the hurry of a large business oppressing her. She could not sleep for thinking of new styles of sleeves, yokes, fringes and buttons.

No one called the next day, however—nor the next—nor the next—nor that week—nor the next. What could it mean? Had she failed to please in some little matter, and so turned the tide of her favor? She began to dream of making dresses for the six sisters, and finding, when she went to try them on, that the purple silk for the fat one would not enclose a yard-stick, and that the expensive brocade for the tall sister was too short by a foot, and no silk to piece it out with. By day she no longer dwelt upon the little, sunny house in Stackhouse court and two cups of tea. She only tried to school herself to patience and cheerfulness, and to stave off despair.

A month went by. So as not to be idle, Jenny had been doing plain sewing for the shops, for which the pay was quite inadequate to her wants. At the end of that month of hope deferred she laid her head in her mother's lap, and let the discouraging words she had striven for weeks not to hear, fall heavily on her heart. She could no longer laugh away her mother's dejection or control her own, and she sobbed in her bitter disappointment, while her mother tried to comfort her by saying, "it was no use to hope. Her sickly days would be dragged out in loneliness, as they had been ever since her husband died, and Jenny was forced to go out to work. She only prayed that she might not die alone—but that she might be spared till the evening when her daughter would be home from her work. She could comfort her in her last dread hour, and close her dying eyes."

Jenny knew she could not stay with her mother, and earn a support for them both. She must go back to Madame Gorie, and with her mother's fears lying heavy on her mind, spend each day in wearying suspense. There was no alternative, and she was again taken into Madame Gorie's employment, thankful to be reinstated in her former pay, which was barely sufficient to procure the necessities of life, and none of its luxuries—those little luxuries which her mother had been accustomed to in

her husband's life-time, and missed so sadly now.

"Sister, do you remember that pretty, lady-like girl who made my blue silk dress?" said Jenny's patroness one day, as she sat with her sisters and her affianced lover in her luxurious parlor.

"Oh, yes, Virginia, what of her?"

"I held out hopes to her that we would give her our custom. But afterward, when you went to Madame Gorie, and thought her so stylish, I determined to go too, for fear the little dress-maker might not always know the latest modes. It has occurred to me once or twice since, that I might have raised false hopes. What do you think?"

"Maybe you did," answered her sister, with indifference. "Of course you did, Virginia," said her lover, in a troubled voice. He added in a low tone, "I have hitherto believed you perfection, my love, or at least I have seen nothing to remind me of the contrary. But I am sure your generous heart will hasten to make reparation for this carelessness."

A more unselfish heart than his never beat, nor one more mindful of the feelings of others.

Virginia blushed deeply, and without making any promise, spoke of something else. She was angry that he should condemn anything it had pleased her to do.

He had intimated that he had thought her better than he now found her, and this gave her great offence. She sulked, and the evening passed unhappily.

She knew too well her lover's noble qualities to remain angry with him long, and the next day she asked him to accompany her to make inquiries about Jenny Price.

They knocked at the door, and the tottering old mother opened it, as Jenny was not at home. She did not know Virginia, of course, but when that lady pointed to her blue silk dress, and said Jenny had made it for her, and that she had come to engage her to make another, the withered hands were clasped sadly, and the pale, sick face flushed up.

"Ah," she said, "two months ago you would have been the welcomest stranger that ever crossed this threshold, but my daughter is gone now, and I am alone in my feeble old age. Lonely the days are indeed! And I might have kept her if you had remembered your flattering promises sooner."

"Where has she gone?" asked Mr. —.

"To work by the day for Madame Gorie, sir—not getting enough to keep her in comfort, when if she only had custom at home as the poor child

oped to have by this time, she could make herself as rich as any of them. For, Miss, Jenny as a fine taste—the Madame often does not even as the dresses made there. Jenny fits, and trims, and sends home, and Madame gets the money. —she has sent dresses home to you and your sisters, that Madame had not a word to say about. Now I wouldn't speak ill of Madame, she pays good wages as times go, and of course gets the best hands she can for her money. But or getting my daughter taken back, Jenny and I would have starved."

"Oh," said Virginia, quite unnerved, "I did intend to come to her sooner—but—"

"No need to make excuses, Miss. One swallow don't make a summer, and she wouldn't have been likely to have made a living off you alone."

"I could have brought others—"

"A late thought, Miss. My daughter, as I said, is now engaged for a year, and her poor old mother must bear her loneliness. The worst you have done, Miss, has been to make a cheerful young heart very, very heavy. She has never laughed as she used to, since."

"Why," said Virginia, in an insolent tone, being really angry—"I actually promised her nothing—and I paid her well for what she did—she had no right to expect more—nor have you any cause to berate me so."

The old woman made no reply. Virginia flounced out into the street, and began to justify herself to her lover. She soon brought herself

to the conclusion that she had done nothing wrong, though her companion could not agree with her. This she tried to make him do by reasoning, then by appeals to his affection for her.

But finding him still unconvinced that she had acted generously or justly, she grew angry, said she was sure he did not love her, and ended by declaring her engagement dissolved. She expected him to return in a week, convinced of her perfections—but he conquered his first disappointment, smothered all relenting feelings, and lived to congratulate himself upon having had the strength of resolution not to seek a renewal of the engagement, though Virginia gave him many opportunities for reconciliation. He felt that so inconsiderate a person would be a constant torment to a conscientious, feeling heart. She felt alas, that in him she had lost her best and truest friend.

Jenny Price is still at Madame Gorie's, but she now looks forward with the re-awakened hope of an ardent spirit to spending every day and all day long, with her mother, in the little house in Stackhouse Court, with a new delightful occupation—wifely cares. She dreams now of brushing up the hearth, putting on the kettle, drawing the table to the fire, placing three cups for tea, waiting for her lover, (then to be her spouse) to come home to his evening rest, and of giving him the first full, abundant, ever-blessing love of a cheerful, faithful heart.

LIFE.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

The stream that winds its tardy way,
With ceaseless laugh and roundelay,
Or stops by willow shades to play,
Is like the merry child,
That in the Spring-time of its years,
Amid a world of hopes and fears,
Begins with smiles that ends in tears,
Its pathway lone and wild.

The chafing brook that leaps along,
With giant strides and deeper song,
Whose chorus swells the crags among,
Is like the sturdy youth
Who, buoyed with hope and ideal dreams,
Fights best where danger thickest teems,
And falls but where his pennon gleams
Still battling for the truth.

The river that slow onward glides,
Where mammoth cities line its sides,
And steamers mount the ocean tides
Is like the pilgrim old,
That with his staff and weary frame,
Sinks to the dust from whence he came,
Receiving but through death, his claim
To glory yet untold!

The streams that slowly, softly glide,
The brooks that leap with sterner pride,
The rivers pine-begirt and wide,
All reach the waiting sea;
So we earth pilgrims here below
With age grown weak or youth aglow,
Each in his devious course must go
Into Eternity!

AUNT NELLY.

BY WILL H. BUSHNELL.

A CHATTY, prim, busy little body, was aunt Nelly, as everybody called her. Although she was truly termed an "old maid," yet her whole life seemed to have been passed only amongst flowers: and her lips had never tasted anything but sweets. Ever kind and useful, she found full occupation in the romantic village of C—tending the sick, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, or bee-like rambling among the wild flowers that blossomed in beauty amid the ragged, rocky cliffs that frown down from the "Katterskill's" upon the seaward sweeping and noble Hudson that steals on a very silver ribbon, wove by the hand of the Almighty himself, through the bosom of the Empire state.

Mirth seemed to overflow from the fountains of her heart spontaneously, like the mountain rill, and well up even to the lips, dimpling her face with smiles that parted her still health-tinged, ruby lips and won their way into the very heart of all. Even the little beauty she had once possessed had departed, and threads of silver glittered amid the carefully tended bands of her dark brown hair, and a wrinkle was to be seen here and there, but there was that indescribable something—that motherly way, as it were, that we occasionally see, that made all love and respect her and feel perfectly at home in her presence.

The house, too, where she resided with her brother and his family, seemed to have taken its neatness and tidy and cheerful air from herself, and every walk and flower and tree to be fitted peculiarly for the place it occupied. And the kitchen, where she gloried in being, and presided as a queen of undisputed power and right, it was a very joy to enter! The snowy polished floor, innocent of a single speck of dirt or a stain—the long row of polished pans and platters and shining plates—the brass-bound cedar pails—the smooth cocoa-nut dipper with its burnished rim—the huge, old fire irons with their grim lion faces—the spotless curtains of home-made linen—the refulgent giant copper tea-kettle that hissed a welcome and always so cheerily—and then she, our aunt Nelly, with her rosy face and white apron, was a sight of the good old times of other days, and one that brought up glorious visions of "good things" eatable—stores of

pies—mountains of cakes—golden butter and fragrant bread.

Verily, as she, busy body as she was, flitted about, no one could ever have imagined for a moment that a single care had ever been tangled even for a moment in the web of her brain, that her deep blue eyes had ever rested on a cloud, or that her heart had ever been stirred except by jolity and laughter. Momus, indeed, must have presided at her birth, and all the fairies that trip amid flowers and love and laughter on the greenward, in the merry light of a mid-summer's noon have attended her way, for the blithest and gayest of all was she at a merry making. At the quilting frolic, the apple bee, the husking, or the harvest home, her light form was seen mingling in the good old-fashioned "country" (why will fashion misname it "contra") dance, to the merry tune of Money Musk, as gay as the gayest and apparently as young as the bashful girl that had for the first time heard the whispered words of love. Good aunt Nelly, how the heart warms toward you now, in these days of stiff, prim fashion, when girls jump from the cradle into long dresses, gaiter boots, fashionable mantillas and—a husband's arms! When boys tumble out of the cradle into high-crowned hats, standing collars, long tailed coats and a pair of boots! When all the notable old-fashioned ways of our forefathers are forgotten, frowned down and voted old foggyish; and polkas, mazourkas, and fancy waltzes, have driven all the real soul stirring and enlivening dances from the ball room! But it is useless to complain, for "YOUNG AMERICA" has the field, and all remembrances of the joyous, happy days of the ancient regime are voted a bore and forgotten. Shade of our dear good aunt Nelly, we rejoice that you were spared the sight of a modern ball-room and modern belles and beaux!

But yet contented and happy as aunt Nelly ever seemed, a tear might now and then be seen stealing down her cheeks, as if out of place there, and afraid of being engulfed in the dimples on either side of her short and chubby nose, as she sat on a stormy wintry evening before the brisk fire, rocking cosily in her well cushioned chair, humming an almost antideluvian melody, or talking to her grim, old cat that was purring

contentedly on the rug before her, as if visions of myriads of young and tender mice, or an ocean of unskimmed milk, floated before her in creamy waves. Holy tears they must have been, for surely she could never have any sins of her own to answer for, for ever had she strewn flowers around her pathway in life and angel-like scattered blessings. But a smile chased the drops away as sunshine will the clouds of fickle April, and transitory was this gleam amid the long lashes. Often had youth and beauty plead in vain for a history of her younger days, and the few who were acquainted with it, kept the secret equally well with herself. But there are times when e'en the century plant unfolds its flowers and reveals the gorgeous tints hid in its bosom. And so it is with the human heart, for a single word may unlock its secret chambers, and all hidden there become plainly visible to the eye of loved ones, and dim and almost forgotten things become apparent, and, as it were, actual to the gaze.

And so it was with blythe, true-hearted, gay aunt Nelly! There was an unwritten history of her life and heart that few dreamed of and fewer still knew, for think what we may, the hearts that pass from the cradle to the tomb unscathed by the fire of love are as one to a million, even if there are any such, which we deem highly problematical. But what that history could tell, or what ideal gifted writer, in his wildest fancied dreams, imagine? She knew how well we all loved her, how like a mother she was to us—how we missed her when absent and longed for her coming—but this was all. The past was a sealed volume that we never dared to think of opening any more than the ancient, brass-clasped hieroglyphic charactered family Bible, that lay upon the savory napkin on the massive table beneath the looking-glass.

It was such a sweet summer evening as we all love. When the breeze was soft and lowly murmuring through the time-honored poplars and flowering lilacs and fragrant-breathed ceringos that surrounded the cottage where she dwelt, and stole through the roses and played with the tendrils of the vine, while the first stars faintly trembled into sight, and the lady moon stole from the still clouds, and the river sang a low melody as it rolled on gently kissing its emerald banks, while its tiny billows gently rose and fell silver-tinted and foam-crowned. Aunt Nelly sat by the open door, busy with her spinning-wheel, that hammed a low, monotonous accompaniment to the song that she was singing. A rosy-cheeked child, of about half-a-dozen summers, with long golden curls and merry, laughing eyes, rolled

upon the carpet at her feet, apparently wondering at her unwonted silence, and ever and anon striving to gain her attention. Far away, however, were her thoughts, wandering hither and thither, like a rudderless bark tempest-tossed, and for once sadness seemed to have power over her volatile nature. So much, indeed, was she absorbed that she heard not the light step of a fair, young girl, who somewhat hastily entered, without knocking, and threw her arms about aunt Nelly's neck as if privileged, and kissed affectionately her soft cheek.

"What, you, Ada?" exclaimed she, returning the caress, and twining her arms around the slender form before her. "Why, child, how you frightened me. What sent you here in such a hurry?"

"Oh, aunt Nelly, I've *such* news to tell you."

"News? Why, child, what is it that puts you in such a tremble?"

"I've run fast, for I wanted to be the first to tell you all about it."

"Well, don't keep me waiting then, or some one else will get here before you have time."

"Yes, so they will. Well, I was coming down the street just now, when the stage came in," uttered the blooming girl, pausing for breath almost between every word.

"That's no news, at any rate, Ada," replied aunt Nelly, smilingly, "for I heard the horn blow some time since." But good old lady, you must have been dreaming, for that day the horn had hung idly by the side of the driver, "by the particular request" (as theatre bills have it now stereotyped) of the single passenger.

"Yes, but that's not it. When the stage arrived at the tavern," (hotels and houses were unknown then, and the single place of entertainment in the village of C—, was a large barn-looking building, glorying in a swinging sign on which was painted a Dutchman of most portly dimensions, and the single word "Knickerbocker," in staring red, tipsy-looking capitals) "a gentleman got out, and oh, *such* a nice looking man, with such black curls and whiskers and white teeth!"

"Black curls and whiskers!" interrupted aunt Nelly, somewhat interestedly, for what woman's heart ever heard of such things without a flutter, any more than that of a young man, as the rustle of silks and flounced drapery falls upon his ear, setting him on the *qui vive* as to whom the fair wearer might be?

"Aye, aunty Nelly, and he was dressed so nice, and had a large trunk with big black letters on it—and he spoke like a Frenchman, and wore a large gold chain around his neck, and had a

cane all silver, and—and—but, aunty, you are not listening."

"Yes, yes, child," but she was evidently not, for her lips kept repeating, "black curls and whiskers." "Yes, I am, Ada, dear, but did you see the letters on the trunk?"

"Oh, yes, plain as I can see you, and they were——"

"What, child, what?" said our dear aunt, her impatience and curiosity getting the better of her judgment. But dear old lady, she was pardonable in this instance, at all events.

"Why, I saw them as the trunk was carried in, and it was either R. V. V. or R. W., and I can't tell which."

"R. W. Ada, R. W. child, did you say?" fairly screamed the questioner, as she flounced from her chair, disturbing the equilibrium of the spinning-wheel and the siesta of grimalkin.

"Yes, aunt Nelly, I'm sure it was a W. But you won't let me tell you all," pouted pretty Ada Green, vexed somewhat at her impatient listener.

"Go on then, for I am all impatience."

"Well, after he got on the steps of the tavern, he asked old Hans Shoemaker if he knew you."

"Me, me, Ellen Fitch?"

"Yes, you, and he told him where you lived. And then he asked ever so many questions about you—how long you had lived here, and if you were married, and—and—but I can't remember them all; and I ran down here just as fast as I could to tell you all about it," and the youthful beauty flung back the curls from around her flushed face, and took possession of the rocking-chair vacated by the excited aunt Nelly, with an air that plainly said, "there, ain't that great news?"

And judging from its effects it *was* great news, and question followed question, until the young tale-bearer was completely tired out, and hastened to another quarter to gossip over the advent of the stranger, and surmise "who he was, and where he came from, and where he was going to, and what he wanted of aunt Nelly?" and a thousand and one other things that their ready minds conjured up.

But the stranger, unconscious that he was the subject of remark, and in fact, common town talk, (for gossip has the speed of the telegraph in your little country towns) quietly smoked a fragrant cigar on the porch of old Hans Shoemaker's tavern, with his feet resting against the body of a high and wide shading tree, and contented, apparently, with his own thoughts. Occasionally he removed the smoking and fire-tipped tobacco from his lips, and questioned the

landlord with regard to places and scenes that seemed to have once been familiar to him, and persons who had once trod the dusty streets of C——.

"And Frank Halton, what has become of him?"

"Oh, he's gone to sea again to hunt the whales. A good boy is Frank, but 'a rolling stone gathers no moss,' you know."

"And Harry Palmer and his pretty wife?"

"Dead—both dead!" replied the old man, with a sigh, for "the pretty wife" was his only daughter.

"Dead? I am sorry to hear that. How long since?"

"About five years. Poor children, they followed each other soon, and are buried side by side, in one grave, just there where you can see the top of the weeping willow over the hill," and a tear rolled down the furrowed cheek of the old man.

"Did they leave no children, Mr. Shoemaker?"

"Yes, that curly-headed urchin trying to climb up the sign-post (get down, Harry, you young rascal!) is theirs. You see, sir, (what may I call your name?) he was named after his father. But did you know him?"

"Aye, and your pretty daughter Kate, also. But what ever became of Richard Wescott?"

"Oh, 'mad Dick,' as we used to call him. Well, the Lord only knows, for he has not been back since he left many years ago, but I've heard that he turned pirate and was hung somewhere off South. But I don't know. He was a wild boy, it is true, and I should not wonder if he came to some bad end or other."

"A pretty character for a man to hear of himself, after being knocked about like a shuttlecock by misfortune for almost a score of years," muttered the stranger to himself. "Well, well, this comes of roving, when a man should be snugly anchored in the harbor of home, with a pretty wife for a bower to windward, and a bright light ever burning in the binacle of the heart. Heigh-ho! what a cruise old dame Fortune has led me, but if the anchor of love only found good holding ground I'll soon be moored for life. But what if it did not? Up with the helm, slip the cable and off to sea again, I suppose. A pirate, and swung at the yard-arm! Ha! ha! Thank fortune I'm on liberty from a cruise of the skeleton frigate Death yet. But I must see Nelly to-night, see if the overhauling of the log-book won't be satisfactory. If so, then huzza for the parson and the double buline of matrimony."

A true sailor as ever trod a deck, worked out

reckoning, or battled with a tempest, was Richard Wescott, and yet his associations in reign lands had subdued and polished the natural roughness usual to one of his profession. And he was equally at home in a parlor, where youth and beauty were assembled, as when riding upon the foam-crested billew. Take from him his somewhat "rolling gait, and none could have surmised that he ever had scorned the 'lubber-hole' amid the blackness of midnight, and the howling of the fiends of the storm, and bravely climbed the "foot-uck shrouds."

That he had been a lover of our good aunt Nelly appears from his words, and thus the secret of her having wandered so long "in maiden meditation, fancy free," was solved. Yet careless as he seemed, his heart was illy at rest, and he would far sooner have been called aloft in the dark, middle watch of a winter night, on a lea-shore, than to have to meet the love of his youthful days and tell of his wanderings. Bashful amongst women he ever was, and though he had whispered his love 'neath the soft light of a May moon when a boy, how could he repeat it now when so many years had passed, and he had become a man? Man may tame the fiercest dwellers of the jingle and the forest, but *love* will tame *him*, and its gossamer threads hold him more securely than bars and chains of treple steel. Wierd and mysterious is its power, for it is a ruler of the ruler, a king over the king himself, and a power more mighty than the powerful of earth. And what can withstand it? Not bars and bolts, not moat or wall, not high and frowning battlements, turret or tower. The palace of the noble and the cottage of the lowly alike it visits, and "it lowers not the proud but raises the humble." It glances on the sunbeams into the lone prison cell, and flings a halo of gladness and hope over the bare, damp walls. It bears the evergreen of fame amid battle and storm. It dazzles the eye of the painter and poet with the hope of reward. It stealeth into the holy closet of the man of prayer; it lighteth the dull eye of age; it adds wings to the foot of youth, and rules the camp and court, aye, and the world, for truly has the poet written, "Love is still the Lord of all!"

But our good aunt Nellie sat carefully dressed in her best, though somewhat antiquated garments, dreaming also of the past and its many changes, beneath the vine that overshadowed the door of the cottage, busy with her knitting work, but the needles somehow refused to obey the directions of her nimble fingers, for stitch after stitch dropped, and the "narrowing" was left to take care of itself. No wonder though, was it?

for memory was busy knitting up the "ravelled sleeve" of the past, and truly many a stitch had dropped them that the needles of the present could never take up and combine, entangled in the web of life. Here was a strand wanting—here a knot, and here the thread was broken entirely off. Aye, both here and there was something missing—something gone—something she had loved—something she had lost—lost, never to be found again until the bark of life was safely anchored at last in the "blue of the blest." Sad, indeed, come the memories of the past to us all, and holy were the tears that trickled down your cheeks, aunt Nelly, as scene after scene came up before you, for

"There were little shoes—there were tresses of hair,
And a couple of broken rings—
And a little, red frock, and a children's chair,
And a little hood she was wont to wear,
And a thousand useless things.

"There were lines that *he* wrote—there were books
that *he* read—
There were songs that *she* sang—there were prayers
that *she* said—
And a bud half embroidered, as she laid it aside,
And the needle still there where she placed it and
died!"

And aunt Nelly's tears flowed on, unchecked save here and there as a smile *would* steal through and light up for a moment the gloom, and the needles were stayed in the soft, grey yarn. The ball rolled on the floor, and was tumbled about by Tom, the grimalkin, and the shadows went and came through the thick vines, and the heart was busy with the memories of the olden time, that came sanctified and softened by the touch of years. And the high, Dutch clock ticked on in the corner, and the kettle hissed on the fire, and the twilight grew deeper, and the night bird flitted amid the gloom, and the zephyr sighed itself to sleep, and the first star twinkled amid the deep blue, cloudy waves of heaven's ocean, and the heart beat fast, and the tears fell thick and—still aunt Nelly sat there regardless of all, while the shadows grew deeper and longer, and the clock ticked on. How long this heart revery would have lasted was quite uncertain, had it not been broken by a very unceremonious shout and a bound and a kiss, as again Ada Green sprang into the room flushed with excitement.

"Oh! dear, aunt Nelly! I've been to the tavern and seen the trunk, and it is R. W., and the gentleman has been talking about all the village—and he knows them all and you too; and he said he used to know you, and he was coming down to see you, and—and—but there he comes now."

"Well, well, Ada dear, you go home now and come and see me to-morrow, and I'll give you something nice, and——"

"Will you tell me all about the gentleman with the black curls and hair, and——"

"Yes, yes. But go along home now and tell your mother that——"

"Does Miss Ellen Fitch live here?" interrupted a deep, manly voice.

"Yes, sir," curtsied Ada, and was lost in a moment afterward among the thick shrubbery.

"A pretty tender, by my life," laughed Wescott, "but rather too quick for a pilot, so I must even find my way myself. Well, I have ran safely into many a harbor through quick-sands and shoals, but by Boreas, I've lost my reckoning, and presume I'll have to blunder into this land-lubber fashion," and his knuckles sounded upon the open door.

Quickly aunt Nelly stood before him, but as it was dark he did not recognize her, and his question was repeated,

"Does Miss Ellen Fitch reside here?"

"Yes, sir. Will you please to walk in, sir."

"Is she in?"

"She is, Richard Wescott."

"My name! Well, the good dame has got to windward of me, and hails before I show my colors. I wonder who in the name of Neptune she is?" soliloquized he, as he followed her into the house.

The fire burned but dimly, the kettle sang merrily, the cat purred contentedly, and the clocked ticked on steadily, but there were two hearts there that fluttered like wounded birds and beat almost audibly, swayed by the twin-mated feelings of fear and love.

"Did you wish to see Nelly Fitch, sir?"

"Yes, yes, I did. Will you be kind enough to tell her so. That a stranger—no, you seem to know my name—that Richard Wescott wishes to speak to her."

"Well, she is here," almost laughed aunt Nelly.

"You Ellen Fitch?"

"The same, sir—the same, Dick Wescott, and," but the rest of the sentence was lost in a rustle of garments and a sort of explosive sound, and if what mischievous Ada Green says is true, and she ought to know, (for she was peeping through the vines at the window, the mischief!) it was caused by the sudden meeting and parting of two pair of lips!

"Don't, Dick," were the first words uttered after the explosion.

"Ha! ha! Nelly, don't it put you in mind of old times, when we were girls and boys together? when we used to romp in the meadow, fish in the brook, ramble in the woods, and be merry as the birds all day long?"

"Yes, Richard, but we are girls and boys no longer."

"Too true, alas! the bo'swain of life has sounded the middle watch, and it is time we were trimming our sails for the harbor of eternity. But Nelly, dear, it was not of this I came to speak. You remember when we parted I for a rough sea life, and you to remain secure from all storms and tempests, safely at home?"

"It was fully twenty years ago."

"Yes, and many a time, I've thought the parting would be the last one we should ever have, but a kind heaven has watched over me, and though I've seen the stout ship reel and founder—have been dashed helpless upon the iron-bound shore—have floated without food or water for days together, on the waveless ocean beneath the hot sun of the torrid zone—have been a captive and a prisoner—yet here I am again, safe and hearty."

"You have much to be thankful for, Richard."

"Aye, and I've learned by hard knocks, what you so often tried to teach me, that there was a just, perfect, and loving God, who marked even the fall of a sparrow. I did not believe it then, Nelly, but now I know and feel it."

"Oh, I'm so glad of that. It would have made your poor old mother so happy to have known it before she died."

"Aye, Nelly. Poor old lady, she has gone aloft, but the anchor of religion never let her drift among the shoals of unbelief. Poor mother! If the spirits of those we have loved and lost—the angels radiant in light and loveliness, around the throne of God, visit us, she has heard my lips breathe in prayer, Nelly, and is happy in the belief that after death, her only son will again be by her side in that land where every sail has a hull of crimson, and a taffrail of gold! Where each banner is glowing with stars, and the dawn of two mornings emblazon the spars, and where the anchor with flukes of silver, is dropt never to rust or be stirred again in the 'Ægean of Heaven,'" and the sailor wiped the tear drops from his dark eyes, and spoke lowly and reverently of the grave of his mother, and questioned of her last hours, and seemed gratified with the information that she had died like an infant going to sleep, to wake in immortality. And a vow he made (which was well kept in the future) that her grave should be a holy Mecca to him, and green trees should bend lovingly over it, and flowers bloom around.

"But, Nelly, dear," he resumed, "much as I have to be thankful for, I would have still more."

"More, Richard? Have you not health and strength?"

"Aye, and wealth, for the fickle jade fortune smiled upon me at last, as if tired of playing me false."

"What can you wish for more?" and innocent as a lamb, aunt Nelly looked with wondering eyes into his face.

"Why, Nelly, I've sold my ship and resolved to remain on shore the remainder of my life. My heart yearned for this dear old village, and sometime since, I repurchased the old homestead where I spent so many happy years, and have had it fitted up, as you probably know."

"You had this done, Dick?" exclaimed aunt Nelly, completely astonished at this piece of information, which also affected the young listener, Miss Ada, so that the bushes vibrated tremulously, and aunt Nelly wondered if there was not "some stray, good-for-nothing cat come prowling after her pet robin again."

"Yes, I did. Even me, 'mad Dick,' as you all used to call me, and now you see, as I can't live alone, I must get me a housekeeper."

"Well, now there's Mrs. Jenkins, who lost her husband last spring in the freshet. She's a capital hand, I tell you, and such a cook."

Verdant aunt Nelly! Did not *your heart* tell you better than to answer thus? Mrs. Jenkins, indeed! You might just as well have talked about the Queen of the Cannibal Islands. Mrs. Jenkins (a good old lady though she was, to be sure) indeed! What was she, or any of her relations, to Dick Wescott? Or Mrs. Smith, or Mrs. Brown, or the widow White, or any other antiquated dames versed in the mysteries of the *causine*, or the manufacturing of herbs into "sovereign remedies" for the "break-bone-fever," or any of the past *adamite* diseases?

"Mrs. Jenkins won't do for me, Nelly, even though she is a notable old dame. I must have some one who is nearer and dearer to me than that. I must have a—— Shiver my timbers if I ain't stranded in sight of harbor," he muttered to himself. "'Tis Nelly I must have——" but the word stuck in his throat.

"Have what, Dick? What is it you want?" Oh! tantalizing Nelly to question thus.

"Wife!" shouted John Fitch, (Ellen's brother)

as he entered from his daily avocations and sought his better half.

"Wife? Thank you, shipmate, that's the word! Aye, wife, Nelly dear."

"Wife, Dick?" Ah! whose turn was it to tremble now, Miss Ellen Fitch?

"Nelly," he continued, not noticing her confusion, (and perhaps for the reason that he was but little better himself) "you remember when we parted you promised to love me forever, and that when I came back you would be my wife. And you gave me this long curl of your then light hair. I have kept it, Nelly dear, amid calm and storm. See, it is as bright as when you gave it to me. And now, Nelly, will you not redeem your promise? Say, will you not be mine—be my—— Thunder! what's that!" he exclaimed, as the bushes rattled without, the window fell with a loud "bang," and a fleet-footed form vanished toward the village, fully intent on getting some one to help her keep the secret of the proposals that was altogether too burdensome for her young heart. Aha! pretty Ada Green, it was not many years before your own little heart trembled like a frightened birdling, and your own ears drank in the sweet words of love that thrilled from the manly lips of him beside whom you walk, and on whom you will lean through life.

But with your flight, pretty Ada, the curtain must drop over the scenes that transpired in that old-fashioned room, where two happy hearts beat in unison. The cat purred—the kettle hissed and sang, and the clock ticked merrily on. Yet I would I could have peeped in at the window when "your time came."

But years have passed, and Dick Wescott and aunt Nelly reside still contentedly in the olden village of C——; and their house, as it always was, is the rendezvous of all the little folks. But, alas! the times have altered strangely, and the children grown impudent, for among those bright-eyed ones gathered there to celebrate the merry Christmas time, are a romping boy and a very hoyden of a girl, that have the audacity to call our good aunt Nelly—MOTHER

MARION.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

A HEART that is a casket holy:

With brightest jewels garnered there
Gems that sorrow's hand hath polished,
Richer gems than princes wear.

A face whose every feature telleth

How light she feels this earthly clod,
A face whose holy beauty showeth
Her walk is ever close with God.

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER IX.

MEANTIME the mother and Catharine had exhausted themselves in searching for the child. Mutual anxiety had drawn them together, as months of common acquaintance could not have done. When they returned to the house after midnight, in order to send the servants out to continue the search, they found the old people up, and in a state of painful excitement. Elsie, who had left them as they supposed to go to her room, had mysteriously disappeared.

Here was a new source of alarm. Never before had Elsie been known to leave the house after dark. What could have led her forth? And where could she have fled to? Again they all sallied out, the two old people and the two young women followed by the servants; but all in vain. At daylight they returned home, weary and sorrowful, filled with dread that something fatal had happened to these helpless creatures, so loved and so strangely lost.

At daylight a new thought stole upon Catharine. The library! Elsie might have concealed herself there, or might even be crouching near the door in the passage. She started up, ran along the passage, and flung open the library door.

There was Elsie, in the grey light of the morning, with one arm over the child, watching the pictures with her black, wakeful eyes, and with that triumphant smile still upon her lips. The red drapery, the beautiful head of the boy resting upon the cushions, and Elsie with those bright eyes and the iron-grey hair sweeping around her, formed a group that was more than picturesque.

Catharine uttered a joyful cry, that brought the stranger and the two old people into the passage. The venerable parents ceased to weep as they approached the room, but a pallor came upon their faces, and they drew close together, as persons oppressed with a cold atmosphere strive to impart warmth each to the other.

Elsie half arose, supporting herself with one hand pressed against the floor.

"See, father—see, mother, I have got him! The night angel let him loose upon the moonbeams, and then came to my room, whispering that he was alone searching for his mother and fleeing from one who was not his mother, but who had stolen the name and kept it while *we*, who had his blood in our veins, were pining. I listened to the night angel, for he is grand and true, though since I came here he has almost forsaken me. I listened to the night angel, when he told me that a child of my blood was uttering cries for help in the open fields; that the forest birds were scaring him with their *hooting* cries; and the woman who is *not* his mother was searching for him.

"The window was open, the grass underneath soft and silvered with moonshine. I flung out the folds of my shawl and stepped forth upon the air, sinking downward, but holding out the red wings of my drapery as the angels do when they descend from heaven—but they would not hold me up, and I fell upon the grass, which bathed my face and hands with its silver dew. Still I heard the cry of my child afar off, and mocked by a miserable whip-poor-will, that taunting his agonies of fear with long, mournful wails, that pained me to the soul. I had heard that whining bird before; he loves to mock at me and mine. Years ago he began it, years from now he will keep it up.

"My poor baby was there alone on the hill-side, shrieking for me to come, and I knew that the woman who is not his mother was after him heart and soul as I was, the woman that is not his mother, who stands there!"

Here Elsie half started from the floor, and pointed her finger at the poor young widow, who began to tremble and turned white beneath the gleam of those wild, black eyes.

"Go home!" continued Elsie, with a look of sudden affright; "he is mine, God gave him to me first, and when he was lost the night angel brought him back to me. You are not his mother! It is my blood that reddens his cheek, my breath that heaves his bosom, my soul that

oks through his eyes. Go home, the boy is mine! mine, I tell you, mine!"

Elsie almost shrieked these words out, in her eagerness to drive the pale young widow away; and she bent over the child fiercely as an eagle swoops over its young.

The widow drew timidly forward, with her eyes full of crushed tears bent upon the child.

"Go home!" commanded Elsie, in wrath. "Go home! You are not his mother!"

"But I love him. He is mine. He never knew any mother but me," pleaded the young woman, while the tears started in large drops from her eyes, and her hands clasped themselves as if eager to implore silence and mercy from the maniac.

"No," answered Elsie, and her black eyes kindled with fiery light to their depths; "No, he is mine. When the blood reaches his heart, mine beats quicker; when it stops, I shall perish; he is my soul, lost years and years ago, which the night angel has brought back—go away, go away!"

The poor young woman looked around for some one to aid or comfort her. Catharine came forward.

"Yes," she said, gently, "the night angel knows that Elsie is the child's mother; but he is so young and must be cared for, you know. This is his nurse, who has taken charge of him for you. It is she who told the night angel when he was ready to come back."

"Oh! are you sure?" questioned Elsie. "She does not claim to be his mother?"

"No, only his mamma. You don't mind what he calls her, if it is not mother.

"You are sure, quite sure?"

"Quite sure. Wake him and see if he calls her anything but mamma."

Elsie smiled. "Wake him, oh! yes, I know him!" and she bent her pale lips down to the rosy mouth of the child, leaving a timid kiss upon them.

"How it makes my heart beat!" she said, drawing a deep breath, and glancing furtively up at the portraits. "They are jealous. Yes, they know what it is to be jealous now."

But the child only turned his beautiful head on the cushion, and went to sleep again, with soft murmurs and a deeper breath.

"Shall I kiss him once more?" inquired Elsie, lifting her large pleading eyes to Catharine. "You don't think it troubles him?"

"No, he will awake next time."

Elsie bent down and pressed her lips like a burning seal upon the child's forehead, which flushed crimson beneath the pressure. He awoke

with a faint struggle, and starting up began to rub his eyes with both hands.

"Georgie! Georgie!" exclaimed the widow.

The child scrambled up from the cushions as if to run toward her.

"Mamma, my own mamma!"

Elsie's face darkened like a thunder cloud; her pale lips began to quiver, and she made a dart forward with her hand.

The child, frightened, shrank back on the cushions.

Catharine bent over Elsie, smiling,

"You see the child does not call her mother!"

"Don't he? No; that is true; she is only the nurse; take him away, he must have a bath, you know; nurse, you will see to it."

Even as Elsie said this, however, the strength went out from her limbs, a delicious shiver ran through her whole frame, and as if the breath inhaled from those rosy lips had been a sweet poison, she breathed a sigh and her head sunk slowly to the floor. Her hands dropped loose from the child, and she lay among the billowy folds of her white robe and crimson shawl, pale as snow, but with a smile of ineffable joy upon her face. This draught of life she had drank from those warm, half-parted lips was stealing like an elixir through her veins.

"Let us take the child away now!" said Catharine, stooping gently down and lifting the boy from the cushions, where Elsie's helplessness had left him.

"God bless the dear little fellow, he has made her smile," said the old man, looking from George to the white face of his daughter, while his features, usually so placid, quivered with a rush of affection. "Look at her, mother. When did she smile so naturally before?"

"But how white she is," said the dear, old lady, full of tender anxiety, "if it were not for the smile it would seem like death!"

"But the smile, look at it! Since the day we saw that face under its wedding veil, white as it is now but so happy, she has never looked like that," said the old man.

"But what if it were death?" answered the old lady, constantly rendered anxious by any change that fell upon her daughter, who, spite of her sorrow and grey hair, always seemed a child to her. "I have heard that those who suffer must on earth often look happy as angels the moment they cease to breathe. Tell me, husband, tell me," she continued, clasping her hands with sudden affright, "is this sleep or death?"

"Neither," said Catharine, who had resigned the boy to his mother, and was kneeling beside

Elsie. "She is insensible, that is all, a little effort will bring her to!"

"Not yet. Oh! not yet," cried the old lady, with tears in her eyes, and drawing timidly toward the prostrate woman. "Let me kiss her while she looks so natural. Husband, come!"

She fell upon her knees, holding up her arms for the old gentleman who knelt beside her; and the blended tears fell warm and fast on the poor maniac. First one and then the other bent forward, pressing timid kisses upon that pale face, thus assuring themselves that it still retained a glow of life.

Meantime Catharine drew her visitor aside. "Take the boy away," she said, hurriedly, "she will not miss him, perhaps, if he is out of sight. But let me come and see him sometimes, I will not trouble you often."

"I would leave him with you, if it would do her good, that is for an hour or two," said the lady, who was trembling still with the joy of having found her darling.

Catharine looked at the sleeping boy, with a keen desire to have him with her a few hours longer; but a habit of self-control, which suffering had matured, caused her at once to suppress the wish.

"No," she answered, "it would do no good, unless she had him always with her. It is a wild fancy that may not return while he is out of sight; besides you look weary. Up all night, and so anxious."

"I will go then, if you think it best," answered the widow, with an effort: and she moved away with the child.

"One moment!" pleaded Catharine, for her heart sunk as she saw the boy carried off. "If you will sit down in the breakfast-room a moment, while I take care of poor Elsie, perhaps you will permit me to help you carry him home. I should be so happy, and you are worn-out!"

"He is heavy," answered the widow, "but that is nothing. I am so glad to get him in my arms again, that it seems to me that I could carry him over the whole world without feeling the weight."

"I should have liked to carry him," said Catharine, gently, "if you were willing."

"I will wait, of course I will wait. He is heavy, and I am almost tired out, as you say. It is very kind of you, I will wait!"

The widow saw how anxious Catharine was, and with gentle tact gave way to her wishes.

They hurried into the breakfast-room together, and after Catharine had arranged the cushions and white dainty couch for the child to rest on, she returned to the library.

CHAPTER X.

ELSIE had partially recovered. Her eyes were open, and she was resting on her elbow, looking with child-like wonder around the room; while the dear, old people stood hand-in-hand regarding her through a mist of grateful tears.

"How did I come here?" said Elsie, in her sweet, natural voice, that made those two fond hearts leap in unison, "I must have studied late, and fallen asleep after. Did he miss me?"

The old people looked at each other in alarm.

"Of whom does she speak?" inquired Catharine.

"Of him," answered the old man, glancing toward the portrait. "What can we answer?"

"He did not reach home last night," said Catharine, gently.

"And who is this?" inquired Elsie, bending her brows. "Who knows of my husband's movements better than I do myself? Send that woman from the house, father. The lost one, you remember the lost one!"

"Elsie, do you not know me?" inquired Catharine, astonished.

"How should I?" was the terse answer.

"What am I to you?"

"But I am your friend!"

Elsie laughed softly. "I never had but one friend, and she——"

"Well, never mind her, darling," interposed the old lady, anxiously.

Elsie cast a scrutinizing glance at the old lady, and a look of profound astonishment came to her face.

"Why, mother, how strange you look! How old you are! Dear me, your hair has grown so light; and that queer cap. This will never do, mother."

"My child—my dear child!"

Elsie laughed, and shook her head.

"Don't plead. Don't attempt to persuade me, mother. You must always dress like a gentleman. That hair and cap are frightful. Remember how much he thinks of these things."

The old people remained silent. This was a piece of madness that they had never witnessed before. Catharine too was puzzled. Elsie seemed struggling with some old remembrance, or rather to have cast herself back into some far off scene of action, forgetting everything else; and the young woman could only look on, waiting for some opportunity to act. Elsie spoke again.

"But while I am scolding you, mamma, I had forgotten to look at myself, in this robe so disordered, and my hair all down. What will he think of me?"

As she spoke, Elsie moved toward a small

mirror, set into the door of a cabinet, with which she seemed familiar.

"Why, how is this?" she cried, with astonishment, as the reflection of her figure came back from the glass; and holding out her long hair at arm's length, she allowed the grey tresses to drop slowly from her figure, repeating the question sharply, "What is this? whose hair is this?"

No one answered her, and she stood gazing upon herself in wild amazement, turning her dark eyes upon her parents with a stern questioning air, as if they had transfigured her thus.

"I cannot make it out," she said at last, dropping her arms sadly downward, "I cannot make it out."

"It is remembrance. It is a return of sanity!" whispered Catharine. "Her recollection of what she has been, her forgetfulness of me, it is a hopeful sign."

The old people began to tremble. Their withered hands clung together, shaking like autumn leaves, low murmurs broke from their lips; but no words were uttered. They listened in breathless suspense for the next sentence that might fall from those troubled lips.

"I wonder—I wish some one would tell me what it means," she continued, looking wistfully in the glass, "How am I to get these lines from my forehead, these, these——"

She checked herself suddenly, gasping for breath. Her eyes were fixed wildly on the mirror as if she had seen a basilisk there; her white lips began to tremble; and uttering a low cry she dashed her clenched hand against the glass, shivering it to a thousand fragments.

"I have done it—I have done it," she cried, with an insane glare of the eyes, as she held out her clenched hand, all crimson with drops of blood, for them to look upon. "She crossed my path once, twice, again. But I have crushed her, do you see?"

As she cried out in this exulting fashion, Elsie's glance fell upon the bay window, and instantly the breath was hushed on her lips.

"There, there," she cried, "I killed her, but she is there yet!"

They followed her eyes, and there, close by the bay window, peering into the room, stood an old woman, lean and witch-like, her wizard face buried in a huge bonnet, and her small figure dressed in an old shawl, broken up with dirty orange and crimson. Her dress was soiled, her whole appearance beggarly; and but for the keen, black eyes, sharp and glaring as a rattlesnake's, those within the room would have taken her for a common vagrant, waiting for charity.

Catharine's eyes had followed Elsie's, and

instantly a cry broke from her lips also, while the good old couple looked at each other in dismay. No one spoke, but all remained paralyzed, white as death and gazing at each other. Catharine usually so self-possessed, shook like an aspen, and Elsie crept to her side, siezing upon her garments for protection, a sure sign that her sanity, for a moment put off, had returned again.

The figure at the window seemed rather amused by the consternation she had produced. Her face wrinkled into a laugh, and the glitter of her eyes seemed to strike fire upon the glass. After indulging herself a moment or two, she turned away, walking deliberately toward the front door.

The young widow still remained in the breakfast room, sitting by the little boy, who slept peacefully upon a sofa. As she looked up from the beautiful face, so warm and rosy with sleep, her eyes fell upon this singular woman, who stood within the hall, looking keenly at her from the shelter of her old Navarino bonnet.

The impression made upon this young woman was quite unlike that left upon the group in the library. A look of profound surprise, not unmingled with amusement at the comical figure which presented itself, came over her face, for she had recovered her child and was disposed to cheerful thoughts.

"The people are all in another part of the house," she said, pleasantly, "but here is a trifle, if you require help."

The old woman came forward, with a chuckle, and seized upon the piece of silver so kindly offered.

"Ha, ha—I am rolling in gold, rolling in it, do you see. But as for help, the more one has, the more one wants help. I have a cat and three chickens at home, that'll be the better for what you give them. As for me, I can make my bed of gold and feel it soft. Oh! ha, that's a pretty boy you've got there."

The young mother was gratified. The woman before her became less grotesque. Maternal love was beginning to soften even her evil exterior.

"Yes," said the gentle matron, "he is a darling. If you could but see his eyes now. Wait a moment. He stirs!"

"Ah! I can wait to see his eyes, dear little rogue. How white his forehead is! What curls, brown as a chesnut, with a touch of gold in it. Ah, there lies the beauty. Gold, gold, I should like to see it everywhere."

As she spoke, the old woman crept close to the sofa, and began to lift the curls, which

lay on Georgie's temple, with her claw-like fingers.

As she did this, the widow, who was looking on rather anxiously, for she recoiled from the sight of those hooked finger nails so close to the snowy forehead of her child, saw for the first time what looked like the shadow of a ruby cross upon the boy's temple, the top running up among the curls, which, strangely enough, did not grow upon the spot, but only sheltered it from casual scrutiny.

"It is the mark of his fingers. He always sleeps with his hand under his head," observed the widow, but with a vague feeling of awe. "His skin is so delicate, the touch of a rose leaf makes it flush."

"Pretty though, isn't it?" said the old woman, with a sharp laugh.

"Everything about him is beautiful to me," said the young woman, gazing fondly on the child. "George, my darling—has he slept enough?"

The little fellow, fully aroused at last from his sweet slumber, turned upon his cushion and began to rub both little fists into his eyes, while his lips parted like the sudden unfolding of a rose-bud, as he said, "Mamma!"

The little fellow rose to a sitting posture and held out his arms.

"My darling!"

"Dear little fellow. Never mind, come to auntie," interposed the old woman, reaching forth her arms, that fell around the child like a pair of flails.

The boy struggled and wrung himself free from this unwelcome embrace.

"Let me alone," he said, clenching his tiny fist, and stamping fiercely upon the sofa cushion, "I don't want beggar women to touch me!"

"Beggar!" cried the old woman, with a shrill laugh. "Ah! that's a nice joke, my darling. Beggar! I've half a mind to shake you where you stand. Beggar! Oh! it's a sweet child. Of course it's your own, ma'am!"

This question was put with startling abruptness, accompanied by a sharp, scrutinizing glance, that drove the blood from the fair cheek it searched.

"Mine, of course. Yes, of course," faltered the lady, drawing the boy toward her with both arms. "Mine, yes, yes, who else? What do you mean, woman?"

Her voice was sharp with anxiety. Her soft eyes turned a startled gaze on that grim, old face, which looked to her like that of a fiend.

"Oh! of course, why not? he looks like you, don't he? Of course, who doubts it?" mocked the old woman.

"Go away, go away, beggar woman," cried the child, clinging to his mother's neck with one arm, and clenching his right hand with puny courage. "Don't look at my mamma so. Don't speak to her. Go away, or I'll, I'll—yes, I will—so there now!"

Here the little hero burst into tears, and hid his face upon his mother's shoulder.

"What do you want, woman?" inquired the young matron, rising with the boy in her arms. "If you wish to see the gentleman of the house, he is engaged. I do not live here. Let me pass."

"Let me have another look at the darling, just a peep into his eyes, I'm so fond of children," said the old woman, with wheedling softness, that was far more disgusting than her rudeness had been. "I want him to know me, bless his pretty face!"

"Let me pass!" insisted the widow, beginning to feel terrified, "I do not wish him to look at you."

"Oh! that's cruel now, and the boy so like his father!"

"So like his father! Did you know him then?"

"I did not know your husband; but I did know this child's father," was the answer.

"No! you did not—you could not. The thing is quite impossible: No one ever knew him."

The old woman laughed. "I must have another look," she said, attempting to seize upon the child, who uttered a sudden cry.

Presently a form came leaping through the hall, uttering a yell with every bound. Her hair streamed backward, her eyes blazed, her arms were outstretched. She rushed forward, like a bird of prey with its spoil in sight. Her hands fell with a clutch upon that meagre old woman, shaking her in every limb as they seized upon her shoulders.

"Ha, ha, I have found you at last," cried she, "touch him, touch him, oh! touch him and I'll —"

Elsie paused a moment, and stealing both hands slowly from the shoulders to the throat of the old woman, clutched it, turning her head backward and saying to Catharine, "May I! shall I? She has grown into a fiend, let me choke her, do."

She pleaded for permission to kill that woman as a mother pleads for the life of a child. The insane lustre of her eyes was quenched in tears, her pale hands quivered eagerly about the lean throat upon which they had not yet firmly closed. She was pleading for permission to kill the woman as if she had been a serpent.

Catharine came up, terrified but firm. Her

ar blue eyes were fixed steadily on those of maniac, her slender form swelled into command.

"Come," she said, "leave this woman, she longs to God."

"Why don't he kill her then?" hissed the maniac, striving to evade Catharine's glance.

"Because he is perhaps punishing her with a"

"But it would be so pleasant to kill her!" added Elsie, "and I will. Nobody gives me my happiness. I will take it for myself."

Even in her peril, for it was imminent, the old man did not lose her craft. She managed to turn her eyes, cold and sharp as steel, upon the glittering orbs of her enemy.

"See, stoop down and I'll tell you something," he said, in a voice that gave no evidence of the error of her heart.

Elsie looked down into the cold depths of her eyes, and her head bent slowly forward like a bird that is charmed on to death.

"Of him? Will you tell me?" she whispered.

"He wishes to see you. He sent me to ask if he might come. Let me go, and I will bring him!"

"Where is he?" whispered Elsie. "I heard

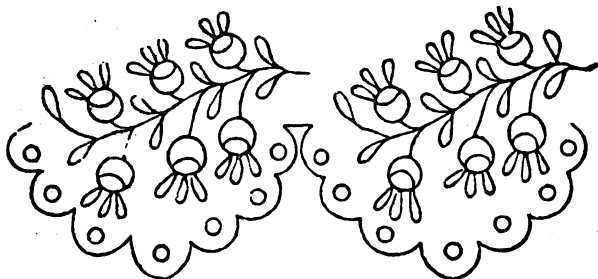
him crying in the woods last night, crying out so mournfully; but I knew the reason; he had lost the child. Oh! how one cries out who has lost a child! But I found it. Ha! ha! I found it, and let him wail on. No wonder he complained all night, it is very lonesome to be without one's child. Do you think he will moan every night till the boy goes back?"

"He will come and ask you to stay with him," said the crafty old wretch, drawing a deep breath as she felt the pale hands unclasp from her throat.

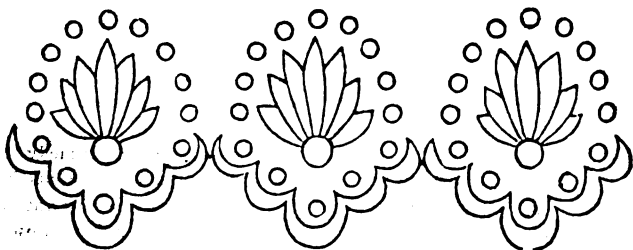
"But you will not go—you will stay here, or sail off over the seas away, away. Yes, yes, I will go down into the woods. Turn your face to the east and I will go westward. One, two graves shall be under the setting sun, canopied with clouds of crimson and amber and pale green, all floating, floating, floating. But you—you shall die alone, alone, alone!"

Her hands dropped away from the trembling old creature, and were flung triumphantly upward. Her voice rose and swelled into a sort of chaunt, and as she passed through the hall, the words, "Alone, alone, alone," swelled back with a mournful emphasis, that made even the old woman turn pale. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERY.



SILK EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNELS OR CASHMERE.



EDGING FOR SKIRT.

SPENDING THE WINTER WITH A FRIEND.

BY MRS. EMMA BALL.

LETITIA Gordon, having a great desire to visit a large city, accepted the proposition of Mrs. Belton—a distant connection who was visiting at her mothers—to spend the winter with her in Boston. And as Mrs. Belton's health was delicate, and her husband's means but moderate, it was understood that Letitia would act the part of assistant as well as companion.

The arrangement made, Letitia was all eagerness and anticipation; while Mrs. Belton, fearing that such bright expectations would need, for their realization, more than she could offer, sought to prevent disappointment by frankly describing her household arrangements, and mentioning whatever occurred to her, as likely to prove a drawback to a young person's comfort.

But to such representations, Letitia only answered that she "knew she should like it;" she knew "the change from a large family to so small a one would be pleasant;" she "knew she should enjoy many advantages, and she intended to improve them;" till at length, both her mother and Mrs. Belton yielded to the influence of her youthful spirits, and seemed almost as well pleased as she was.

We will not describe the parting; nor tell how mother and father, brothers and sisters, sought to conceal their feeling by cheerful words; or stopped in the middle of a sentence, lest their tones should betray their agitation. We will only say that in due time, the travellers reached their journey's end in safety, and were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Belton's husband.

The first two days were spent by the younger lady chiefly in looking out of the window; trying the tone of the piano; and reading one of the few novels which she found upon the book-shelves; while Mrs. Belton expended what little strength travelling had left her, in arranging Letitia's bed-room, and studying how she best could make accommodations which she had found amply sufficient for two, prove comfortable so for three. To accomplish this, something extra, both of time and labor, would of course be necessary; but this she had foreseen; and supposing that her protegee would perceive it also, and willingly do her share, she cheerfully resolved upon the effort.

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"How does Letitia get along?" inquired Belton, on the evening of the fourth day. "Is she *take hold* with the work?"

"So far," answered his wife, "I've been tired to take hold myself; and I suppose she have felt the same."

"Well, I guess you'll find that she will," Mr. Belton; "her mother don't bring up girls to do nothing."

But Mr. Belton was mistaken. Letitia not "take hold," and Mrs. Belton soon began to feel that though as a companion, her young friend was usually agreeable, as an assistant she was not to be depended on. Instead of trying to avoid mistakes, by observing Mrs. Belton's way of working, she asked directions at every step, and then either forgot them and asked again, or disregarded them as "old-maidish." She was (or thought she was) a dear lover of independence; but instead of remembering that the only way to really maintain one's independence is to render, as far as possible, a "quid pro quo" for whatever of benefit or courtesy is received, she did nothing but what she was especially requested to do; and then seldom did it thoroughly. She desired to replenish the grate, she forgot to brush up the hearth: if to wash up the dishes, she wiped them on a dirty hand-towel, or neglected to rinse out the dish-pan; if she went on an errand, she forgot half of it, and on returning left her bonnet and shawl in the parlor, so that Mrs. Belton found herself kept continually at most unpleasantly busy—putting away what Letitia had left out of place; and watching to prevent the effects of her carelessness. Now she found that a dish was broken, by being set upon the red-hot stove; now that ink had been spilled upon the floor, and spattered over the long white window curtains: and now, that a pamphlet which Letitia had taken from the book-shelf, was thrown into the wood-box for kindling.

In excuse, Letitia pleaded that she "wasn't used to care." Mrs. Belton sighed, and felt that to such kind of care she had not been accustomed either.

But how should she remedy the evil?

She made such alterations in her household arrangements as she thought would have that tendency; she redoubled her own care and effort.

tried to show her protegee, as delicately as possible, how largely her own comfort, as well as of others, would be promoted by a different se. But to be continually reminding and intrusting was as irksome to her as it evidently was to the young lady; and finding it actual, she reluctantly came to the conclusion that "while Letitia stayed, she must let's go."

It would have been far better had Mrs. Belton said to her young friend with the utmost plainness, and positively insisted that she must either go, or return immediately home: but Mr. Belton, though often seriously annoyed, thought it would be "too severe." "You must have patience," said he. "When she has seen more of your ways, she will do better." Had his advice been as frequently and provokingly repeated as was his wife's, he would perhaps have succeeded differently.

Suppose then I write frankly to Mrs. Gordon the subject?" said Mrs. Belton.

"You'll offend her if you do," answered he. "She will be sorry, no doubt," replied his wife; "but I think her too sensible a woman to be offended."

But Mr. Belton adhered to his opinion; and his wife, feeling that without the certainty of his operation, she had better not attempt it, was contented into acquiescence: when unexpectedly she was relieved from her unpleasant position, by a letter from Mrs. Gordon, requiring her to return immediately home. Thus it had been brought about.

Letitia, notwithstanding her mother's admonitions and Mrs. Belton's frankness, had really, though perhaps unconsciously, come to the city under the impression that as her friend's family was "so small, there could be but very little to do."

When she found that, owing to Mrs. Belton's recent absence and her habits of economy and thoroughness, there was much more to be done than she had expected, she formed in her mind a sort of undefined resolution to do as much as possible; and as Mrs. Belton had visited her mother's, to regard herself rather as visitor than assistant.

She did not consider how large a portion of her daily work was actually caused by the addition of a third person to the family; nor how her presence prevented Mrs. Belton from securing her assistance; neither did she reflect that as mere visitor, Mrs. Belton would naturally prefer the society of her mother. She thought only of her own immediate enjoyment; and, as invariably happens in such cases, the effects of her visit soon began to re-act upon herself.

Had she "taken hold," and worked hand-in-hand with her friend, the work would soon have been "done up;" and they could have enjoyed their leisure together. But as it was, Mrs. Belton found herself so overtasked, that when her day's work was done, she was more ready to throw herself exhausted upon the sofa, than to read, or sing, or visit; while Letitia was glad to escape from the consequent dulness, by accepting invitations which Mrs. Belton wished her to decline. Feeling thus, she had written home in a manner which, though not intended to produce such an effect, had led her prudent mother to suspect the truth; and the consequence was the letter of recall.

Letitia was sadly chagrined. "I don't want to go home!" she exclaimed, with characteristic impulsiveness. "I know ma don't really need me! She thinks I'm not improving my time. Pa says that in paying my expenses here, he has just thrown his money away. Mrs. Belton," she added, after a long pause, "would you rather I'd go, or rather I'd stay?"

"That is a home question," said Mrs. Belton, laughing.

"Yes; but I want to know," demanded Letitia. "I know that I've not been much help to you; but when I first came I couldn't be. Every thing was so new that my head was all the time running on other things. But do you think I could be useful to you, if I really tried?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Belton, fairly won by her frankness—"yes, I know you could, for since you came there have been times when you have tried; and then you have been all that I could wish. If you would do as well all the time, I should certainly be very sorry to lose you: and besides, should be better able to promote your improvement in various ways."

"Well then," replied Letitia, "I'll write to mother; and if she consents I'll stay till the middle of March, any way."

Mrs. Belton did not exactly relish this idea. Now, while so many were unemployed, it was easy to meet with a suitable person; but, then, every one would have found employment; and she must either do her spring work alone, or hire assistance at a high rate. She explained this to her young friend, who at once admitted its truth.

"I'll wait till mother answers my letter," said she, "and then I'll either go home, or make up my mind to stay till your spring work is finished."

Thus decided, Letitia was once more all alacrity; but her mother's answer not coming as soon as she expected, she again became so

exceedingly remiss and petulant, that when at length it came to say that she might stay, Mrs. Belton could not participate in the glee with which she announced its arrival. Letitia perceived this; and conscious of the cause, felt deeply mortified.

During the period of suspense, her friend had exerted herself but the more assiduously to promote her comfort. Had she done likewise, how differently would both have felt! Still her resolve to improve, though not free from fluctuations, was genuine; and, therefore, soon became apparent. Gradually she regained the esteem and confidence she had so nearly lost; and in consequence found her position so much more agreeable, that she willingly prolonged her stay; faithfully assisted Mrs. Belton with her spring work; and in the first balmy days of June returned to her sea-girt home, laden with mementoes of good-will; and with but one regret—that her efforts to improve had not been less tardy and more thorough.

The greater part of those with whom we come in contact are so intent on their own advantage only, that they who are the most ready to “do to others as they would have others do to them,” are the most frequently urged or left to do more.

Nowhere is this more commonly observable

than with those who, in any sense of the word may be termed “Employees:” and, in sketching the story of Letitia, it is by no means intended to imply that where dissatisfaction exists between employer and employed, the fault is generally be traced to the latter. But the employed are more frequently inexperienced; they oftener err through ignorance or want of thought and consequently most need, perhaps are most likely to profit by, the suggestions of this simple sketch.

The remark that “good-nature is always imposed upon,” has in it so much of truth that has passed into a proverb. Still it by no means follows that efficiency and a readiness to oblige must necessarily expose their possessors to inferior position. They rather enable them to escape for these qualities go far to constitute reliability and reliability always commands respect.

Selfish and short-sighted as are the majority of mankind, they seldom attempt exaction what they feel that, if perceived and resented, it would lead to the loss of services or friendship which they know can be relied upon. If attempted however, the reliable have always this advantage—their departure is sure to be regretted as a loss; while that of the inefficient and unreliable is usually regarded as a gain.

TURKISH SLIPPER.

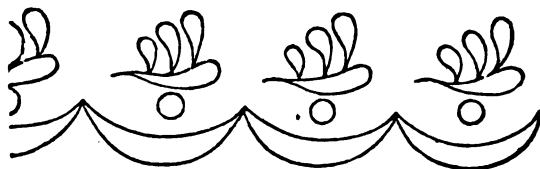
MATERIALS.—Purple or green velvet, gold bullion, gold spangles, and very bright-colored silks.

The centre of the star is done in spangles; the parts immediately surrounding it, in gold, and

beyond this the silk is worked in common embroidery stitch. The crosses and small ornaments are all in gold bullion.

This design would be admirably adapted for a child's shoe, if slightly reduced in size.

PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERY.



EDGING FOR CHEMISE.



INSERTION.

NEW STYLE OF PUFFED SLEEVE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



HAVING giving, in late numbers, patterns and directions for making mantillas, children's cloaks, bodies, &c. &c., we now give a new style of puffed sleeve, which, we think, is destined to become the most fashionable of the season.

It is a sleeve with a flounce. This new form is most frequently made of plain tulle of the finest quality. The two rows of puffing are put on a band just large enough to let the hand through. The flounce is placed between them, and trimmed with a narrow lace and several rows of black velvets or pink ribbon; then small bows of ribbons or velvet are stuck at intervals.

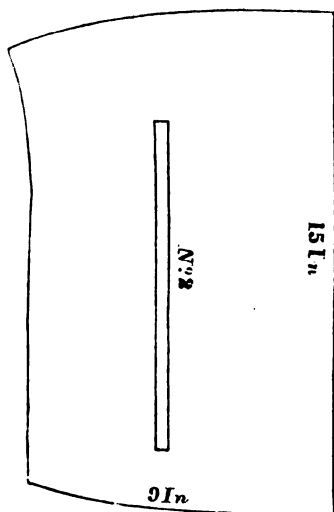
No. 1. Sleeve.

No. 2. Half the puff.

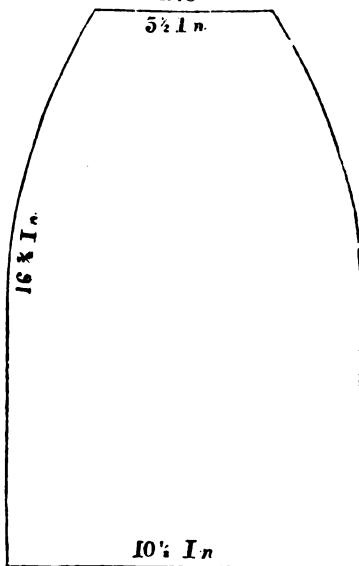
No. 3. Flounce.

No. 4. Band.

N^o 1

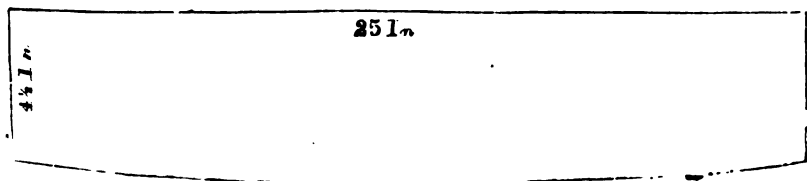


N^o 3



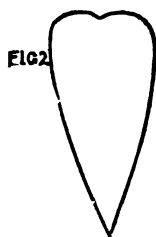
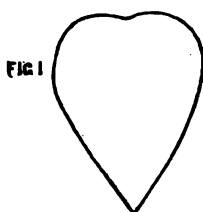
N^o 4

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DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING SWEET PEA.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



Cut six petals same as figure 1, and wire like figure 2. Make a crease through the centre of each petal, curl the nine small ones in toward the heart, the six large ones curl out with your scissors: gum a small piece of green wire up the centre of each of the small petals: touch the back of six of the small ones with gum, and fasten one to each of the large sizes: the three other small ones forms the buds: branch like figure 8; more buds may be added if desired. The same patterns will do for the Scarlet Bean and Acacia, though for the latter the inside

petal should be crimped in the hand with a small, round moulder.

* MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 31 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

NETTED SCARF, FOR EVENING WEAR.

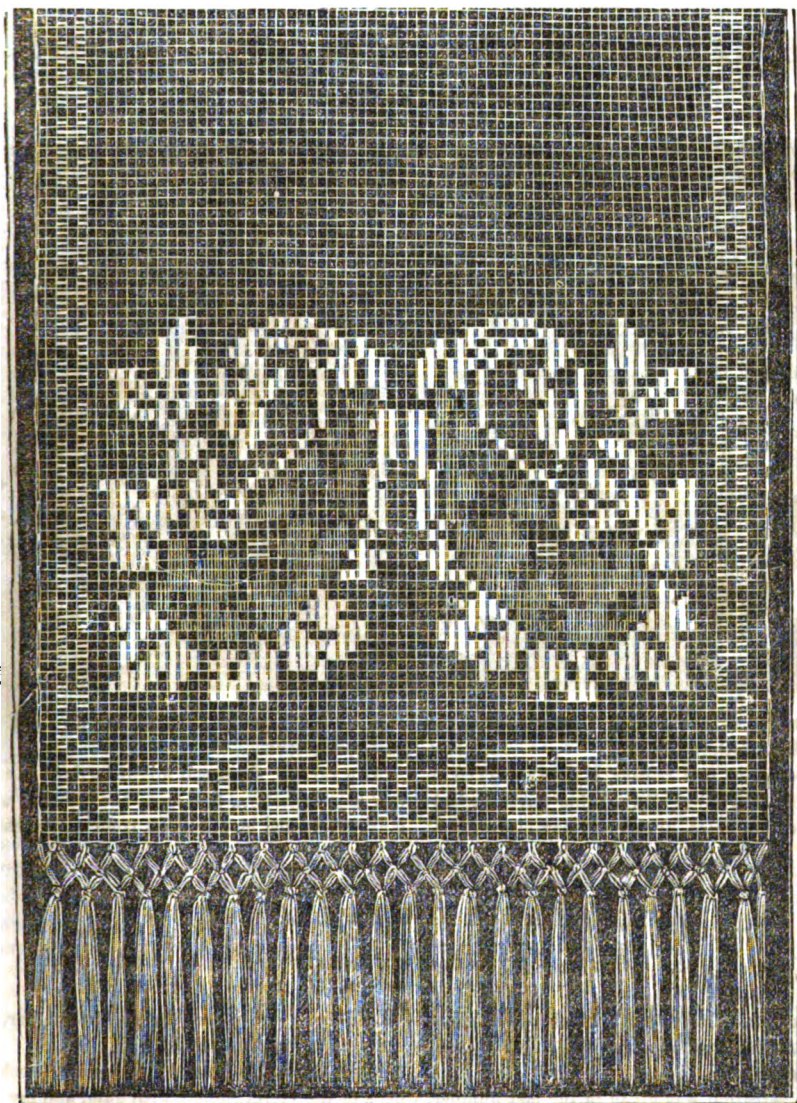
BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—Two ounces maize four-thread Berlin wool; one ounce of violet ditto; twelve skeins of each of two shades of green; (not too dark) a bone mesh.

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So many of our friends have asked for a design for a scarf for the throat—which, while looking pretty, can be easily made, and will bear washing—that we trust the pattern we now give

will suit them. It is done in oblong netting—stitch of every row, until, counting from the corner up one side, you have sixty-eight holes. That is, netting in which the meshes are of a square form, and the piece formed is longer than wide. Then do one row without any increase at the end, and observe that this forms the other corner. Begin with a single stitch in one corner, and increase by doing two stitches in the last stitch of every row, until, counting from the corner up one side, you have sixty-eight holes. Then do one row without any increase at the end, and observe that this forms the other corner. In the next row, increase as usual; in the



following decrease, by doing two together. Continue thus to increase at the end of one row, and decrease at the termination of the next—which is always the *short* side—until the long side is as long as may be wished.

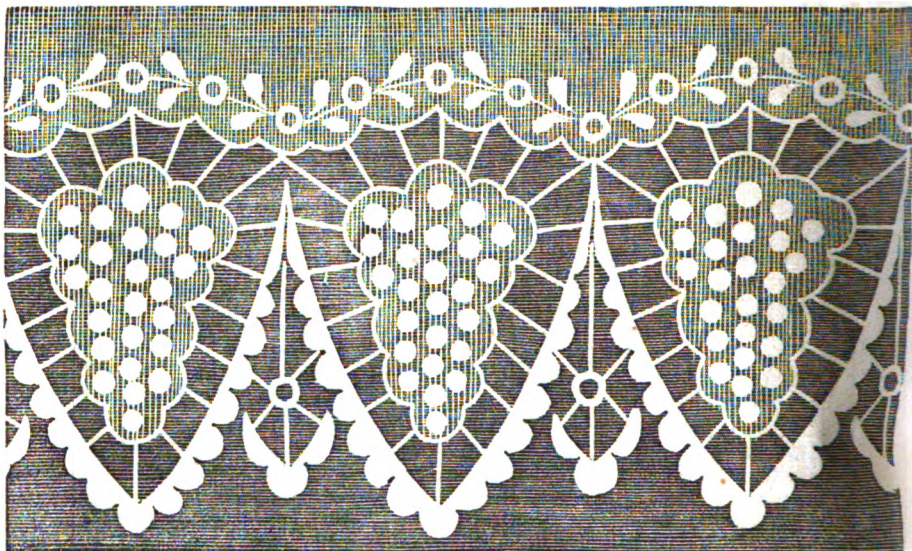
Again, do a row without increase, (being one of the increase rows) and complete the scarf by netting two together, at the end of *every* row, until the last two stitches are formed into one.

Put the piece of netting into a frame, very evenly and tightly, rolling the superfluous part round the upper bar; and darn it with the green and violet wools. The scroll at the ends, which just occupies the width of the netting, is done wholly in the latter color; so is the narrow Greek border. The pines are done in greens; the whole outer parts, leaves, and scroll, in the light shade, and the pines themselves in the

darker tint. A single purple spot is in each pine. The ends are worked alike; and the rest of the scarf may be ornamented with small sprigs, if desired. A handsome fringe of green and violet is knotted into the ends. Any other color may be substituted for maize, if desired. White would look very well, and hardly be more delicate.

SLEEVE TRIMMING IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



MATERIALS.—Fine Scotch Cambric, and the Embroidery Cotton, No. 80.

The scroll of this border is to be worked in buttonhole-stitch, but all the other parts, including the eyelet-holes, are simply sewed over. It

is a design equally adapted for an open or a Bishop's-sleeve.

As a variety, the scroll might be done in a narrow lace insertion, laid over the muslin, which must afterward be cut away from underneath.

LAMP MAT IN APPLICATION.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—Brown cloth, black velvet, green or blue Albert cord of a nice color. A yard of rollo to match.

The illustration was given in the last number, by mistake.

The dark parts to be in velvet. Trace the quarter carefully, and from it mark the entire mat on thin bank post paper. Perforate the outlines with a needle, lay the perforated pattern on the velvet, keeping it evenly down, and brush it over with pomice. Then go over the outlines with a solution of flake-white and gum water, and finally cut it all carefully out. The border

should be in one piece, the star in another, and each medallion separately.

Mark the outlines on the cloth also, brush the back of the velvet lightly with gum, and lay each piece on carefully and separately, putting weights to keep it down. The velvet should have a very short pile: indeed German velvet would do very well for this purpose.

The edges of the velvet should be sewed down, and then furnished with a line of Albert braid.

It must afterward be mounted on cardboard, covered on the other side with silk or calico, and the rollo trimming added.

DESIGN FOR WORKING A BALL-DRESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



The design is simply run; the leaves, stems, and caly, in green; and the flowers and border in colors, choosing any tint preferred for the latter. The edges are to be trimmed with fringe.

Take care to join the silks as neatly and closely as possible, without leaving any ends. For fast-

MATERIALS.—Black net, and fillo-selle silks of the following colors:—Green, two shades; cerise, crimson, and gold color.

Several subscribers having requested a design which they could use for decorating their own ball-dresses, we give one which, we think, entirely suitable. The sprig we give here, and the flounce in the front of the number. Any number of flounces may be worked, according to the taste of the wearer; but if only two or three, the upper part of each, as well as that part of the dress not covered by them, must be embroidered with the small sprig.

The silk we recommend will be found far less expensive than floss; and if the net be fine, each needleful, when cut off, may be split in half; the design must be traced on white paper, inked with red ink, and tacked underneath the net for each scallop or bouquet to be worked. A piece of glazed calico may be pasted under the paper, to prevent it from wearing very quickly.

ening the colored silk on the green, or *vice versa*, a weaver's knot would be the best.

We hope that a design so simple and effective as this, which can be worked with little expense or trouble, will encourage our young lady friends to try their skill in the manufacturing, or at least, decoration, of their own ball-dresses.

MOSAIC TAPESTRY.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE term Mosaic tapestry is applied to that sort of Berlin work in which a pattern is produced by partially covering gold or silver braid with silk; in this way, the design may appear in gold on a colored ground, or the ground may be in gold, and the pattern in colors.

Of all the various kinds of Berlin work, this is the simplest and the most effective: brilliant as it is, moreover, it can be done at comparatively a trifling cost, as, of course, *Mosaic* gold and silver braid only are used, and for many designs only one color of wool or silk is required.

It is essential, however, that this one color be well selected. Some tints throw out gold very much better than others; nothing with a tinge of yellow in it, will look well, consequently olives and yellow-greens must be avoided. The best contrasts are afforded by rich purple, claret, maroon, blue, and green, of that shade termed *vert d'islay*. Our readers will, perhaps, recognize it more easily as the bluish-green lately very fashionable for dresses. Groups of leaves worked in this shade of green, on a ground of gold braid, have a splendid appearance; but it is advisable to use several shades, to give, as nearly as possible, the effect of nature. When the pattern is in gold, the ground colored, one shade only is necessary; or if more be introduced, they may be regulated by measurement.

THE STYLE OF PATTERN SUITABLE FOR MOSAIC TAPESTRY.—Groups of leaves and flowers of a simple form, do best for this work; and almost any damask pattern will be found very effective. Leaves that are pointed, and of a marked character, such as the common ivy, do extremely well for this work. For borders, I prefer such simple patterns as may be worked by the thread; and such as are marked on checked paper, for working in square crochet, are often by no means ill-adapted for it.

TO PREPARE A DESIGN.—Draw the pattern on strong writing-paper, and ink all the outlines very clearly: then lay it under the canvass, keeping both in their places by means of weights, and trace the pattern on the canvass with a fine camel's-hair brush dipped in ink. The outlines should be marked as plainly as possible, and the coarser the canvass is, the more difficult to do it. It is well to allow some margin of canvass,

and the raw edges must be turned down and herring-boned.

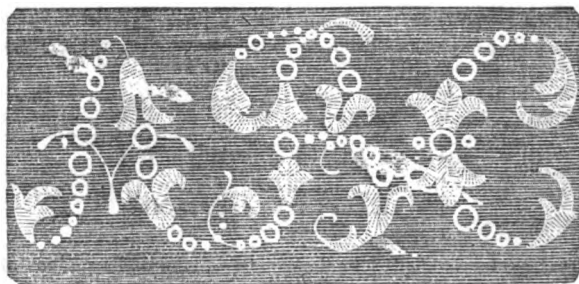
THE MODE OF WORKING.—Cut off a length of braid, and run it on the canvass, in a straight line; then work over it, omitting those parts where the braid is to be seen, and taking the stitches in a direct line across the braid, over two threads in height, but not crossing any in the width. Sometimes when the point of a leaf or any other part, requires a very sharp angle, a stitch may be made in a slanting direction.

Patterns marked with ink, on the canvass, must be worked according to those marks; but where there is a design of a border on any simple piece to be worked by the stitch, it may be first done on checked paper and then copied, reckoning two stitches on the canvass (with one thread between them) for every square. If a square is to be missed, leave two holes, (or three threads,) and always in missing squares, reckon by the spaces, not the threads.

In selecting materials for this work, choose the braid first; then canvass of such a size that two threads will be covered by the width of the braid. Much of the beauty of the work depends on this, as, if the canvass be too coarse, no after-care will enable you to fill it up; and if too fine, the wool will be spoiled. Never use German canvass.

Besides gold and silver braid, other materials may be used in the same manner. Russia silk braid and straw look very pretty; plain straw can only, however, be used for small articles: such as are not wider than the length of the whole straws sold in the bonnet-makers' shops, but the fancy plaids may be worked the same as metal or silk braid.

LETTERS FOR MARKING.



These are intended to be worked in satin-stitch; and from the delicacy of the design, it will be necessary to use very fine cotton, such as the No. 80.

The spots may be pierced with a stiletto, and

sewed round, if that will correspond better with the style of the handkerchief than the satin-stitch.

The coral branches ought to be considerably raised.

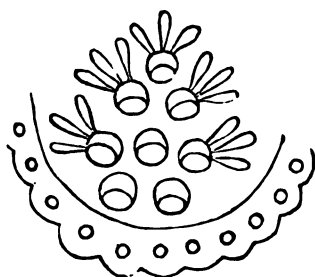
CAPS, BONNETS, MANTILLAS, ETC.



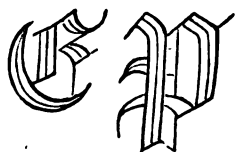
BONNET.



HEAD-DRESS.



EMBROIDERY.



INITIALS.



MANTILLA.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

COUNTRY PAPERS.—Yes, into our dignified sanctum they come, with fresh, light, happy-looking faces, those pleasant, rural sheets, smelling of flowers and sunshine even in wintry weather. We like them; with but few exceptions they are capital vehicles of thought, (especially when they compliment our pet.) Freshness, originality and tact, characterize many of their editorials. They are purged from the dross and the guile of great, crowded cities. They are sent forth from the midst of Nature's beautiful things, birds, trees and flowers, woods, vallies and the free, blue heaven. Those who occupy the chair-editorial, though they may be learned in the classics, are not worldly in the common sense of the word. It is the city editor who goes wearily into his sanctum, day after day, with brain clouded and aching with the reminiscences of gas-light, painted cheeks and artificial flowers. It is the city editor who feels obliged to fill whole columns with the capers of dancing girls—and the heaven-seeking notes of anything but heavenly singers. They say but little, those country editors, of rows and murders—they take high, pure views of life. Altogether, we breathe freer and are less inclined to believe in total depravity after reading a smart, intelligent country paper.

And those modest, little poems peeping so unobtrusively from the corners, often are they superior in feeling to much that is lauded by the city press. Rural pictures, they bring up, and suggest old farm-houses embowered in the foliage of summer.

The editor has often a favorite contributor—but who it is he cannot tell under her charming *nom de plume*. He little dreams it is the rosy maiden of whose substantial bread and sweet butter he often partakes. He has at times caught sight of her through the—steam of—shades of distinguished authors!—the wash-tub; but never thought she gave her time to the muses.

It is so, nevertheless. She is a bright and pretty girl, that Mattie of the farm-house. She can make cheese and darn stockings, and work lace and cut patterns by "Peterson." She is a shy, modest, country genius, whose little library would make many a showy city belle blush, and, moreover, as graceful and tasteful as she is good and clever. Some day a proud, old farmer, with ruddy cheeks and little "book larnin'," favors the curly-headed editor with a look into the "darter's" sanctum. Of course Mattie knows nothing about it. What a charming wife she would make! Good poetry and prime cooking!

Hereafter commend to us the country paper. Sparks from the thought-anvil fly thick and fast. Joyous and light they are—the editor is married.

The country paper is more of a gem than ever, and "Peterson's" gets decidedly "richer" notices. Success to country papers.

RUTH.—Of the many poems written on "Ruth," the following, which we find without an author's name, is not the least meritorious. We think it so well worth preserving that we insert it. Can any one tell who wrote it?

When the sunlight kissed the hill-tops,
In the dew of early morn,
Ruth went out behind the reapers,
Through the golden shocks of corn.

Patience gleamed with her the pastures,
Hope sobbed softly in her sighs,
Love lit up her trembling features
With a glow of Paradise.

Then said Boaz to the reapers,
"Hers be all that each man leaves,
Trouble not the Jewish maiden,
Let her glean among the sheaves."

Long the master loved to linger
Looking backward o'er the plain,
Seeing there a sweeter treasure
Than the Summer-scented grain.

Ruth no longer haunts the pastures,
Sobs no more amid the corn,
Follows not the other reapers
Through the dewy fields of morn.

But the harvest songs from meadow,
Slumbrous hill-side, billowy plain,
Bear the tidings—"she is mistress
Over all the rustling grain."

Thus when Love and Hope and Patience,
Glean the pastures God has sown,
Softly angel-songs shall welcome
Us, the reapers, as his own.

WHAT WOMAN CAN DO.—The Philadelphia Ledger, in an article under the above caption, speaks as follows. The article was suggested by the frequent complaints that, under the present organization of society, there is nothing, or but little, for woman to do. We can frankly say that we coincide heartily in every thought.

Nothing for woman to do! Is there no wrong, or sorrow, or death? Are there no motherless children, famishing equally for mortal and for immortal food? Are there no families, where the little ones are more than orphans, because the parents are drunkards, or criminals, or both? Is there no brother, or other relative, whom womanly sympathy might take by the hand, and lead past the yawning pit of ruin, as the guardian angel, in the picture, leads the small child past the beeding precipice? While trouble, or evil, or death exists, there will be plenty to be done by women, whether unmarried or married. In fact, the province of single women lies nigher these out-of-door charities than that of the wife or mother. Wisely

It has been ordered, that some of the sex shall be denied the sweet solace of domestic life, in order that they may imitate their divine Master, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and comforting the widowed and the fatherless.

But as the great majority of women enter into the married relation, it is of them we ought principally to speak, in answering the question, "What can woman do?" As a wife and mother, woman can make or mar the fortune and happiness of her husband and children. By her thrift, prudence and tact, she can secure to her partner and herself, a competence in old age, no matter how small their beginnings, or how adverse a fate may occasionally be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirits, shaken by the anxieties of business. By her tender care she can often restore him to health if disease has seized upon his overtaken powers. By her counsels and her love, she can win him from bad company, if temptation, in an evil hour, has led him astray. By her example, her precepts, and her sex's insight into character, she can mould her children, however diverse their dispositions, into good and noble men and women. And by leading, in all things, a true and beautiful life, she can refine, elevate and spiritualize all who come within her reach, so that, with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can eventually do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated.

She can do as much, alas! perhaps even more, to degrade man, if she chooses it. Who can estimate the evil that a woman has the power to do? As a wife, she can ruin her husband by extravagance, folly, or want of affection. She can make a devil and outcast of a man who might otherwise have become a good member of society. She can bring bickerings, strife, and perpetual discord into what has been a happy home. She can change the innocent babes whom God has entrusted to her charge, into vile men and viler women. She can lower the moral tone of society itself, and thus pollute legislation at the spring-head. She can, in fine, become an instrument of evil, instead of an angel of good. Instead of making flowers of truth, purity, beauty, and spirituality spring up in her footsteps, till the whole earth smiles with loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and blasted desert, covered with the scoria of all evil passions, and swept by the bitter blasts of everlasting death.

PARODY ON "HIAWATHA."—Many good parodies on "Hiawatha" have appeared, but none better than the following, which "hits off," not only the measure, but Longfellow's peculiar style of inculcating a moral. The humor is capital.

Never jumps a sheep that's frightened
Over any fence whatever,
Over wall, or fence, or timber,
But a second follows after,
And a third upon a second,
First a sheep and them a dozen,
Till they all in quick succession,
One by one have got clear over.
So misfortunes almost always,
Follow after one another,
Seem to watch each other, always,
When they see the tail uplifted,
In the air the tail uplifted,
As the sorrow leapeth over:
So they follow, thicker, faster,
Till the air of earth seems darkened
With the tails of sad misfortunes.

DIRECTIONS FOR PATTERNS.—In this, as in last month's number, we omit the directions for working several patterns. The reason is, that we have described similar work so often that we presume our subscribers need no further instructions.

VENITIAN POINT LACE COLLAR.—The directions for working this choice affair were given in our last number.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Island of Cuba. By Alexander Humboldt. Translated from the Spanish. With Notes and A Preliminary Essay. By J. S. Thrasher, New York: Derby & Jackson. Philada: Parry & McMillan.—Mr. Thrasher, the translator of this work, says that he was induced to render it into English, because he considered it the best book ever written on Cuba. His long residence on the Island certainly qualified him to be a good judge on this question. An excellent map accompanies the volume. Such changes as have occurred since Humboldt's visit are carefully noted. The volume is really more valuable than if Humboldt had written it now, because then he would only have described Cuba as it is at present; whereas, what with the original work and Thrasher's notes, we have now a complete view of the Island for the last fifty years. Like all of Derby and Jackson's books, the volume is neatly printed.

Men and Times of the Revolution. By Winslow C. Watson. New York: Dana & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The author of this book, Elkanah Watson, travelled extensively, both in Europe and in America, at a time when travelling was less common than it is now. In doing this, he made the acquaintance of many eminent individuals, with some of whom he afterward maintained a correspondence. As he was a discriminating observer, we have, in this volume, a graphic and valuable picture of many social, political, and other characteristics of the past. To all intelligent readers these reminiscences will prove not less delightful than instructive, while to the future historian they will be of the greatest value. The style is unaffected. The publishers issue the work in a handsome octavo.

The Wonders of Science; or, Young Humphrey Davy. By Henry Mayhew. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A biography of Sir Humphrey Davy's youth. Originally an apothecary lad, Davy taught himself natural philosophy, and eventually rose, as is well known, to be President of the Royal Society and one of the first chemists of his day. The book is designed for the young, and is admirably written for its purpose. It is, however, not only a memoir of Davy, but a popular treatise on what is most wonderful in science, the instruction being imparted in the guise of conversations. Numerous illustrations embellish the volume and assist to elucidate the text.

Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers. To which is added *Porsoniana*. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Books of this description have always been agreeable, from the days of Selden down; for they not only abound in pointed sayings, but bring the poet or other great man before us in his social undress. They are, however, apt to lower our estimation of the author, unless we remember that we hear his *mots* at second-hand and deprived of the accessories of manner and occasion. That the present volume, though it abounds with good things, contains some indifferent ones, will surprise no one, therefore: but the excellencies may fairly be placed to the credit of Rogers, the demerits to the treacherous memory or want of skill of the editor. Whoever is familiar with the literary history of England, during the last fifty years, will find additional zest in this work; for it introduces him or her to a host of celebrities, and gives scores of little traits of character heretofore unknown. We are tempted to select some of the best things for our readers, but are debarred by the consideration that this would hardly be fair to the publishers. The volume is printed with great elegance, rivalling, in this respect, the choicest books of the London press. We predict for it a very large sale.

Courtship and Marriage. By Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A seasonable publication. The novels of Mrs. Hentz have always been popular, but they now have additional interest, in consequence of her untimely death. The volume is handsomely printed and bound. A portrait of the author, said to be an excellent one, is given as a frontispiece. By an advertisement on our cover, it will be seen that T. B. Peterson intends publishing a revised edition of Mrs. H.'s novels, uniform with "Courtship and Marriage." They will be printed, as the present volume is, on much finer paper, and with more beautiful type, than ever before. The enterprise must command success.

Poe's Miscellaneous Works. Vol. 4. New York: Redfield & Co.—This volume contains the nautical tale of A. Gordon Pym, an autobiography written by Poe, in his earlier life, and which commanded considerable success at that time. It exhibits marks of genius, but does not equal his late productions. In addition to this story, the volume contains numerous fugitive criticisms, sketches, &c., of more or less merit. The whole of Poe's works, in four elegant volumes, have now been published.

Shoepac Recollections. A Wayside Glimpse of American Life. By Walter March. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brother.—The scene of this tale is laid at Detroit. It begins when that town was an antiquated French one, but concludes when Detroit had become a bustling Yankee city. The transition affords scope for the bringing out of many odd characters and varied incidents. There is much that is fresh and piquant in the volume. We think it a first attempt.

The War in Kansas. A Rough Trip To The Border, Among New Homes and A Strange People. By Douglas Brewerton. 1 vol. New York: Derby & Jackson. Philada: Parry & McMillan.—A ready written volume, whose object is so clearly set forth in the title, that we need only say, "get it, if you wish to read an interesting book on the subject." It is dedicated to Kit Carson. A portrait of the author faces the title page. Mr. B. originally went to Kansas as correspondent of the N. Y. Herald.

The Green Mountain Girls. A Story of Vermont. By Blythe White, Jr. 1 vol. New York: Derby & Jackson. Philada: Parry & McMillan.—The main purpose of this fiction is to inculcate the wisdom of abstinence from intoxicating drinks and the folly and danger of indulging in them. Parts of the story are exceedingly well done. Some of the scenes, indeed, bring tears to the eyes. The author throughout has the great merit of naturalness. Several capital illustrations embellish the volume.

The Courtesies of Wedded Life. By Mrs. Maclean Leslie. 1 vol. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Co.—A series of life-like pictures, connected by an interesting plot, and designed to illustrate the Scriptural text, "Wives, reverence your husbands," "Husbands, love your wives." The book is free, however, from the fault of being too didactic; the moral is inculcated without wearying the reader. We recommend the work as equally delightful and salutary.

Toiling and Hoping. The Story of a Little Household. By Jenny Marsh. 1 vol. New York: Derby & Jackson. Philada: Parry & McMillan.—A novel of domestic life, full of quiet beauty, and eminently healthful in its moral tone. It is announced as a first effort, but would scarcely be thought so by the reader; and is so superior in many respects that we hope often to hear from the same quarter.

Beauchampe. A Sequel to Charlemont. By W. G. Simms. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—This powerful story is founded on a well known tragedy, which happened in Kentucky about a generation ago. It possesses the most intense interest. The publisher has issued the book in very handsome style, to match the rest of his series of Simms' Revised Novels and Romances.

Lardner's One Thousand and Ten Things Worth Knowing. 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brothers.—This book explains how to do almost everything that is necessary in the kitchen, parlor, and dressing room. It is a complete guide-book in the useful and domestic arts. A treatise is added at the end, entitled "Eight Hundred Ways To Make Money." Price twenty-five cents.

Henri De La Tour; or, The Comrades in Arms. By J. F. Smith. 1 vol. New York: Garrett & Co.—A new novel, by the author of "Woman and Her Master," "Romantic Incidents in the Lives of the Queens of England," &c. &c. It is published in cheap style, at fifty cents.

The City Architect. By Wm. H. Raulett. Vol. I. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.—This is a royal quarto volume, containing five large engravings, one of which is beautifully tinted. It is the first of a series, designed to show the style of dwellings, stores, and public buildings adapted to cities and villages. Each volume, in addition to the letter-press, contains numerous drawings of plans, elevations, sections, details &c.: thus the present has a design for a row of city houses, with Grecian fronts, accompanied by drawings of doors, pediments, mantel-pieces, &c. &c. and other volumes will contain other plans. The work promises to be an exceedingly valuable one. Price fifty cents a volume.

Christine; or, Woman's Trials and Triumphs. By Laura J. Curtis. 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.—The dedication of this book attracted us by its good taste. It runs thus:—"To my father and mother, who have listened to these pages as I wrote, and who have been at once my audience and my critics, this work is affectionately dedicated." The promise of excellence, held out by this simple, yet graceful dedication, was fully realized in the pages that followed. "Christine" is a deeply interesting story. The trials and triumphs of woman are so graphically told in it, indeed, that the reader, who has once begun the book, is reluctant to leave it till the end is reached. It is neatly published.

Sketches and Adventures in Madeira, Portugal, and the Andalusias of Spain. By the author of "Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A work of unusual interest. Comparatively little has been written about Madeira by Americans, and not much more about Andalusia, though both are such fascinating themes. Among all the books of travel, lately published, therefore, we know of no one which is so agreeable reading as this. The author observes keenly, tells his story naturally, and writes in good, honest, unaffected English. The volume is neatly printed. Several engravings add to the interest of the text.

Italian Sights and Papal Principles, Seen Through American Spectacles. By J. Jackson Jarvis. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this book is favorably known for his "Parisian Sights." The present work is not inferior to that, and will secure, we feel assured, an extensive popularity. The publishers have issued it in very elegant style, enriching it with numerous illustrations drawn on the spot. It is as valuable as a hand-book of Italy, and infinitely more agreeable reading. T. B. Peterson has it for sale in Philadelphia.

Physiology and Calisthenics. In Schools and Families. By Catharine E. Beecher. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new edition of a work, of which we spoke, on a former occasion, in terms of the highest praise. The portion devoted to Calisthenic exercises is illustrated with numerous cuts. No family should be without this valuable little book.

THE TOILET.

A CHILD'S TOILET.—The mind of a child is capable of being trained and educated from its earliest infancy; it develops into perfection in proportion to the care and culture bestowed upon it; and so it is with the body—health, vigor, and beauty of frame can be promoted or marred, perfected or destroyed, according as the laws which govern our physical being are neglected or obeyed.

A child's toilet should be conducted in harmony with nature; nor should custom, prejudice, or fashion be allowed to overpower its simple dictates. Two points are especially to be considered—cleanliness and loose clothing—each of which are of equal benefit to health and beauty. The best way of accomplishing cleanliness is by immersing the body in water; it prevents the chill which frequently follows partial ablutions, equalizes the circulation, and preserves the healthy condition of the skin. The water should be tepid for young and delicate children, but when the constitution will bear it, the salutary effects will be greater if the temperature is reduced gradually until nearly cold. A tepid bath varies from 85 deg. to 65 deg.; for daily use it should not exceed this heat. When taken for the purpose of allaying feverish symptoms, or other indispositions incidental to childhood, the temperature should be 96 deg. Baths above this degree should never be used without medical advice. Although daily baths are highly important in the toilet of a child, yet much care and prudence are requisite on the part of those who have the charge of children. On leaving the bath, the child should, without any unnecessary loss of time, be rapidly dried, and well rubbed with a warm, coarse towel; if powder is used, starch, finely powdered and sifted, is a better and more innocent absorbent than the usual scented hair powders. Should any chafing occur, and become troublesome, as sometimes happens with fat children, the following lotion may be used to bathe the part: Six ounces of rose-water mixed with ten of white vitriol. The best time for the bath is the morning, and it should not be discontinued during the cold seasons, or after the child has passed over the first two or three years of its life; it is surprising to observe the difference of texture in the skin which has been subjected regularly to the bath, and that which has merely undergone the partial and incomplete ablutions which some persons suppose all-sufficient for toilet purposes. A habit of bathing early acquired is soon felt to be a necessary luxury, and is afterward persevered in, not only from motives of personal cleanliness, but from the experience of its invigorating and refreshing influence. Bathing ought to form a constant auxiliary to the toilet, for it possesses the two-fold advantage of preserving the bloom and delicacy of youth, and imparting to the frame additional strength and vigor.

Friction with the hand, or a flattish roll of flannel, renders the skin brilliant, supple, and soft, and is in

many respects superior to the flesh-brush. In growing girls the skin has a tendency to become rough and scaly; when this is the case, it is advisable to use, instead of soap, the following preparation:—A quarter of a pound of barley-meal and two pounds of bran boiled in rain-water, until the mass is of the consistence of thick cream.

The clothing of children ought to be loose and light; and their ease and comfort should be studied with regard to the form and make of their several articles of dress. No close-fitting bodies and belts should impede the free action of the muscles of the chest and spine; no tight bands fetter their limbs; there should be no pressure anywhere; the feet should not be restricted in their growth by narrow boots. The foot would, in after life, be far more beautiful if, from childhood, the boots and shoes were large enough to admit of the toes preserving their natural position; however small and pretty a foot may appear in its elegant boot or satin slipper, it is very rare to find one that can bear a closer examination, the constant confinement to which it has been subjected generally ending in distortion of the joints and toes. Children who are inclined to extreme thinness may be benefited by the following practice: Let the child stand perfectly firm and upright, with the shoulders thrown back, let the nurse or mother press one hand on the chest, the other on the back, and then let the child draw a very deep respiration, so that the lungs are well inflated, and then as gradually expel the air. This should be repeated three or four times; this plan pursued steadily, night and morning, during the short space of one month, we have seen effect a surprising improvement in a child's appearance. The features of the face should be carefully treated—the teeth washed twice in the day, and the mouth rinsed after eating. Attention to this would save much unnecessary pain; the eyelashes should be occasionally clipped, and the hair brushed back from the forehead. Many children's hair curls with water, which renders the hair coarse and rough, unless rain water is used; and when it cannot be obtained, rose-water or elder-flower should be substituted. Any dryness of the lips should be immediately removed by a salve composed of olive-oil melted with white wax, and beaten up with rose-water. By neglecting excoriations on the lips of children, an ugly scar is often made on the centre of the under lip, which can never afterward be effaced. The tips of the fingers and the nails should meet with as much care in the nursery as in the tiring-room of maturity. The exquisite beauty of a young child's hand is generally spoilt by neglect; nor is it until after personal vanity has awakened, and a course of careful training has ensued, that the hand of the adult regains a portion of its original beauty. Regularity in the habits of children is very important to their blooming and healthful appearance; their meals, their ablutions, their exercise, should take place at fixed times; their occupations, too, should be of a graceful kind, tending to improve the figure and give a good address. Dancing

should be introduced as a nursery amusement; it would be well worth the trouble of a nurse to learn some simple tunes upon the accordion, for the young charges to march or dance to measure; nothing would contribute more to remove the awkward shyness which oppresses so many children. A nurse should also have a taste for music, and be able to sing. Children invariably love music, and quickly learn to imitate sounds. Many a merry, happy hour may be spent in singing simple melodies. Children must have means of active and cheerful excitement; if innocent ones are not provided, the restless little creatures resort to their own devices, and hence the constant nursery echo of naughtiness and mischief. Politeness and good feeling among each other should be assiduously cultivated; they give a charm to the manners more pleasing than mere beauty of form and feature. Children also love usefulness; little employments which have a semblance of utility, interest and delight them, and ought to be invented or contrived for them. A habit of industry would be thus imperceptibly acquired, which would not only serve for present amusement, but would find their account in after life. While considering the due regulations of children's employments and sports with a view to their physical well-being, their moral development and improvement should not be forgotten. We shall not enter upon this branch of a child's training, as it does not come within our province, except to suggest that beauty in its highest character can never exist without a combination of health, happiness, and virtue. Health spreads a Hebe-like radiance over the face and form; happiness lends a charm which sheds around a portion of its own bliss and brightness; while virtue diffuses a halo of tender, noble beauty, which wins its way to every heart.

RECIPES FOR PERFUMES.

THE toilet table requires to contribute to the rare results which are so nicely understood and appreciated in refined society. Without them, the toilet table would be considered incomplete; but the price demanded for many of them is so high that a few recipes for such as may be easily manufactured at home, at comparatively trifling cost, may not be wholly unacceptable. Among these toilet accessories perfumes form an important item; they are applied for the purpose of communicating fragrance to the handkerchief, the linen, and other articles of wearing apparel; they are administered as restoratives in many forms on various occasions, and also are used as a means of diffusing a pleasing and hygienic odor to the atmosphere of rooms; in the latter case, precaution should be taken never to exhibit them in apartments deprived of a free and perfect ventilation, as the ultimate elements of all perfumes, whether derived from vegetable or animal substances, are oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, with the addition of

trogen, in animal substances, all of which, with the exception of oxygen, are inimical to respiration, and highly injurious to animal life, unless there be sufficient oxygen in the air of the apartment to counteract their effect.

Those perfumes, which may be classed as restoratives, do not properly belong to the toilet department, and we, therefore, shall only offer one simple receipt for composing an aromatic vinegar:—Take half a pint of acetic acid, add to it half an ounce of dried rosemary, the same quantity of lavender and bruised cloves, let these digest several days, then pour off the liquid, strain and bottle for use. For perfuming apartments, the subjoined recipes will be found effectual—the pastille and the perfume lamp are the most popular modes adopted for this purpose. A powerful and agreeable pastille may be composed with the following ingredients:—A quarter of a pound of Benzoin, of myrrh and tolu the same quantity, each in powder, half an ounce of essence of cloves, nutmegs and lavender, one ounce of nitrate of potass, and blend all together into a stiff paste with mucilage of tragacantha; form it into any devised shape, and leave it to dry gradually. The perfume lamp is merely a spirit lamp filled with an odorous spirituous essence; a strong and pleasant one is made by mixing equal parts of eau de cologne, tincture of myrrh, benzoin and cloves, with half an ounce of bergamot.—Another more simple and less expensive may be made with one pint of spirits of wine, half a pint of lavender-water, half an ounce of essence of vanilla, and half an ounce of nitre. A quick and easy way of diffusing a purifying odor to the air of a room is by the fumes of ignited paper prepared in the following manner:—Damp with a sponge dipped in alum-water a sheet of coarse brown paper; when partially dry, spread over it a layer of dissolved gum benzoin and myrrh, lay it to dry, and then cut it into slips and fold them like paper allumettes, ready for use.

When perfumes are applied to wearing apparel, it should be observed that they never neutralize or overpower any exhalations which may arise from the omission of regular daily ablutions, and for such purposes their use cannot be too highly deprecated. Lavender used to be formerly a very favorite perfume to scent drawers and wardrobes; but it is no longer considered *distingue*, and is rarely used except in combination with other odors. Sachets and scent-bags filled with a mixture of various dried fragrant flowers and leaves, in equal proportions, usually called *pot pourri*, gives a delicious flowery perfume. Cedar wood or santal-wood, ground finely with powdered nutmegs, cloves, and myrrh, forms a pleasing combination for a sachet. Perfumed cloths are now much used to line draws and presses; they are prepared thus:—A piece of linen is steeped in diluted rose water, when nearly dry, a composition is spread on it and allowed to dry, it is then covered with some delicately colored silk or gingham previous to being placed in the drawers; the composition is composed of similar ingredients to those employed for sachets,

excepting that mucilage of tragacantha is added to bring them to the consistency of a thin paste.

For the handkerchief, one of the most admired perfumes is the violet; this may be easily procured at a small expense by the following simple process: Fill a jar with the flowers of freshly gathered violets, pour over them as much warm clarified veal suet as will cover them, cover the jar closely, and let it remain undisturbed for twelve or fourteen hours, in a sufficient heat to keep the fat liquid: the fat should then be poured off the flowers, and fresh ones added to it; this process should be repeated three or four times, until the fat is impregnated with a powerful odor. When the fat is perfectly cold, chop it up finely, and place it in a wide-necked bottle filled with spirits of wine, this must be allowed to remain a week or even longer, until the spirit has imbibed the odor, it must then be drained off and bottled for use; a few drops of spirit of camphor rather improve the perfume: the fat which will still retain a portion of the odor may be melted with sufficient olive oil to reduce it to the consistency of a pomade, and thus may be obtained a cheap and agreeable perfume or bouquet for the handkerchief, and an excellent pomade for the hair. The fragrance of other flowers may be obtained in a similar manner; a very exquisite compound perfume is obtained by combining several kinds of flowers in this process, such as the rose, the honeysuckle, jessamine, geranium, and verbena, only observing that the odor resides in the leaves instead of the flowers of the two latter plants. The following is a recipe for an excellent imitation of eau de cologne, which, for its refreshing and reviving qualities, will be found well adapted for family use. Put into a bottle ten ounces of spirits of wine; add to it two drachms of essence of bergamot and extract of rosemary, twenty drops of essence of lemon and neroli, cork and seal the bottle, shaking it repeatedly during the successive five or six days, when it will be ready for use.

Our space obliges us to limit the number of our receipts, and we shall conclude with directions for composing a delicate perfumed wash, to be used after the ordinary ablutions:—Blanch half a pound of Valencia almonds, and pound them in a mortar; stir slowly into them one pint of orange-flower water, then add a tablespoonful of the best white honey, and the same quantity of French chalk in powder; strain the mass, and add a few drops of essence of violets and otto of roses. This wash may be used regularly with advantage to the skin, and may be considered as a safe and innocent cosmetic.

PARLOR GAMES.

PLAY OF "QUESTIONS."—Prepare a set of cards with numbers written on each in plain, large characters, and then have a duplicate set, which are to be placed in the centre of the table, and the other set must be shuffled and dealt to all the players.

When ready one will commence by drawing a card from the table and asking any personal question. The one who holds the duplicate in his hand, must put it with the other saying, "It is I" or "I do," or some such answer.

The more ridiculous or saucy the question is, the greater merriment it creates; no time should be lost in finding the duplicate, but look quick and reply promptly; here is an example:—

"Who is the laziest person here?" says one, drawing from the pack a card marked 10.

"It is I," says the one who has 10 in her hand, throwing it on the table.

"Who has the darkest eyes?" says the last one, drawing out a 5.

"I have," says the one who can match the 5.

"Who has yellow hair?" says another, producing a 7.

"I myself," is the answer, from one who holds a 7.

"Who is the loveliest person present?" drawing a 12.

"I am," says the holder of 12.

"Who is very impertinent?" says another.

"Oh, I am," exclaims the one matching the card drawn.

In like manner the game proceeds until the cards are all exhausted.

PUZZLES.

THE TWELVE-HOLE PUZZLE.—Punch twelve holes in a piece of cardboard, in the positions as shown in the diagram. How will you cut the cardboard into four pieces of equal size and shape, and to contain three circles, without cutting into any of them?

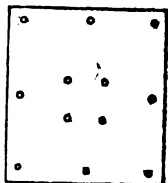


TABLE RECEIPTS.

Maccaroni is usually served thus: Boil it in milk, or in weak veal broth, pretty well flavored with salt. When tender, put it into a dish without the liquor; mix into it some bits of butter and grated cheese; then over the top grate a little more, and add a little more butter. Set the dish in a dutch oven for a quarter of an hour, but do not let the top become hard. To make maccaroni pudding, put an ounce or two of the pipe maccaroni into a pint of milk, with a bit of lemon and cinnamon, and let it simmer until it becomes tender. Turn it into a dish, with milk, two or three eggs, (but only one white,) sugar, nutmeg, a spoonful of peach-water, and half a glass of raisin wine. Bake with a paste round the edge of the dish.

A layer of orange marmalade or raspberry jam in maccaroni pudding for change, is a great improvement. If either be used, omit the almond-water and ratafia, with which you would otherwise flavor it.

Preserving Peas, in their green state, through the winter. Shell the peas and throw them into a saucepan of boiling water. Let them remain on the fire two or three minutes, or until they are well warmed, and then turn them into a cullender. When the water is drained off place them on a dresser covered with a cloth, and afterward remove them to another cloth. When they are perfectly dry bottle them in wide mouthed bottles, leaving room for clarified mutton suet an inch thick, poured over them. Run the cork down and keep the bottles in a cool cellar; or bury them in the ground, a foot and a half deep. When they are to be used, boil them until they are tender in water, adding to it a little butter, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a flavoring of mint.

Salt Cod, when good, has the flesh very white, the flakes large, and the skin very dark, almost black. Before it is dressed it should be soaked in milk and water, or water alone, for several hours, if very dry and salt, a whole day will not be too long. When it has been sufficiently soaked, put the fish into a fish-kettle with plenty of cold water. Set it on the fire, and when nearly boiling skim it, and then let it simmer gently till done. Serve with egg-sauce, and garnish the dish with parsnips or potatoes.

For Pancakes, make a good batter in the usual way with eggs, milk, and flour. Have ready the lard, butter, or whatever else the pancake is to be fried in, quite hot in a frying-pan. Then pour some of the batter into the pan so that it lies very thin. When one side is done, turn the pancake by tossing it lightly up, or by any other convenient method. Pancakes are frequently served with lemon or Seville orange-juice and sugar.

Moelline Pomade may be made according to the following receipt:—Half-a-pound of beef marrow, melted in an oven, and strained. Four ounces of the best olive oil. Mix the whole whilst the marrow is hot, and scent it with essence of cinnamon or lemon. Before it cools, pour it into small pots and cover them.

To Prepare Asparagus in Cream, first boil it in the usual way. Then parboil half-a-pint of cream and a little butter, shake it about, and when the butter is melted, season it, and pour it over the asparagus.

VARIOUS RECEIPTS.

The Yellow Fever.—Capt. Jonas P. Levy, late of the U. S. Transport ship American, who has had hundreds of cases of yellow fever under treatment, says he never knew of a case terminating fatally after observing the following directions:—Dissolve in a wine-glass of water a tablespoonful of common salt, and pour the same into a tumbler, adding the juice of a whole lemon, and two wine-glasses of

or oil. The whole to be taken at one dose (by adult.) Then a hot mustard foot-bath, with a full of salt in the water—the patient to be well wrapped in blankets, until perspiration takes place. On removal to bed, the feet of the patient to be wrapped in the blanket. Afterward, apply mustard plasters to the abdomen, legs and soles of the feet.

If the headache is very acute, apply mustard to the head and temples. After the fever has been broken, take forty grains of quinine and drops of elixir of vitriol to a quart of water. —wine-glass full three times a day. Barley water, lemonade and ice water, may be used in moderation.

the brown hue, frequently perceptible in black lace if occasioned merely by dust, may be removed by the following simple process:—Steep the lace in water which has stood long enough to become fully stale. Dab it about in a basin until perfectly soaked; then press out the liquid by squeezing, fully avoiding wringing, which would tear or break the lace. After stretching it to its proper width, it out to dry. This will be found preferable to the use of gum-water for imparting to the lace the requisite degree of stiffening or dressing, and will make it appear as beautiful as when new. If, however, the brown tint is caused not by dust, but by the oxidation of the lace itself, use the “black rest,” which is sold in bottles at the oil and color shops. Apply it by lightly touching the lace on both sides with a sponge dipped in the liquid. When perfectly dry, dress the lace with the porter as above directed. Exposure to the open air, or the use of steam will speedily remove the smell.

To Clean White Satin Shoes.—Take stale bread, crumbled very fine, and mix it with powdered blue. Rub this well over the shoes, then shake it off, and polish them by slightly rubbing with a clean soft cloth. *Rose Water may be Made Thus.*—Put some roses in water, and add to them a few drops of acid. The water will soon assume the color and perfume of the roses.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—A HOUSE DRESS OF PINK ORGANDIE, trimmed with five flounces, with no opening except a hem. Basque plain, and closed in front. Sleeve tight to the arm on the upper part, finished with three ruffles. Hair in bandeaux; dress composed of roses, and white and black lace.

FIG. II.—A DINNER DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE REZE.—The skirt has three deep flounces, with figures woven in the material. Each flounce edged with a row of narrow fringe. The bottom of the basque reaches to the top of the upper flounce. The corsage is closed up the front with fancy silk buttons, and trimmed with braces corresponding with the flounces. The double pagoda is finished with narrow fringe. Head-dress, honeysuckle and lace.

FIG. III.—MANTELET OF BLACK TULLE, trimmed with black velvet and guipure. The top is composed of a plain part of tulle, on which are sewed some narrow velvets, and terminated by a guipure. A second scarf with hems is also trimmed with velvet and two rows of guipure. The bottom is terminated by a tulle flounce covered with narrow velvets, and terminated by two flounces of deep guipure.

FIG. IV.—BONNET OF ENGLISH STRAW, trimmed with a lace gimp, flowers and ribbon.

FIG. V.—CAP, the top of which is composed of apple-green colored silk, running into long tabs at the sides, and ornamented with very narrow black velvet ribbon and white blonde. A broad ribbon forms a bow with long ends, at the back.

FIG. VI.—DRESS OF PEARL COLORED SILK, with a plain skirt. The basque is made of braces, closed up the front with a row of velvet buttons, and trimmed with black lace. Bonnet of rose-colored silk, trimmed with a row of black velvet, and rose-colored feathers tipped with black.

FIG. VII.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF BLUE TAFFETA.—The corsage open in front, shows a white muslin chemisette, over which is passed a black velvet ribbon in squares. The sleeves and waist ribbons are also of velvet, but wider. Bonnet of white silk, with a blonde under-trimming.

FIG. VIII.—MANTILLA OF DOVE COLORED SILK, cut with side bodies and back, which fits rather closely to the figure. This mantilla is nearly round behind, and has long, shawl-like ends in front. It is trimmed with wide fringe in two shades of dove color, above which is placed a ribbon trimming. The distinguishing feature of this elegant novelty are the braces, formed by the ribbon and fringe, and terminated at the waist behind with a bow of ribbon.

FIG. IX.—CANEZOU.—This canezou is intended to be worn with either a low or a half-high corsage. It is made of figured net, and is edged at the throat and at the sides by a running pink ribbon, upon which are fixed, at little distances apart, small squares of net, figured with narrow black velvet ribbon, and edged with lace. Below this trimming there is a full fall of lace, set on in its entire width at the shoulders, and narrowing toward the waist, both at the back and in front, where the canezou is fixed by a bow of pink ribbon, with long ends. A band of pink ribbon encircles the waist, with bows and ends at each side.

FIG. X.—CANEZOU.—The front and back are composed of rows of lace insertion, alternating with bouillons, in which colored ribbon is inserted. These bouillons are edged at each side by a row of narrow black velvet ribbon. The bretelles, which are formed of rows of insertion, separated by rows of black velvet ribbon, have pendent ends in front, and are fixed at the waist by a bow of ribbon. On the shoulders, bows of black velvet and colored ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For elegant dresses suitable for a watering-place, or evening wear, the corsages are made low in the neck, with a point before and

behind. Sleeves are very short. Berthas and draperies are rivals in favor. Draperies are very advantageous to spare figures. Thin skirts are plaited in large double plaits at the waist, with the under-dress, to make them more voluminous. Dresses continue to be worn long. Those of rich and heavy tissues must absolutely form a train.

Among the preparations for the country may be named several drawn bonnets of the kind called by the French milliners, *capelines* or *caleches*. They are intended chiefly for children or very young ladies. They are found very convenient in the country, as they project beyond the forehead sufficiently to protect it from the rays of the sun, whilst a large cape shades the neck. The cape is prolonged at the sides so as to fasten under the chin, the ends being fixed by a bow formed of the same material as the bonnet. Small, light slips of whalebone, are passed through the runnings. A *capeline* of maroon-color silk has been lined with pink, and ornamented with an under-trimming, consisting of a ruche of pink ribbon, two

bows of the same ribbon being placed at the sides. Attached to the edge is a kind of small veil of maroon-color tulle, bordered by six rows of very narrow pink ribbon, set on in a zig-zag pattern. *Capelines* of a plainer kind are composed of white muslin or grey batiste, lined with pink or cherry-color, and trimmed with ruches of ribbon. Some are composed of very fine jaconet, sprigged with lilac, pink, or blue, and are trimmed with ruches of the same material edged with plain tulle, about an inch wide. Some of the Parisian ladies are adopting for the season *capelines* of a very gay description. They are composed of pink or blue silk, and are covered with tulle or bobbinet, either spotted or sprigged; the tulle net, whichever may be employed, falls over the bonnet and forms a veil with a scalloped edge. A fringe of the same covers the cape, and two long ends drooping at the sides serve the purpose of strings. Bows of pink guaze ribbon, placed under the brim, on each side, are made in a style somewhat resembling fallen roses without leaves.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

MAGAZINES versus MAMMOTH WEEKLIES.—The following article, which we copy from the Boone County Ledger, is so excellent, that we give it without a word of further comment.

"It is surprising to us, that any men should subscribe for cheap Eastern Newspapers, filled up half of the time with matter that is of no earthly account, and introduce them into their families, where they are not more than half of the time read, and looked upon as a nuisance. We say it is surprising, when the same money will insure you one of the best Magazines now published, *Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine*.

"This Magazine is published monthly, and is always filled with the most choice of literature. No man need be ashamed to introduce this Magazine in his family, as it always contains something instructive, both to old and young. To the ladies it is an invaluable companion, as it always contains new patterns of Crochet Work, Needle Work, Embroideries, &c., all of which are invaluable to the ladies. No lady need say that she does not understand Embroidering, &c. &c., when every number contains all that is requisite to make every lady an accomplished needle-woman. Each number is a school of itself. If you wish the latest fashions, you have them when you receive your Magazine, besides Engravings, Music, &c."

AN AGENCY FOR PATTERNS, &c.—Having been solicited, from various quarters, our "Fashion Editor" has consented to act as agent for the purchase and transmission of patterns, jewelry, &c. &c. In all cases the money must accompany the order, which should describe, as fully as possible, the article desired. Address the publisher at your risk.

ENCLOSE A STAMP.—Letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—Our friends, the newspaper editors, continue to extol "*Peterson*" as the best and cheapest of the Magazines. Says the Southern Statesman:—"Like this progressive age, it improves at each successive issue, while every number seems to leave no room for anything superior, appearing to the most fastidious to have gained the 'top notch' in everything to which it is devoted." The Tyrone (Pa.) Democrat says:—"We do not see how the ladies can get along without *Peterson*; if they would subscribe for it one year, we think they would never discontinue it." The Lebanon (O) Republican says:—"It is more eagerly sought after, and has more borrowers than any other of our Magazine exchanges." The Cattaraugus (N. Y.) Whig says:—"It is the best and cheapest Magazine now published." We might, if we had space, give scores of similar notices.

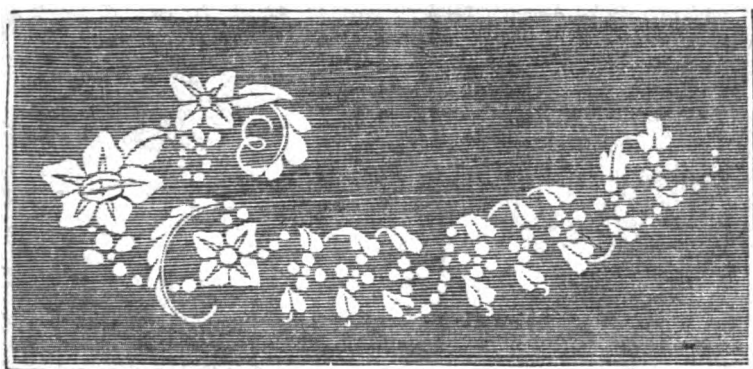
THE EDITOR'S WIVES.—The editor of the Sun, published at Newberg, S. C., says of this Magazine:—"Whenever I appear inside of our gate with it in hand, my wife commences smiling, and I never fail in getting a kiss for it."

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

BACK NUMBERS.—We are able to supply back numbers for 1856 to any extent, the numbers being stereotyped. We shall stereotype every number of the year.



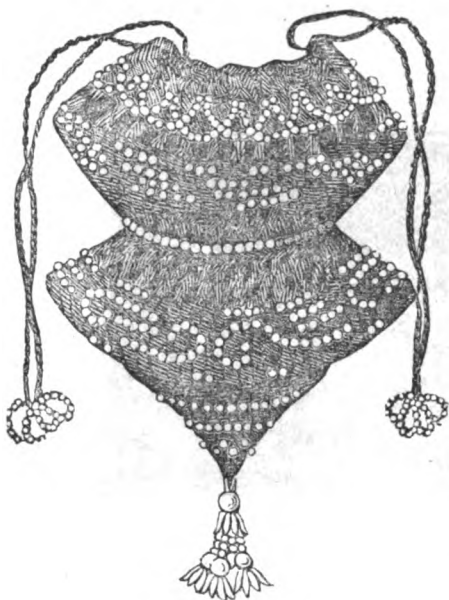
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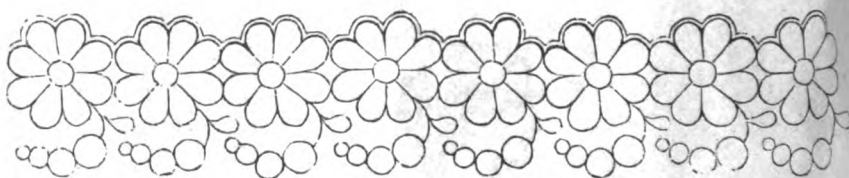
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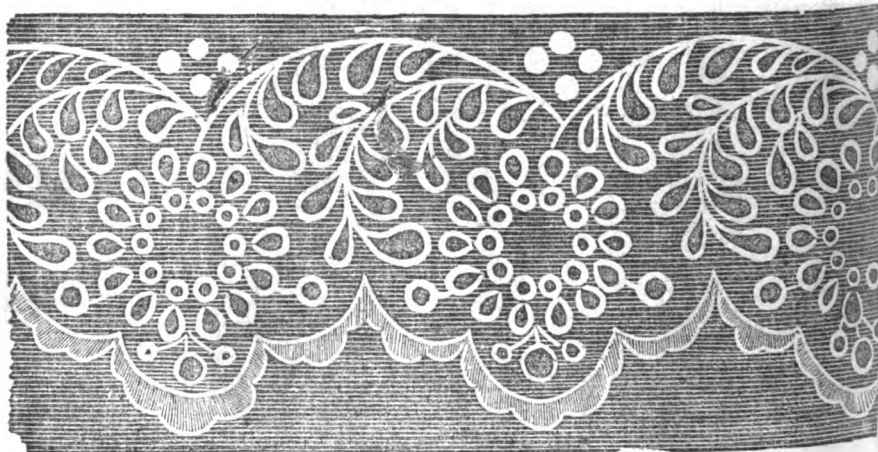
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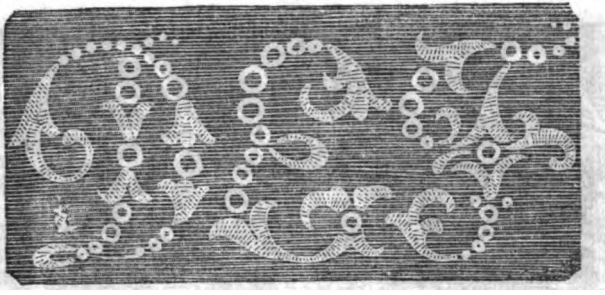
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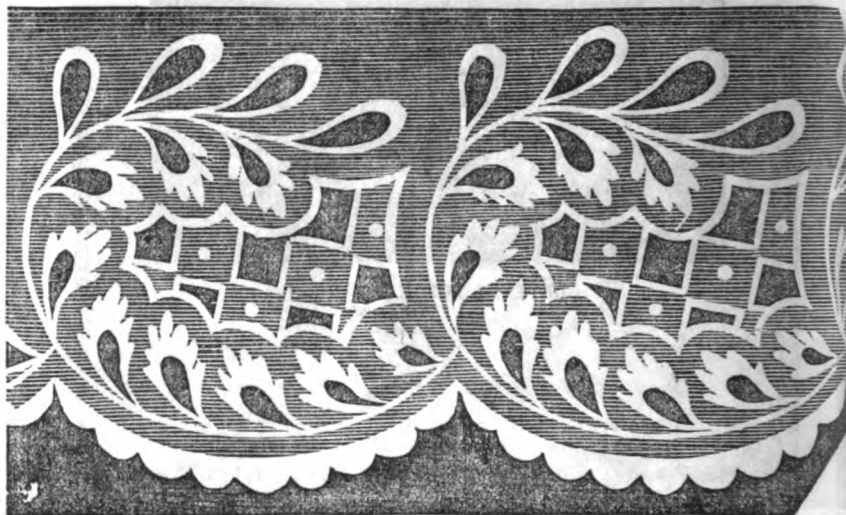
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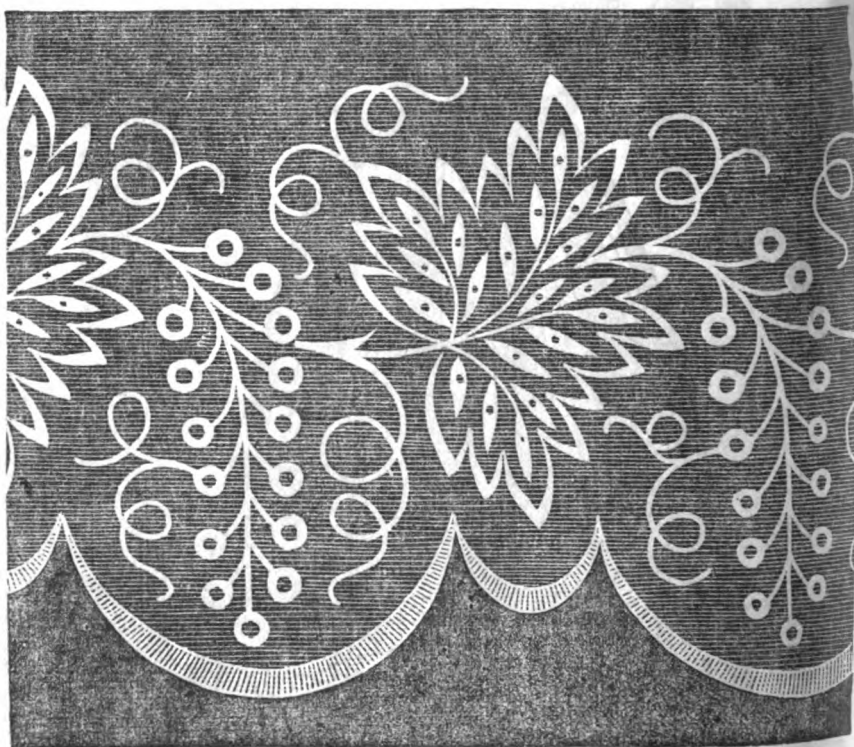
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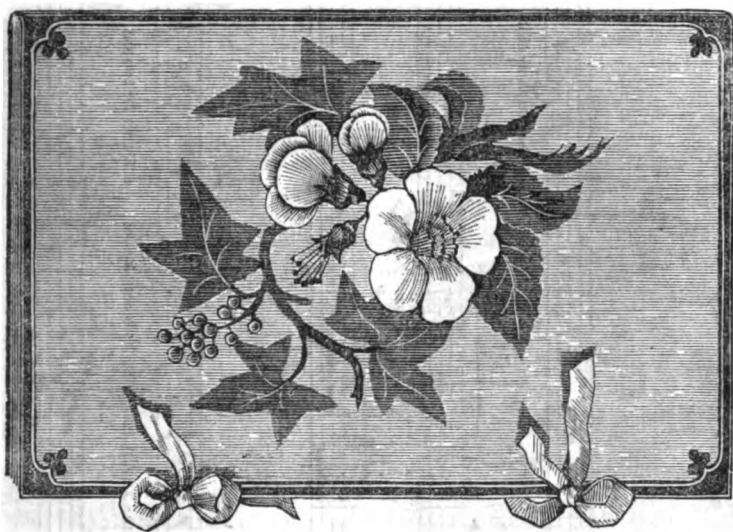
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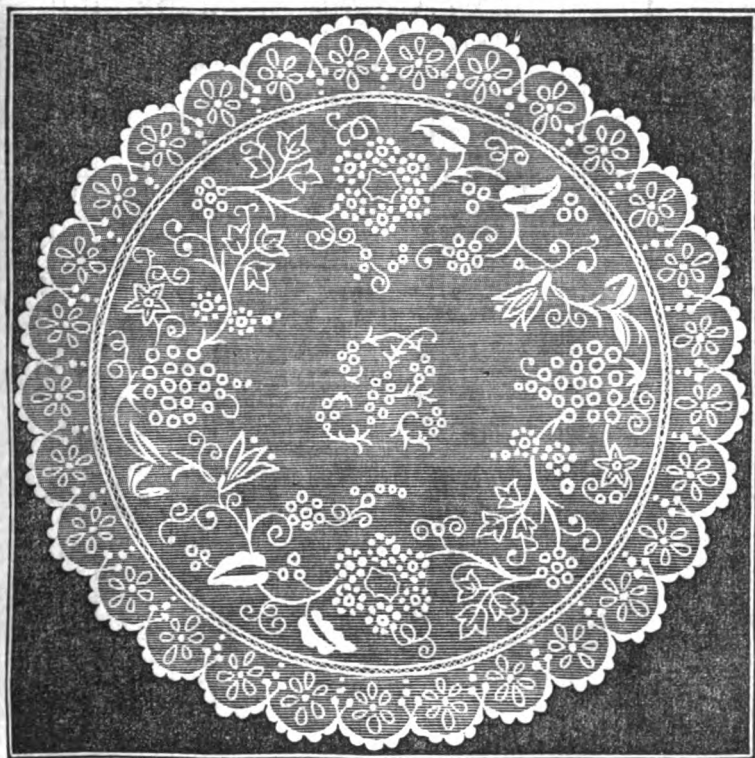
TRIMMING FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



FLOUNCE BORDER.



BLOTTING-BOOK COVER.



EMBROIDERED DESSERT DOYLEY

THANK GOD FOR PEACE.

Poetry by. **Rev. J. J.**

MUSIC BY **FRANK MORI.**

Slow, yet cheerful.

The first system of the musical score is written for piano. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed below the first measure of the bass staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the same treble and bass staves. The lyrics "soon will come With shine and shade—Intensest smiles and tears—" are written below the treble staff. The melody continues with a half note C5, followed by a quarter note D5, and then a half note E5. A dynamic marking of *cres.* (crescendo) is placed above the first measure of the treble staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the same treble and bass staves. The lyrics "Will laugh in joy to ma - ny an English home That hath not known a Spring for two sad" are written below the treble staff. The melody continues with a half note F5, followed by a quarter note G5, and then a half note A5. A dynamic marking of *rit.* (ritardando) is placed above the first measure of the treble staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

I think that many lit - tie ones there are, Will feel the world grow ho - lier a - pace, While watching melt in dew the cloud of years.

colla voce.

care That hath so long o'er-hung the mo - ther's face.

2
 I think there's many a pale and patient band
 Of women, sube-el'd, who weeping say,
 "Thank God for peace that cometh from His hand,"—
 Although it comes too late for such as they.
 I think the world grows hard beneath its load
 Of wrong and suffering, falsity, and strife,
 And cries are wrung forth—piteous calls to God—
 To give it grander uses—nobler life.

O Heaven, so calm! that on pure, peaceful nights,
 Looked down reproachful with its every star,
 Wondering, it might be, at the dreadful sights
 That did blaspheme God's world 'y the name of War,—
 When shall new health come to this morbid race?
 When shall these seething, whirling turmoils cease?
 We wait for the full shining of His grace,
 And cry in faith and trust, "Thank God for Peace."



LACE MANTILLA AND DRESS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIX.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1856.

No. 6.

"ONLY MY MUSIC TEACHER."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"It's only my music teacher, Miss Bury," said Clara Neal. "She's the orphan daughter of a country clergyman, or schoolmaster, or some such thing. At least that's her story. But for my part I never concern myself about those I employ."

The speaker, as she concluded, threw herself back into the luxurious chair, in her mother's drawing-room, and began to fan herself languidly, for it was a hot June day.

"I never heard so sympathetic a voice," replied her companion. "I thought, when I was first shown in, and saw her at the piano, that it was some friend of yours. Her style is certainly *distingue*; and she sings beautifully."

"Do you think so? Well, you are the queerest creature, Ada; always seeing style in dress-makers and such creatures; romances have turned your head, cousin. I didn't feel like taking a lesson, to-day; but told her she might practise the new song if she pleased: you know it is that famous one of Mr. Morton's, the poet, who has just returned from Italy; and she hadn't seen it before."

"I am sorry that I interrupted her. The moment I entered she rose and left. I really wish I could have heard the song out, for her manner of singing it brought tears to my eyes."

Clara laughed. "Really, my dear, you are entirely too sentimental. If you care so much to hear the song, however, come to-morrow, and I'll make her sing it."

"Perhaps she'd prefer not to, at least before a stranger."

"Pshaw! What right has she to have preferences? She's only a music teacher."

"I am so interested in her appearance, and so eager to hear the song, that I'll come," answered the visitor, mentally resolving to be kind to the poor orphan. "But leave me, if you please, to make the request."

"Certainly, if you wish it. But what a fuss

you make over a music teacher. To change the conversation, have you met this Mr. Morton?"

"No."

"Tom knew him when abroad. I shouldn't wonder," and she lowered her voice, as she glanced through the open door, and across the hall, to where a closed door told that her brother had guests in the library, "if he was with Tom now. A very handsome man, just such a one as Mr. Morton is said to be, went in there, awhile ago; and I think I heard Tom call him Fred, which is Mr. Morton's first name."

"I never asked whether he was handsome," said the visitor, "but his poetry is beautiful. It is so full of feeling and the love of all suffering humanity."

The fashionable Clara opened her eyes at this outburst. "He is as rich as he is handsome," was her reply, and she played with her fan, "and belongs to one of our first families. But there's a good deal in his poetry I don't understand. I intend to set my cap for him, however," she added, lowering her voice again, "he's the great catch of the season, and it would make all the girls die with envy."

Ada rose to go. Ada had made a love-match, about a year before, with a young lawyer, without fortune. She had some property, but not much, and on this they managed to live, by exercising strict economy: and as both she and Mr. Allen belonged to families of high social position, they continued to be visited, though Ada was regarded by Clara, and others like her, as a poor, weak, sentimental little dunce.

"You'll come, then, at one o'clock," said Clara.

"Yes, thank you!"

Clara had been right in her surmise that Mr. Morton was in the library. But she did not know that every word she had said, even when she lowered her voice, had been overheard. It was a warm June morning, and as the library

had two doors opening on the hall, the back one had been left open, so that Clara's hard, metallic voice had easily reached the visitor's ear. Clara's brother, too, had gone up stairs, for a moment, to look for some old souvenir of travel, about which they had been talking; and when he came down again, the conversation was over. What Mr. Morton thought about it, was partly betrayed at once; for he reminded his friend that he had a sister, and solicited the honor of an introduction.

Clara was delighted, after Mr. Morton had left, that the presentation had been at his own request. This fact, coupled with his very affable manners, threw her into a flutter of delight. In fancy, she already saw herself his bride, the possessor of the family diamonds, and the secret envy of all her unmarried friends who flocked to congratulate her.

"Morton's a capital fellow," said her brother, in his easy, free way, divining her thoughts, "but you're not good enough for him. He's struck by your beauty, sis, for you are a showy girl; and for your sake, I hope you'll get him. But he'll lead a deuce of a life, with such a fashionable good-for-nothing, unless love brings you to your senses, and you settle down into a quiet, domestic companion."

The only answer of Clara was a sneer at her somewhat bookish brother's ignorance of the world, in supposing that women, in her position, ever married for love, or expected to sink into domestic wives: and with this sneer on her lips she left the room.

The next day at one o'clock, came Miss Bury, and soon after Ada. Mr. Morton was in the library; he had "dropped in," as he phrased it, "to chat quietly half an hour" with Tom; "he would pay his respects to Miss Neal," he said, "directly." The back door was again open, and Mr. Morton managed to seat himself near it. Soon a piano, touched by a skilful hand, was heard; Mr. Morton raised his finger for silence: and then one of the sweetest voices he had ever heard poured forth again the words of one of his songs. Ever since yesterday, when the entrance of a visitor had stopped the singer midway, that voice had been lingering in his ears. He had dreamed of it even at night. When it ceased, he drew a long breath, mentally saying, as Ada had said, "what a sympathetic voice." For it seemed to give a deeper meaning to his song.

One or two other songs followed, and then voices were heard in conversation. It was easy to distinguish that of the musician, it was "that most excellent thing in woman," a low, sweet voice. The thoughts, which it expressed, more-

over, were in harmony with the voice; they were tokens, Mr. Morton said to himself, of a refined and elevated heart and mind. "It is hardly fair," he said at last, mentally, "to sit here listening." And rising, he proposed to his friend to go into the parlor, "for the ladies," said he, "seem to have finished their music."

Clara received him with a conscious blush and an exulting glance at Ada, for she attributed the visit to herself. For a few minutes, she almost engrossed his time. She had, indeed, presented him to Ada, but had immediately demanded his attention by a question: the introducing "a music teacher" to him or any other guest, she would have thought preposterous. Very soon, however, with his usual success in whatever he undertook, Mr. Morton managed to be presented to Miss Bury. The latter was sitting, embarrassed and coloring, at the music-stool, waiting for leave to go, when he turned the conversation on singing, begged pardon for having overheard the music, and asked Clara if it was she or one of her fair companions whom he must thank for the pleasure he had been afforded. Ada, pitying Miss Bury, had gone to talk with her, and overhearing this, owned, in her frank way, who was the singer; and then, as Mr. Morton joined them, said, "Miss Bury, Mr. Morton, Mr. Morton, Miss Bury;" and so, in the most natural manner, and in spite of Clara, the introduction took place.

At first, Miss Bury was embarrassed, the whole thing was so unexpected. But Mr. Morton soon put her at ease, in his skilful way. Clara gradually fell into a mere listener, as the subjects discussed rose above her reach; she sat, devoured with rage at what she termed secretly the "impudence of that creature." Ada wondered and admired, and thought that, in all her life, she had never seen two beings better suited for each other. Miss Bury, always engaging in appearance, was now really brilliant; while Mr. Morton was as eloquent as in his most impassioned poems.

Mr. Morton was the first to detect the suppressed rage of Clara. "She'll visit it on this innocent girl," he said, to himself, "and really, I have been rude, in neglecting her." So, on the instant, he addressed a remark to Clara, which again brought her into the conversation; and after a few moments, devoted principally to her, courteously took his leave.

But his effort to save Miss Bury proved fruitless. When Ada went home, she told her husband that "Miss Neal had discharged her music teacher. And only to think," she added, "it was, I verily believe, because Mr. Morton met

er there to-day, and talked more with her than with Clara. I never saw a more despairing look than Miss Bury had, when Clara told her, after Mr. Morton left, that she might go, and that she need not come again. I don't think the poor girl has many scholars, and Clara's ill-will can do her great harm. If she wasn't my cousin," said the warm-hearted little woman, "I would never go to see her again."

"Mr. Morton," replied her husband, "should be known better. He is sufficiently a man of the world to be aware that he would give mortal offence to a fashionable, haughty, cold-hearted creature, like Clara Neal, by preferring a music teacher's conversation to her own. But a man, made much of by society, little thinks what harm he does, provided he gratifies his vanity." The speaker did not know Mr. Morton, and as a lawyer, had an instinctive dislike of poets.

"I think you are unjust to Mr. Morton, my dear," said his wife, stoutly. "I'm sure, he little dreamed that Clara would turn Miss Bury off."

"He ought to have thought of it, though, and that's another reason why I blame him," said the husband. "But let the puppy go. We'll do what we can for the poor girl, by recommending her."

A few days after, Ada came home, in a state of high excitement. "Who do you think I met just now," she said, "walking on Chestnut street?" Her husband said he did not know. "Mr. Morton and Miss Bury; I'm sure it will be a match; she was looking down and blushing; and he was talking as if his whole soul was in every word."

Her husband shook his head. "It is rarely, my dear," he said, "that a rich and distinguished man, like Mr. Morton, marries a poor music teacher. The best thing for Miss Bury is that she should never see him again."

Ada's countenance fell. She had the most implicit faith in her husband's opinion. But

soon her faith in her favorite cotemporary poet returned, and she did battle, warm-heartedly, in his behalf.

"Well," said her husband, at last, "you may be right. Perhaps, after all," and he smiled archly, "you haven't a monopoly of disinterestedness. I called Mr. Morton a puppy, the other day; but I have since heard he is a man of sense, as honest as steel, and even noble-hearted. However, it is easy to test him. You know Miss Bury. Ask her here to tea, some evening. If Mr. Morton is serious, he will be glad to meet her, for meantime I'll seek his acquaintance, and ask him to come the same evening."

"Capital!" cried Ada, clapping her hands. "I've an idea that Mr. Morton only sees her in the street, for she's too proud to ask him to the humble place where she lodges. Yet depend on it she don't encourage him, much as she secretly loves him."

Ada was right. The little tea-party of four came off, and was followed by many more. Mrs. Morton, for Miss Bury is now a bride, and Ada are fast friends; so also are the two husbands; and their friendship will be life-long, for it is founded on culture, intellect, and similar noble and elevated views.

Of course, the marriage made a great talk, for merely conventional people could not understand it. They were not up to the standard, which made the lover think his fortune and fame nothing, when weighed against the virtues of his bride, and which made the latter conquer her pride, through the sincerity of her love, and accept one whom half the world said she married only for his money.

In this half is Clara, who still, while publicly doing homage to the rich and powerful Mrs. Morton, privately calls her "that mercenary, stuck-up thing," who, "but yesterday, was ONLY MY MUSIC TEACHER."

BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL

There's a beautiful bloom on thy cheek, my love,
So rounded, so smooth, and so fair!
Where the dimples play hide and seek, my love,
Round the lips that are rosy and rare.

There's a beautiful gloss on thy hair, my love,
Those ringlets of shadowy brown—
And a halo seems lingering there, my love,
Round thy head, like an angel's crown.

There's a beautiful smile on thy lips, my love,
A smile like the breaking of dawn;
When the bee in the honey-bell dips, my love,
And the dew-drops are spangling the lawn.

There's something more beautiful far, my love,
That makes thee angelic, divine!
It beams from thine eyes like a star, my love,
'Tis that beautiful soul of thine!

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

BY H. W. DEWEES.

PEOPLE used to say of little Minna Brent that she was always laughing, except when she was crying; and that, in truth, was the case. Sunshine and showers played the prettiest April game on her fresh, young face, and made it very charming to watch.

Now let no imprudent reader jump at the conclusion, that the same kind of thing will do for all faces. Let her draw no such hasty deduction; or at least let her delay to make a personal application of the theory. For though it is true that smiles are universally becoming, and may be indulged in almost *ad libitum*, tears must be used with extreme caution, and only after mature consideration. Let no fair reader, misled by all the nonsense poets and novelists have written about "beauty in distress," and "violets wet with dew," &c., venture upon a fit of crying before the object of her choice, until she has studied its effects in her mirror. If, for this purpose, she finds it difficult to get up an experimental fit of tears, let her at least bear this object in mind, and the next time she is overcome by her feelings, let her run as quickly as possible to the glass to form her own deductions. If a face presents itself to her shocked eyes, swollen, blotched, and red-nosed, her own good sense will teach her to forthwith eschew tears, forever, on sentimental occasions. She will perceive that she must fall back on her other recourses; perhaps fainting if it suits her complexion; if not, she must be content with hysterics, common-place and worn-out as they are. In this case, however, more talent is necessary; nothing can be done with hysterics unless a touch of genius imparts a life and novelty all its own, to what has become so hackneyed. But with a little management and originality, wonderful effects may yet be produced.

To return to Minna. She was one of those fortunate individuals whose noses do not get red when they cry. The tears that rose so readily to her blue eyes only made them more bright and sparkling; and when you saw the pure drops glittering on her fresh cheeks, you could not help thinking of all those fine things which poets have said or sung on such occasions, and perhaps for the first time perceiving their aptness.

As it happened, it was peculiarly fortunate for poor Minna this advantage of hers; for though only eighteen, she had shed more tears during the last two years, than would have sufficed to mar irretrievably even her own lovely face if the tears had left their usual traces.

The fact is, Minna was the victim of an unreasonable lover, who had teased her poor, little life out. She was not engaged to Clarence C——; he had never even directly and positively addressed her. He rather seemed to take everything for granted, and Minna never thought of doubting him.

Minna had neither mother nor brothers, and her father was too much engrossed in business to watch over his young daughter as he should have done; Clarence was a friend of the family; she had known him long, and in the strange world, where she was early thrown, she had looked up to him as a protector. She loved him and felt safer by his side.

He, on his part, seemed to assume a sort of guardianship, or rather proprietorship over her. He was her only escort, except her father—he advised her, he scolded her—he chilled her gushing young heart by fits of coldness and displeasure, or wung the tears from her bright eyes by his unreasonable and querulous fault-finding.

Do as she would, and try as she would, Minna could never please him, and so it was, that from the time Clarence C—— had appropriated her, her eyes were scarcely dry from one fit of weeping, and the sunny smiles beginning to creep coyly back to her sweet face, than the clouds lowered again, and again it was rainy weather.

It was very foolish of little Minna; everybody said so. But she always said she could not help it, poor, silly child; and I do really believe she could have helped it just as little if her crying had made her look like a fright—which would have spoiled my story. I am, therefore, very glad that as she had so much crying to do it was becoming to her.

Minna, as I have said, never thought of doubting or questioning Clarence. Neither did she ever think of asking herself whether she really loved her handsome lover—she took it for granted she did. All girls loved their lovers, and she did

ot suppose she was different from others—not that she was so very certain that Clarence was a *bona fide* lover, but whether or no he seemed to care for her; was sometimes, in his way, so very, very kind to her; and Minna's loving heart responded so warmly and gratefully to any touch of kindness. So she deferred to him and obeyed him, and studied and read, and dressed to please him, and then fretted and worried her life out because she never could succeed.

So affairs stood, and I know not how long all this would have gone on, or how it would have ended, had it not been that Minna had unconsciously attracted another lover, and one with spirit enough to determine to look into Clarence's claims. Not finding matters very clearly established, he one day with manly directness asked Clarence point blank, whether any engagement existed between Minna and himself.

Clarence twirled his superlative moustache at the question, and looked contemptuously down on the questioner, merely remarking with ineffable disdain,

"A rival, hey?"

"I intend to be," cried Horace, controlling his anger.

"You mean you will *try* to be," sneered Clarence—"a wide difference, ha! ha!" he turned on his heel, leaving Horace boiling with indignation at his insolent manner.

"Yet he is right after all," he said, to himself—"yes, I do only mean that I will try, but it shall be the right sort of trying—the kind that brings, or at least deserves, success."

Fortunately for the new aspirant, just at this juncture his business called Clarence to a neighboring city for several weeks.

Horace found an open field.

He was very delicate, though earnest in his advances, but he was determined to make the most of present opportunities, and he skilfully turned every advantage he gained to the best account.

But it is time I should say one word for my new lover, that the reader may understand and appreciate him. He was the opposite of Clarence in every respect. Clarence was very handsome—Horace had nothing but its noble, open expression to recommend his manly face. But where Clarence was selfish, tyrannical, and cold-hearted, he was generous, self-forgetting, and affectionate. He had known and loved Minna for about two years; and loved her as so lovely and gentle a creature deserved to be loved, warmly and unselfishly. Supposing her to be engaged to Clarence, he had at first loved without hope. It was his jealous eye which detected

the selfish part the latter was playing with her, and his love prompted him to demand that he should define his position.

As for Clarence, he felt not the slightest alarm at the appearance of a rival. The influence which a man of the world has over a girl, toward whom he has assumed the relation which Clarence had to Minna, is almost unbounded. Her youth, her inexperience, her gratitude, her admiration conspire to make her his perfect slave: and the more trustingly innocent and affectionate she is, the more easily is she duped. Clarence knew his power over Minna, and was secure. He fancied she would never think of disputing his claims; and he selfishly and coolly calculated that by maintaining his present position, he should be able to either marry Minna when his business prospects permitted, or he might retire at any moment should he tire of her in the meanwhile. Had it not been for that inopportune absence of his, perhaps his calculations might have been correct.

Minna at first received Horace's attentions doubtfully and coyly; but soon feeling herself free in Clarence's absence, she yielded herself innocently to the pleasure of being admired and beloved—of receiving praises instead of constant chidings; to the delight of finding her best and purest thoughts understood and responded to—of giving and receiving sympathy. It was like a new world of sunshine and flowers to Minna, and if in the sunny horizon a few scattered drops now and then fell, they were tinted with rainbow hues, for the sunbeams shone through them.

So the weeks of Clarence's absence flew by. And though fortune, as though to favor Horace, had extended his stay much longer than had been at first anticipated, he was now momentarily expected back.

Horace was sitting with Minna, and thinking how soon their pleasant relations might be totally changed. Minna, tranquil and happy, was singing over her work.

Suddenly Horace spoke. He had determined then and there to urge his claims. He did so. He spoke to Minna freely, earnestly, warmly.

But Minna's changed face was all clouded over, and tears raining from her eyes.

"Oh, Horace!" she cried, "I cannot—I dare not—Clarence!"

"What of him?" asked Horace. "You are not engaged to him?"

"No—but——"

"But what?"

"I don't believe he will like it."

"I don't suppose he will," said Horace, smiling, "but we have nothing to do with that."

"You may not have," said Minna, much distressed, "but I have. He has been so kind to me—he will think me ungrateful. I should tremble to meet him."

"And well you might!" cried a cold, stern voice beside her. Minna screamed with terror, as looking up at the sound she saw Clarence at her side, his face pale with anger, his lips rigid with concentrated rage.

After a moment's pause, during which his eye glared by turns on Minna and her lover, he advanced a step, and took Minna by the arm, as if to draw her from the room. "This conduct must be explained," he said; "and for you, sir," turning to Horace, "I give you warning, you have carried your experiment far enough. I permit no further encroachments in this quarter."

He turned, as he spoke, as if to lead Minna from the room, but Horace stopped him.

"I do not know, sir, by what right you assume dictatorship in this case. I do not recognize any such right, and I appeal from you to this lady. She only can be the judge of the merits of our respective claims. She alone can settle them. Let her decide between us, by her decision I abide, now and forever."

He folded his arms and stood before them.

Minna heard her heart beat in the silence which followed. She felt Clarence's grasp tighten on her arm, and his hand trembled. She realized for the first time that he loved her, and she quailed at the thought of his anger. Old habits of obedience, pity and fear, were on his side; but there was a pleader on the other worth them all a hundred fold—it was love. Minna did not hesitate in her choice; she only dreaded to announce it. To her youth and timidity it was a fearful trial.

At last, however, she raised her head—her eyes met those of Horace resting trustingly lovingly upon her. She stretched out her hand to him, merely saying, "Horace!"

She felt the hand which Clarence had been holding flung violently from him, and knew no more.

And so, reader, by that choice Minna chose smiles instead of tears for her portion in life. For so surely as her after lot was one of warm, loving sunlight with her kind and generous husband; so surely had she trusted her affectionate, impulsive heart to Clarence's cold, selfish keeping, he would have clouded it by neglect, if he did not break it by unkindness.

JENNIE.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO'.

SPRINGING o'er the meadow

In the blushing dawn,
Dancing over flowers
Thick upon the lawn,
Singing, dancing ever,
Till evening shadows fall.

Gentle, guileless Jennie,
Nature's petted child,
Making in thy laughter,
Music, rich, and wild,
Waking up the blossoms
With thy sunny smile.

Eyes as soft as moonbeams
Falling on the sea,
Smiles more sweet and witching,
Than wildest fancies be.
Sure, my gentle Jennie,
None so sweet as thee.

Sighing, sighing sadly,
Wailing on the air,
Stole a note of sadness
Moaning like a prayer
From a fond heart breaking,
With its load of care.

Oh! woe is me, my Jennie,
Thy young life floating by,
Leaves me forlorn, forsaken,
Wherefore did'st thou die?
Ever in the shadows,
Must I moaning lie.

Gentle, gentle Jennie,
Come again to me,
Let me see thee smiling,
Smiling tenderly,
Thou hast stole the sunshine,
Clouds are all I see.

All the flowers are drooping,
Sighing for thee, sweet,
And the birds are watching
Thy fresh song to greet,
While the brooklet murmurs
A requiem at my feet.

Of the darkest shadow
That falls upon the lea
I will weave a mantle
Dark as midnight be,
All, for grief of Jeannie,
All for love of thee.

THE ARAB AND HIS BRIDE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES GERARD.

THE Arabs proceeded to bring me mats and cushions, and arranged for me by starlight a camp bed. After this came a copious supper. A general conversation then took place, in which every one vied with his neighbor in relating all sorts of adventures, more or less tragical, about the lions of the country. One of these I shall never forget. It was the story of an Arab and his young bride.

Among the Arabs, when a man marries, he invites a number of people, who go and fetch the bride at her parent's house to bring her to her new dwelling, a ceremony which is performed in a palanquin, numberless shots being at the same time fired on the road.

Every marriage, however, is not alike. If some are accompanied by a numerous retinue—if sometimes the happy couple number amongst their guests many a rich and handsome horseman—at other times, as with us, more than one bridegroom has not even enough to pay the fiddlers who escort him. Such being the case with Smail, who had paid down the day before his very last shilling for his bride's marriage-portion, he assembled only his nearest relatives, and proceeded with them on foot to the abode of his future father-in-law.

Having regaled themselves plentifully, and the marriage being concluded, they fired off some cartridges by way of salute, taking care to keep a few for the journey back. In the evening they all parted, wishing each other good fortune and happiness.

The bridegroom's douar was but a league distant; the moon shone beautifully bright; the bride's escort numbered nine guns; what was to be feared on the way? But it is not unfrequently at the very moment one expects him the least, that an intruder will present himself.

Smail was walking in front, beside his bride, to whom he was speaking, in a soft, low voice, about the happiness which awaited them under his tent. The friends of the husband were following discreetly some paces behind, firing at times a shot in the air; and the young wife seemed quite gratified with this little offering of powder burnt in her honor. Everything, in short, went on in the most satisfactory manner.

But, all of a sudden, an enormous lion was

seen, stretched across the very path these young folks were pursuing!

They were about halfway between the two douars, and it was fully as dangerous to proceed forward as to draw back. What was to be done?

The opportunity presented itself to the bridegroom of winning forever his wife's affections by a noble act of devotedness was too good to be lost. Balls were accordingly rammed down the barrel of every gun, the bride was placed in the centre of a sort of square formed by the assistants, and the escort marched bravely forward, headed by Smail. Already they had advanced to within thirty yards from the lion, who never moved.

Smail now ordered his friends to stop, and saying to his young wife, "see if you have married a man," walked straight up to the lion, and commanded him to clear the way.

At twenty paces, the lion, until then crouching and motionless, raised his monstrous head, and was evidently preparing for a spring. Smail, regardless of his wife's screams, and the entreaties of his relatives, who called to him to retreat, put one knee to the ground, levelled the barrel of his gun toward the animal, took a steady aim, and fired. In an instant the wounded and furious animal bounded forward on the unfortunate Smail, knocked him to the ground, and tore him to shreds in a twinkling of an eye, then rushed madly toward the square, in the centre of which stood the wretched bride.

"Let no one fire," cried Smail's father, "until he touches the barrels of our guns."

But where is the man sufficiently self-possessed to await without flinching that hurricane called a lion, as he rushes on toward his prey with immense bounds, with mane floating in the wind, expanded jaws, and eyes inflamed with fury?

The whole party now fired at once, without heeding in what direction their balls went, and the lion dashed on the square, which he quickly overthrew, smashing the bones and tearing the flesh of all whom he found before him. Some of the men had managed to escape, dragging after them with much difficulty the poor bride, almost dead by this time with fright, but they were quickly followed by their insatiable enemy,

and torn to pieces; one only, more fortunate than the rest, having contrived to reach the foot of a steep rock, upon which, thanks to his efforts, the woman found a refuge.

He had already climbed the rock some little way, when the lion again advanced, if possible still more furious, and at one spring caught the right leg of the man, and dragged him down with him to the ground; while the unhappy bride, crawling with hands and feet to the summit of the rock, was doomed to witness from her inaccessible retreat the hideous spectacle of the death-agony of the last of her defenders.

After two or three useless attempts, the lion, finding he could not get at the woman, returned to the body of the last victim, and began tearing it in bits, as if to revenge himself for the loss of

the last living prey which was thus eluding his grasp.

The remainder of the night passed away without any new incident. As soon as the day began to dawn, the lion left the foot of the rock, and retired toward the mountains: but he went off very slowly, and did not finally abandon his post without stopping more than once on his road, and throwing back a wistful glance on the prey he was leaving behind.

A short time after the animal's departure, a troop of horsemen came across the plain, and on Smail's widow making signals of distress with her veil, for she was now without strength or voice, they galloped toward her, and took her back to her father. The poor thing expired, however, on the following day.

LINES.

BY REV. W. CALVERT.

After weary travel—toil,
After storm and wild turmoil,
After strife and battle broil,
Then cometh rest.
A gladsome life awaiteth thee,
Where far from doubt and sorrow free,
Thy quiet sheltering place shall be
A Father's breast.
Freer, happier, than we now,
Through long tearless days shalt thou
Wear no care upon thy brow,
Beside His throne.
Never more to be deceived,
Never more to be aggrieved,
Every hope and wish achieved:
Nor thou alone!

He that, for awhile forsaken,
Sleepeth now will soon awaken;
From his form the spell be taken,
And at thy side.
His faults, his follies, purged away,
In shape as beauteous as the day,
Thy wedded consort, he shall aye
With thee abide.
For thy trial all the surer,
Never home could be securer,
Never happiness be purer,
Nor thou more blest.
After weary travel—toil,
After storm and wild turmoil,
After strife and battle broil,
Then cometh rest.

THAT MYSTIC STRAIN.

BY LEVERETTE LELAND.

That sweet, that mystic strain!
How like a fairy bell,
It oft hath come from lands unknown
To charm me with its spell!
In childhood, and in youth,
Its music thrilled my soul,
While like a voice from seraph worlds,
It o'er my being stole.
E'en now I seem to hear,
The echoes of that song;

They come with sounds more hushed and low,
Kind Heaven, those notes prolong!
I've tried to catch its tones,
I've tried to learn its rhyme;
But vain have all my efforts been—
It will not leave its clime.
That sweet, that mystic strain!
How like a fairy bell,
It oft hath come from lands unknown,
To charm me with its spell!

NELLIE ASHLEY.

BY SARAH HAMILTON.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 358.

CHAPTER III.

Ten years! What a variety of events can happen in ten years! Let us enter this pleasant cottage and take a peep at old friends. Step softly—there may be sickness—for the silken curtains droop heavily to the floor—the faint odor of nauseous medicines stifles the fresh air. There she sits—the mother—how changed the once rounded face. Angular and sharp, the fresh tints of rosy health and buoyant spirits leadened to a sickly yellow—a feeling of anxiety rests upon the worn brow—a child moans upon her bosom—how hot and feverish the little velvet hand—how it gasps for breath, breath. Two short mounds till where the others lie—shall another be added, the last and only bud of promise taken? How weary the watcher looks—how tightly she clasps her babe, as if those arms could shield it from the icy touch that had already chilled the heart throbbings of two home jewels. But here comes one whose very countenance brings with it relief, an atmosphere of health.

"A mind at ease with all below,
A heart whose love is innocence."

"Come, Lizzie," says the bright lady, throwing off her shawl, "I will take Charley, you must rest—remember you have a husband."

Mrs. Leslie, the reader, perhaps, has already recognized her, after much earnest entreaty on the part of the sister, consents to leave the little sufferer in her care and steal an hour's repose if possible.

"Oh, Nellie!" said she, kissing the white forehead of her fair boy, "if he dies, I pray God to take me also. You longed for trials—they never came. I asked for sunshine, but my life thus far, has been so tempest-tost that I anticipate ought with any degree of pleasure, but the stillness of the grave to sleep beside my darlings."

"Lizzie, Lizzie, you are sick—worn out with such care—you know not the sentiments you utter—go lie down, I will call you, if needed."

Mrs. Leslie again kissed her child, and bursting into a violent flood of tears, leaves the room. Nellie beckons to Alice, the maid. "A little more air here, and a dish of cold water." She

does what the anxious mother fears as death—an hour passes—the throbbing brow moistens to coolness—the bright eyes lose their wildness—a half smile plays upon the parched lips—it breathes less short and quick, and finally drops into a quiet, soothing slumber. Nellie leaves Alice to watch the sleeper, and hastens to her sister, whom she finds still weeping.

"Is this the calm and rest you need, Lizzie? I am surprised you should so give way to your feelings, at such a time too, think how it unfits you for the duty of nursing. But never mind, you will do differently, I know—let me smooth your hair—Charley, I think, is much better—he is sleeping now, and breathes naturally—I think with good care he will be as well as ever in a day or two—the doctor thinks these sick turns are all owing to cutting his teeth. There, you can rest now—don't worry about anything—I will see that all goes right". The door closes softly and faint footsteps sound upon the stairs. Nellie is below initiating a newly found and most ignorant Irish girl into the mysteries of the kitchen. The shutters are flung open in the dining-room, the tea-table spread with neatness, and numberless little alterations given to the furniture of the room, that an air of cheerfulness may greet the weary husband who soon after enters, flushed and tired, head and heart both full, sickness at home, and business cares abroad—but his face loses its care-worn expression at the sight of Nellie. She tells him of Charley—of the mother's welfare.

"I do not know how it is, Nellie," said Mr. Leslie, smiling, "but let us be in ever so great a snarl overrunning with trouble, from the moment you come things begin to straighten, brighten up. Lizzie, you know, is not strong, she can't bear much. I would give all I possess if she had your fortitude and energy, if I could only see her try to rise above her troubles—but she sinks at once beneath the load, with no apparent effort to throw it off."

"Losing her children was a great trial," said Nellie, the bright tears filling her eyes as she spoke. "I think she has never recovered from the blow."

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. Leslie, now speaking

in a low, broken voice, "but they were killed, Nellie, *killed*. She would have saved them, God knows the purity of her motives, but she erred in judgment. Poor Lizzie, I will go to her now, she needs comforting if any one does."

Nellie, like a ministering angel, comes each day, till the cloud parts showing fair weather between its folds—little Charley's shouts once more resound from room to room—Mrs. Leslie, truly thankful for her blessed boy's recovery, seems happier than she has for years. "Oh, that it may be lasting," is the husband's constant prayer.

One warm afternoon in August, the heat was intense. Mr. Leslie had come home earlier than usual to spend an hour with his wife and child, before tea. Scarcely had his foot touched the stairway that led to her chamber, before he was greeted by harsh, discordant sounds.

Mrs. Leslie, in great rage, was reprimanding Alice for some neglect. She did not notice her husband's entrance, and doubtless said much more than she would, had she felt the glance of those dark, sad eyes resting upon her in surprise and grief, that one whom heaven had endowed so richly, should stoop to display such an ebullition of temper, before one whom misfortune had rendered the servant of a petty and exacting mistress.

A deep sigh—it came from a heavy heart and would find utterance—broke the spell. The next moment Mrs. Leslie was weeping and sobbing upon her husband's bosom.

"I cannot help it, I'm sure I cannot," said she, as soon as she was able to speak.

Mr. Leslie smoothed back the heavy hair, looked into the tearful face, but did not reply.

"Speak, Arthur—do speak—you will kill me."

"Hush, Lizzie. Do you remember a long time ago—a beautiful evening it was—such an one as this will be when yonder sun seeks its rest—we sat together in the little parlor—your home. Do you remember our conversation? You thought then, you could bear the ills of life with me to assist you. Are they harder than you thought them? Have I failed you in any hour of need? Do you sigh for the freedom, the no care of your girlhood?"

"Oh, Arthur, you do not understand. Can I help my disposition? If I am more sensitive, more keenly alive to my trials than others, does it show my heart is lacking in feeling? Oh, that it should come to this."

"Lizzie," there was something in her husband's tone that made her listen quickly, spite of herself. "Let us reason calmly upon this

subject. Do you say the disposition you now manifest at times, was given you at your birth—a disposition over which you can exercise no power, no control, that will burst forth at times as the burning lava from the volcano, laying waste all the beauty and heaven of our home? I do not know but that your natural disposition is as good as your sister Nellie's. We never see her thus irritated."

"But, Arthur, she never had a trial in her life. I think she would do no better than myself, place her in the same situation."

"Well, here she comes, and can answer for herself. How is it, Nellie? My wife here has a bad head-ache. Alice's misdemeanors have quite exhausted her patience, and she is feeling quite out of humor, having come to the conclusion that you never have anything to worry or fret your disposition."

"Oh, dear," answered Nellie, laughing, swinging her bonnet by the strings to catch a breath of fresh air.

"Don't, don't," said her sister, "it does look so careless, I will ring for Alice to bring you a fan."

"Oh, please not, this newspaper will do quite as well, in fact, I prefer it. Anything to *trouble* me. If you could have seen me as I felt this morning. I had to rise an hour earlier than usual to help prepare breakfast for work-folks, and oh, it was so hot in our little stifed cook-room, I thought I should *melt*, vanish entirely. Only think, Lizzie, what a loss it would have been."

And Nellie laughed heartily.

"Please don't laugh so much, Nellie, when you talk, 'tis a dreadful habit and makes you appear ridiculous sometimes."

"Thank you. I know 'tis foolish, but I was going to tell you, after broiling my face over the stove half an hour, I had not the least appetite for my breakfast, and I really felt vexed to think men would be such fools as to want meat, potatoes, and hot biscuit, when a tumbler of cold water and a piece of pie were so much better. Mother insisted upon my taking something, and poured out a nice cup of coffee, and, I very soon found that one did feel better to eat, if the weather was warm, and with the birth of that idea vanished all hatred for our work-men's peculiar tastes."

"I then went into the parlor, flung open the windows, and took up a play that I had began to read the night before; finding it very interesting, I was wholly oblivious to the flight of time, till warned by a little yellow head shining into the room, whining out, 'Just one rose, Miss, to carry to school.' I did not like to leave my book, just

then, to gather roses, I assure you—but I had my reward by receiving one of the brightest smiles you ever saw, and such a sweet ‘thank you.’”

“Poor reward for wasted time,” murmured the sister.

“How can you say so, Lizzie? No time can be wasted that is spent in flinging sunshine on the head of one of God’s children. It was well little Joe disturbed me, for on looking at my watch, I found I had only half an hour to make preparations for school. Then I thought of you, and how nice it would be to sit in this pleasant chamber, and have nothing to do but just what pleased my fancy. I found the school-room in disorder—the floor unsprinkled, unswept—I went to Mary Haywood, whose turn it was to keep the room in order. I felt as if she deserved a severe reprimand.”

“Mary,” said I, speaking somewhat harshly, “how is this?” She was bending low over her book, but looked up as I spoke, and such a sad fearful face.”

“I could come no sooner, Miss Ashley—mother was not quite as well as yesterday and last night. As usual, I have only come in to recite my morning’s lesson.”

“I did feel so sorry for her, I wanted to sit down by her side and cry too—it seemed as if it would do us both good—but I had to choke down my feelings, and go on with my duties, promising, however, to call upon Mrs. Haywood after school. I have just come from there—I found her up, prettily dressed, telling stories to the little ones. I cannot imagine how so great a sufferer can always appear so cheerful—so apparently happy.”

“Now, Nellie, what is the use of talking, let me tell you, I think your sympathies needlessly expended. I don’t believe anything about Mrs. Haywood being so very sick, she is not very well, I know, but is one of an easy disposition and minds no more lying about on sofas, and having her poor little children and husband wait upon her, than I should taking a walk in the garden. If she felt and suffered as I do, when sick, she could not have lived these ten years in just the same state.”

“I know, Lizzie, she does not complain, but she has a bad cough—she cannot conceal that.”

“Yes, but I have known people to live to a good old age with worse ones—sort of constitutional—they never kill one.”

“Poor comfort to the afflicted,” answered Nellie, with a smile, “but you are not acquainted with Mrs. Haywood. It is only her intimate friends who know her sufferings. She is not one to blazon them abroad for village gossip—her

sweet patience has taught me many a lesson—now are all her sufferings merely physical? They are poor, and the money that she would gladly expend for her children’s welfare must be given to hired help. I think this has been a constant source of disquiet to her. She thinks she could now get along with Mary’s assistance, but she cannot bear the thoughts of taking her from school. We talked it over to-night, and henceforth I shall give the daughter private lessons at home.”

“And how are you to be recompensed?”

“Recompensed? By the grateful thought that I am doing as I would be done by.”

“Well, she hasn’t my pride, Nell. It does seem strange to me how some folks can ask so much.”

“She did not ask it—it was a free-will offering of my own. She would not at first listen to it. You wrong her, Lizzie. Heart-trials are not always visible on the surface.”

“We do not think alike there. If one suffers much it will show itself. The beautiful petals of a rose never come from a worm-eaten bud.”

“You are right. But if the destroyer of so much beauty be discovered ere he enfolds himself in his velvet luxury, ere he sips of its sweetness, may he not be removed? The hand that robs one evil of existence will be watchful to see a second. We may breathe the fragrance of bright blossoms that have been threatened with such destruction all unknown to us. Perfect trust in the goodness of ‘our Father’ wards off all earthly evil.”

“What a nice little preacher you would make, Nellie, you always had a penchant that way, I believe. I do not really think it would hurt you to fall in love a few times, even if it were unreciprocated—you would laugh or preach all heart-aches away, looking upon love as you would upon thistle down or dandelion seed, a sentiment most worthless and troublesome, though beautiful to look upon.”

Mrs. Leslie had at last touched a chord that vibrated fearfully for a moment, but in her earnestness she saw not the flush that came and went with her words—her husband noted and remembered it long after.

“Thank you, sister, for your high opinion of me, but the cup you hold out so temptingly I may not taste.”

But little more was said. Nellie soon took her leave, and Mrs. Leslie still hugged the darling thought of her bosom, that she was a poor, unappreciated, sensitive soul, whom no one could or would understand.

CHAPTER IV.

SABBATH morning dawns upon the little village, not a sound disturbs its holy quiet. Mothers eyes fill with tears as they look upon their household treasures; fathers speak in low, subdued voices. A visitor has been in their midst, Death's angel, and has borne to heaven the sweet soul of one who has suffered long. Mrs. Haywood is no longer one of their number. The bell tolls, and silent groups wend their way to the little church—the white-haired pastor in tremulous accents recounts the blessed worth of the departed, her unostentatious virtues. The strong-minded father hides his face in his hands, and sick-hearted children weep beside him. Mrs. Leslie is there, with a shudder she gazes upon the cold features smiling even in death. Does the past and its unkindness come up before her? for it is an unkindness to *think* wrongly of another. Nellie, too, bends upon the dear friend, whose lips shall no more bless her with their uttered wisdom. Neighbors whisper kind words to the bereaved—aye, 'tis well to visit the house of rejoicing, but better to go to the house of mourning, here all selfishness ceases, brother greets brother as he should a fellow traveller to that dread future that awaiteth all—dread to those who carry with them, through life, no beacon of faith to lighten the way.

The last hymn is sung, its mournful echo sinks deep in all hearts, white tomb-stones are passed, faded names are deciphered, a heap of gravel chills the pulse, a few low words, the harsh grating of ropes, down, down, oh, God, and do we leave her here? Nay, angels have welcomed the white-robed stranger above, let the worn body rest, mingle with its mother clay.

A few weeks later, Mrs. Ashley sickened. Poor Lizzie wept and moaned as if her heart would break. Nellie acted, night and day did she stand a faithful watcher by the sick bed, and to her faithfulness did the mother owe her life.

"It does seem to me," said Mrs. Leslie, one day to Nellie, "as if you were made of stone. I would give anything to feel as calm and easy about our dear mother as you do. No one thinks she can possibly recover."

"She may not, Lizzie, but one should carry a cheerful, hopeful countenance in a sick room. I try not to appear over anxious. Dr. R— says as much depends upon the nursing his patients receive as upon the medicine he deals out—as far as my observation extends much more."

"But what if she should die, Nellie?"

"It would then be God's will, we may not alter that."

"Oh, if I only had your easy disposition that sees nothing but brightness."

"Peace of mind, Lizzie, blesses no possessor unasked—the heart struggles long ere it gains perfect control over its passions."

Weary days passed, and hope brightened to reality, Mrs. Ashley was saved. Oh, how gladly did the hearts of all sing songs of thanksgiving, of rejoicing that the charmed circle of home still remained unbroken—but not of long duration was this happiness. A shadow came, swift, dark, unlooked for—the raging fever but left the mother to fasten its deadly grasp upon the vitals of the daughter, the dear one who had been a constant beam of joy in all seasons, lay struggling for life's faint breath. Nellie's work was done, a few more weary struggles and the slow moving heart shall rest. Kind friends stand weeping around her—she has bidden farewell to all, and now lies patiently awaiting the end—a smile lightens up her beautiful features. "Alfred, dear Alfred," are the last words that pass her lips—and all is over.

Did that whisper reach the ear of Alfred Wendall? We know not. But the next eve a stranger, apparently to all, knocked at the cottage door of Mr. Ashley, and asked to look upon the dead. Long did he gaze upon the still features, the golden curls that floated upon the white pillow, and then stooping low, that proud man touched his lips to the cold, icy brow, and was gone.

The funeral was over.

Mrs. Leslie sat in her chamber. Twice had she taken up a letter directed to "sister Lizzie," and twice had she laid it aside unread. "Let me read it for you," said her husband, drawing her to his side, "if it is Nellie's voice it may do us both good—she never spoke in vain."

"MY DEAR SISTER—You who know me so well, will not think, I am quite sure, that it is a superstitious fear that urges me to address these lines to you. For some time past I have felt that my earthly pilgrimage was drawing to a close, that my tarry with you would be short—and may it not be possible that God's messengers do sometimes whisper tidings of this kind, that the soul may gather strength to loosen the bonds that so strongly bind it to earth, 'ere the silver cord be loosened, the golden bowl broken?'"

"Do not weep, dear Lizzie, that the hand that now pens these lines will be lying in the silence of the grave when you peruse my words. You should not mourn, for it is a joy unspeakable to me, the thought of flinging aside this existence for a higher, holier being."

"If it is bliss even here to mount,
Where you must wear the heavy chain
Which checks you in your highest flight,
And drags you to the earth again.
Think of the soul with naught to clog,
With naught to dim its eagle flight,
Forever drinking in new joy,
Forever catching some new light."

"Do not think that my present life has been one devoid of happiness. I have had my trials, but strength has been given me to bear them. I leave with you, dear sister, a record of my life for many years: my journal. I had thought that no eye but mine would rest upon its pages, it certainly was written for none other. But the thought has come to me that a true representation of the lights and shades of another life, and that other of one near and dear to you, might not be without its benefit. You will learn that Nellie was subject to trials and temptations, that she sometimes indulged in feelings of despondency, that her heart was not always buoyant with hope and full of sunshine. But, Lizzie, I tried to look beyond, to Him who has said, 'Ask and it shall be given thee.' Is there no meaning in the petition, 'Lead us not into temptation?' He who has taught me to say, 'Our Father,' will lead you safely through the journey of life, if you will but trust in his goodness.

"Blessings inestimable cluster about your pathway. Oh, prize them as you should, let no murmur rest upon your lip—no repining find a lodging place in your heart—learn to make others happy, and your life will glow with a purer light. Say not that your natural disposition rules you. Are not our dispositions what we make them? God has given us a will, a power to exert that will, a conscience that

teaches us how to exert it. It may be, and doubtless is, much easier for some to do and feel right than others. 'He that ruleth his spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city.' The first step will be hard, Lizzie, I found it so, but the rugged way brightens with heavenly blossoms the farther we advance. I speak from experience. I have one request to make of you, and yet I do not wish you to grant it merely because it is my request—let your own heart plead for the afflicted. Mary Haywood—can you, will you take my place?—will you assist, counsel the lonely orphan? God will bless you in so doing. But, Lizzie, you will not go to her unless you can utter sincerely the words of comfort. May we meet above, NELLIE."

Tears filled the eyes of Mr. Leslie as he folded the letter, and placed it in his wife's hand.

"She counsels well, Lizzie, may we both heed her advice," he said.

Suffering, real heart suffering, taught Mrs. Leslie a life-long lesson. It was a long time before she could speak of the dear one gone with composure—a long time before cheerfulness sat upon her brow. Bitterly she wept over the pages that revealed the inner life of one who became strong through many trials. Nellie was the good angel that walked ever by her side—little by little did she learn to subdue the irritability of a feverish disposition. Mary Haywood found a true friend in Mrs. Leslie. "I never knew," said Mary, to me one day, nearly a year after the death of Nellie, "that God had given our little village two Nellie Ashleys instead of one, till my teacher went to heaven.

SUMMER.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The sad and dreary Winter
Has melted from the air,
And Spring with leaf and blossom
Has clothed the branches bare;
And all around, about us,
A voice of joy we hear;
Which tells of coming Summer
The harvest of the year.

The happy birds are skimming
O'er fields of fairy flowers,
And sing their songs of gladness
At evening's golden hours.

And sunbeams bright are dancing
Upon the babbling rill;
While hues of sunset glory
Are lingering on the hill

Oh, Summer—glorious Summer,
What pleasures dost thou bring;
Thy beauties are more lasting
Than that of fickle Spring;
And joyous voices greet thee
In tones of goodly cheer;
As queen of all the seasons,
The harvest of the year.

MID-SUMMER NIGHT.

BY A. L. OTIS.

I HAVE no fairy tale to tell. I shall only relate what befel my artist friend, Bruno von Ostend and myself on the night in question, and no one who cares not for country sights and sounds need peruse this little sketch, for I shall "babble of green fields."

We left the dusty, sweltering, odorous city behind us, and set off for

"A land of trees, which reaching round about,
In shady blessing stretched their old arms out."

Bruno was on a sketching excursion, and I, in the ecstasy of an escape from a counting-house. We took the cars for a few miles out, and then walked through Chester county, and by noon we were enjoying the "shady blessing," I lying on my back looking up into leafy labyrinths, Bruno, leaning against a tree, seizing the moment to sketch a feathery fern on a rock's edge. We were seizing the idea of rural felicity.

But eve found us in another case—overheated, foot-sore, hungry, dusty, and apparently far from any place of refreshment.

"Bruno," I cried, "I'm knocked up—I can't go any further. Let us ask at this trig farm-house for a night's shelter."

Agreed. But the frowning farmer told us there was a public house not a mile off—and he did not like to encourage stragglers. Only a few weeks ago his neighbor's barn had been burned to the ground by some one who had the malignity to nail up the doors, so that the unfortunate cattle were consumed with it, and the wretched farmer heard his beasts that he had raised, bellowing and struggling without being able to help them. He thought a fiend who could do such a thing ought to be burned himself—hanging was too good for him, and he had set his face since then against everybody he did not know. We might be very worthy people, he thought nothing against us—but the public house was not far away.

We toiled on, and inquired at the inn for rooms. None to be had. There was a fair in the next village, the "world and his wife" were on the way to it. Every bed was engaged, and all the room in the barn, for even barn-room was precious. Perhaps we could get comfortable lodgings at farmer Ridgway's. He lived in

the porched farm-house on the hill-side, a mile further on.

We dragged our weary limbs to his door, where he sat in an elbow-chair under the shelter of the honeysuckle, smoking a quiet pipe. His drab suit, and brow shaded by broad brim, as well as the exquisite cleanliness about him, proclaimed Quaker principles. His full, dimpled face promised well for us. We made our petition for a night's rest in his barn. He hesitated not an instant. "Yes, and welcome." To our thanks he only gave a good-natured nod of acceptance.

So we retired to our quarters, and seated on the barn floor, pulled out our provided supper.

"This bread has dried to a crisp, and the cheese has run to oil," I remarked, "but appetite will make all right. Fall to, Bruno, or I shan't leave you a scrap."

"Will thee please to come to supper?" said a sweet, lisping voice at the door, and we caught sight of a peeping pair of blue eyes.

"There is music in that, but what does she mean?" Bruno asked of me. He wanted me to propose accepting the invitation.

"Some mistake, I suppose," I answered. "It sounded too good to be true."

"Father sent me to tell you to please to come to supper," again lisped the voice, and nodding acquiescence to each other we rose to go. When we reached the door we saw a young girl, with close-cropped, curly head, running shyly back to the house.

We presented ourselves, all hesitation and blushes, at the kitchen door.

"Come in, and take seats," said a tall, pale, calm-looking matron. The old man's look was contentment and ease, hers was the soul's peace. The farmer's portly figure already filled his chair. He motioned us to our places, as if it were a matter of course that we should be there: the young girl and younger boys drew up; the matron seated herself, and for a few moments our heads were bowed in the impressive, silent grace of the Friends.

Never was there such a supper! Coffee, snow white biscuit, and such delicious rural delicacies as smear-case smothered in cream, apple-butter, ham with cream gravy, little red and white button

radishes, and cream cheese. Imagine a snow white, fresh-creased cloth spread thus, in a brown-beamed kitchen, into whose windows roses are peeping, with the rays of the setting sun, and the flickering shadows of the swinging honeysuckle boughs thrown across it, the cheerful faces in fine contrast and grouping—and you have a picture Bruno has since painted. After supper we sat on the porch at the old man's request, and after telling him the news, subsided into silence.

What a charming country we looked over! Green, all soft green below us in the meadows, where the sheep were lying. Opposite, the profile of receding hills tinted first dark blue, then purple, and ending in a little one far down in the west, ruby red with sunset mist. Behind us the dusky woods towered, and over them hung the young moon. To our right, beyond the huge sycamore and little snuggling spring-house, there lay out fairly the cloud reflecting mill-pond.

Bruno pulled out his flute, and forgetful of our host's principles, began to play, "Meet me in the Willow Glen," "Sounds from Home," "Oft in the Stilly Night," &c. In answer to my apprehensive glances the old man smiled. He had no objection to our making music. Presently the little damsel emerged from the house with a pitcher, which we heard her mother bid her fill at the spring. Bruno was playing one of Lanner's waltzes. Her feet began to keep time, she tripped along the grassy path, swinging the pitcher gracefully over her head, and bending to and fro to the music.

"Tacy, what is thee doing?" called the matron's warning voice from the kitchen window. The bright face turned to answer,

"Nothing, mother; but the music makes me run and skip."

"I'm afraid thee was dancing."

"Now, now, mother," interrupted the old man, "don't put the notion of dancing in her head, for if she thinks *that's* dancing, she'll never rest till she has more of it. See, she can't keep still, the little lamb, while the music sounds."

For fear of troubling our hostess, Bruno put up his flute, and after awhile, when it got a little darker, we went to the mill-pond for a bath, that cheapest and greatest of luxuries. Then to our sleeping place. The large barn was pretty close, and smelt strong of fresh hay, but adjoining, there was a lower and smaller one, into the hay-loft of which, ten feet down, we jumped through a door-way from the loft where we stood. Two opposite windows were open, and the west wind blew through it. There, on the soft hay, fanned

to repose, we rested our weary, but already refreshed limbs, and dreamed delightfully.

After some hours sleep, I was half aroused by a feeling of suffocation, a heavy, unconquerable dullness, which totally prevented any motion, and almost every thought. I could only try to conjecture its cause until I smelt smoke! That broke the spell. I started up and shook Bruno, who would not be roused. I tried again and again. He hung on my hands like a dead weight, seeming half smothered. I had little enough time to save my life. The smoke was rolling in volleys through the loft, the cattle below bellowing and plunging, the fire raging, the shingles snapping and crackling. I couldn't leave him—I couldn't stay and be burned—I couldn't rouse him. I took him on my back, and carried him to the place where we had entered.

Alas! In jumping down upon the soft hay we had not accurately estimated the height, and there was a bare stone wall before me, which a lurid light showed me was at least twenty feet high. I alone could not climb it, much less could I drag Bruno up. I left him and rushed to the windows. They were both shut, and I feared to open them lest the air should turn the hot smoke to scorching flame. But I grew desperate—I pushed the shutter—it was fastened. I groped for the bolt or hook. It had none—it was nailed up on the outside, or fastened in some way from without. I kicked, I screamed, I threw myself against it with my whole force, though I knew there was a sheer descent outside. In vain. It resisted my strength. Then I bethought myself of the trap for throwing down hay to the cattle, which there is in barns generally. I began groping around for it in the furious haste of a race with death. I scratched away the hay on the floor like a dog, with all-fours. I tried corners, centre, and sides without finding it. Then I remembered that the window on one side was over the cow-racks, and the hay was probably thrown from it. If I could burst it open I could throw Bruno down without fear of hurting him. I tried the shutter again. It was firmly closed, and I cursed the fiend who had thus entrapped us. I put my mouth to the crack and called for help. The cattle drowned my voice—the confused cries of calf, and sheep, and chickens, and cows, and horses stamping frantically. My heart was chilled with horror. Then I again rushed over my insensible friend to the wall. I stopped to make another effort, even by kicking him, to arouse him—if only to have two minds instead of one to suggest escape from this fearful emergency. He remained

immovably snoring. I tried to climb the wall with my hands and feet. I succeeded in getting half way up! I was safe! I could call assistance for my friend. But no! I fell back again to the straw. I tried again, and again, until my finger-nails were worn to the quick. I fell back every time.

At last a tongue of flame shot along the smoke. I shrieked aloud for help, and then renounced all effort. I sank down beside Bruno. A thousand keen, fearful reflections swept through me, of my short life thus cut off, of the friends left to agonize at my horrible fate, and of the many things I had to live for. One bitter thought kept presenting itself. It was that our trusting host would believe we had been the wicked doers of this devilish deed, and had perhaps escaped with his horses, since among the mangled remains he would not be able to identify us, or them. Then came vividly before me the physical horrors of the death I was about to die. I prayed mentally for a speedy death, and envied Bruno his insensibility. For one moment I seemed to fall into it myself. Then a glare of fire burst across my face, and I opened my eyes.

What! Was it so?

Was the air smokeless, and were those swallows skimming and twittering over my head among the brown rafters? Were these the ordi-

nary sounds of the barn-yard, crowing, lowing, cackling, and bleating, and not the agonized cry of burning animals? Was the glare of fire only this long, slanting sunbeam coming from the roof and dazzling my eyes? Were the heat and suffocation only caused by the flapping to of the shutters, and the sultry air of the close loft? Was this my good Bruno smiling in happy security at my side?

Had it all been a dream?

I wiped the drops from my forehead, and sprang to my knees with bowed head.

What thankfulness!

Looking up after a minute, my eyes travelled over the stone wall, up to the doorway which had seemed so inaccessible a few moments before. There stood the blushing, curly-headed damsel looking down upon us, her pretty form and countenance standing out from the rich, dimly-tinted brown of the dark barn-loft behind her like one of Greuso's sweetest portraits.

"See, Bruno, quick!" I said, for I was afraid she would vanish, and I wanted my friend to see her. She was bidding us to breakfast, and Bruno noted her well. He has begun the picture since, and I hope he will succeed in making her look as much like an angel as she did that morning to me after my Mid-Summer Night's Dream.

L O N E L Y.

BY MARY W. JANVIN.

A WHIRLY way, beset with thorns,
Wherein my footsteps stray!
With gloom above, and wilds beneath—
Alas! a weary way!

No star, mild beaming, lights my gloom—
No south winds softly blow,
Fanning the cheek where fever heats
And hectic flushes glow.

My feet grow faltering, way-worn, sore—
I sink with weariness!
The path grows drearier than before,
Yet onward must I press!

My Fate pursues me close behind—
Fate pitiless and stern!
It will not let me falter down—
I dare not backward turn.

And yet, I know Love's passion flowers
Bloom close the path beside;
And mountain streams come dancing down,
With foam-bells on the tide.

But 'tis not mine the flowers to pluck—
To quaff the cooling stream;
Love's blossoms wither 'neath my touch—
Its waters poisoned seem.

There is no arm to bear me up—
To help me conquer Fate;
To make my way less wearisome,
My life less desolate.

No gentle eye to cheer me on—
No clasping hand in mine—
No kiss to seal my quivering lips—
No heart to make my shrine.

Only, alone, to gain yon height—
Only, to win a name;
Oh, chill and desolate pathway there
Oh, cold and hollow Fame!

A lonely wanderer o'er life's wold,
With way-worn feet, I stray!
With clouds above, and wilds below—
Alas! a weary way!

HOW BESSIE CAME HOME.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. STANWOOD was a broken merchant; prosperous and influential once, but now forgotten upon Change. His wife was a confirmed invalid; and Ollie, the third and last member of his small family, was an elderly woman who had served him in better days, and now acting as cook, chambermaid, nurse, and financier at once, had but one aim in life, to prop the falling glory of the Stanwoods.

Yes, there were others who belonged to the family, but up to the time of our narrative had taken little part in its discouragements and sorrows. Alas, it had no joys! Mrs. Stanwood remained in her darkened room week after week; Mr. Stanwood sat below, in his easy-chair with the torn damask cover, and read books of romance and poetry week after week; and week after week in the kitchen, poor old Ollie toiled like a giantess to produce for them a suitable degree of comfort with the scanty means at her command. Hope, faith, and with them cheerfulness, had forsaken the household when its wealth, and luxury, and troops of friends departed.

Let to-day be no worse than yesterday, was the only prayer of these discouraged souls; they never thought of improving matters, and making to-day better than yesterday. Change, they dreaded, and trembled before the very sound; for in their memory it was wholly associated with loss.

But a change was impending: Mr. Stanwood thought of it among his books, and Mrs. Stanwood, among her pillows, and Ollie among her accounts; all shrank from mentioning what they felt sure would bring new trial and sorrow; yet the matter must be discussed, and one morning Mr. Stanwood summoning his energies, entered his wife's room firmly resolved to break the disagreeable subject.

Groping his way through the dark, close room, he began with his usual inquiry, "How do you feel this morning, my dear? Any more comfortable?"

"Oh, no," in a feeble voice, "I have had a little less neuralgia, but I am so weak and ache so with lying here. I thought no one would ever come, it is half an hour past the time for taking my drops." And she whined through a long list

of aches and fears and wishes, while Mr. Stanwood, seeking vainly for the phial which contained his wife's potion, began opening a window shutter, and cheerily streamed in the morning sun.

"My dear husband, are you crazy? you blind me, with this raging headache too! pray, pray, shut out that dreadful light."

"Then I cannot find your drops."

"Well, let them go; oh, dear! I am not sure they do me any good. Did Ollie speak to you of my breakfast?"

"She did not, what will you have?"

"Not much of anything. I have no appetite; ask her to cook up something that I will relish, and to be sure my coffee is strong, and to have it rich with cream, and ask her if she has not some calf's-foot-jelly; that may possibly cool my mouth. That's all, except a biscuit or a piece of toast, she can bring both, and I will eat whichever looks most tempting: it is a dreadful thing not to have any appetite."

"So it is, love; but I am glad you are not hungry now, because—probably you remember what day this is?"

"How should I? all the days are alike to us." Yet Mrs. Stanwood remembered very well.

"It is the first of April, and Bessie is coming home to live; she left us for boarding-school, you know, some time before our reverse of fortune, and must remember her home as it once was; the change will be a disappointment to the poor young thing." And Mr. Stanwood's voice trembled. Many a time his heart yearned for the absent child who was suffering banishment on account of her mother's nerves; and now he feared that the unattractive home would estrange her from him even more than absence had done.

"Well, Charles, what do you expect of me?" asked Mrs. Stanwood, in an injured tone. "Let her come, we have done our best, I have sold my jewelry to pay the last school bills, what can she ask more?"

"Of course I expect nothing, but——"

"Then please go and see about my breakfast; ah! suffering is hard enough without neglect."

"But do you not think we might have a fire in the parlor, and have the piano tuned; and that

you could feel well enough to be down stairs when Bessie arrives and welcome her?"

"I, in that cold room, not heated before this winter!" Mrs. Stanwood gained her voice from very indignation. "No, Charles, we cannot afford so many fires; and as for the piano, I broke it purposely, there is no need of establishing dangerous precedents in the beginning; and to hear piano music with my poor nerves would be distressing. Bessie may as well understand at once that she must yield a few of her own wishes to others' necessities."

Mr. Stanwood did not often work himself into sufficient courage for maintaining any point, and knowing his own weakness, resolved to make the most of the present opportunity. "You are aware, my love, that Bessie has lived in utter estrangement from us; that she has been deprived of those sweet home influences, and all those manifestations of parental love which make the charm of childhood. You have not felt able to correspond with her, and it is hard for a man to write letters which interest a child, and hard for a child to maintain much interest in strangers; truly, I cannot see that we have the smallest claim upon the poor girl's love."

"We have claims upon her duty: often during her infancy and childhood, I have comforted myself with the thought that she would grow up to repay all my anxiety and care; and some time I might lean upon her, as she leaned upon me then: the time has come."

Completely vanquished, Mr. Stanwood went back to his easy-chair just in time to meet Ollie with her breakfast waiter, which for the first time, seemed to him somewhat crowded for an invalid's fare; and opening his book, he wondered if Bessie must content herself with such unsavory meals as his own invariably were; and if she would be very much dismayed at first sight of her home; and if she could possibly love him, and care for him, and comfort his old age

CHAPTER II.

"WHERE are they? Where's somebody? Mother! Ollie! Where's the parlor? Can this be the house?"

"Bessie! dear child! the same bright curls and ringing voice that made our home bright when you were a child."

"Then you are my father, I thought so! and I am home, and you are glad to see me? But where's mother? And why did you not come to the cars?"

"I hardly thought of it; forgive me, we are not used to arrivals. Your mother is up stairs, sick."

"Sick! and you did not send for me?"

"She is always sick my child, you will have plenty of nursing."

"Oh! may I take care of her? I was afraid the house would be full of servants, and that I must sit up primly and be a lady. Shall I go up stairs now? Yes—do not wait to ask—I will surprise her." And she flew to her mother's room.

"Dear, dear, blessed mother, my own mother. I'm so glad to get back to you!" and every word was sealed with twenty kisses.

Mrs. Stanwood sneezed. "How do you do, Bessie? I'm glad you have come, we need you enough—there that will do," she sneezed again. "Stand farther off, love, you must learn to be considerate; I am an invalid, you know, and your cold damp garments might give me my death."

"Dear mother, it is the sunniest April day you ever knew, and I waited long enough below, talking with papa, to drive all the chills away. I should think; but you are sensitive, poor thing. Do let me open the shutter and see how you look."

Equally curious to mark what changes time had made in her child's appearance, Mrs. Stanwood nerved herself to bear the intolerable light, and Bessie prattled on.

"Why you're a perfect beauty! What a shame to be shut up in this dark room all the time. No. I shall not wholly close the shutter; for one does not gain a mother every day, and I want to realize your existence, as I can only do by having you before my eyes. What a nice, kind gentleman father is, but I did not expect to find him so old: perhaps he worries about you; how long have you been sick, mother?"

"For more than seven years."

"And this is why everything looks so dimly down stairs; such funny, old, faded furniture and carpets, and such dusty curtains and ragged chairs you never saw, or dreamed of except in a novel; the elegant, great rooms make these things look more comfortable: I will soon bring about a change."

"My poor child, your father is a bankrupt, our property, our friends, our hope, our happiness all went together. I do not complain; and you must learn, like your father and myself, to submit to the dispensations of Providence."

"You surprise me; but if we are so poor, how does it happen that we still live in so fine a house?"

"Your father's failure was the result of no mismanagement or speculation, but of losses at sea; and his creditors were so pleased with the honorable manner in which he yielded every

thing to their demands, that they presented me with the house in which we lived. I hope to remain here until a release comes from my suffering."

"Then you expect better things?"

"Yes, Bessie, I expect to die."

"Oh, mother, not yet! not for years and years! Wait and see what I can do with our home, see now, before long, I will have everything fresh and bright; and how completely I will cure you, and have your beautiful face for the best ornament in my parlor. My parlor, my home, mother, father—you cannot guess what blessed words they are to me, how I have longed to say them, and have envied the poorest beggar that spoke of parents and a home."

"We must talk about these plans of yours, Bessie; I hate change, so does your father; if you spoil aught there are no means of replacing it, so do not attempt any experiments yet. Pour out my drops now, love; and give me that tart to remove the taste from my mouth; there, close the shutter, hang up the green shawl against the crevice; then go down stairs, and I will try to sleep."

CHAPTER III.

"Why, Ollie, you dear soul! I had almost forgotten you. Here, don't wait to wipe your hands, let me give you a kiss, as I used when you put me to bed years ago. You have grown old, Ollie."

"Well I might, Miss, with all the care, and trouble, and sickness, and poverty, and——"

"I would not talk about such things, you will grow young again, now I have come home to make everything go smoothly and look bright. How do I look, Ollie? Are you disappointed in me? And do you suppose mother was? for she didn't seem so very, very glad as I thought perhaps she would be; though she was kind, and said something about being pleased upon my return."

"You have not changed, Miss Bessie, in one thing; you always did rattle off a string of questions, and give no one a chance to reply. How do you look? like an angel, in this poor, old, faded room."

"Do not slander my home, Ollie, or I shall have to change domestics; though I dare say you have been toiling for about nothing ever since my father failed. Tell me now exactly how you manage, and how poor we really are."

"It would break your heart, Miss Bessie, I'd rather not."

"You do not know what a stout, little heart I

have, so speak the worst. What do you think, Ollie! some mischievous boy has nailed a dressmaker's sign upon our side door. I noticed it as we drove up, this afternoon."

"The very same eyes! when she was a child nobody could deceive her!" Ollie exclaimed.

"If you must know then, we are obliged to let out a few rooms to some respectable women, who, who——"

"Are dressmakers? How convenient that will be, I shall know all the fashions!"

"But we don't speak of it, Miss Bessie, especially to your mother; where their bell-wire runs through our entry, I have had it enclosed in a thick box, and she never catches the sound. It would kill her, I believe, to know that a Stanley and a Stanwood were living under the same roof with seamstresses, and that our house was constantly frequented by their customers."

"Why, then, have you allowed the thing to happen?"

"The rooms were not used; and these women pay a large rent, which is our only steady income. Sometimes your grandfather or your uncle send a few hundred dollars; but we never know when to expect it, and your mother would die before asking a single cent. It is a pleasant thing, Miss, to have ready money; patience knows I had difficult work enough when we wanted it."

"Then you manage all the finances, Ollie?"

Ollie's brow clouded. "Why, yes; they said I could make the money go farther than any one else, but of course, Miss Bessie——"

"Of course, Miss Bessie will not meddle with your plans, dear old Ollie, except when you are willing to sacrifice them for the sake of helping her now and then."

Since the day of the failure, Ollie had not smiled so radiantly before. "That will I indeed, Miss; and heaven knows all my plans and all my humble walks have but one end, to comfort my old master and mistress in the days of their humiliation. As for money, I see you are not the flighty girl that we expected home, with a head full of boarding-school airs, so here's the purse, Miss Bessie, and here am I at your service."

"Very well; now you have passed through the form of resignation, I re-elect you manager of finance. We will trust each other, and be partners, Ollie; for we both have one aim, and though I have given no proof as yet of my capacity, wait awhile patiently and see what I can do. But tell me, are you going to carry up that old tin tea-pot for our supper? Have we not a better one?"

"Why, yes, there is a Britannia and a china tea service, but your father always tells me to do what makes least work, and he has grown used to these."

"Let us try the others to-night. Come, it is only fair that you should treat to something upon my return; and I would rather have a good-looking table than a good meal any time."

"I am sorry to hear that, Miss; for I had contrived a treat for you, look at this beautiful little steak, so relishing after your journey."

"How thoughtful in you, Ollie; and you will let us have the tea service besides? Sec, I have washed off the dust, and it looks like another kind of ware. You are so indulgent that I shall take care not to add to your labors; bring a tub of water to the dining-room after tea, and I will wash the cups to begin."

CHAPTER IV.

ON taking her tea to the dining-room, by whose fire she had usually left it standing until the table was laid, Ollie was surprised to find the latter in readiness, and a little dismayed withal at some other of Bessie's improvements. The fire was blazing at a height which Mr. Stanwood never required, and Ollie never allowed; the ragged easy-chair was overspread with a table-cloth, one of the few bright things remaining in the house, and which Ollie had cherished like the apple of her eye; and worse still, on the stand burnt two wax candles, which as relics of former elegance, Ollie had preserved in the parlor candelabra year after year; scraping the dust from them every spring and fall, until it must be confessed their appearance was rather attenuated.

The good woman began to expostulate; but Bessie made her stand at the door and confess the whole aspect of the room was magically changed, and that it did one's heart good to see things begin to look gay again; and that in case her mother ever should resolve to come down stairs, it would be fine to have a pleasant room for her. Ollie was in a yielding mood, and Bessie coaxed so prettily, and looked so fairy-like and charming with her shower of golden curls; and the whole was such a change besides, from the dreary, old monotony, she had not the heart to frown; though Mr. Stanwood might have spent all his evenings in the dark, before the housekeeper would have yielded her precious candles to him.

After tea came another expostulation about the dishes, but Bessie had her way; and soon it became an established custom in the house that

Bessie's way should be had in all things, though she was assiduously the most yielding of mortals and asked everything as a favor, nothing as right. She had a fascinating manner which was one understood, and no one could resist.

Ollie's quick eye detected the remains of the "beautiful little steak" she had cooked so carefully, upon Mr. Stanwood's plate; she felt hurt and slighted, so she told Bessie the first time they were alone again, to think she had not eaten what was prepared exclusively for herself.

"But there was not enough for two, and I feasted upon the savory odors and upon your kindness, Ollie; while my father, as he finished the morsel of meat, smacked his lips in a way that did me good. I am afraid poor papa does not often have such a supper."

"Then let him work and earn it, I say. He is a good man, Mr. Stanwood is; and I don't forget that he is your father, Miss Bessie; but he has not the energy of a mouse; sitting around here, in the prime of life, to be waited upon and fed by women!"

"Hush, Ollie."

"No, I will not hush until I've said my say: I want you to understand him; I did not for a good while, and things never went so well as since I have found him out; he is discouraged, and that makes him indolent; he is fond of books, and that makes him contented, and keeps him always in a kind of maze: why, I have known him to go into a long explanation to your mother about the chemical difference—I believe he called it, between steel and iron, when she was half dying with neuralgia and nervousness. He is always in a brown study, eats and drinks, and sleeps and wakes in it: he could not tell you this minute what he had for supper."

"I declare, I will ask him!"

"You may; and tell him if you choose, that never a finer gentleman than he was once, could change to such a dead-and-alive image as he is now." Ollie felt secure enough that the message would never be given.

CHAPTER V.

AWAY ran Bessie to the dining-room, and entered just in time to arrest her father's hand as he was removing the fine cloth from his chair. "That is to remain, papa, until I can procure a better covering."

"But Ollie will take our heads off."

"I shall appeal to higher authority; you are master of the house."

"We don't know about that, Bessie," opening his book.

"Why don't we know, papa? Whose comfort should be consulted if not yours? I expected a compliment or two about the appearance of my room, and so far, I have had only expostulations."

"To tell the truth, I did not observe the change at first, but as I sat alone here by the fire, where I have sat alone so many nights, it seemed to come over me all at once; and I looked around and saw what my bright haired little witch had been doing. Why, Bessie, it is like a chapter of the Arabian Nights."

"No, father, say it is like a chapter of home, that is what I longed to hear you say of your own accord. Home to my thinking is far better than any diamond cave or enchanted castle; home, where there are ready sympathies, and loving words, and where there is always a bright, warm, cheery look, and a sense of security and peace."

"All this I felt and might have said dear, but in fact, I have learned to dwell more upon enchanted castles, than upon such a home as you describe; they are alike unattainable for us."

"And do you think I intend living upon your small means, papa, and doing nothing toward adding to your happiness? I am selfish enough to be glad of our poverty on my own account; for now I may be of some use in my home, be a nurse and companion for dear mamma, and oh, if I could win you both to love me as I love you now!"

"Then you really love us, and are not disappointed in your home, and are content to comfort us in our old age!"

"How could I but be fond of you, and think of the home I knew so little about, in all those dreary years I have been away? When the other girls went home at vacation, do you suppose my heart did not come to you and plead for a little love? When I visited with my school-mates, and saw them petted and encouraged, do you suppose I never thought of those who would be as glad to pet and encourage me? Oh, father, you do not know the long nights I have lain awake thinking about you all, and wondering how it looked, and how all was going on here at home; and then I have cried until morning, thinking, perhaps, you might become estranged from me; and when I returned, I should be an unwelcome intruder after all, and should wish myself back again, or in my grave."

"My good, tender child! We do not deserve such affection, yet your mother and I have done our best for you; one by one she has sold her jewels to defray your school expenses; and for the

rest, we wished as long as possible to keep you ignorant of the deplorable state of our affairs."

"Why so deplorable? Here are you in the prime of life, and I am young and full of energy and fond of work."

"Suppose you learn the dressmaker's trade, you, a Stanwood!" said the father, with some bitterness; as for myself, I am past work; I cannot accept dishonorable labor, and the honorable is beyond my reach."

"It is the purpose for which we work, that makes our labor a glory or disgrace; and if I could soothe my mother's pain, or add to my father's comfort thereby, I would become a dressmaker to-morrow. What is the use of aristocratic birth unless it make us independent? At school, I used to say to myself, 'I can do this, and this, because I am a Stanley and a Stanwood, and as people know we possess the soul of honor and aristocracy, they will not dare demur,' and they did not."

"Only this morning an old acquaintance offered me a clerkship, with a salary of five hundred dollars; I resented it as an insult. Would you have me disgrace my wife and child, Bessie?"

"But is it more disgraceful to earn ever so small a pittance in ever so humble a way, than to live upon the earnings of a poor old woman, and the charity of relatives, and perhaps even to borrow money which there is no hope of repaying?"

"Yes, I have done all that; and now there is no retracing the past, there is no hope for the future, and you would add drudgery and disgrace to my other trials," moaned the father, weaker and childish with that imbecile will, than the slight young thing who nestled beside Ollie and sought to inspire him with her own brave energy. There she nestled and argued till long after Ollie's slim candles had flickered and gone out, and the last crumbling brand had rolled down on the hearth. And the weak will yielded to the stronger one, and Bessie had her way. Mr. Stanwood promised as soon as the morrow should dawn, to solicit the clerkship which he had once so indignantly refused.

Then Bessie, tired with the change and travel and excitement of the day, crept to her bed in a great lonely, cheerless, room, and lay there planning what more she could do to change the aspect of her home; and then she thought, poor child, of other homes, and other returns which she had witnessed, when a whole house, wild with joy, had flown to meet the wanderers, and parents had lingered over their children with blessings and grateful tears.

"But this is nothing to me, and I will not

think of it; the greater the want in my home, the greater my field of work. And why am I weeping like a fretful child?" mused our brave Bessie, and turning impatiently upon her pillow, put away the wet curls from her face as if resolved thus to put away all grief, and resolutely turn from all thought of herself.

"The girl is pretty and well disposed; somewhat too vivacious perhaps, and she has not my delicate sensibility, or the change in our home would have shocked her more," mused Mrs. Stanwood, as she fell asleep that night, "but I foresee how my poor nerves must suffer from that shocking flow of spirits. Ah! this life is but a vale of tears; well for us who believe in the promise of a better life beyond."

"It is a dangerous precedent, yielding thus at the commencement," mused Mr. Stanwood, "but the child is so gentle and loving, it is such a sweet flower to wither in our dull home, it is such a sweet flower to nestle in my lonely heart, that I must give it shelter if I can. Poor thing, it is well our Bessie does not know from experience, what a home should be, or she would feel more keenly what her own home is."

"Poor thing," mused Ollie, after she had said her prayers that night, "so young and cheerful, and careless now, and such a life before her: all work and no play, all vexation and no thanks. Toil, toil, as Mr. Stanwood said once, to keep the burden of poverty from rolling back and crushing us; like trying to roll a great stone up hill all the time and never getting a step ahead; we can bear it, but it is cruel for her." Tears fell upon Ollie's cheek, as the old woman lay in her wretched little room, and up in God's calm heaven the Angel of Pity recorded there, where they shall shine when earthly crowns and sceptres all have crumbled back to dust; where the pomp of caste and wealth, and the glory of conquerors shall be alike forgotten.

CHAPTER VI.

BESSIE'S first day at home was more of a "precedent," to use his own word, than her father dreamed: the little girl went on with her improvements, and everything became transformed. Every one demurred from Bessie's plans, every one prophesied failure and expostulated earnestly, and she always seemed to yield and always had her way.

Carpets were turned and made to look like new; curtains were taken down and ripped and cleansed, and patched, and pressed, and hung again in almost pristine splendor; neat patch coverings concealed the shabby richness of the

damaask chairs and sofas; the dimmed and smoky marble of the fire-place was oiled and polished till the long lost veins and devices came to light again; the tarnished mirror-frame was concealed in a cloud of delicate gauze, which had floated about Mrs. Stanwood once, in her party days, and which Bessie found in the garret. Dingy oil paintings were removed and their frames filled with some fine engravings that had lain for years in a port-folio on the library floor: elegantly bound books were brought from the same source; little airy tables, ornaments, and divers other things which had long been packed away as troublesome and useless, came forth at the call of our fairy's divining wand: blinds that had been shut for years were opened, and their cobwebs dusted away, and windows washed; and Bessie declared that the very sunshine had a look of gratified curiosity as it streamed into her room.

Meantime a change equally startling had been wrought in the chamber above: Mrs. Stanwood pleaded, and sighed, and wept, and reproached, and lost her voice, and gained it again to command and threaten; but it did no good—though the most dutiful child, the most charming companion, the most tender friend, the gentlest nurse, and the most submissive of mortals where her own rights were concerned, Bessie would have her way. Treating her mother like a spoiled child, for she soon found arguments of no avail, the daughter diverted, amused, encouraged, praised, and petted, and coaxed her into concession after concession, until Mrs. Stanwood learned to endure both light and air, to gain more strength by using the little she had, to lose her voice less frequently, because Bessie loved to hear it, it was such a musical voice! To eat less of pastry and sweetmeats, and satisfy her poor appetite with simpler and more moderate rations. At length the invalid could even listen to a book; and her nerves bore this so well, that of her own accord she offered Bessie the piano key, when a new world of happiness opened to both, for the girl played enchantingly.

Good old Ollie placed both hands in those of the new mistress, and submitted to be led whithersoever she would. Never, she verily believed, were there such persuasive lips, never was there such an unselfish life, and never were such difficult labors so light-heartedly performed, as those of the little fairy who danced about the house with her golden curls, and transformed every nook into which her influence fell.

Of course Ollie had her seasons of doubt, and Mrs. Stanwood whole weeks of despondency and

pse, and the father looked wistfully at his
ks sometimes, and talked about Stanwood
e, and dangerous precedents, and hinted that
many girls would drive a poor, old father
into the cold world which had slighted him
elf for her: but Bessie, feeling sure that
was right, worked on till the doubts were
elled, the hopefulness cheered, and the un-
reproaches withdrawn, and atoned for by
tence and praise.

appiness comes like grief, all at once: and
morning it seemed as if Bessie's cup were
nly destined to overflow: her father entered
he was performing some household duty
he dining-room, her parlor; and with a
s enthusiasm, and all the pride of all the
woods in his air, presented her with a bank
for seventy-five dollars, his first earnings,
"There, child, I did not know how light
r would become after I had a purpose; nor
t dignity lies in the humblest employment,
l you had taught me the difference between
a and genuine pride. Bless you, sweet fairy,
have done more for the old father's selfish
rt than for his once dull home!"

and then there came a slow step through the
; and Bessie thought amid her work how
e was growing feeble with age, and could
long sustain her present labors; when the
r opened and not Ollie, but Mrs. Stanwood
resented herself, and though trembling with
e unwonted exertion, paused before sinking
to a chair to look with wonder and delight
out the room.

"It never seemed more elegant, more clean
fresh in our palmiest days," she exclaimed,
h childish pleasure; "why, my blossom!
grace and sunshine follow you everywhere,
believe."

"They exist everywhere, dear mother, we
ve only to remove the shutters, and cobwebs,
l dirt which conceal them; that is what I
m striving to do. Come, rest on this lounge,
was covered purposely for your use; wait, let
arrange the pillows, and here is a shawl for
ur feet. Now you look like a beauty, and
like the crowning charm to my room: isn't it
light and comfortable? You see poverty is
t such a terrible grief, after all."

"There is no poverty with a home and such
child!" and this reply proved such a change
om her previous ways of thinking, that it
artled the husband as much as if the sun,
sing some day, should shed forth darkness in-
ad of light into the world. But instead of
darkness, the invalid was beginning now to shed
orth light.

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. STANWOOD made important discoveries,
and found much food for reflection in her brief
visit to the parlor. In the excitement of the
moment, Mr. Stanwood told of his vanquished
pride and indolence; of his new purpose in life,
and his small but honest gains; and Ollie, in her
enthusiasm, told how Miss Bessie went every
day to read heathenish Greek and Latin, and
dull books of theology, to the blind, old clergy-
man who lived opposite; and how the money
which she received for this service had all been
spent in additions to the comfort of her home.
And the dressmaker's bell ringing loudly more
than once, Bessie praised the thrift of their old
housekeeper in procuring tenants for useless
rooms.

Mrs. Stanwood made no comments during
these disclosures. Once or twice she wiped a
tear from her face, then returned quietly to her
room, where she suffered a long relapse, and no
one but herself knew that this time the disease
was in her soul; that while she lay so quiet,
heart and mind were racked with dreadful strife,
as looking back through all the past, and on
toward the future, she saw her own conduct and
her duties in their true light, unobscured by
selfishness. The wife felt reproached for having
left her husband to struggle through his sorrows
alone: the mother was abashed before the ex-
ample of her child. She had suffered, true, but
she had courted suffering as a hope of release
from wearisome existence; and as an excuse for
opportunities neglected, and duties unfulfilled.

And from that sickness she came forth re-
newed: with faults and weaknesses still, but
with an humble, penitent heart, resolved, if pos-
sible, to make the future atone for all the past.

Her thoughts went back now to another child;
a son who had wandered years ago from home,
and over whose fate she had wondered and wept
for weary years: no tidings came, and she tried
to believe him dead, but doubts still haunted her,
and now the family fortunes were brightening,
she told Bessie that only one wish was left un-
gratified: "Could she but see Harry again, or
even have certain tidings of his death!

"He is an ungrateful fellow, and you have
worried enough about him, my love," said Mr.
Stanwood.

"Poor fellow, wandering about the world
without any home! But he will be sure to
come back to us, mamma; only have patience,"
said Bessie.

Bessie never said wrong; and therefore Harry
came; whether because great destiny as well as

its subjects submitted to her dictation, or because a calm, wise mind and true womanly instincts inspired her predictions, no one ever could tell. Bessie predicted, and Harry, like everything else in the world, stepped forth at the nod of those golden curls. But of this in another chapter.

One day Bessie fell in love with a pretty cottage, which nestled amidst shrubs and vines in a suburb of the good city of Boston. A card in the window whispered temptingly, "To let!" and all the way home she thought how her mother would enjoy the change to country life, and how cosily they all might live here, and what a grand stroke of policy it would be to rent the whole of the great, expensive house, and remove to this newer, cheaper, and more comfortable one.

"Never, never!" said Mr. Stanwood, "the scene of my former prosperity, the house my father gave me first, and in which I will die. It is too far from my office," said Mr. Stanwood; said Ollie, "Unless we are here to watch it, they will burn our house, or, or——" Bessie listened to all the ors and had her way.

She was in her element now: she could furnish the whole house, and warm and keep it open. She flew about like a humming-bird among flowers, and everywhere left some evidence of her taste and industry. She trained her vines and watered her flowers, swept, dusted, sewed and sang from morning till night, as if there were no such word as weariness. Strangers stopped as they passed by, to ask whose home this little Eden could be so near the city, and yet such a contrast to its cumbrous brick and stone.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN one of those stone streets, at the doorway of a fashionable hotel, stood Harry Stanwood, one bright morning in June, twirling his glove, and yawning listlessly.

He was handsome and manly to look upon, with all the pride and dignity of the Stanwoods, and all the frankness, ease and grace of the Stanleys in his bearing; but a cold sneer disfigured his mouth as he muttered,

"Home, yes, and nothing changed; trust luck for that! Cold, proud, empty, dark, old house; damp rooms, chilly reception, reproaches, no fire, no food, no sympathy, no love, no any thing but repining, and despair, and selfishness. Mother sick up stairs, father dawdling over his books, Ollie toothless and severe, Bess, the bright-haired little blessing that she was! changed to a pert Miss fresh from boarding-

school. But duty is duty, and home I must go. I shall feel all the easier for it after they are dead."

Striding through the familiar streets hurriedly, half afraid that his resolution would evaporate, Harry reached the tall, dark door of the frowning house; and rang its bell softly, not forgetful of his mother's nerves.

"No, sir: Wilson; you can read it on the plate."

"But surely Mr. Stanwood lived here once."

"I think not, sir; never heard the name," and the door was closed in his face.

Harry's heart smote him. "Where could they have gone? What might not have happened to them during his absence and neglect? Were they all lost to him forever? The old home looked less repulsive now.

Tired of inquiries, he procured a directory and went through the whole list of Stanwoods; painters, merchants, truckmen, ragmen he found in palaces and hovels, in elegant, airy, and in squalid, noisome streets, all answering to his own aristocratic name; but none acquainted with his birth or kin. Thrice passing by the cottage, he read his father's name upon the gate, and would not enter; sure that it *could* not be the abode of those who used to mourn and sigh through the months, in that only home which he could recollect.

"But it may be some relative," he said, and returning as a last resource, he opened the little gate, not seeing the slight form which fitted across the piazza and disappeared among its vines.

"There, mother, I told you so! He has come. Harry has come! But he is not to see you first up here, it looks too much like the old invalidism. Quick, take off that old cap, for this is ten times more becoming; and I want him to realize what a beauty you are."

"I can hardly believe you; I am all in a tremble, child! But why did you not wait and greet him first yourself? You have not grown indifferent to Harry?"

"What a question! No; but I only thought of you, which was natural considering your past anxieties. You know he has not seen me for an age, and I should have needed to wait and introduce myself. Now I think of it, mamma," all this while Bessie was hooking hooks, tying bows, pinning collars and ruffles, by way of improving her mother's dress. "Now I think of it, I will play a trick upon Harry, and see if he recognizes me: mind, if he asks any questions, Bessie is not at home, and her friend, Miss Stanley, is taking her place."

What surprise, and joy, and tenderness there was in that meeting between the mother and her long lost son! They were seated together upon a sofa, talking earnestly, and Harry looking amazed and confused as if he were talking in a dream, when Mr. Stanwood entered with a demure young lady, whom he introduced as Miss Stanley, an intimate acquaintance.

It was well for the plot that Harry did not see her amused expression which flitted over his mother's face, and which would keep returning whenever she took in Bessie's transformation. Not without difficulty, she had straightened the bright curls and bound them tightly over her ears; behind which they terminated in an ugly twist; her fairy form was disguised in an old, short-waisted dress, a relic of boarding-schoolinery; and the awkward constraint of her manners completed the change.

With a single glance, and a mental "Where did they ever pick up such a curious, little, old specimen of humanity?" Harry dismissed her from his thoughts.

But she was not so easily to be dismissed: he soon found this queer little specimen to be the guiding spirit of his home. He met her everywhere: in garret, cellar, kitchen, garden, wherever he entered queer little Miss Stanley flitted away just too soon for recall, if indeed he had wished to recall her. She presided at table, she watered the plants, and dusted, and then was in his mother's room reading aloud, or nursing and petting her, and anon, in the kitchen she and Ollie held grave, mysterious consultations.

The elders entering heartily into the spirit of Bessie's plot, combined to mystify him: his father was usually away, his mother, just recovering from serious illness, spent nearly all her time alone, and nothing was left for Harry but to sit by the parlor fire and watch little Miss Stanley flicker about. Presently he began to wonder about her; to ask himself questions which he would not deign to ask any one else; for Harry was an aristocrat, and what should he care for this poor, little drudge? Still he saw plainly enough that without her fairy fingers all the home machinery would stop; and thus the fascination grew and grew, unconsciously to its victim, until the slight interest deepened into a very strong one; and Harry, while pretending to read his newspaper, was all the while only watching her. When smoking upon the piazza and seemingly absorbed in dreams, he still was watching Miss Stanley through the vines. Then he began to assist her, to take the hammer from her slight fingers

and nail up the broken frame himself; to bring water for her flowers, and help prune her vines.

"You've done it now!" said Ollie, one morning, when they had reached this state of things, and Harry had been at home about a week. "If you can entice him to work, with his pride and selfishness, I never will say again that you are not a true born witch."

"You never did say so, Ollie, however extravagant the opinion. But dear Harry is only thoughtless, and what a splendid fellow! Oh, I am so proud and so fond, that sometimes I can hardly keep from hugging him—how he would start to see demure, little Miss Stanley take such a liberty!"

"I guess he could stand the infliction, by the way he watches you out of the corners of his eyes. I see through him, and I know the Stanwood race by heart; he is too proud to make any inquiries, he would not betray an interest in the humble girl whose only claim——"

"Don't talk about claims, Ollie; there is but one claim between us all, to love each other."

"But, Miss Bessie, I think it high time for you to finish this frolic, and let Master Harry have his rightful place. It makes me ache to see you wait and tend upon him like a servant. I never shall forget that first morning after he came, when I found you in the cellar, trying to black his boots; and he asleep in bed, great, strong man that he is. And at the table if any thing is wanted, instead of helping himself or calling me, his lordship looks at the empty place, and then at you; and off you run and bring whatever he wishes. I know how he feels, I know the Stanwoods by heart, he thinks it is not a man's place to meddle in household matters, not dignified. Cannot you see, Miss, that by all these things you are establishing dangerous precedents?" Ollie had caught Mr. Stanwood's word.

"You and Ollie hold astonishingly long conferences," said Harry, bringing his chair to the table where our heroine sat at work.

"Yes, since I attempted taking your sister's place, and have discovered Ollie to be a very useful and important personage. I never hear you speak of Bessie, Mr. Stanwood; are you not impatient to meet her again?"

"Do not mention it, I think only with disgust how my sister was banished from home in childhood; how she must have grown up heartless and frivolous, with no wise and loving parental hand to guide her. Girls need home influences, and without them are worse than nothing, from my own character I can judge what hers must be; had my mother, twenty years ago, been what

she now is, we might both have become useful and even distinguished members of society. Now here am I, a mere idler in the world, and Bess, I doubt not, is a silly, sentimental belle." Since Harry's agreeable disappointment in the home, he had obstinately centered all his misgivings upon Bessie, notwithstanding divers hints which would escape from Ollie's lips.

"We do not all depend upon untoward influences, Mr. Stanwood, and though Bessie may not be very deep in her wisdom, nor very ambitious of distinction, I think you will find she has a good, little, quiet character of her own."

"Then Bessie is a friend of yours?" said Harry, looking into Miss Stanley's face. "I wish that instead of my sister's friend, you were my sister's self." He spoke it with a careless tone, but with earnestness beneath.

"Suppose I were your sister! Mr. Stanwood?"

"Well, it is pleasant to dream; and the cast of your features is not unlike hers as I remember them, and her hair was just the shade of this." Actually Harry's hand touched, nay, stroked poor little Miss Stanley's hair by way of illustration—"this color, but it fell in showers of golden curls." Mrs. Stanwood's bell rang, and the maiden flitted away; returning soon, she did not resume ~~the~~ seat beside Harry, but busied herself in another part of the room. He felt her presence, but did not raise his eyes from studying the cinders, where he seemed to have found a knotty problem; he was awakening all at once, considering what must have wrought the wonderful changes in his home, and whence Miss Stanley came, and whether Bess were really worthy to be his sister after all; dear Bess! who had been the one gleam of sunshine in his dismal childhood, who had placed her little hand in his so confidently, and bewitched him out of many a sorrowful mood: dear little Bess! Suppose she were not all that he could wish, whose fault, Master Harry Stanwood? who had united with the rest in neglecting her? Ah, how charitable he would be with her selfishness and frivolity. Where was she now, could he not go to her, and ask forgiveness for the past?

"Miss Stanley!"

"Very much at your service, sir!"

Was it a vision come back from his childhood? There stood the identical Bessie of his dreams, with the witching, confiding smile, and golden curls: there stood she one second, and then a flash of light overspread all the past and present for Harry Stanwood.

"You darling! My own Bessie!" and he clasped her to his heart.

CHAPTER IX.

THAT night there was a long conference between two who sat in the piazza, after all others in the cottage had gone to rest. A thousand questions and replies, a thousand regrets and resolutions passed: and Bessie's heart ached for excess of joy.

"And through all these discouraging efforts you never once fainted or confessed to yourself any uneasiness and disgust with life?"

"How could any one wish to die until her work was finished? No, Harry, I had encouragement enough, in finding how much a poor, little, weak girl like me could accomplish. You will find me a tyrant in my way, and I have been constantly gratified in this point: they all grew so fond of me, and yielded to me so readily, it was like a miracle."

"Why, Bess, you have done more than he who takes a city, or accumulates a fortune, and who the world calls great. Who would think there was brain enough under those fluttering curls to plan and execute such an enterprise as yours?"

"I do not think it was my brain," said Bessie, thoughtfully, "it was heart: those whom I loved were suffering, and I longed to help, and was glad to live for them. I only did the best I could each day, and learned to find my joy in theirs; you are mistaken about all this heroism and self-sacrifice; so long as I could not be happy while they were miserable, do you not see that it was a kind of selfishness to comfort them?"

"Hush, little sophist, you cannot comfort my conscience so easily. Whilst you have been making a slave and martyr of yourself, you poor, slight thing, I, a strong man, have lounged idly through existence; earning only to squander; criticising others, while I was worse myself. 'What is the use of a name,' I thought to myself, 'without friends. What is the use of wealth without a home?' so I flattered my idleness and nursed my foolish hereditary pride, until I came here at length from mere ennui, little dreaming what a lesson and what a rebuke I should find in my home. Now listen, to-morrow I shall suddenly receive despatches requiring my immediate presence, and you will not see me again until I have proved myself worthy of my name, and talents, and opportunities; and harder still, worthy of my sister Bess."

And Harry kept his word: constant letters proved that his interest in honor had not diminished, while frequent mention of his name in the papers of California, whither he had returned, proved him to be a prominent and useful citizen. Then money came home to purchase the cottage,

d then news that Henry Stanwood, Esq., had been elected a member of Congress, but would sit friends at the north, before assuming the ties of his office. Then came a great bustle the cottage door one day, and Mrs Stanwood went out on the piazza to meet the stranger who had just alighted, and Bessie clung to him in an ecstasy of joy, and Mr. Stanwood, as he watched the group with a fatherly pride, waited impatiently for his own turn to be recognized; and for, old Ollie had her hand half shaken off; for what Harry had some just cause for pride, the foolish vanity of old had passed away.

It seemed as if Harry had half the interests of California upon his hands, so hurried was he, so constantly bustling about, or deep in calculations and discussions with some business friend; no one would suspect him to be the youth who had lately lounged about this very house, hopeless and purposeless.

He procured his father's election as president of a bank; this appointment gave Bessie unspeak-

able delight. With less satisfaction, the little maiden received certain papers which were said to prove her the possessor of a handsome fortune in her own right. What could she do with money? What wish had she ungratified? But Harry laughed when she asked him to take back his gift, and told how wants always came in the train of gold, and that very soon she would be coaxing him for more.

"But, dear Harry, how can I ever thank you?"

"By using and enjoying it, my best of sisters! What is a little paltry gold, which a mere stroke of fortune brought me, in comparison with the life time of beautiful self-sacrifice, which has ennobled us all, which has so gently drawn us back to our true selves. Ah, Bessie, neither Stanleys nor Stanwoods, with all their family pride, have ever furnished such a noble 'precedent' as you in your meek self-forgetfulness."

"Well, it does beat all," said Ollie, "how, from first to last, Miss Bessie has had her way."

ELOISE, AN IDYL.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

When the Winter snow shone brightly
Underneath December's reign,
When the Winter snow lay lightly
On the hill-side and the plain,
When the icicles were pendant
From the branches of the trees,
All onrobed in love resplendent,
Came the lady, Eloise.
With her face so full of beauty,
And her voice so soft and sweet,
Loving her seemed like a duty,
And I said so, at her feet.

And the while my heart was basking
In the sunshine love had lent,
All this while my heart kept asking
In such duty to be spent.
Now, the Winter snow still lingers
On the hill-side and the plain;
But the heart-harp Memory fingers
Answers—shall we meet again?
They who in love's fervor parted,
Shall they in the future meet?
And I feel myself strong-hearted
And Hope's answer I repeat.

TO KATE.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

We part, dear Kate, yet do not fear,
Though now it causes pain,
The farewell word from me to hear,
For hope's bright star our way shall cheer,
We part to meet again.
Oh while in youth our hearts shall beat,
Ere yet we find our rest,
We thus shall part, we thus shall meet,

To spend the hours in converse sweet,
And feel we're truly blest.
And when our friendship here is o'er,
With all our sins forgiv'n,
We'll quickly gain the other shore,
Where parting words are known no more,
Our better home in Heav'n.

THE DARNING-NEEDLE.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF ANDERSEN.

THERE was once a darning-needle that thought so much of herself that she fancied she was a sewing-needle.

"Only mind you hold me fast," would she say to the fingers that took hold of her, "and don't let me fall on the floor, or I should never be found again, I am so delicate."

"This will do," said the fingers, taking her up round the body.

"See, I come with a whole retinue!" said the darning-needle, drawing a long thread after her; only there was no knot at the end of the thread.

The fingers directed the needle toward the cook's slipper. The upper-leather had cracked, and it was to be sewed together.

"This is very coarse work," said the darning-needle, "I shall never get through—I shall break—I am breaking."

And sure enough she broke.

"Did I not say so?" said the darning-needle; "I am too delicate for such work!"

"The needle will be of no further use," said the fingers, though they still held it fast; and the cook dropped some wax on the needle, and fastened her neckerchief with it.

"There! now I am a breast-pin!" said the darning-needle. "I knew that I should rise in the world. If one has merit, one is sure to become something or other." And then she laughed in her sleeve—for nobody ever saw a darning-needle laugh—and there she stuck as proud as though she were sitting in a stage-coach, looking all about her.

"By your leave—are you made of gold?" asked she of a neighboring pin. "You have a very fine appearance, and a remarkable head, only it is very small! You must try and grow, for it is not everybody who has wax dropped upon them." And the darning-needle bridled up so proudly that she toppled over out of the neckerchief, and fell into the sink, which the cook was then cleaning out.

"Now I am going to travel," said the darning-needle, "but it is to be hoped I shall not get lost."

But in fact she was lost.

"I am too genteel for this place!" said she, as she lay in the sink. "But I know what I am, and that is some little comfort." And the

darning-needle maintained her proud bearing, and did not lose her good temper.

And all sorts of things swam over her, such as chips of wood, bits of straw, and pieces of newspapers.

"See how they sail!" said the darning-needle. "They don't dream of what is sticking below them, though it is I who am sticking—who am sitting here! There goes a chip who thinks of nothing in the world but himself—a mere chip! There runs a straw, and how he turns and twists about! Don't be thinking of your foolish self, or you will run against a stone! There swims a piece of a newspaper. Its contents have been long since forgotten, and yet he is mightily proud. I am sitting still and am patient. I know what I am, and that I shall remain, come what will."

One day something lay close to her that glittered so splendidly that the darning-needle fancied it must be a diamond; but it was merely a bit of glass, only as it shone so brightly, the darning-needle spoke to it, giving herself out as a breast-pin.

"You are a diamond, I presume?"

"Something of the kind."

So each imagined the other to be very valuable, and their conversation turned upon the haughtiness of the world.

"I lived in a damsel's box," said the darning-needle, "and this damsel happened to be a cook; she had five fingers on each hand; but anything more arrogant than those fingers I never saw. And yet they were only there for the express purpose of taking me out of the box, and putting me back into the box."

"Were they, then, of high descent?" inquired the piece of broken bottle.

"High descent? Oh, dear, no!" said the darning-needle, "but haughty to the last degree. They were five brothers, all born fingers. They stood proudly beside each other, although they were of unequal heights; the outside one, namely, the thumb, was short and thick, and his position was beside the limb, and he had only one joint, and could only make a bow, but he said that any human being who had lost him, was not fit for the army. His next neighbor, a thorough sweet-tooth, dipped into sweet and sour, pointed

the sun and moon, and formed the letters when they all wrote. Master Longman, the middle finger, looked down upon all the others. Old-collet, the fourth brother, wore a gold arcelet round his body, and little Peter Spielmann did nothing at all, which he was very proud of. They were a set of boasters, and such they will remain, and that is why I left them." "And now we lie here and glitter," said the piece of broken bottle.

Just then more water was poured into the ink, which overflowed, and the broken glass was carried away by the stream.

"So he is off!" said the darning-needle. "I am left lying here, because I am too genteel—but that's my pride, and a laudable one it is."

And she remained proudly stuck where she was, indulging in mighty grand thoughts.

"I could almost fancy that I were born of a sunbeam, I am so delicate! And it seems as if the sunbeams always tried to find me under the water. Alas! I am so delicate that my own mother would not be able to find me. If I still possessed my old eye, which was broken off, I think I should fain weep; but I will not—because it is not genteel to cry."

One day a couple of boys in the street were paddling in the gutter, where they turned up old nails, pennies, and such things. It was dirty work, but they seemed to delight in it.

"Lal!" cried one of them who was pricked by the darning-needle, "here's a fellow!"

"I'm not a fellow, I'm a young lady," said the darning-needle; but nobody heard her.

The wax had disappeared, and she had grown black, but as blackness makes things appear slimmer, she fancied she was genteeler than ever.

"There comes an egg-shell sailing along," said the boys, who now stuck the darning-needle through the egg-shell.

"White walls and a black dress are very becoming," said the darning-needle, "only I can't see myself! I hope I shan't be sea-sick, for then I am afraid I should break."

But she was not sea-sick, and did not break either.

"It is a good preservative against sea-sickness to have a steel stomach, and to bear in mind that one is something more than a mere human being! My feeling of sea-sickness is now over. The genteeler one is, the more one can endure." So she said to herself again.

"Crash!" said the egg-shell, as a wagon rolled over it.

"Mercy! what a weight!" said the darning-needle, "I shall be sea-sick! I shall break!"

But she did not break, though a heavy wagon went over her; she lay at full length in the road—and there let her lie.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY KATE CAMERON.

Come they in the early morning,
Ere the labors of the day,
And they bring us strength and courage,
For the "trials by our way."
And they raise our soul's deep yearnings
To the Giver of all good:
And they waken noble longings,
Utter'd not, yet understood.

Come they at the sultry noon-tide,
When our hearts are weak and faint,
And the spell of their sweet presence
Chides each murmur and complaint.
And they nerve us for fresh effort,
On the battle-field of life,
That the hosts of sin and error
We may conquer in the strife.

Come they when the evening twilight
Closes round with sacred power,
Bearing pure and holy musings,
Peaceful as that vesper hour.

And they waft our praises upward
To the Lord of light and love,
And they bring us down a blessing
From their radiant home above.

Come they in the lone night-watches,
When soft sleep hath fled our eyes,
And the moonbeams and the starlight
Glimmer in the midnight skies.
And in slumber's bless'd visions
Still they seem to hover near,
With the self-same smile of welcome
That to us in life was dear.

Come they with a gentle warning,
When the tempter's voice is heard;
And with fond and soothing pity
When the founts of grief are stirred.
Oh! they are not dead the loved ones
• Who have left us here in gloom;
And, to cheer our fainting spirits,
Daily, hourly, do they come!

THE OLD SPANISH BALLADS.*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE very name of Spain conjures up visions of romance. We think at once of the Alhambra, of the dark-eyed damsels of Seville, of Gil Blas, of Don Quixote, of the wild, Andalusian bulls, and of the hills around Granada, every foot of which almost has witnessed some combat between Moor and Christian. But the old Spanish ballads give us the additional element of ancient chivalry. We see, in fancy, the rout of Roncesvalles; we hear the Cid come thundering on Baveca; and we listen to the shout of "Allah, Il Allah," as the Paynims sweep to battle. We are back in the old days, when every inch of Spanish territory was disputed with the infidel, and when every Spaniard was a hero.

No writer has re-produced the spirit of this ancient time so successfully as Lockhart in his translation of the Spanish ballads. These ballads forms the oldest, as well as largest collection of popular poetry, properly so called, that is to be found in the literature of any European nation. Many of them have been written for centuries. Like the old English ballads, with which Percy, Ritson, Ellis and others have made us familiar, they were the instinctive utterance of a brave and poetical people, in times of turmoil, peril and heroism. Nothing, therefore, can be less artificial than they are. They speak right to the heart. Those devoted to war ring out like the blast of a trumpet. It is as refreshing, amid the conceits of modern poetry, to meet these old ballads, as to pass suddenly, from the *petit-maitre* fountain of a stiff, conventional garden, to some clear, cool spring, gushing out from under a mossy rock, in the heart of a forest.

The English volumes of Lockhart's Ballads are too costly for general circulation. We are glad, therefore, to see that a cheap, yet elegant edition has been issued by Whittemore, Niles & Hall, a firm of Boston booksellers, whose well-selected publications are rapidly winning for them a high reputation with persons of taste. It has been objected, we know, that Lockhart's translations are not always literal. But to be

always literal, in translating, is often to be unfaithful; and Lockhart, aware of this, has sought to re-produce the spirit of his originals, and has succeeded. His Spanish ballads are such, in fact, as their authors would have made them, had they written in English.

The bull-fight, that national pastime of Spain, was never better described, for example, than in the ballad entitled, "The Bull-Fight of Gazul." Mr. Lockhart is of opinion that this particular ballad is of Moorish origin. We have not space for the whole ballad, but give the concluding stanzas, premising that three cavaliers have already fallen in the ring, and that the bull Harpado has never been worsted.

"With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery is the sand,
Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en his stand:
And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords with anxious eye,
But he firmly extends his arm—his look is calm and high.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring on,
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his rejon:
Each furious beast, upon the breast he deals him such a blow,
He blindly totters and gives back across the sand to go.

"Turn, Gazul, turn!" the people cry—the third comes up behind,
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the wind;
The mountaineers that lead the steers without stand whispering low,
'How thinks this proud Alcaide to stun Harpado so?'

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenii,
From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barres of the hills
But where from out the forest burst Xarama's waters clear,
Beneath the oak trees was he nursed—this proud and stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil,
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws in the turmoil.
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear;

* Ancient Spanish Ballads; Historical and Romantic. Translated by J. G. Lockhart. A new revised edition, with a Biographical notice. 1 vol. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,
 as from the monster's shagged mane, like billows curled, ye see.

legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night,
 a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might;
 something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,
 Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcayde's shock.

stops the drum; close, close they come; thrice meet, and thrice give back;
 a white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black—
 a white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun;
 no more advance upon his lance—once more, thou fearless one!

no more, once more!—in dust and gore to ruin must thou reel!—
 vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel—
 vain, in vain, thou noble beast!—I see, I see thee stagger,
 keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern Alcayde's dagger!

they have slipped a noose around his feet, six horses are brought in,
 and away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful din.
 stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring of price bestow
 on Gazul of Algava, that hath laid Harpado low."

In a different vein is "The Lamentation for Celin." This ballad also evidently had a Moorish origin. We can suppose it sung, during the last days of Granada, by Andalusian maids, as the twilight came on, sad and silent, and the sound of the evening trumpets from the beleaguering hosts came wafted to the town.

THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
 at twilight, at the Vega gate, there is a trampling heard;
 here is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
 and a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe.
 That tower is fallen, what star is set, what chief come these bewailing?
 A tower is fallen, a star is set? Alas! alas, for Celin!

Three times they knock, three times they cry, and wide the doors they throw;
 dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
 in gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow porch,
 Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;
 Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
 For all have heard the misery. 'Alas! alas, for Celin!'

Him, yesterday, a Moor did slay, of Bencerraje's blood—

'Twas at the solemn jousting—around the nobles stood:

The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair

Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sights to share;

But now the nobles all lament—the ladies are bewailing—

For he was Granada's darling knight. 'Alas! alas, for Celin!'

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
 With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;

Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,

Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale;

When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,

And all the people, far and near, cry, 'Alas! alas, for Celin!'

Oh! lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,
 The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all;

His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
 The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail;

And ever more the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing—

Its sound is like no earthly sound, 'Alas! alas, for Celin!'

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands—the Moor stands at his door;

One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore;

Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew

Upon their brodered garments, of crimson, green, and blue;

Before each gate the bier stands still—then bursts the loud bewailing

From door and lattice, high and low—'Alas! alas, for Celin!'

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry—

Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye:
 'Twas she that nursed him at her breast—that nursed him long ago:

She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall know!

With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her ears receive their wailing:

'Let me kiss my Celin ere I die! Alas! alas, for Celin!'

"The Cid's Wedding" gives us a glimpse of social manners centuries ago. No letter, from "Our Own Correspondent," could narrate, more graphically than this old ballad, the incidents of a nuptial ceremony in ancient Burgos. There is a spice of humor in the ballad, of which one example is the manner in which the poet describes the hiring "the horned fiend for twenty maravedis:" a person to play this character being as indispensable, in old Spanish processions, as the hobby-horse in English May-day games.

"The King had taken order that they should rear
an arch,
From house to house all over, in the way that they
must march;
They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and
glittering helms,
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish
realms.

They have scattered olive-branches and rushes on
the street,
And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campea-
dor's feet;
With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,
To do his bridal honor, their walls the burghers
screen.

They lead the bulls before them all covered o'er with
trappings;
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with
clappings;
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes
prancing,
Amidst troops of captive maidens with bells and
cymbals dancing.

With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and
with laughter,
They fill the streets of Burgos—and the Devil he
comes after;
For the King has hired the horned fiend for twenty
maravedis,
And there he goes, with hoofs for toes, to terrify the
ladies.

Then comes the bride Ximena—the king he holds
her hand;
And the Queen; and, all in fur and pull, the nobles
of the land.
All down the street the ears of wheat are round
Ximena flying,
But the King lifts off her bosom sweet whatever
there is lying."

Bavieca, the steed of the Cid, is as famous, in
the legendary lore of Spain, as his master him-
self. Whoever is fond of a fine horse will appre-
ciate the following ballad. No wonder that the
Cid left this direction in his will:—"When ye
bury Bavieca, dig deep, for shameful thing were
it that he should be eaten by curs, who hath
trampled down so much currish flesh of Moors."
No wonder, either, that these directions were
followed, and Bavieca buried, by the side of his
master, under the trees in front of the convent
of San Pedro of Cardena.

"The King looked on him kindly, as on a vassal
true;

Then to the King Ruy Diaz spake, after reverent
due:

'Oh, King, the thing is shameful, that any man
beside
The liege lord of Castile himself should Bavieca ride

'For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger
bring
So good as he, and certes, the best befits my king.
But that you may behold him, and know him to the
core,
I'll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils
smelt the Moor.'

With that, the Cid, clad as he was in mantle furred
and wide,
On Bavieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side;
And up and down, and round and round, so firm
was his career,
Streamed like a pennon on the wind Ruy Diaz
minivere.

And all that saw them praised them—they lauded
man and horse,
As matched well, and rivalless for gallantry and
force;
Ne'er had they looked on horseman might to this
knight come near,
Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

Thus, to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious
steed,
He snapped in twain his hither rein; 'God pity now
the Cid!
God pity Diaz!' cried the lords; but when they looked
again,
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him with the fragment
of his rein;
They saw him proudly ruling, with gesture firm and
calm,
Like a true lord commanding, and obeyed as by a
lamb.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the King:
But 'No!' said Don Alphonso, 'it were a shameful
thing
That peerless Bavieca should ever be bestrid
By any mortal but Bivar—mount, mount again, my
Cid!'

We regret, both that we have no more space
to spare, and that it would be unjust to the pub-
lishers, to continue these extracts. The speci-
mens we have given of this delightful volume
will prove, we trust, an incentive to buy the
book. We are sure, if we found "Lockhart's
Ballads" on a lady's boudoir table, we should
mentally pronounce her superior, in culture,
taste and refinement.

LINES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

As the moon's reflection trembles
In the wild and wavering deeps,
While the moon herself in silence,
O'er the arch of Heaven sweeps.

Even so I see thee—loved one,
Calm and silent, and there moves
But thine image in my bosom,
For my heart is thrilled and loves.

"SPECKLED FACE."

BY JENNY A. STONE.

"Liz! Liz Barry!" called a loud, hateful voice from the other end of the garden.

I did not need to look up to know that my cousin Fred was coming toward me; the chill crept over my little body told me too plainly that my evil genius was near.

"Well!" he shouted, "I've done what I said I would. I've killed that little plague of a robin for you. He won't steal any more cherries."

I rose slowly to my feet, holding the book I had been reading behind me; then gave it a sly glance into the long grass. My poor heart was beating. I cast one trembling glance at the cold, speckled face before me; the hot tears went leaping and flashing down over the bosom of my faded calico dress. I moved my lips to speak, but the sharp agony was working in my heart, and no sound followed the effort.

"Oh, you want to know where he is, do you?" said the cruel boy. "Will you just go down the garden path and out the front gate, and you will find him about opposite the big locust tree, in the middle of the road. Hold on," he shouted, "I was speeding away, 'perhaps he isn't just in the middle of the road; he may be a little to the side; but never mind, you'll be sure to find him there's lots of blood around there.'"

Checking my sobs as I opened the gate, I walked slowly along, dreading the worst, yet hoping that the cruel boy had deceived me. No! it was all too true. There lay my poor bird, his little head bruised and bloody; and yet he was not dead; for his wings were fluttering feebly in the hot dust where he had been thrown. I raised him on my trembling hands, and carrying him down by the garden fence, I laid him on the soft grass beside me. It was but a moment; his little flutter; and the film gathered over his eyes. He was dead. My poor, lame robin! Was for this I had nursed him so carefully; that I had loved him better than anything else in the world, save my little brother Clinton, ever since I took him out of that wicked trap, where his lot had been so cruelly crushed? And now that he was a little better, and could hop about the garden and enjoy himself so well, he must be killed to furnish amusement for a wicked boy, who seemed to find no pleasure save in the pain of others. My tears came afresh, and I

threw myself upon the grass, burying my face in my hands, and weeping as a happy child never could have wept. I thought of my cousin Fred, only fifteen years old, and so cruel; and immediately a gallows loomed up in the distance; the reward my childish imagination pictured for his misdeeds. Then I thought of my parents, dead and gone to heaven, and of my little brother only six years old, and myself twelve, left, like the babes in the wood, to an uncle who cared for no one out of the circle of his own family. He might not, indeed, hire ruffians to murder us, but how much better was this gradual crushing out of our hearts of every childish emotion, and imprinting on our little faces thus early the care that ought to come with years?

With every new thought came a fresh burst of tears, and I was wearied and almost helpless when I heard a step approaching me.

"He is coming," I thought, "to see whether his cruelty has operated as he intended it should," and almost mad with passion I shouted, "Go away! don't you come here, you hateful boy. I am going to tell uncle Robert of you. I wish you were dead and still as my poor robin is—I am sure I never want to see you again."

"What! my little girl?" said a deep voice, close at my side. I started to my feet, mortified and angry that a stranger should have witnessed this exhibition of my passionate little heart, and turned to see whence the voice proceeded. A gentleman was standing at my side, looking down upon me with a smile, half of surprise, half of pity, upon his handsome face. But my quick glance showed me that he carried a gun over his right shoulder, and his left hand held a string of birds. With a heart already stung and bleeding for my dead robin, this sight was more than I could bear, and I returned his pleasant smile with an angry frown.

"So you kill birds too, do you?" I exclaimed. "I see their pretty wings all covered with blood: how could you?" and fresh sobs burst from my heart.

"But these are not robins, my child," he answered.

"I don't care," I sobbed, "they are birds, and I hate you for killing them."

He turned away with a grieved look, and I

caught up my robin and flew toward the house. As I opened the gate, Fred stepped out from beneath a lilac tree.

"Ha! ha!" he sneered, "somebody else got the benefit of that pretty speech you had been fixing up for me. Now wasn't you ashamed?" I made no answer, and he caught my dress as I was passing him. "Look here!" he said, "are you going to tell father about that bird?"

"Yes, I am," I answered, spitefully, struggling to get free.

"Well," he said, releasing me, "go and do it, I am willing. Only remember that if you do, I'll make Clinton pay for it when he gets back from the woods." This was his usual threat, and a most effectual one as he well knew, for I would suffer any wrong rather than to have my darling brother come to harm.

Softly crying to myself, I stole round the house to the wood-shed, and gained the humble chamber which Clinton and I called our own, without observation. There I laid my bird down on the rough window-sill and seated myself beside it. I shall never forget the whirl of thought that swept through my childish brain as I sat there alone with my dead favorite. The sharp sense of wrong and injustice, of cruelty practised by the strong upon the defenceless, of my own dark life and Clinton's blighted childhood, a very foot-ball for his rude cousin—all these came up before me. Then I wondered if all the people in the world were alike. He, who had smiled upon me so kindly, could he be like my cousin? My heart had already begun to frame excuses for him. In my childish partiality I fancied that I could never hate him as I did Fred.

How long I sat there I do not know, but it must have been hours, for when I looked up again I saw that the sun had gone down, and a silvery mist was gathering slowly over the meadows.

I began to wonder if Clinton had come home, and then I saw aunt Lois come out of the house and gather up her shining milk-pans from the long table under my window. She never wanted me to do anything except knitting. If I offered my assistance, she would always tell me that if I kept out of her way it was all she asked of me. It fairly made her ache, she said, to see a stocking in my hand, I was such a snail, and yet she did not know what else to set me at. To be sure I was a slow knitter, but then, perhaps, those long afternoons I passed out behind the bee-house, with my knitting in one hand and a book in the other, might account for it. I could not knit and read at the same time, but

my book would drop and the needle fly wherever I fancied myself observed from the house. Aunt Lois thought it very strange I did not go along faster. 'Twas an early lesson for a child to learn in the art of deception; but woe to them who caused the need for it! And now, as I watched aunt Lois, I thought what a fine thing it would be to have such work to do. To skin the milk and make butter, I should like that. Oh! anything but knitting. And then I fell thinking how much more favored she was than I could ever hope to be: how she was privileged to do just as she pleased, and to scold everybody without a single one to scold her back again; how my uncle Robert was a quiet man, if he had no other virtue. And why was all this? Why could I not be as much my own mistress, when I grew up, as aunt Lois seemed to be here?

A bright thought struck me. Aunt Lois was married, and I was not. This was the difference between us: and from this proceeded her precious immunity from insult and injury. And why could not I be married too? Why had I waited so long? I fancied aunt Lois had always been married, for my heart told me that if she had gone through the ordeal to which I was subjected, she would have more compassion on my helplessness. But I had found the golden key which was to unlock the gate of happiness for Clinton and me; for from my earliest recollection I had never made a calculation from which he was excluded. I would go that moment and ask aunt Lois about it, that I might be sure—I would not even dream of a repulse. My dead bird was, for the moment, forgotten, I rushed quickly down the stairs and round to the cellar-door, where I knew she would be straining the milk.

"Aunt Lois!" I exclaimed, in a perfect glow of excitement, "why can't I get married?"

She set down her milk-pail, while her face fairly relaxed into a smile.

"There is nothing to hinder you that I know of," she answered, "if you can only find somebody who is fool enough to take you."

"Now; right off?" I questioned.

"What ails you, Lizzie?" she said, sharply. "You had better wait until you are a little older before you talk about such things." She turned her back to me, but I could not go yet.

"Aunt Lois," I almost whispered, "how old were you when you were married?"

"I was nineteen," she snarled, "neither more or less; and now if you don't get out of my way I'll help you."

But I needed no assistance, for almost before she ceased speaking I was dancing up the steps

h a heart as light as a feather. Fred and
ts were standing in the wood-house door,
as I tried to pass them in order to gain the
mber stairs, Watts put out his foot for me to
over. But I saw the manœuvre in time to
myself, and sprang forward up the stairs.
What makes you look so pleasant, Liz?"
ed out Fred, as I reached my chamber door.
I am going to be married," I answered, in a
e that sounded light and happy even to
elf.

Ha! ha! speckled face going to be married,
you? Well, that's a little too good. Who
you suppose would have you?" screamed
d, as I banged the door violently.

There was a little chill in my heart as I step-
ed into the low-roofed chamber. I walked
right to a shelf by the chimney and took
n a small piece of a broken mirror, which
t Lois had allowed me to place there by way
ornament. Then, seating myself at the win-
e, I gazed into it long and earnestly, by the
light of the dying day.

'Speckled face!' I repeated, again and again.
s, Fred was right. And yet I knew that but
my careless exposure to the sun and wind,
complexion would be clear and fair. I half
solved to be more careful in future. I had a
a-bonnet, and I would wear it at least until
ose ugly freckles were gone. Then I took
own my hair, which was twisted into an un-
ightly knot at the back of my head, and passed
y fingers through it. It was dark and luxu-
ant, and I knew that with care it would become
ft and glossy, as I remembered my mother's to
ve been, and as I knew aunt Lois' never could
t.

But I could do nothing with my eyes. I
ought they looked wicked, and I tried in vain,
fore that little broken mirror, to look mildly.
did not understand the reason then, I did not
ow that my child-heart, grown suspicious of
l about me, and ever on the look-out for some
esh outrage, could not show the semblance of
ve and peace where no peace was. Tired with
y efforts, I placed the glass upon the shelf,
nd walked quickly to the window as I heard
otsteps approaching.

Clinton was just coming round the corner—I
poke to him in a low voice, and he came up
stairs.

"Oh, Lizzie, who did it?" he asked, in a trem-
bling voice, as his eye rested on the dead bird,
which I had almost forgotten in my dreams of
the future.

"That hateful Fred," I sobbed, all the old
bitterness coming back to my heart, as I clasped

my brother in my arms. "Don't you wish he
was dead, Clinton?"

"No, Lizzie, that would be very wicked," said
my little brother, always so forgiving—so much
better and purer than I. "Don't cry any more,
and I will help you bury him."

His sweet voice calmed me, and taking the bird
in my arms, we descended the stairs together.
We met Watts in the garden, and asked him if
we might bury the robin there.

"No," he answered, "no such doings here.
If you are determined to bury the thing, get
over into the pasture. That's good enough for
him or you either."

But we did not follow his advice, for we buried
the robin by the road-side. It was dark, but
neither of us wished for any supper, so we went
to our lonely chamber, knowing that no one
would take the trouble to inquire for us. Clin-
ton cried himself to sleep, and I sat on the bed-
side, thinking. I looked at his sweet, little face
so calm in the starlight, and smiled as my new
hope stole in and took possession of my heart
once more. "Oh! Clinton," I whispered, throw-
ing myself beside him, "Lizzie is going to be
married; and then you shall have everything
you want, and nobody to scold you."

Time passed on—Clinton and I went to school
winters, but staid at home summers as soon as
we grew old enough to work with profit, until I
was nearly seventeen. Fred and Watts had
been away to an academy, and yet I knew that
even with our limited advantages at the district
school, Clinton and I were far better scholars
than either of them. I was proud of Clinton.
He was very quick to learn, and so strong was
the contrast between his bearing and that of
the coarse natures around him, that strangers
always noticed him.

One morning in May, I was standing at the
table, washing the breakfast dishes, when uncle
Robert came into the room. He stood at the
window a moment, and then turned toward me.
It was very seldom that he spoke to me, and I
had such a dread of him from my childhood,
that it always gave me a start to hear my name
pass his lips.

"Lizzie," he said, "what do you think of
school-teaching?"

My face flushed painfully at this question. I
was afraid I should not answer so as to please
him.

"Why, sir," I replied, at last, "I think it
might be a good business if a person was fitted
for it."

"Well," he said, testily, "and are not you
fitted for it?"

"Oh! no, sir," I answered, completely taken by surprise.

"I should think you were fit for *something*," he said, in a fretful tone.

"Am I?" I asked, wonderingly, as though the idea had never occurred to me before.

"There is this much about it," he replied, with a dark frown. "You are going to Barton to-morrow to teach school there. You may get ready to day, or go without being ready, just as you please." And he slammed the door behind him.

I knew no law save that of obedience, so I went to the wood-house chamber which I still occupied, and passed the remainder of the day in arranging the few articles of apparel I possessed, that they might appear to the best advantage. What could I do? It seemed all like a dream to me. Uncle Robert brought me two dresses in the afternoon, I think he was ashamed to have me go among strangers with so scanty a wardrobe.

The morning came, and with it Mr. Denning, the gentleman who was to accompany me to my new home. Clinton and I took a tearful farewell ere I set forth. I was sad, and the tears kept rolling down my cheeks. Oh! what a life; with no will of my own, to be thus driven about at the caprice of others. But Mr. Denning was kind, very kind, and before we reached Barton I counted him a friend for life. He told me I was to make my home at his house, and that his wife would be a mother to me. I was cheered, and almost happy. Could Clinton have been with me, I should have wished for nothing.

Mr. Denning's promise was fulfilled. How I longed to go away and weep by myself, it seemed so strange that any one should speak kindly to me. I confided all my story to Mrs. Denning. She pitied and comforted me, until I began to think it was not so very bad after all. I smiled now, in my increased knowledge of the world, whenever I thought of my old plan of getting married to free myself from trouble. But how I dreaded the first day of school. It came, however. I gazed round that little band of bright-eyed girls, and thought how pleasant it would be to pass my life among them, if the teaching could only be dispensed with.

Then all at once, I grew very independent, and said to myself, "Lizzie Barry, you don't care. You never pretended that you could teach school. You were sent here against your will, and now you must do just as you please." And so I did, and the summer passed on. We romped and picked berries out of school, and I told stories in school until I fancied they all knew

as much as I did myself. Ah! those were happy times, Clinton came to see me sometimes, but I never could stay long, and when he went away I would forget my grief in a game of romp with the children. I made them study some, but not enough to injure them. It is a mystery to me how they ever learned anything, yet the parents all seemed delighted with their progress, and pressed me to remain another term.

One morning, early in September, the children came to me in Mr. Denning's garden, ripe for fun in whatever shape it might present itself. They had been gathering the late flowers from the grove and brookside, and were bent on making a crown for me. I resisted as long as I could, but at length yielded to the force of circumstances, and was fairly carried to the little arbor at the foot of the garden, and seated on a low chair.

The crown was nearly completed, when a gentleman passed by the garden fence. I sprang back into the arbor, as one of the children bounded away to meet him.

"It is Ella's father," the others said, and I thought no more about it, until a silvery laugh echoed through the bushes behind us. I sprang to my feet quickly, as the mischievous Ella came forward, holding the gentleman by the hand.

"It is our school-teacher, Miss Lizzie, father," she said, looking wonderingly up into my flushed face.

"I should think so," he replied, bursting into a hearty laugh, while he eyed me curiously from beneath his dark lashes. I moved haughtily away toward the house, scattering the flowers along the pathway. Entering the kitchen, I seated myself by a table, and began to arrange my disordered hair, complimenting myself meanwhile upon the delightful picture I must have presented to my unwelcome visitor.

This then was the Mr. Wilton I had heard so much about, the young widower in whose praise my second mother, Mrs. Denning, had always been so eloquent. I was both ashamed and angry; and a glance at the little mirror opposite did not tend by any means to soothe my injured pride. That my crown might present a more imposing appearance, my whole mass of hair had been drawn to the top of my head, and tied with a long piece of white tape. This, the flowers at first had covered, but in my haste and confusion the knot had given way, and elf-locks were hanging down over my face and neck, with here and there a refreshing glimpse of the white string. I commenced picking the withered flowers from the tangled mass, muttering to myself, as I did so, "those little witches have made me look

re like a squaw, than anything else. Dried
ar, and Chinese Aster.

Whisps of hay from Denning's paster, and a
g white string to tie 'em faster," said a
ghing voice at the open door. "Miss Lizzie
ool-teacher, will you please tell Mrs. Denning
n she comes home, that I've been to see her?"
neither loooked up, nor moved my lips to
ak, but kept twitching away vigorously at
broken stems.

"Thank you," he said, walking away and
ding me once more to my own reflections.

leaned my head upon the table and was
ulging in a flood of tears, when Mrs. Denning
ered the door.

"Why, Lizzie," she said, in surprise, "what
; you?"

told her my story, and she laughed almost
heartily as Mr. Wilton had done.

"It's just his way, child," she said. "You
I like him when you know him better, Lizzie."
u can't help it. I'm so glad he's come back."

It was not long before I was glad too. Those
re bright evenings, and Mr. Wilton came very
en to see Mr. and Mrs. Denning. But they
re old people, and could not walk with him in
; garden. So I did.

They had been very kind to me: it was no
ore than right that I should take the care of
eir visitor off their hands; so I laughed and
eted my heart away beneath the spell of those
ark eyes.

"Will you be my wife, Lizzie?" he asked, at
length, and the question was so far from being
unexpected to me, that my earnest "yes," was
very unflinching, although the tears sprang to
my eyes, as it passed my lips.

"Could you shed tears over a dead robin now,"
he asked, looking into my face with a smile, "or
has your heart grown hard with the lapse of
years, Lizzie?"

And then I knew why those dark eyes had
been so strangely familiar to me, and why their
pleasant light had so soon warmed my heart into
love.

The next day I wrote to Clinton to come to me,
and sent a card to Fred, bearing these words,
"Speckled-face is going to be married."

Clinton came, bringing my card with this cha-
racteristic answer on the other side. "Go it."

I am beginning to believe there must be some
truth in the modern proverb, "money is power."
Clinton is now passing his last year at College,
and my education has progressed rapidly under
the care of my husband. I have tried to be a
faithful mother to Ella Wilton, and her trusting
affection almost makes me believe I have suc-
ceeded.

"Mamma," she says, "what makes father
call you 'speckled-face,' when he is in fun some-
times?"

"What, indeed!" I answer with a puzzled
face, "do I look any like a trout to you, Ella?"

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

ADZ of twilight close around me, as I muse on
days long past;
t some names my accents falter! Blinding tears are
gathering fast!
ith a sweep, stern recollection draws the curtain
from my heart;
n its mirrored surface glisten forms that make me
shrink and start.
rink—because their life-like presence vibrates
through each throbbing vein,
et I dare not reach to clasp them, lest they quickly
fade again!
ilent—fearful that my breathing e'en may chase
them from my sight,
tealy gaze I, while thought quickens with the
growing hours of night.

Voices clearly sound about me, that, long since, were
hushed to rest,

And I pillow, with fresh grieving, the departed on
my breast:

Now I grasp the hands once folded round me in a
fond embrace—

Now I catch the smiles once resting on each well-
beloved face.

One, whose name may not be spoken, silent in my
soul it lies,

Grown more sacred as betok'ning an in-dweller of the
skies;

Comes this loved one, all serenely, as in days of
"long ago,"

When her gentle presence saved me from the touch
of blighting woe;

Tenderly, beyond expression, beams her gaze upon
us now,

While her lips are fondly pressing loving tokens on
my brow.

Cease thy beatings, heart, and listen to her murmured
words of prayer,
Asking God to guard and guide me safely through
each joy, each snare:
Stay! I cannot brook restraining, I must clasp her
once again,

It will soothe my bosom's anguish, it will ease
wearying pain.
But alas! 'Twas but a vision! Now grief's wound
is oped anew!
Hope has perished, and the morrow wears a sad
pall-like hue!

VIOLETTA.

BY BELLA KAUFFELT.

Violetta, Violetta,
How thy heart and mine do blend,
Thou to me art like a sister,
Thou art sweeter than a friend.
We alone can know the sorrow
That it brought to us to part,
And to thee I tell my longings
Now to hold thee to my heart.

Violetta, Violetta,
Could I have thee here this hour,
With thy wealth of love and kindness
Like that fragrant Eastern flow'r,
Th' Alma tree, that's blooming ever,
Bearing fruit in all the year,
Daily casting off its blossoms
That the fresh ones may appear.

Violetta, Violetta,
Priesters of the vestal fire,
That thou hast by strong affection
Lit on love's extinguish'd pyre,
With thy soul akin to Heaven,
Peering through thy pensive eye,
Be my spirit's gentle guardian,
Till we go beyond the sky!

Violetta, Violetta,
Hearts may still be sad and sear,
Spirits overcharged with sadness
Fail to find a Lethe here;

Hast thou aught to do with sorrow?
Having never tried the deep,
Has its firm faith falter'd never,
Hast thou never learn'd to weep!

Violetta, Violetta,
Hands thou lov'st have wreath'd for thee
In those sacred shades and bow'r,
Like one 'neath a Pagod tree,
Where beneath the shadow holy
Some lov'd idol holds a shrine,
And beneath these spreading branches,
Violetta, here is thine!

Shelter'd 'neath the oak Hyperion
From the sun's oppressive glow,
Spreading thus his leafy canvass
Lined with moss and mistletoe;
Strange wild birds with plumage gay
Flit like winged flow'r's along;
Mocking birds will, from the branches,
Greet thee with continual song.

Violetta, Violetta,
Can my home have charms for thee,
Can'st thou leave thy home of childhood
For the love thou hast for me?
Far beyond my feeble painting,
Tell I thee this land is fair,
But, to me whose dreams have faded,
Life is real—here as there!

COZUMEL.

BY EMILY HERMANN.

BRIGHT Island of Palm trees, and sea shells and
flowers,
Thy sands glitter white thro' the dark tangled
bowers;
The sea-bird sits fearlessly guarding her young
For thy temples are silent, their hymns are unsung.
How fair, in the morning, they rose to the light,
How lowly they lie in the cradle of night.
The wave surges by, but the time has been long
Since it bore to the mainland the echoing song.

Of priest, and of people, that, loud in acclaim,
Stood up in thy temples and bowed in the same
To idols and altars, that still o'er the land
Tell tales of the people who bore the red hand.
The Spaniard came near thee from o'er the far seas,
He broke down thy structures, thy dear household
trees,
And leaving Christ's spirit for legend and lore,
Sunk down with the heathen, on Time's dusty shore.

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 387.

CHAPTER XI.

THE old gentleman who had regarded this scene, in anxious silence, now moved forward and confronted his wierd-like visitor.

"Madam, this is your second visit here," he said, "what new trouble is to fall upon us?"

"He! he!" laughed the old lady, hysterical with fright, "I only come to inquire after the interesting young lady, who has made my neck burn with her fingers. Her welcome was a warmer one than yours."

"What is your business here?" persisted the old man.

"Nothing, nothing. I came down to the Island for amusement, and so thought I'd just call and see how things went on in the old place. You don't seem glad to see me. But I got used to that long ago. Nice little fellow, isn't it?"

She pointed her finger at George, who shrinking away as if from a basalisk, began to cry.

The old man turned his eyes that way. In the confusion and anxieties of the morning, he had hardly looked on the child before. Now the glance brought an entire change to his countenance. A faint color mounted to his forehead, and stepping forward he took the boy suddenly from his mother.

"Don't let her touch him. Oh! don't let her touch him!" pleaded the lady.

"Not for the universe!" said the old man, sternly. "I know what her touch is to innocent things like this. Have no fear. She shall be driven hence, leper as she is."

"Lepor! Ah! that's a new name," half snarled, half jeered the witch, "I thought you had run yourself out abusing me. But this is something uncommon! Lepor! that is a name in your Protestant Bible, I suppose."

"If you have business here, speak; if not, go out from under my roof; I cannot breathe while it shelters you. Go, I say. You have driven my poor child mad again. The sight of you is worse than death to us all."

"Now this is hospitality, this is gratitude. Well, well, I am ready to go. Shall I carry the little boy for you, ma'am?"

"No," replied the widow, breathless with apprehension, "give George to me, sir. I must return home. My people do not know that he is found."

"Oh! don't be frightened. I ain't after your precious treasure. Keep him to yourself, for what I care. He isn't mine a bit more than he's yours, so we won't quarrel about him."

The witch gave the strings of her Navarino bonnet a sharp jerk as she spoke, tied them in a hard knot under her chin, and fluttered from the room, leaving a soft, unpleasant laugh floating behind.

When she had disappeared, moving downward to the water, the old man spoke again.

"I will carry the boy home for you. Don't be frightened. She is a wicked woman, but her day is over; she can insult nothing more!"

"Who is she?" inquired the widow, so anxiously that her question seemed abrupt.

"An evil woman, who has led an evil life," he answered.

"Do not mention her. Drive her from the house. I charge you, never let that woman enter the presence of my child again," interposed the old lady, who entered the room that instant.

"She never shall, mother, she never shall," answered the husband. "Be pacified. She will not attempt to return."

"She, who haunted my child into a mad-house, comes again like a fiend that will not be satisfied. Poor, poor Elsie, she will not speak to me. There she sits in a corner of her room, singing over that one word 'alone, alone.' Husband, husband, it is breaking my heart."

"Be patient, wife. The woman has gone. Elsie will recover the wild fit—do be patient!" he replied, soothingly.

"I will go to her. I will sit down by her side, and weep while she sings. I am old and weak. What else can I do but weep for my child."

The old lady went out, making this mournful plaint, and her husband, with a troubled face, and slow, sad step, bore little Georgie homeward. As he walked, the good old man became

composed; the little form pressed to his bosom gave bloom and life to his feelings; a glow of enthusiasm stole through his veins; and without knowing it, the old man grew strong in the young life given to his embrace.

The widow walked thoughtfully by his side. Her brow was clouded, her look troubled. She glanced back now and then, apprehensive that the evil woman might follow her and the child.

The house, which they entered, was a graceful contrast to the one they had left. Verandas of light iron work ran around one wing and across the front; passion flowers and other rare hot-house vines crept in and out through this network, like colored embroidery on a lace ground: the whole dwelling was light, cool, and exceedingly pleasant. The fragrance of cape jessamines and heliotrope stole out through this tangled veil of flowers; and hid away among the vines were cages full of singing birds, sending out gushes of song to greet the early morning.

The old gentleman did not notice these things, but placed the child gently upon his feet in the veranda, and turned away. His heart was full of apprehension regarding his daughter. The half subdued madness had returned upon her; their old enemy had appeared again. The fear of long, long years was entirely broken up. Why should that wily serpent have crept into his Eden a second time? Filled with these thoughts, the old man bade his neighbor a gentle good morning and went away.

Mrs. Townsend entered her dwelling, weary, and filled with vague terror by the scene she had witnessed. The night's watch had left her garments in disarray. The dark brown hair was partly unbraided, and fell in waves half way to her shoulders; her bonnet was pushed back, and her pale face stained with tears.

A small breakfast-room opened upon the veranda, its French windows clouded with lace, and its adornments cool and simple. A breakfast-table had been spread in expectation of her coming, and with its service of pure white china and frosted silver stood before these misty windows, through which a net-work of vines and blossoms was softly visible.

A person, who sat in this room, saw Mrs. Townsend as she entered, and arose as if to go forth and meet her. But a glance at her pale face checked him, and seating himself, he saw her pass to her chamber.

The gentleman sat alone some time, dreamily watching the humming-birds, as they flashed in and out through the blooming screen of flowers, shaking the dew in glittering drops upon the

sunshine, and humming softly to the bells that robbed of honey. A smile was upon the stranger's lips. He seemed waiting in tranquil mood for some anticipated joy. At last Mrs. Townsend came in, leading her boy by the hand. A robe of spotted muslin had displaced her black mourning dress, lilac ribbons knotted it together down the front and brightened the folds upon her bosom. Her beautiful tresses lay coiled in one heavy braid around her head. Nothing could have been more simple than her appearance. But her face was pale, and a look of fatigue hung upon it.

She evidently expected to find the breakfast-room empty, and entered it with downcast eyes. An exclamation from the child, and a joyful leap forward, made her look up. A wave of crimson rushed over her face; she smiled half gladly, half shyly; and held out her hand.

"When did you come? Have you waited long?" she said.

It was a common-place welcome in words, but her voice grew sweet with suppressed tenderness, as she uttered it.

"I have been waiting and dreaming here this half hour," answered her guest, taking Georgie in his arms, "I did not expect to find you at home so early."

"Oh, it was Georgie's fault, he ran away and was lost all night."

"Lost! How? Where did you find him?"

There was no reason why the young widow should not have answered this question. But there was a feeling of sadness connected with the scenes she had witnessed that night, which checked her, and she merely replied that a neighbor had found the boy and taken him home.

"And, oh," interposed Georgie, "she was such a tall, black lady, with eyes all fire, and such black lips."

"You did not like her then my little man?" inquired the visitor.

"Yes, I did. She loved me, oh, so much. You don't know how hard she kissed me, and hugged me till it stopped my breath."

"I don't wonder," replied the stranger. "We could help loving you dearly?" and his fine face flushed crimson, as he pressed a kiss on the cheek of the child.

"Come," said Mrs. Townsend, blushing slightly but smiling amid the pleasant confusion. "We shall all have an appetite for breakfast."

And with the timid bashfulness of a girl, she sat down, to do the honors of her new home to one whose gaze she had learned to tremble under.

CHAPTER XII.

WHY did that miserable old woman prowl, so cat-like and stealthily, around those two houses? What motive could have brought her so far from home, a second Satan, to poison and blast the Eden of peace and charity those two aged people had gathered around them? What had they ever done, that she should persecute them so ruthlessly with her presence?

They knew her, that was certain, for Catharine, even beyond her own shuddering fear, had noticed that their limbs trembled beneath them as she approached, and that a deadly fear burned in their eyes and spoke in every line of their gentle faces.

Elsie too. The very sight of this evil woman had driven her into fierce insanity again. Why was this? Had they known her before? If so, how and where? The portrait of her husband, was that too a connecting link between these old people, so opposite in character, so unlikely to hold anything in common? How was she connected with them all?

These conjectures kept Catharine awake half the night, while poor Elsie moaned and muttered in her sleep, or started up with wild cries, calling upon God to drive her enemies forth and not let them torment her forever!

Catharine left her bed, feverish and excited by these thoughts. Events of importance to her own destiny seemed to be crowding themselves around her, vaguely it is true, but with a force that awoke a sort of terror in her.

She opened her chamber window and sat down. Elsie was moaning and muttering in her bed, agonized by sleeping terrors. The wind without rose high and blustering; clouds lowered down among the trees; and gusts of rain drifted through the leaves, bathing them, as it were, with liquid diamonds, through which the lightning shot from time to time, illuminating them with a thousand golden arrows.

Next to her chamber, the two old people lay awake. The sound of their conversation came to her ear at times through the pauses of the wind, like a softened and mournful echo of Elsie's raving.

Beneath her, was the library, with its mysterious associations. The trees around it loomed against the bank of clouds, disconnected from their blackness only by the lightning that shot from it. All was gloom within and without; and amid the storm, her sobs rose and swelled unheard and unfelt, save by her own lonely heart.

The lightning grew stronger and enveloped

the whole landscape in broad, lurid sheets, revealing the country around and a sombre expanse of water beyond. At these times the new cottage stood out in broad relief, and the whole space of ground between that and the old mansion house was momentarily illuminated. The scene gave the young woman a fierce sort of pleasure, exciting while it filled her with grief. She thought of her husband and longed to shout his name aloud, to ask him to come forth from the bosom of the storm and tell her he was yet alive.

While this excitement was upon her, a crash of thunder broke over the house, and a rush of wind rent its way through the trees, scattering their foliage in torn masses from the boughs. Then came another fiery scroll, unfolding itself upon the wind, casting its blue radiance upon the earth, and kindling the sky with its forked light. The flash was so vivid and so prolonged that she started up with a cry. It was echoed by a shriek that cut sharper than steel through the noise of the storm.

"See, see," cried Elsie, who now stood beside her, "the lightning has got him; call him back; call him back, I say!"

Her eyes flashed out their insane fire, lighting against lightning, both springing from darkness. The wind swept through her hair, filling it with rain-drops. The white folds of her garments and those flowing sleeves fluttered and shook about her like the wings of a spirit. Her clasped hands were extended over Catharine's head into the storm. Elsie, aroused by the burst of thunder, had rushed from her bed and stood before the window, daring the tempest as if she had been its spirit.

"Call him back; he is mine. Call him back!" she shrieked.

"Great heaven! what is this?" answered Catharine, pale with astonishment, for directly before her, passing, as it seemed, backward beneath the branches of the elm tree, was her own husband. But while the words were on her lip, the lightning passed by; and the man who had appeared before her for a single moment was engulfed in the darkness.

It was an open casement by which they stood, just over the bay window of the library. I have mentioned that an old forest tree overshadowed this portion of the house, drooping its branches downward like a tent. As the darkness closed in upon them, Elsie leaped like a panther through the casement, lodged a moment on the bay window, and seizing a pendant branch flung herself forward into the blackness of the storm. A sharp, long cry came back from the darkness in which Elsie seemed to have been engulfed.

Catharine stood helpless with surprise and terror, straining her eyes to discover a trace of the maniac. But Elsie had disappeared. A flash of lightning revealed her for an instant as she rushed through its blue gleams beneath the trees, giving her white garments and her long hair back to the blast; and then all was dark again.

Trembling with affright, Catharine ran down stairs, seized a blanket shawl, and went out in search of her charge. The storm still raged, but not so furiously as it had done—everything was wet through, and though every leaf dripped rain, the grass was so wet that it seemed like wading through a swamp as she passed through it. Her night robe was soon soaked, and her bare feet even chilled to marble, as they sunk in the cold grass.

But she took no heed of this. Elsie had gone toward the water, and she was wild with fear that in her madness the maniac might plunge into the deep.

Quick as the lightning that now and then revealed her way, she darted shoreward, calling out for Elsie as she went; but terror and speed deprived her voice of all power, and she could

utter the name of her charge in hoarse whisper only.

As she passed by the cottage, a glare of lightning fell upon her, and through it she saw an open window lighted from within. That same man was framed in the open air, whose apparition, a few minutes before, had drawn Elsie into the storm.

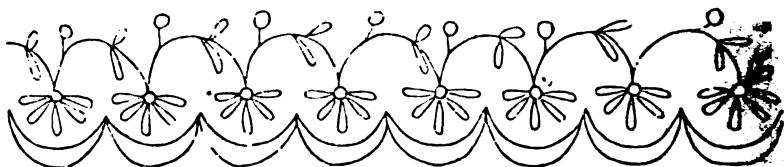
Was it a real being? Or was it the picture which she had copied in the library? The same proportions were there; the coloring was alike; but this picture looked human. Was it her breathing husband? Or had terror driven her mad also?

She paused a moment, with her face uplifted, wondering if she were mad, or not; if the vision were a hallucination or a reality. The rain beat into her uplifted face, the wind blew fiercely over her thinly clad form. No wonder she seemed ghost-like to the man who saw her from the window.

A voice down toward the water aroused her from this wild trance. She turned and ran toward it, calling aloud, "Elsie, oh, Elsie!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



BAND FOR CHEMISE.



INSERTION FOR SHIRT FRONT.



EDGING.

THE SISTERS.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

"ELLA, dear, what shall you wear to the levee to-night?" asked Marion Worthington of her sister, as she entered the cheerful boudoir where Ella was sitting.

"My white satin, I think," was the quiet reply.

"And who shall wear the diamonds?" continued Marion.

"You, of course, I don't wish them."

"I wonder why my dress doesn't come; the dressmaker was to send it at four o'clock, and its now five minutes past; come, Ella, don't sit over that book any longer; one wouldn't think you were going to Senator Townsend's this evening;" and in a singing tone, she added, "happy am I to-night, Ella, happy am I to-night."

"Action and reaction are equal," replied her sister.

"Was that a quotation from the old philosophy, or an echo from the student's conversation?" asked Marion, archly; and a happy flush overspread the fair face of Ella, which the student referred to would have proudly witnessed.

Evening came: gilded mirrors reflected the light of massive chandeliers, and mirth and music echoed from hall to hall.

Amid that choice assembly of guests, Marion stood forth a queen. She was beautiful, and an heiress; familiar with poetry, philosophy, and science; she was brilliant in conversation and held her listeners as by some magic charm.

The next day, in a neat room, in "No. 9 Wall street," were seated two friends, after the labors of the day; the one a student of the University, the other an assistant in one of the wholesale warehouses of the city. "Come, Alf," said the latter, "it's time to put away books; come, draw up the arm-chair; give the fire a little more coal, and let's chat awhile."

Alfred yielded; his mind still suffered from the excitement of the previous evening; for his student habits were not in keeping with such innovations.

"The ladies looked elegantly, last night," said Edward to his friend, "didn't you think so?"

"Oh, yes; but dress alone is a trifle—a sound-bug brass."

"Then turn to Marion Worthington, the light of every gathering: did you not observe the senator, how interested he was in her remarks

and criticisms upon the upper and lower house, the speeches, debates, &c. It is all owing to her extensive reading; she seemed as familiar with the Capital as himself, who had spent the winter there; and you need not wonder that I'm a happy fellow, Alf, when this paragon of a woman has laid all at my feet."

"Then never trample upon the precious gift, Edward. You think Marion superior to her sister, I suppose," said Alfred, after a moment's pause.

"Oh, Ella is a fine little girl, gentle, loving, and rich besides; but she never would aspire to that social position which Marion could so easily win and sustain."

"No; but in the home-circle, her virtues would so brightly shine, that all within her influence, would grow more pure, from being purely shone upon. Have you never observed that one who has led the courts of fashion, has been caressed, admired and flattered, can never, never minister to the wants of others?"

"Why, Alf, you are really lecturing me; I believe you have fallen in love with Ella."

"That's true; and what's better the love is mutual."

"Well, she looked beautiful and fairy-like last night, too; though her charms are of a different order from her sister's."

"But she is a truer woman," replied Alfred, a little spirited.

Edward was fine-looking, so the ladies said, possessing a large store of native wit, with polished manners and captivating address; and had the nobler traits of character been developed and the whole man consecrated to a worthy object, he might have reached those heights whose altitude his beclouded vision now could not scan; but in childhood, a vain though handsome mother had so surely defined the limits of his aims and acts, that all the efforts of his friend Alfred, could not lengthen a cord nor remove a stake; hence, his highest hopes and aspirations were as true an index of the heart's early culture as is the fruit of the buried seed—for "men do not gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles."

In the brilliantly lighted cathedral were assembled joyous friends. The organ sent forth melo-

dious anthems, which awoke responding echoes in every heart: they who had entered the golden gate, with its flower-enwreathed arches, in fancy returned and stood again in the light of prospective happiness; and if the flowers had faded, perchance they grew bright and fragrant; if the light had departed, it returned again to banish darkness or gild the clouds. Youth looked forward, and catching the inspiration of the hour, quicker beat the heart-pulse until the tell-tale blush revealed the inner thought.

Edward and Marion stood within the altar; the marriage vows were taken—vows that were limited only by “the beautiful word, *forever*.”

Time passed away in travel and pleasure, in extravagance and luxury. The newly wedded couple were the idols of the gayest circles, and fashion, among all her votaries, had not one more faithful or devoted, than the proud and haughty Marion.

Alfred was rejoicing amid toil and discipline, for the day-star of life now dawned upon his pathway. Ella had long admired his talents, but felt that his intellectual attainments made him far her superior. He, the poor student, thought, too, that the barriers between them were impassable; and so it often is, while love with folded wing mourns in silence. Now, that all doubts were removed, he pressed forward with a firm and steady step; and though the mountain-path was sometimes steep and rugged, its course was upward.

When four years had passed, when honors had been won and life's earlier laurels gathered, there was another union of hearts and clasping of hands, and another home for happiness upon earth. Alfred Raymond and his bride went forth to act the parts assigned them, and to bear each others burdens.

There are, within the circles of fashion, those who despise their thralldom; who feel that the soul's noblest powers grow wan and weak, from the breathings of so rapid an atmosphere. But can the fettered escape unaided? So it had

been with Ella, till a proffered hand had guided her to the sphere she now adorned; then it was that the spirit unfurled its upper pinions, and in the life that now is, was laying up treasures for that which is to come.

The great wheel of fortune, in its ceaseless revolutions, casts upon the earth that which was elevated to the heavens. Edward and Marion had fallen: poverty and wretchedness succeeded dissipation. The fire of love which had burned so brightly upon its altar, waned and went out; scattered were its ashes, desolate and dark the temple.

In that hour of recklessness and self-abandonment, the hand of Alfred rested upon his brother with an enchanter's power. In girlhood, Marion had often said that she would sooner yield to Ella than any other person; now it was fully tested. In so fearful an emergency, Marion had too much intellect and too high a love for the praise of others, not to enter into the work of self-reform; so she aided the efforts put forth to re-unite the broken heart-strings, and weave, into the warp of life, a holier brightness.

In the village of R—, was a lovely dwelling: the passer-by marked its rural beauty, its simplicity and elegance so happily combined. It was the residence of Professor Raymond. There Edward and Marion found a home, when the world frowned upon them; and still remained to labor with their truest friends. Want and sorrow never left that door uncared for, misery never turned away unmitigated.

Ella is now a calm, self-possessed and dignified woman, while her youthful charms still beautify middle-age. Happy children call her mother, learning both by precept and example, the law of love. In the home-sphere her proudest hopes are centered, and her highest victories were achieved.

Mariner, upon the ocean of life, beware of the paths you choose! Crystal sheen may wash over the sunken rock—glittering waves may bear you onward to the fearful maelstrom.

ASHES OF ROSES.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

THE moss-rose pales upon its graceful stalk,

And leaf by leaf is softly whirled away;

Strewing with velvet petals all the walk—

The garden walk—where oft my footsteps stray.

But still their fragrance and their beauty rare—

Although so frail—in my fond memory lingers;

Who oft their lives with that of man compare,

Traced in each leaf by fairy, unseen fingers.

How soon Life's roses to the winds are strewn!

How one by one they leave us and depart!

The longest lease of Time will soon have flown,

And soon be hushed the warmest beating heart.

But all their graces, kindness, love they bore

To us below, forever, ever lingers;

Though we may know and love them here no more,

Fond memory wakes, oft touched by unseen finger

THE PRINCESS MANTELET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



ONE of the newest and prettiest mantelets of the season, in London and Paris, is "The Princess," so named in compliment to the Princess Royal of England, whose approaching nuptials with the heir apparent of the crown of Prussia is the topic of general conversation. The accompanying engraving represents this beautiful and seasonable affair. We have inserted it here, in our department "How To Make One's Own Dress," because this is the month when many of our fair readers will be desiring a new mantilla; and such as have not conveniences for getting one ready made, or wish to study economy, or seek to have something very *recherche*, will find the diagram of it, given on the next page, of great service, because enabling them to cut and make the mantelet without the assistance of a mantua-maker.

No. 1. Front.

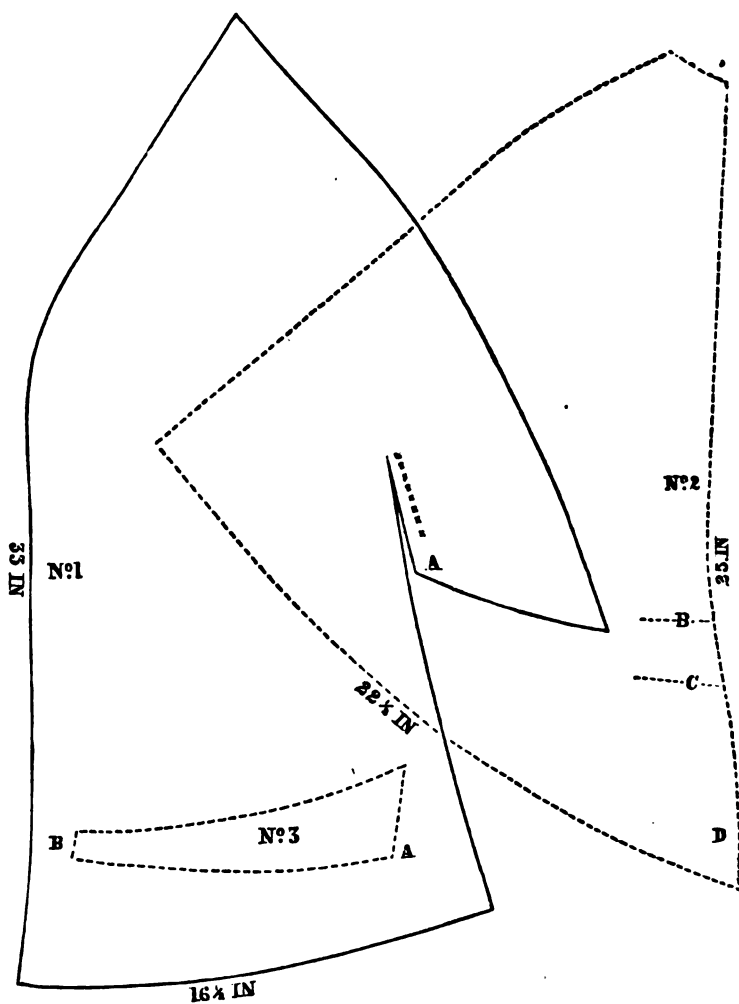
No. 2. Back.

No. 3. Part forming the sleeve.

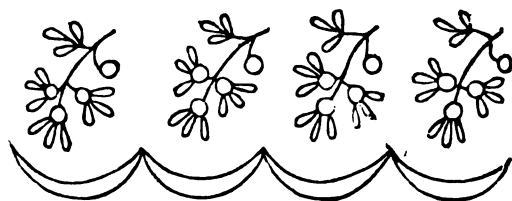
The pattern No. 3 is sewed to No. 4, putting the part marked A on No. 3 against that marked the same on No. 1; and sewing the opposite extremity at the place marked B on pattern No. 2, so as to form a kind of band through which the arm is passed in order to form a sleeve and tighten it round the waist. This mantelet is trimmed with a ball fringe and lace or guipure.

The inches, marked on the various sides of the diagram, show its size when enlarged. The pattern is drawn for a medium sized lady. In former numbers, we have given directions for enlarging these patterns.

Another pretty affair, the "Venitian Basque," we give on a preceding page. It is made of black silk, trimmed in points; a pointed cape reaches to the waist, where it is finished with a bow: the basque is wide and deep. It is a charming thing for summer wear, and can easily be made.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



EDGING.

HONITON LACE SPRIGS IN CROCHET, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM UP.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

As several subscribers have expressed a wish for instructions how to work Honiton Sprigs in Crochet, and also how afterward to make them up, we give, in this number, directions for both. It is not necessary to accompany them with cuts.

NO. I.—MATERIALS.—Evans' Boar's-head cotton, No. 10. Crochet hook, No. 24. Stem, 12 ch.

FLOWER.—27 ch. (that is, 12 for the stalk, 15 for the side petal of flower;) work back on the ch., 1 sl., 1 sc., 2 dc. in 1 chain, 7 tc., 2 dc., 1 sc., 1 sl. along the last 7; 8 loose ch. for second petal. Work on these 1 sl., 1 sc., 1 dc., 2 tc., 2 long tc., * 1 ch., miss 1, 1 dc., * repeat 1 sl., through stem, 7 sl. up the side of the open hem. Third petal:—8 ch., 1 sl., 1 sc., 2 dc., 7 tc., 2 dc., 1 sc., 1 sl., through to close the flower; 12 sc. down stalk; 12 ch. for stem.

BUD.—21 ch., join in 11th for loop. Work round in dc., except first and last stitches, which must be *single*. Close with 1 sl., 10 sc. down the stem, then repeat the flower; work 6 sc. on stem, and repeat the Bud; 12 sc. on the stem; repeat the Flower, 12 more sc. on the stem, repeat the Bud; 6 sc. on the stem, fasten off.

NO. II.—(This sprig is extremely easy to work, and is very pretty for a collar or similar article; or for sprigging the full part of Bishop's sleeves.)

16 chain for stem.

FLOWER.—16 ch., close for centre loop on 7th, and work round in sc., * 9 ch., 1 dc., through every alternate of last round * (4 times,) 9 ch., 1 sl., through stem. Work round in sc., missing every dc., 1 sl., through stem; 6 sc., on stem, 12 ch.

CLOSE LEAF.—12 ch, 11 sl. on ch., for the centre fibre; work on each side of this 1 sc., 2 dc., 5 tc., 2 dc., 1 sc. Observe to take up the stitches from the back in working the 2nd side, which leaves an appearance of chain-work down the centre. Finish leaf with a slip-stitch; 6 ch., for stem.

NO. III.—REPEAT Flower 6 sc., on stem; Leaf 12 sc., on stem; repeat Flower 12 sc., on stem; repeat Leaf: work 10 sc., on stem; fasten off.

16 ch., close for loop in fifth, and work round in sc.; 10 ch. for Stem.

FLOWER.—8 ch., on which work 1 sc., 5 dc., 1 sc. 1 sl.; 10 ch., dc., on sixth, 2 ch., miss 2 dc., on third, 2 ch., miss 2, sl. on first. Work round in dc., except the first and last stitches, which must be sc.; making three stitches in 1 ch. at the point, and closing firmly with a slip stitch 8 ch., miss 1, 1 sc., 5 dc., 1 sl., 5 sc., on stem; work a loop like the first, and finish with sc, down the stem.

On completing a sprig, draw the thread through the last stitch, and cut it off, leaving enough to run a few stitches up and down the back of the flower. Do the same with the thread you began with, and cut them off closely.

NO. IV.—MAY be used either as a sprig or edging; in the latter case, the sprigs must be laid on the net, side by side, so as to touch each other.

16 ch., miss 1, slip 11 (leaving 4 for stem:) work round the vein in sc.

12 ch. for stem.

FLOWER.—14 ch.; close in 1st for a loop, which sc. all round, x, 7 ch., dc. through every alternate ch. of last round, x 6 times, 7 ch., slip at the stem. Work each loop thus:—2 sc., 3 dc., 2 sc.; do not work with the stitch at all, and close, very strongly, with a slip stitch at the stem.

Work 4 sc. on the chain of the stem.

Repeat the Leaf as before, then 4 more sc. on stem.

AN OPEN LEAF.—17 ch., close in the first, for a loop, and work round with 1 sc., 6 dc., 3 dc. in centre one, 6 dc., 1 sc. Close with a slip stitch, and work the remainder of the stem in sc.

TO MAKE-UP HONITON SPRIGS.—Make each sprig quite complete in itself; and that they may not be lost, tack them on a piece of colored paper, until you have done as many as you will require. Cut out in bright-colored paper the full-sized shape of the article to be made; and if your foundation is to be of net, cut the same a little larger in the best Italian net, taking care that it has been already shrunk. Tack it on the paper, turning the edge over on the *right* side; arrange the sprigs on it in tasteful order, and run them on with very fine cotton.

If any of the point lace stitches are used as a foundation, either in English or open English foundation, place the sprigs on the paper pattern, lace. In this case, the paper should be pasted tack them down rather firmly, and work the on calico.

LATEST NOVELTIES FROM PARIS.



THE VENETIAN BASQUE.



MORNING CAP.



DRESS CAP.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING FRENCH PINK.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



Cut eight of figure 1: gum a small piece of wire half way up each petal, tie them around the heart with brown floss silk: finish with a natural calyx. The heart is made of black stiffened cotton or thread dipped in white seeding, which is made with ground rice.

For some kinds of flowers it is necessary to have small wooden moulders of four or five sizes, graduated say from a small pea up: before putting the wire in the petals, place each one in the palm of the hand, and cup it with the smallest size moulder.

* MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 81 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

FLOUNCE AND TRIMMINGS.

These three patterns, a "Flounce Border," for Frock Body," given in the front of the number, are to be done in Broderie Anglaise.

DEEP LACE FOR SLEEVES.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—Italian braid, white cotton French braid, (No. 7,) point-lace cottons.

This pattern is here given of the full size; so that by merely repeating the design, any quantity may be drawn. Where a piece not more than half a yard long is needed, as for a sleeve, jabot, or cuff, a paper pattern the whole length required should be drawn; but with care, a pattern will admit of being twice worked over.

The scallop is made in Italian braid, which requires to be run on at both edges; the outlines of the flowers and leaves are in French braid, and the divisions between the petals are Venitian bars. For the footing either French or Italian braid may be used.

The ground is entirely in English lace; and in the mode of working this we have lately introduced a great improvement. Instead of making the bars, in one direction, of single lines of thread, twist back on every one, so closely, that the two threads appear but as one. Then, in crossing them, slip the needle *under* those already made at first; twist back to the nearest cross, and make the spot by always taking up the lowest thread (the single one.) When the spot is large enough, twist round the single thread to the next cross, and repeat. As this lace should be done rather closely when forming a ground, a single twist will probably be sufficient between every two spots. Those who may be persuaded to try this plan will find it a very great improvement on the old method: the spots are more regular, and the lace is firmer. For such close work, the finest cotton manufactured should be used—namely, sewing cotton, No. 150. The petals are filled alternately with Mecklin wheels, and graduated spots of English lace. The former are done with Meck-

464



lenburgh 120, the latter with sewing cotton of the same number.

The Venitian bars which mark the petals are done before the filling in.

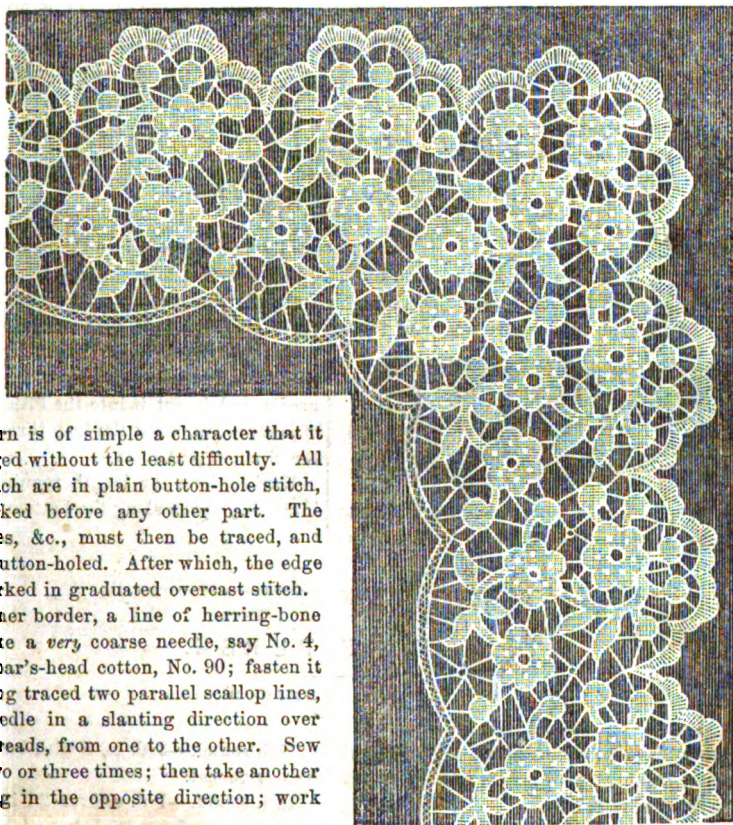
The leaves have each a veining up the centre, and small veinings branching from it. The best way of working them is to make the bar of three threads, and cover with button-hole stitch from the point of the leaf to where the first side

bar comes; make that, work it; make the opposite one, and work it; then continue down the centre bar to the next, and so on. The Brussels edge, within the leaf, is worked after the bars,

in sewing cotton, No. 90. The edge of the scallop may be finished with either Sorrento or Venitian edge, or an Italian braid with an edge to it may be purchased.

HANDKERCHIEF BORDER IN IRISH GUIPURE.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



This pattern is of simple a character that it can be enlarged without the least difficulty. All the bars, which are in plain button-hole stitch, must be worked before any other part. The flowers, leaves, &c., must then be traced, and very neatly button-holed. After which, the edge should be worked in graduated overcast stitch.

For the inner border, a line of herring-bone is used. Take a very coarse needle, say No. 4, and Evans' bear's-head cotton, No. 90; fasten it on; and having traced two parallel scallop lines, take your needle in a slanting direction over about five threads, from one to the other. Sew over these, two or three times; then take another stitch slanting in the opposite direction; work over it.

Continue thus until you have worked all round the handkerchief, when you will sew over the two outlines, taking the stitches in all the holes.

EMBROIDERED DESSERT DOYLEY.

BY Mlle. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—Fine linen, and rose, green, and white royal embroidery cotton, No. 30.

This very beautiful doyley has been designed in accordance with the wish of several of our subscribers, who have thought some of the patterns we have given too simple. The pattern is in front of the number.

The combination of colors in which it is done gives a charming effect to it. The flowers are all outlined with a fine line of button-hole stitch

in pink cotton, the veinings being done in the same.

With regard to these veinings, it may be well to observe that they should not be traced at the same time as the rest of the patterns; but they should be run from the base of the flower, and sewed back, a plan which will obviate any difficulty in passing threads backward and forward. Where several veinings branch from one down the centre of a leaf, run the thread down that one, and sew back as far as the first branch vein. Then run and sew back that: then on the main one, until you come to the next; and so on.

The leaves are done in the same way, with the green cotton. The branches, tendrils, and grapes are done in white cotton, the fruit being pierced and overcast.

The scallop forming the border is done in white cotton, as are also the holes; but the flower in each scallop is in pink.

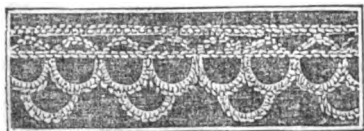
A line of open-hem separates the border from the centre of the doyley. Any initial may be placed in the centre, but it must correspond, in style, with the rest of the work. Scarlet cotton may be used in lieu of rose, if preferred. Both work equally well.

NARROW CROCHET EDGING.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

MATERIALS.—No. 30 Cotton.

12 CHAIN, 1 plain into first stitch, turn, 8 ch, 1 pl. into space, turn, 8 ch, 1 pl. twice more, 8 ch, 1 pl. 10 ch, 1 pl. into centre space of foun-



ation, 9 ch, 1 pl. into last space, turn 9 pl. into first space, x 4 pl. into next, 8 ch, take out the

needle and insert it into the centre stitch of the 9 pl., draw the loop through 9 pl. into the 8 ch, 7 pl. into the last space, 1 single on foundation ch, 8 ch, 1 pl. into first space of foundation; repeat this three times; 10 ch, 1 pl. into centre space of foundation, turn, 8 ch, take out the needle and insert it into the fifth stitch of 7 pl. of last scallop, draw the loop through, 9 pl. into the 8 ch, repeat from x.

Having done the length required, work 4 pl. into every space along the bottom.

LADY'S PURSE.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—Two skeins purse silk, one hank gold beads, and one small gold tassel. For pattern see front of number.

Make a chain of 5 stitches.

1st round.—D. c.

2d round.—1 d. c., 1 chain into every stitch.

3d round.—D. c. with a bead in every stitch.

4th round.—D. c., increasing after every stitch.

5th round.—Same as 3d.

6th round.—1 long stitch into every loop.

7th round.—D. c. Work this round so as to have 40 stitches.

8th round.—Same as 3d.

9th round.—1 long stitch, 1 chain into every loop.

10th round.—1 long, 1 chain worked through the chain in last round.

11th round.—3 d. c., 5 with beads; 8 d. c., 2 beads; repeat.

12th round.—1 d. c. over 2d in last round, 1 bead, 2 d. c., 5 beads, 1 d. c., 1 bead, 1 d. c., 1 bead; repeat.

13th round.—1 d. c. over 1 in last round, 2 beads, 2 d. c., 1 bead, 1 d. c.; 3 beads, 2 d. c., 1 bead; repeat.

14th round.—9 d. c. 1st over last bead in last round, 4 beads; repeat.

15th round.—1 long stitch into every stitch.

16th round.—1 long stitch worked through the loop in the last round.

17th round.—D. c., with a bead in every stitch; repeat from 9th to 18th rounds.

Work one long stitch into every stitch, work 2 rows in this way. Fasten on the silk thread 11 beads, miss one stitch, fasten to the next

hread 11 beads; repeat; fasten the silk on the chain, miss 1; repeat. For the strings, make a chain the length required; fasten with a small tassel of beads.

BLOTTING-BOOK COVER.

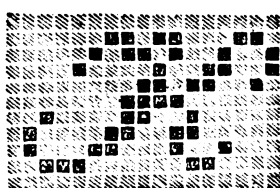
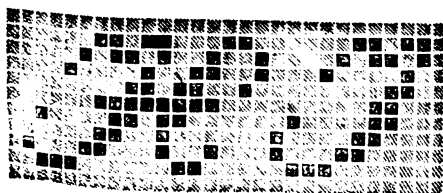
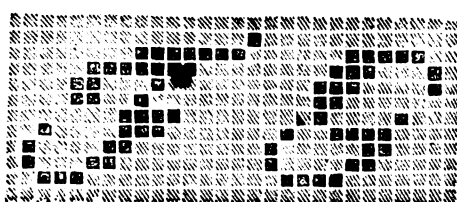
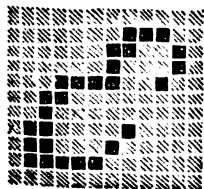
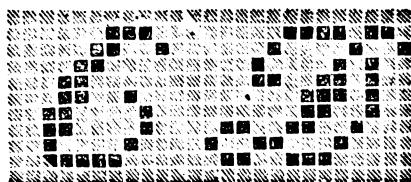
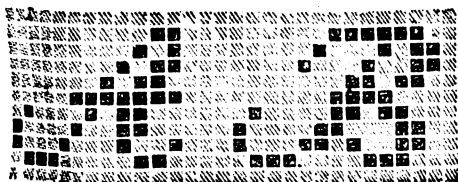
BY MLLK. DEFOUR.

For a Blotting-Book Cover of Glove-Leather and Card-board, the materials required are as follows:—A piece of either white or buff perforated card, not too fine, about the size of a sheet of note paper; also some bits of scarlet, dark green, brown, light-green, and black kid leather.

DIRECTIONS.—Cut from the scarlet leather, five single petals for Scarlet Japonica, and cut the stalks from the brown, the leaves from the light-green, the ivy-leaves from the dark-green, and the berries from the black leather; press them on the back with a half-cold smoothing iron, and mark the veins with the scissors, held

with the points a little apart, so that the veins will look raised: touch the backs with gum and place them on the card as in design; when all are gummed on, leave the card to press under a book till next day, and then with a *weak* solution of gum, varnish over the leaves, flowers, &c., &c., being careful that none of the gum smears the card. It is now finished, and should be lined with scarlet silk and bound with dead-gold paper, or bordering; gold embossed corners give a very finished appearance. Any lady can get sufficient bits from half-soiled kid gloves for this work. The pattern is in front of the number.

LETTERS IN CROCHET.



EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

ISMS AND OLOGIES.—There has been but one flood by water, but it is certain that the world has been flooded by humbug ever since. It is astonishing, the avidity with which the human mind—that great, exalted principle, as some would teach—grasps at any and every new theory, if it is as simple as a straw, and much less useful. This is a day of wonders, visions, and fools extraordinary, and we a people of most profound credulity; a race playing at intellectual catchpenny or jack-straws, and throwing down our souls as a trifling stake. And no matter how monstrous the new idea. Let it be but hatched by some prolific brain, and no sooner is it full feathered and winged than thousands take it to their hearts and pet it into an unhealthy maturity, that in its strength will work only evil and violence.

We have seen and heard in our generation that certain idle men who call themselves geologists have contradicted the fact of the flood. After a mature consideration over a few chippings of stone, or a handful of dust, or the solidified prints of a defunct bird's claw, they *think* there could not possibly have been a real flood. That either God was mistaken in his thrilling revelations to Moses, or, Moses was mistaken in their import. One of the two *must be wrong*, for they, the geologists are *infallible*, and *could not by any possibility be mistaken in their theorising*. Therefore!! the word of God *must be reconciled to their views of the matter*.

Well, there are plenty ready to swallow all this, with mouths as open as their ears. Only let some clever genius promulgate any new theory, dress it in the rainbow colors of sublimated transcendancy, get a revelation from under a white stone with five corners, or a black one with three, whose texture, shape and material can be easily originated by any cunning spiritual-rapper—make a few hieroglyphical marks by dipping a cat's paws in red ink—and letting her travel over the pages—get Napoleon Bonaparte's signature, and Xerxes, "my mark," with a preface by Julius Cæsar, and a poem on morality, by Cleopatra, or a sermon from Timothy Dexter, and a treatise on vegetable diet from Socrates, and as soon as to-morrow, one could get up a flourishing society, and fill his pockets into the bargain.

Seriously, what have these things to do with progress or reform?

A PEEP AT PRIVATE LETTERS.—We get delicious letters from correspondents sometimes. Letters, in their way, as good as any Madame de Sevigne, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, or Horace Walpole ever wrote; and that way, bye-the-bye, often a better, because a more Christian, one. We have one well known contributor whose most hurried letters we

gladly see, for they are better even than her stories. In a late letter she speaks of a much controversial poem thus:—"Last evening I finished 'Hiawatha' Only I have by no means done with it since it scrapes and passages, longer or shorter, pass continually to and fro through my brain, like the grand, strange music to which I have hours been listening. Even my own thoughts are, in a way, fashioned after its measure. For instance, there have been some very gorgeous sunrise clouds up above the pine-woods, in full view of our sitting-room windows, since I began this letter; and I thought, 'The glories of the sunrise'—which would have been the end of my rhapsody at another time. But now it was—

'The glories of the sunrise,
The glories of the moonrise;
The beauties of the morning,
Of the early day, the morning!'

"The 'tribes' are passing away, driven before the persistent foot of the white men; passing because they must needs go, even as in autumn the leaves must fall. But their life or fate are worth our study and sympathy. It is good, therefore, that Longfellow makes the heart ache for poor *Minekahe*, makes it glow and forget its pain in the good *Hiawatha*. *Apropos*, of the Mondamin, with what a beauty and glory does this poem invest it; I shall want it growing in our yard another summer. I shall call it my Mondamin."

In another letter she speaks of the American habit of over-working oneself. "I am sorry you have been so worn and ill," she says. "Isn't it miserable that we all work so much here in this world? There might about as well not be any good, free air; any free, early birds; or any early flowers peeping out; we can none of us 'stop' to go where they are, *long* for it as we will; need the rest and refreshment, as we will. And, for all the unnatural stress and strain, we are praised and called energetic; especially we New Englanders, whose tension is wickedest, most incessant. This is a village of uncommon thrift, intelligence and comfort. There is not a house in the village that is not well painted, snug and comfortable; there are not more than three that have not blinds, shade-trees, carpeted rooms and tables covered with books; but I hardly ever can look out without seeing men carrying heavy burdens; hardly ever can meet a woman, that she hasn't pale, thin cheeks, and that she don't tell me how tired she is all the time. So that I often wonder which is best, filling air, earth and water with the manifold works of our hands and brains, or going to find dreamier latitudes where oranges and bananas grow, where one might lie in the shades and know what it really is to repose."

Really, there is not merely poetry, but sense in this. There is such a thing as turning this beautiful

rid into a mere work-shop; seeing nothing of its uselessness, and so forgetting Him who made it. There such a thing, too, as over-tasking brain and body, insanity or decrepitude sets in. Think of it!

A WORD TO HUSBANDS.—We are ignorant who wrote the following, but we wish every husband should read it. Many a time, through mere thoughtlessness, he, who has sworn to "love and cherish his wife," hurts her feelings inexpressibly, in one or more of the ways pointed out in this article. The piece is headed "How To Treat A Wife."

First get a wife—secondly, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business in this world; but do not therefore carry to your wife a clouded or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials, which though, of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. A kind conciliating word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes; but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails and her spirits lose their elasticity. But oh! bear with her; she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, to which your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider her duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference if you would not sicken or palsify her heart, which, watered by kindness, could to the latest day of your existence throb with sincere and constant affection. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to her to yield her choice to you. Do you find it is hard to yield sometimes? Think you it is not difficult for her to give up always? If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will think you are selfish, and care only for yourself, and with such feelings she cannot love as she might. Again, show yourself manly, so that your wife can look up to you and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgment.

PLAY ON THE WORD "THAT."—The climax, to which this play on the word "that" mounts is capital. It is old, but good.

Now that is a word which may often be joined,
For that that may be doubled is clear to the mind;
And that that that that is right, is as plain to the view,
As that that that that we use is rightly used too;
And that that that that that line has in it, is right—
In accordance with grammar, is plain in our sight."

THE WORK-TABLE.—Says the Connellsville (Ohio) Herald. "No lady should consider her work-table arrangements completed without a copy of Peterson's valuable Magazine. The instructions in that department and the patterns given for embroidery, tapestry, mantle-making, &c., are worth many times over the price of subscription."

LOVE AND TOOTHACHE.—A witty writer says that of two persons, one of whom is in love, and the other has the toothache, the one with the toothache will go to sleep first.

THE FASHIONS. A PROSE BALLAD.—One of the editors of the Philadelphia Bulletin—we suspect it is *Mister Karl* of the Knickerbocker—keeps up a continual fire of wit in that journal. As a specimen, we give a prose ballad, devoted to those of the sex, who carry fashion to absurdity, by exaggerating it.

I saw her as she sailed along in an elegant silk balloon, borne on by many a puff of praise, all sung to an *à la mode* tune. I saw her as she trailed along, like a racer sharp and thin, and many a voice in ecstasy, proclaimed that she would "win." I saw a coal scuttle bonnet, with a front of a foot or two, and rapturous praise, in a thousand ways proclaimed that it would "do!" I saw a cup and saucer stuck on to the back of her head, and the very same crowd, with praises loud, declared that fashion led. Hurrah for balloons and racers, coal scuttles, cups, saucers too. To thunder with sense and reason—I'm bound to go crazy, too!

A SWEET BREATH.—A lady recommends "The Balm of A Thousand Flowers" to sweeten the breath. If any of our fair friends are ever troubled with an offensive breath, they will now know where to find a remedy. We are aware that after a fit of sickness, or from other causes, the breath is often foul. The "Balm" is applied to the teeth, with a fine brush: a very little answers. A bottle costing but fifty cents, will last a year.

ENGRAVINGS IN "PETERSON."—The Webster (N. Y.) Republican says of this Magazine: "In point of engravings, fashions, patterns &c., it excels any other Magazine published." So also say most of the press. We will try to merit such encomiums more than ever.

RETURN OF PEACE.—Peace again blesses the world. Long may it last! As appropriate to the times, we give in this number, a new piece of music, on the subject, just composed.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History. By John Lathrop Motley. 3 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—"The Rise of the Dutch Republic," says the author of these volumes, in his preface, "must ever be regarded as one of the leading events of modern times. Without the birth of this great commonwealth, the various historical phenomena of the sixteenth and following centuries must have either not existed, or have presented themselves under essential modifications. Itself an organized protest against ecclesiastical tyranny and universal empire, the Republic guarded with sagacity, at many critical periods in the world's history, that balance of power, which, among civilized states, ought always to be identical with the scales of divine justice." It was a happy thought in Mr. Motley to undertake the history of such a nation. Nor could a more proper person have been found than a citizen of the United States; for the revolutions of Holland, England and America, are all links of one chain. In other

respects also the author is well fitted for his task. Mr. Motley has an earnest desire to arrive at the truth, has no pre-conceived theories to prejudice him, and does not shrink from the labor necessary to thorough research. His style is easy and idiomatic, and often rises even to eloquence. Many parts of the narrative are quite picturesque. Whenever the occasion permits it becomes as spirited as Macaulay. The story begins in 1555, and terminates in 1584; but a historical introduction, extending back to the earliest times of Holland, prepares the reader for the more formal opening of the drama: and the whole concludes, as it fitly should, with the assassination of William of Orange, the hero of the struggle. Mr. Motley, though he goes over some of the same ground, which Prescott traverses in "Philip the Second," loses nothing by the comparison; while, instead of treating the theme as incidental only to another, he makes it his main object, and thoroughly exhausts it. The manner in which he has executed his task lifts him at once, indeed, to a position among the standard writers of our country. The publishers have issued the three volumes in octavo size, on thick paper, and with large and handsome type. A carefully digested index accompanies the work.

The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Edited by Mrs. Surah J. Hale. 1 vol. New York: Mason Brothers.—This volume forms the second of "The Library of Standard Letters" of which the first, "The Letters of Madame De Sevigne," was noticed in these pages a few months ago. It is, however, complete in itself, so that it can be had, either with or without the other. Lady Mary Wortley Montague is, perhaps, the most accomplished letter-writer in the English language; for no one of her own sex has ever rivalled her, and women invariably excel men in the ease, point and idiomatic elegance of their epistles. Everybody ought to study these letters for their style. Heretofore they have been almost inaccessible; but this cheap, yet neat edition will put them within the reach of everybody. Mrs. Hale has preserved the unity of each division of the letters, so as to elucidate the history of the writer, as well as to explain her sketches of events in their true connection. It is curious to see in these letters, what Constantinople was a century ago. It is equally curious to note the manners of the English people in 1756. A hundred years have worked vast changes both in Turkey and at London; and this volume, apart for its value as a model of style, is interesting as bringing these changes before the reader.

The Elements of Natural Philosophy. By A. W. Sprague, A. M. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—A work designed for the use of schools. It is copiously illustrated by familiar experiments, and contains two hundred and eighty engravings. One excellent feature is its description of instruments, with directions how to use them. It is one of the best books of its kind, if not the very best. The publishers have printed it neatly, and substantially bound it.

Florence Betrayed; or, The Last Days of the Republic. Translated from the Italian of *Manfredo D'Azzoglio*. 1 vol. Boston: William V. Spencer.—This celebrated novel, now for the first time before the American public, is worth a score of the trashy modern fictions with which the press teems. It treats of that epoch, so well known to all readers of Italian history, when Florence defended itself against the arms of Pope Clement the Seventh and Charles the Fifth. Yet though founded on historical incidents, the romantic element prevails the most, and even in the historical part, it is the passion which agitated the people, rather than the mere events of the time, which the author portrays. The chief interest of the story turns on the fortunes of Nicolo's daughters. One of these, Landonia, is a noble a character as we know of in fiction; she would be almost too saint-like if she was less of a woman, and her secret, but unhappy love for Lambert, who professes her sister, Lisa, powerfully engages the reader in her favor. In the original, this novel is the delight of all Italian readers of taste; and it will be not less a favorite, we are sure, with Americans of the same description. It forms a large volume of five hundred and forty pages, is printed on superfine paper, and is handsomely bound in cloth gilt. Yet the price is but a dollar and twenty-five cents, or that of the most ordinary novels of the time.

A Lady's Second Journey Round the World. By Ida Pfeiffer. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Madame Pfeiffer is the German lady, who has twice journeyed, alone, around the world, visiting the most savage tribes, and penetrating even to the most exclusive countries. The present volume is the record of the latest of these tours. Setting out from London, she visited the Cape of Good Hope, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, Celebes, the Moluccas, California, Panama, Peru, and Ecuador, returning to Europe by way of the United States. A more engrossing narrative of personal adventure, of perils by sea and shore, does not exist in any language. Madame Pfeiffer says that she was received with more kindness in the United States than in any country she visited, except Dutch India, a handsome compliment to our people. The book is neatly printed. It forms a thick volume of five hundred pages.

Humorous Poems of Thomas Hood. Edited by Epes Sargent. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—About a year ago, a portion of Hood's Poems was issued, by this same house, under the editorship of Mr. Sargent. As one volume would not contain all of Hood's Poems, however, this additional one has been prepared, similar in style to its predecessor and to the other volumes of "The British Poets" now being serially published by P. S. & Co. Among the principal poems in this volume are "Love and Lunacy," "The Bailey Ballads," "Tales and Legends," &c. &c. Hood was the first humorist of his age, using that word in its widest and deepest significance, so that no library is complete without his poems.

Married, Not Mated; or, How They Lived at Foodside and Thockmorton Hall. By Alice Carey. vol. New York: Derby & Jackson. Philada: ispatrick & Co.—In some respects, Alice Carey is not excelled, as a writer of prose fiction, by any American author, living or dead. Her observation close and subtle; her perception of character keen; her style pure and idiomatic; and her skill as an artist, generally, worthy of all praise. But, sometimes, she paints her pictures too much in shadow. To us, this seems a mistake, artistically, as well as otherwise. With this exception, we have nothing to praise for her novels and tales; and of all her published writings of this description, "*Married, Not Mated*," is certainly the best. The events are of deep interest; the purpose of the story is excellent; and the characters are life-like, especially that of Rach," which is inimitable. There is neither bombast in style, nor exaggeration in the actors; but, in the contrary, beauties of diction and thought on nearly every page. The publishers issue the novel, in the usual handsome manner, which characterizes their books.

Linda; or, The Young Pilot of The Belle Creole. Tale of Southern Life. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—No publisher excels Mr. T. B. Peterson in the elegance with which he issues novels. The present one is printed in new type, upon the thickest white paper, and in a tastefully bound. "*Linda*" is among the best of Mrs. Hentz's fictions. It is full of the romance of oath and love, and therefore, fascinates all who pine for the ideal, a greater number, even among the old, than is generally supposed. Sir James Mackintosh, one of the profoundest men of the present century, was honest enough to confess that his highest mental gratification was to "lie on a sofa, after dinner, and read novels." Tradition says, too, that novels like "*Linda*," which recalled the rosiest dreams of youth, were just the kind he liked best.

Ninety-Eight and Forty-Eight. The Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland. By John Savage. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—This volume contains a popular history of the Irish struggle for Independence in 1798, and a notice of the agitation which was carried on, with a similar design, in 1848. It also gives brief biographies of Wolfe Tone, Grattan, Plunket, O'Connell, Mitchell, and other prominent leaders in the two movements. It is a deeply interesting work, especially to those connected, either by blood or by sympathy, with Ireland. It makes a handsome duodecimo volume of four hundred pages.

Eutaw. A Sequel to the Forayers. By William Gilmore Simms. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Another of Mr. Simms' tales of the Revolution, carefully revised, and forming part of Redfield's illustrated series of these popular novels. Two spirited engravings, after designs by Darley, embellish the volume.

The Philosophy of the Weather: and a Guide to its Changes. By T. B. Butler. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The author of this book contends that Maury, Espy, and all other meteorologists are wrong, at least in the main, and that his is the only philosophical theory of the weather. Bold as this assertion is, he plausibly sustains it. He evidently thoroughly understands the signs of approaching storms, and if he has erred in analyzing their causes, we, at least, are not able to detect the fallacy. It is a book that will attract attention.

The Teacher. A new and Revised Edition. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new edition of a well known and very popular work, intended to detail, as the preface sets forth, "in a familiar and practical manner, a system of arrangements for the organization and management of a school, based on the employment, so far as is practicable, of Moral Influence." The illustrations are drawn, engraved and printed in the first style. Without question, "*The Teacher*" is superior to any book of its character, as yet written.

Knowledge Is Power. By Chas. Knight. Revised and Edited, with Additions, by David A. Wells. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—A new and improved edition of a work, which, when first published in London, had great success. Its design is to set forth in a popular form, the productive forces of modern society, and the results achieved by labor, capital and skill. The volume is full of illustrations. It is rarely that so much valuable information is found compressed, so skilfully, into so small a space.

Confession; or, The Blind Heart. By W. Gilmore Simms. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a new and revised edition of a novel which has already "won its spurs" in the field of literature. It belongs to the series of "Simms' Border Romances of the South," which Redfield has been issuing, so tastefully, this last twelvemonth. The story is a domestic one, skilfully told, and quite superior to the mass of modern novels.

Colombo. By Prosper Merince. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A translation from one of the most brilliant of modern French writers. The scene of the story is laid in Corsica, and the novel has a merit, above that of a mere tale, arising from the pictures it gives of life and manners in that Island. The translation is well done. There is nothing of the morals of Sue, we are glad to see, in the book.

Berenica. A Novel. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—A novel, by an anonymous author, but one who has no need to be ashamed of his or her production. "*Berenica*" is quite above the ordinary run of stories of domestic life. It is earnestly written, abounds with powerfully delineated scenes, and has a high moral purpose. It is autobiographic in form. Phillips & Sampson have published it in a very neat style.

History of the Reign of Philip the Second. With Portraits, Maps, Plates, &c. 2 vols. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Every person, who either would gain historical knowledge, or seeks to have even an ordinary library, should buy this work. The reign of Philip the Second of Spain embraced one of the most eventful periods in modern history. Coincident with the rise of the Dutch Republic, and equally affecting, and affected by, that mighty event, a thorough acquaintance with it is indispensable to whoever would study, on the one hand, the development of modern liberty, or, on the other, the triumph of absolutism in Spain and elsewhere, where the cause of freedom failed. The war in the Netherlands, the memorable siege of Malta, the defeat of the Armada, the woes of the Inquisition, the rebellion of the Moriscos and the cruelties with which it was avenged, form a series of events so striking as to throw around this epoch in history all the charms of romance, while affording to the student an instructive lesson how great kingdoms may be won or lost, how gallant peoples may become degraded under the rule of tyranny and superstition. Mr. Prescott's merits as a historical writer need no praise at this late day. He takes rank, by consent of all critics, above Robertson and writers of that stamp; and is considered, by many, equal to Hume, if not to Gibbon himself. For many years he has been engaged in collecting materials for this work. Never before has the period been so thoroughly or impartially explored: it may be said now to be exhausted; certainly no narrative of those times is likely to be ever written, so lucid, so candid, so comprehensive, or so exact. The story comes down to the year 1568. The volumes are beautifully printed, in large octavo size, and illustrated with steel engravings.

The Tragedies of Æschylus. Literally Translated. By T. B. Buckley. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another volume of "Harper's Classical Library." Critical and illustrative notes accompany the text, and also an introduction. The new readings of Hermann's Posthumous Edition are given in an appendix.

PARLOR GAMES.

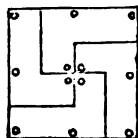
STOOL OF REPENTANCE.—Having placed a stool or chair in the centre of the room, one takes a seat upon it, and another called the "judge" stands near her, having previously asked in a whisper of all the rest, what particular offence they charge the repentant one with. Of course the replies must be given in a low voice, or she would hear them. The judge then tells her one of the crimes with which she is charged, and she must guess who accuses her of it, or forfeit. If she guesses rightly, the accuser must take her place, when the rest proceed to bring their accusations against her.

BUFF WITH THE WAND.—Having blindfolded one of the party, the rest take hold of each other's hands

in a circle, around him, he holding a long stick. The players then skip around him once, and stop. Buffy then stretches forth his wand and directs it to the chance; and the person whom it touches must guess the end presented, and call out three times in a feigned voice. If Buffy recognize the voice the change places, but if not, he must continue blind, making a right guess.

PUZZLES.

SOLUTION TO TWELVE-HOLE PUZZLE.—The following diagram shows how the card may be cut into four pieces of equal size and shape, as required.



THE WONDER PUZZLE.—Cut a piece of cardboard (of the dimensions given in the diagram) in such a manner that you may pass through it, yet preserving it in one piece.



NEW RECEIPTS.

To Preserve Pears.—The pears used in making this preserve should not be too ripe. They are in a fit state as soon as the pips are black. Set the pears on the fire in a sufficient quantity of water to cover them. Take them off when quite soft, and throw them into cold water. Then pare them lightly, cut off the stalks, prick them with a needle sufficiently long to reach the core, and put them again into cold water with a small quantity of alum. They now must be boiled till perfectly tender, and then placed for the third time in cold water. In the meantime boil some clarified sugar for awhile, throw a little water into it, and when it boils up again, add the pears. Place the lid on the pan, and when the whole boils, skim it; turn it into an earthenware pan and leave it to stand. The next day drain the syrup from the pears: then add to the syrup a little more clarified sugar and give it a good boil; pour it over the fruit, and leave the whole stand till next day. The next, and two succeeding days, proceed in the same way, each time boiling the syrup and clarified sugar longer than before. On the last occasion, let the syrup and clarified sugar boil until little raised balls are formed on the surface, add the pears to it, cover the pan, and let the preserve come to a boil. Then skim it, pour it off, and place it in a stove for two days; after which drain the fruit and put it by for use.

To Make Black Currant Jelly.—Strip the currants from the stalk, put them in a jar in a kettle of hot water. Let it boil an hour; then throw the currants and juice into a fine lawn sieve. Strain out all the seeds, and, to every pint, put a pound of double-refined sugar. Put the whole into a preserving pan, set it over a charcoal fire, and keep stirring it until it is a jelly, which will be known by taking a little out to cool. Be careful to take off the scum as it rises, and when the jelly is formed, and very clear, pour it into pots. When it is cold, cut round pieces of paper, which will just cover the jelly, and lay them over it, first steeping them in brandy. Finally cover with white paper over the pots.

To Make Currant Jelly Flavored with Raspberries.—Take seven pounds of ripe, red currants stripped from the stalks, and two pounds of raspberries, picked. Press the fruit and strain it through a fine hair sieve. Pour the juice on nine pounds of the best loaf sugar, broken into small pieces, and place the whole on a brisk fire, taking care to remove the scum as soon as it appears. When it comes to a quick boil, place a small portion on a plate or saucer, and, on its cooling, observe whether it forms a jelly. If so, it is sufficiently done. Remove it from the fire and place it in jelly pots.

To Make Red Currant Jelly.—The currants should be taken very ripe, and gathered in dry weather. Strip them from the stalks, and press the juice from them. Strain the juice, and to every pint put a pound of the best loaf sugar, broken into small pieces. Boil it on a brisk fire, taking care to remove the scum as soon as it appears. When it begins to boil briskly place a spoonful on a plate to cool, and if it forms a jelly, it is done; if not, it will require a little more boiling.

Serap-Book Paste.—Dissolve slowly two square inches of glue and an equal weight of alum in nearly a pint of water. Mix half a teaspoonful of flour with a little water very smoothly, stir it in, and boil the whole together. Then remove it from the fire, and when nearly cool, mix with it two teaspoonfuls of oil of lavender. This paste, kept in a well-closed vessel, will keep many months.

Plum Jelly may be made by the following directions:—Take four pounds of small red or muscadine plums, and boil them in three quarts of water until reduced to one quart; then strain the juice through a sieve, and to every pint put a pound and a half of sugar; boil the juice and the sugar together for about a quarter of an hour, or until they form a jelly.

To Broil Veal Cutlets.—First chop up some sweet herbs, season them with pepper and salt, and mix them up with a little salad oil. Boil the cutlets in the mixture so that every part be well covered. Then wrap them in paper, well buttered. Broil them slowly, and serve them with or without sauce.

To Clean and Polish Shells.—Wash them well with soap and hot water; if very rough on the outside, scour them with a bit of flannel dipped in wet sand. Wash it well off and smear them.

Transparent Pudding.—Put eight eggs, well beaten, into a stew-pan, with half a pound of sugar pounded fine, half a pound of butter, and some nutmeg grated. Set it on the fire, and keep constantly stirring it until it thickens; then set it into a basin to cool. Put a rich puff paste round the edge of the dish; pour in the pudding, and bake it to a moderately-heated oven. Candied orange and lemon may be added at pleasure.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—A DINNER OR EVENING DRESS OF WHITE GRENADINE.—The skirt is trimmed with four flounces, woven in lilac satin stripes. Each flounce is edged with a narrow fringe. The corsage is low, and made with a long point in front. The sleeves are formed of three soft puffs, and trimmed with a fall of rich lace, looped up on the inside of the arm with a bow of lilac ribbon. A white tulle cape, edged with lace, and having long ends crossed in front, is fastened with a knot of lilac ribbon. Black velvet leaves in the hair.

FIG. II.—A MORNING DRESS OF WHITE CAMBRIC.—The skirt is open in front, and trimmed on each side with a cambric insertion and edging. The corsage is high and plain. A sash of broad blue ribbon passes around the waist. A white cape is ornamented with needlework like that on the skirt. Sleeves trimmed in the same way, and reaching but little below the elbow. Cape of cambric muslin and valenciennes lace trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. III.—A HOUSE DRESS OF FRENCH BLUE SILK.—The body high, trimmed with six rows of plaited ribbon in front, each end of which terminates in a bow. The top row is twelve inches, the bottom one ten inches from one bow to the other. Ribbon waistband with a buckle in front. Sleeves almost tight at top, cut in pointed vandykes bordered with a ruche and trimmed with a flounce forming a flat plait in each corner between the vandykes; this flounce is bordered with a plaited ribbon.

The hair is tied very low down behind. Two bands of cherry velvet pass one across the forehead, the other between this and the back hair, meeting at the side, where they form bows from which two ends hang down. This coiffure is the same on both sides.

FIG. IV.—A BLACK LACE MANTILLA.—We give here, as worn with an evening dress, in order to give both, but all the rage for summer wear in the street. The dress is a robe-dress, with three flounces, one of those so fashionable now.

FIG. V.—CHILD'S APRON OF PINK SILK, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. This is a beautiful, yet simple pattern; so simple that any mother can make such an apron for her child. The velvet at the waist is put on in a basket pattern; and long ends, pointed at the bottom, fall over the skirt. Bows and ends of velvet form a shoulder knot. We have seen some silk dresses for young ladies trimmed in the same way.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Flounces will be very generally worn, even on organdy and other thin dresses. Low bodies are made with points before and behind, and are profusely trimmed with lace, blonde, ribbon and fringe.

High dresses are always of the jacket form, with a deep basque, and braces trimmed with fringe or velvet. The sleeves are usually composed of two or three falls.

MANTLES are of a very becoming shape this season. They are generally of black, though silks of a quiet sombre shade are sometimes chosen for the purpose. Before describing the mantles, however, we must remark that a tight-fitting jacket with very deep basque is considered the most *comme-il-faut* costume. It is usually of rich black silk, profusely trimmed with black lace, fringe and velvet.

For those who prefer a different mode, we think the most beautiful, as well as the newest, are those of the shawl form. These are composed of lace, silk, fringe, ribbon, &c., disposed of in various ways.

HEAD-DRESSES.—The nets of various kinds worn on the head in evening costume are progressing in fashionable favor. One of the new *coiffures* of this kind consists of a net of gold, intermingled with pearls, strings of pearls drooping toward the neck.

Others, formed of purple or green silk, are spotted with small ornaments, in enamel, of different colors which glitter like precious stones. Some of the prettiest are formed of coral. These are fixed on each side by large pins with a coral head.

GREEK NETS are also worn over the plait at the back of the head, either all gold or mixed with pearls. Then come other head-dresses, entirely of blonde with a round head covered by small flowers or those which form tufts at the sides.

EAR-RINGS of the drop form, which have been long out of fashion, are now beginning to re-appear. We mean the *long drops*, called by the French *pendants d'oreille*, and not those of the short, round form which have lately enjoyed partial favor, and which are not inaptly called *boutons d'oreille*. An exquisite pair of drop ear-rings has recently been made for a lady in Paris. The tops are formed of circles of diamonds, having in the centre a large pearl. The drops consist of long ears of wheat, thickly studded with small brilliants. Another pair of drop ear-rings is equally elegant, though of a less showy description, consists of pink, coral, and pear pearls. The tops of most of these new ear-rings consist of one large precious stone—as an emerald, a ruby, or a sapphire set round with five pearls or brilliants.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—A subscriber writes as follows:—"There is considerable complaining about the postage. Two years ago, we had to pay twenty-five cents a piece, yearly; and now it is three shillings. The Magazine says one and a half cents, per number, quarterly, in advance. The post-master says that means in your own state."

We do not understand how either subscribers or post-masters can mistake the postage. The law says that if a periodical weighs only three ounces, per number, the postage shall be one cent, per number; and a cent more for each additional ounce. But, it adds, *if the postage is paid quarterly in advance*, a deduction of one half shall be made. Now "Peterson" weighs between four and five ounces a number, and consequently, *if the postage is not paid quarterly in advance*, it is three cents a number, or thirty-six cents a year.

But when subscribers, every three months, pay the postage in advance, they cannot, legally, be charged more than *one cent and a half per number, or four cents and a half quarterly*.

AN AGENCY FOR PATTERNS, &c.—Having been solicited, from various quarters, our "Fashion Editor" has consented to act as agent for the purchase and transmission of patterns, jewelry, &c. &c. In all cases the money must accompany the order, which should describe, as fully as possible, the article desired. Address the publisher at your risk.

NEW VOLUME WITH THE JULY NUMBER.—With the next number we begin a new volume. Now, therefore, is the time to get up clubs, or send in single subscriptions. Those, however, who wish to have numbers, from January, 1856, can be supplied, as we have stereotyped every number. The Magazine was so popular as now, nor ever so good; yet we intend to make it better still. The steel plate in the July number will be something superb. All the other embellishments will be superior also; and so too will be the stories, &c.: and this improvement we shall keep up throughout the volume. If every subscriber will exert herself to get one more, how easily a subscription list would be doubled. Try!

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

BACK NUMBERS.—We are able to supply back numbers for 1856 to any extent, the numbers being stereotyped. We shall stereotype every number of the year.

ENCLOSE A STAMP.—Letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.



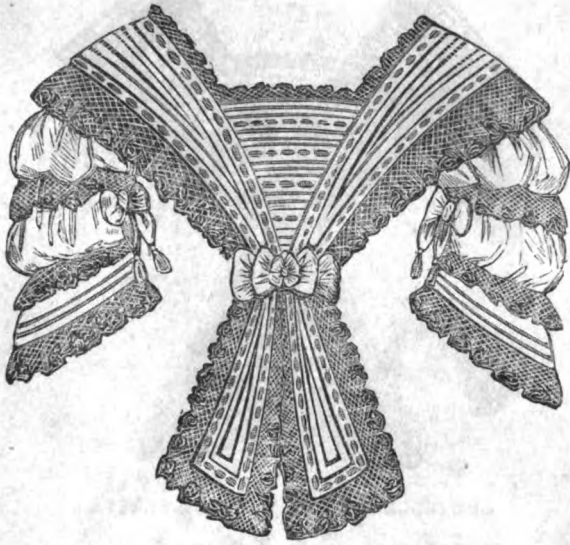
THE MAGNOLIA.

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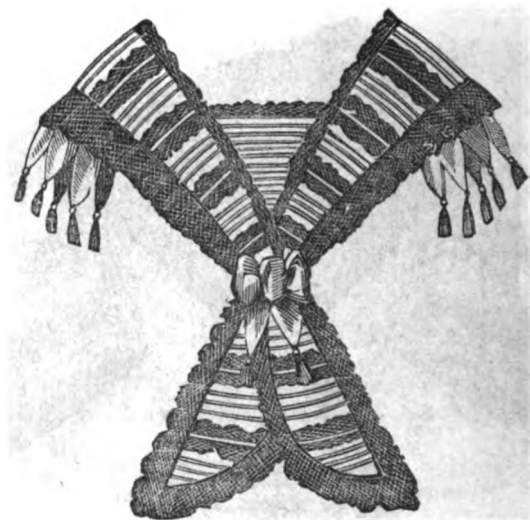
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BRETELLE BERTHE WITH SLEEVES.



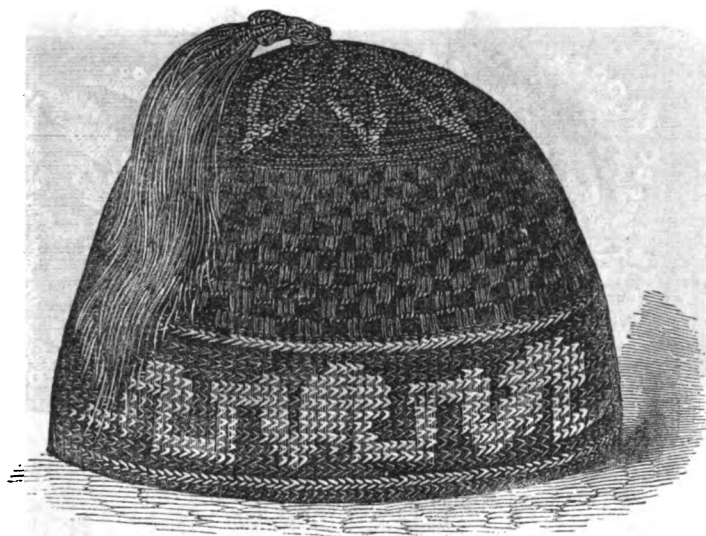
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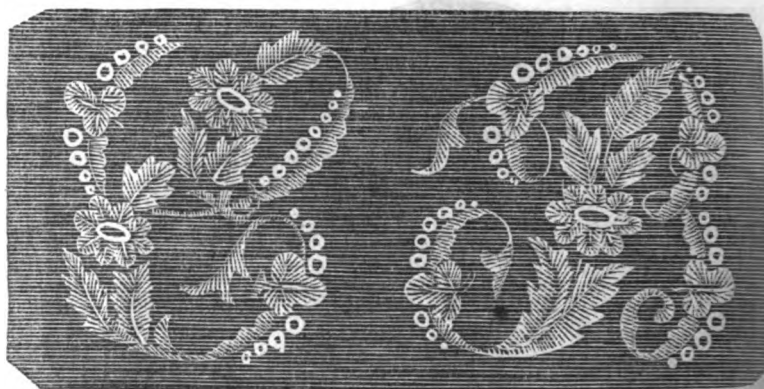
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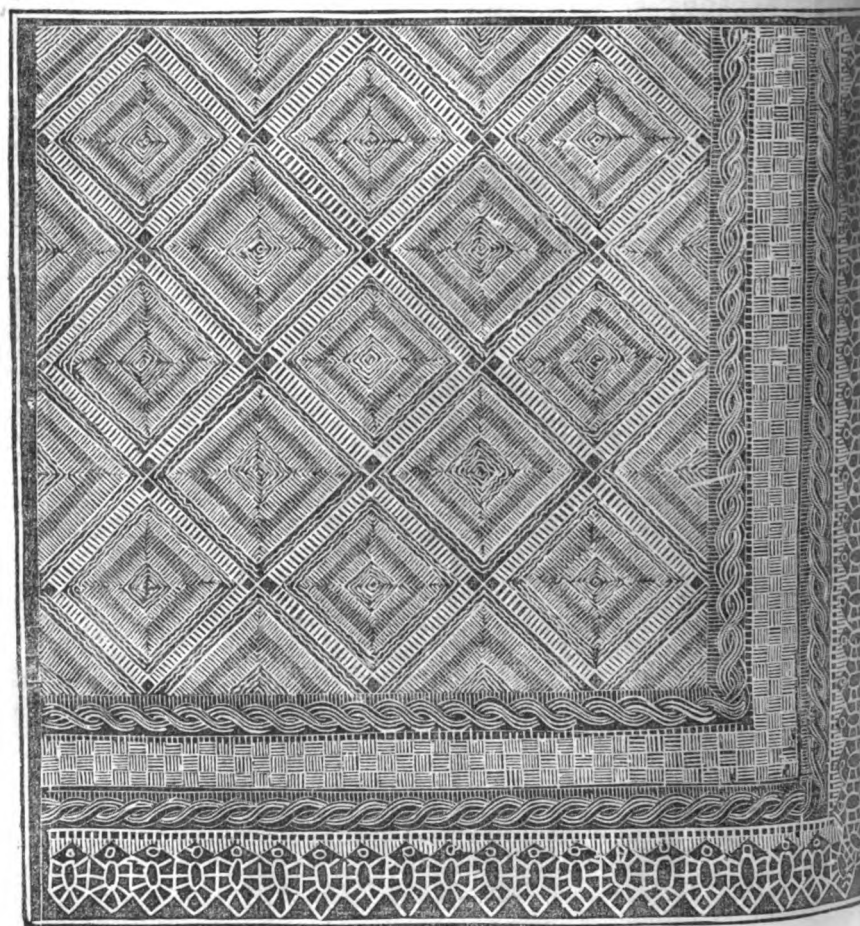
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BY MISS FANNY HERON.

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PIANO.

mf

f

1a

2a

8a

First system of musical notation. The upper staff is marked *2a* and contains a melodic line with various ornaments. The lower staff is marked *dolce.* and contains a harmonic accompaniment. Both staves feature complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff includes a section labeled *1a* and *2a*, indicating different parts or variations. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The system is characterized by dense chordal textures and intricate melodic lines.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff features a section labeled *1a* and *2a*, with a dotted line indicating a continuation or repeat. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The system concludes with a final cadence in both staves.



CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXX.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1856.

No. 1.

"CIGAR SMOKE."

BY E. W. DEWEES.

It was the third anniversary of our wedding day, and Mary and I, (my prettiest and gentlest of wives, has, as is fitting, the prettiest and gentlest of names) Mary and I having enjoyed a commemorative iced-sake at tea, of wonderful excellence, for Mary made it, and having been up stairs together to look at dear little Charley in his crib, were now seated at our cosy fireside, I, with an unreprieved cigar between my lips, and Mary very near me, enjoying a harmonious matrimonial chat. What we talked about, and what pleasant reminiscences were indulged in—what whispers—what trifles—what nothings were called to mind, may be so very easily imagined, at least by all happy married couples, that it is by no means worth my while to try to write them down here.

The conversation was as charmingly monotonous as such conversations usually are, till I chanced, in my foolish confidence to say, with a laugh,

"I can't help laughing, Mary, to think what a fool I was, once upon a time, to worry and fret myself about that young dandy, Morris, who was dangling about you at the same time I was. I might have known better, mightn't I?"

"I don't know about that," said Mary, with a blush, and a coquettish toss of her head. "Perhaps you are not at the bottom of that mystery yet—wise as you think yourself, sir!"

My countenance fell. This had been a sore subject with me in former years, but Mary's unquestionable affection had just convinced me that my old doubts had never had any foundation, that she *must* have loved me first, and always. My wife continued, with mischievous candor,

"I can tell you, John, you had some cause for jealousy in those times; for I came near—very near taking Morris instead of you. Only the merest trifle decided me in your favor. Shall

I tell you what it was? Nay," she added, quickly, "you need not look so grumpy—you've no cause for jealousy *now*, you spoiled creature! It's a great mistake to suppose that all girls fall into love at first sight. With some, and the most sensible, I flatter myself, the proceeding is by no means such a summary process. We consider, and weigh the respective merits of our admirers quite coolly and philosophically before we decide, I assure you. We make our comparisons—draw our inferences—compare characters, all from trifles I grant, but with wonderful shrewdness sometimes, as in the present case.

"It cost me, however," she continued, archly, "some trouble to decide whether I preferred you or Morris, and indeed to determine whether either of you were worth my going to the extreme length of actually falling in love. As I told you, a trifle decided me; but it was a significant trifle, one that showed which way the wind blew. Do you want to hear about it, John? Are you prepared for a full and free confession? Yes, I see by your smile that you are both curious and good-natured; so I will tell you the truth, and the whole truth for once."

So looking at me, with a glance of mingled sauciness and affection, my little wife spoke out,

"There never was a poor woman so distressed as I was, to decide between you and Morris. If you only knew all the sleepless nights you caused me! but never mind, I'll take my revenge for that before I've done with you yet! I used to lay awake and think and think, till my head ached. I knew you both wanted me, and that I might have either, but for my life I could not tell which I wanted.

"Morris was certainly the handsomest—you need not make such a grimace, it is true—but there was something honest and manly about your face, such as it was, that I liked—oh, you smile now, do you? Morris dressed best, was

the most elegant in his manners, had the most fashionable friends, was most admired by the other girls; but still, notwithstanding all these advantages, I had an unaccountable and groundless leaning toward you, which prevented my quite deciding in his favor. A conversation which I had with you, sir, one day on the most trivial of subjects determined my life's choice; a conversation which I do not believe you remember, or have ever thought of since."

"What was it about?" I asked, curiously.

"About smoking!" cried Mary, with the merriest laugh. "Do you remember, as we sat on the piazza at our country house one summer day after dinner?"

"No, I recollect nothing about it."

"Well, it was simply this. I desired you to make my presence no obstacle if you wished to enjoy a cigar. You replied that you did not smoke. 'Why not?' I asked, with some curiosity. 'Because,' you answered, quite simply, 'I think it's time enough for a young man to indulge in such luxuries, when he is able to pay for them with his own money.' And then you added, carelessly, 'Smoking is an expensive habit, I suppose you know.' I did not know; I had never thought about it before; but I did now. I admired and respected you for that answer, John. It let me see through your honorable and honest character."

"Smoke and fudge!" I interrupted, with an attempt at a frown; but the little woman paid no heed to the sham, which she instantly saw through—she was speaking very earnestly now, with a flush on her soft cheek and a sparkle in her eyes.

"I thought about that speech after you left me, John, and pondered it, and liked it more and more. You were at that time just established in business with your father's means; as yet you had nothing of your own, and you were

right, quite right. I saw, even by so slight a thing, that you were actuated by high principles, and then it was, John, that I began to like you so very much. Besides this, I applied my new ideas to Morris, and what did I find? a young man, whose parents were actually pinching themselves to give him a fine collegiate education, selfishly indulging in all sorts of extravagance, not merely in the trifling matter of cigar-smoking, but of dress, fashionable amusements, &c. It showed the wrong spirit, John, and my choice was made from that hour—oh, how little I repent it!"

The tears were in her eyes as she spoke, and she rose hastily, doubtless the reader has already conjectured, to throw herself in her adoring husband's arms, &c., to make a pretty concluding scene for my story. Not at all, though I confess there are some such sentimental passages in our married life, (for Mary is very romantic) still in the present instance she simply took down another cigar from the mantle, seeing my first had vanished in smoke, and having lighted it, she handed it to me with her brightest, sweetest smile, saying,

"And now you see, John, how it comes that I am so passionately fond of cigar-smoke."

Of course I can't expect my intelligent reader to be quite of my wife's way of thinking. Of course he sees through all this smoke which she conjured up about me, as clearly, if not more so, than I do. We know, of course, that smoke is smoke. But let me tell him that smoke of this kind is a smoke of "virtuous powers." It penetrates with a delicious aroma, not to the brain, but to the heart. It sweetens the temper—it tranquillizes the mind—it softens the heart. I would simply advise such poor, pitiful bachelors as don't know what I'm talking about, to throw away their cigars, if need be, and try it. They will find it surpass the finest Havanas.

VIOLETS.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

VIOLETS! violets!

From whence do ye come,
With your blue leaves so tender,
So frail and so slender,
Say where is your home,
Sweet violets?

Violets! violets!
So daintily fair
We most cordially greet;

While your perfume sweet
Floats out on the air,
Bright violets!

Violets! violets!
Pure gems of the field;
That bloom in the glade,
In sunshine and shade,
What pleasures ye yield,
Fair violets!

"VENGEANCE IS MINE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

It was a terrible night. The rain rushed down in cataracts; the lightning blazed continually; and the thunder broke in sharp, startling peals, until earth and heaven rocked under the concussion. I have seen many tempests, but never one like that.

"The Nittany will be in a flood," said the landlord, for I was boarding, for the summer, at a mountain inn. "We shall hear of damage by morning."

He had scarcely spoken, when the door opened, and the gust, driving in, almost flared out the candle. A neighbor entered, horror and alarm on every feature, so that, even before he spoke, we knew he came on some fearful errand. Both the landlord and I sprang instinctively to our feet.

"Mary Ennis——" he began.

"What?" gasped the landlord, interrupting him. "She hasn't made away with herself."

"God knows!" was the answer. "She disappeared from the house, just as the storm came up: and was met, frantic-like, going down the mountain. Her poor old father is 'most distracted. I am going, with Jem Wright and some others, to look for her. We want more. Will any of your folk turn out?"

I had been long enough in the village to be familiar with the story of Mary Ennis. She was the only child of her parent, a venerable old man, whom all revered and loved for his single-minded piety. Two years before, she had been the pride, alike of him and of the neighborhood. Of a rare and delicate style of beauty, amiable and unassuming, she had won all hearts. Her own, however, was given to a young gentleman, the heir of an estate a mile below the village, who had just returned from college, and who "fell in love," as the phrase goes, "at first sight." He was one of those eager natures, whose selfish desire to have their own way at once, and at every cost, is often mistaken for energy: and the ardent manner, therefore, in which he urged his suit, passed with Mary, as it passed with many others, for proof of his excessive love. This characteristic he exhibited in reference to an engagement. Her father objected, in vain, to it, saying that Mary was too young, that both might change their minds; but

George Barlow, for that was the lover's name, would not hear of a postponement: "he loved Mary," he said, "and should always love her; he was willing to wait till she was nineteen, as Mr. Ennis wished; but he should always fear to lose her, unless she was plighted to him;" and his inflexible, persistent selfishness carried the day.

In Mary's eyes, she was, from that hour, virtually his wife. Her every thought she held sacred to him; she consulted all his tastes; and she even found a secret pleasure, as gentle souls like her's do, in sacrificing her own will to his. He was exacting, imperious, wilful, and often harsh; but she did not see it; for her affection transformed everything. Love was a necessity to her, and now that she had fixed her affections, and that custom warranted her in giving free course to them, she grew to fairly worship him. Her love became a part of her existence. It was her very life.

A year passed. George often went to the city, always on the pretence of business, but really from love of change. During one of these visits he became enamored of a celebrated belle, the very opposite, in everything, of Mary. It was not strange, this sudden passion. Novelty was everything to this selfish man. His reputation for a good estate secured him a welcome with the fashionable rival; and her coquetry, which ought to have opened his eyes, only fixed his admiration, by alarming his sense of security. He forgot his vows to Mary; lingered in the metropolis till he had secured his new mistress; and then returned home to prepare for his bride and break off his engagement with Mary.

Selfish as he was, however, he began to doubt, as he approached the village, whether he had not acted the rascal. Everything he saw reminded him of Mary. Here was the little pond where they had gathered water-lilies; there were the wood-walks they had threaded so often; and yonder the old tree, at whose roots they had found the first violets of the season. But he soon succeeded in persuading himself, as men bent on such crimes always do, that he was the injured party, rather than the wrong-doer. "She has lost my affections," he said to himself, "because she is too tame for me; if I marry her, it will

only make both of us unhappy; nay! it will make Emily unhappy too." And this sophistry satisfied him!

It is not my purpose to narrate, at large, the cruel interview that followed. The announcement of her lover's treachery fell on Mary wholly unexpected. In her guileless faith, she had never even suspected him; and the blow shattered at once her hopes, her affections and her trust in truth. The world, and everything in it, seemed to her a chaos. She heard his labored argument, by which he sought to defend his conduct, but it made no impression on her senses: a buzzing was in her ears; she looked at him vacantly; and then fell to the floor, crazed, as if a bolt of lightning had crashed into her brain.

In country towns, a tragedy like this, is in every one's mouth; and the condemnation of Barlow was almost universal. He had the hardihood, however, to brave it out. One day, in the very inn where I was now boarding, he had turned on his accusers, with a bravery, which, in a better cause, would have been grand.

"What business is it of yours?" he said, frowning at the ringleader. "I don't abuse Miss Ennis; I only say she isn't suited to me; and I take it I ought to know best whether she is or not. I always supposed till now," he continued, with a sneer, "that it was impertinent to interfere in those private affairs, the whole truth of which is known only to the two parties most interested. I don't tell my neighbors whom they shall marry, or whom not, and I won't permit any man, or men, to dictate to me on the same question."

He remained, for instant, after he had finished, looking defiantly around; but as no one cared to make a personal altercation of it, he was not answered; and finally, slapping his boot contemptuously with his riding-whip, he turned on his heel and left.

"He ought to have found out whether he liked Mary Ennis well enough to marry her, before he was engaged," said an honest old farmer, with straight-forward logic. "I'm told, he was brute enough to say, yesterday, that she was too weak-minded; that her going crazy was proof of it. If it had been a darter of mine," and he grasped his heavy whip, "I'd have beat him within an inch of his life. But neighbor Ennis is old, and an elder of the church, and was always a mild man, any way."

For many weeks, Mary remained entirely insane. But kind and judicious treatment at last mitigated her disease, though it did not lead to perfect recovery. Her mind still wandered at times, and on certain subjects. The physicians

held out hopes, however, that she would finally regain all her old sanity; and the sure, though slow, improvement that was observable in her, during the winter and spring, confirmed these views. But, in an evil hour, on the very day on which my story opens, she had fallen on an old newspaper, which contained the announcement of her lover's marriage. This marriage, which had happened the preceding autumn, had been carefully concealed from her; and no one knew how she became possessed of the newspaper. Her father, returning at dusk, just as the storm came up, found the paper lying on the floor, by her work-table, as if she had dropped it hurriedly, and alarmed at this, as well as at her absence, had rushed out to see if any one had met her. This last intelligence was imparted to us, as the landlord and I were getting ready, the narrator saying, in conclusion,

"I shouldn't wonder if some person has sent her the paper on purpose. At any rate, she was seen going down the mountain; and the notion is that she's bound to George Barlow's. It will take all the men we can get, to search for her; and there's no time to be lost; for the Nittany must be in flood now, and she'd not have the sense, may be, to know that she can't ford it."

The sky seemed actually on fire with lightning as we left the house. The rain poured. The thunder bellowed. Hurrying through the village, we soon overtook the party which had preceded us. At its head was the distracted father, his long white locks, that escaped from beneath his hat, exposed to the wind and rain. We turned into the forest, in the direction of the Nittany, huge, blazing pine-knots lighting our way, in the intermission of the lightning. Before we reached the stream, we heard, over the rushing rain and driving gusts, its roaring sound as it foamed onward between the rocky banks. A bridge, at this point, spanned the water, and here half of our party crossed, including the father, in order that both sides of the Nittany might be searched simultaneously; for as yet we could not tell whether the poor girl had thought of this light foot-bridge, or had attempted the ford below at the highway.

Hallooing to each other through the storm, we followed the stream downward, the light of the torches reddening the dark waters and shimmering through the black aisles of the forest. We had long left the village behind, and were now approaching the Barlow estate. The anxiety of all increased with each step. The father, with wild haste, hurried in front, concern for his child giving youthful vigor, for the time, to his aged limbs. Eagerly we all looked for some

token of her passing—a fragment of her dress sticking to a bush, or a shoe lost in her flight. But no sign of her presence was found. At every step, in this breathless search, the Nittanny, now swollen to a river, raged deeper and wilder, uprooting the young saplings on its banks: its tawny waters flashing redder in the torch-light, and roaring onward, as if angry that it found no better prey.

All this time the clouds poured incessantly. Not one of us but was wet through. The torches were being extinguished continually, now blown out by the wind, now smothered hissing by the rain. The thunder crashed overhead, or rattled down the heavens. And still, leading us all, the old man hurried on, crying, "My child, my child."

Suddenly, a blinding flash shot directly across our path; a gigantic pine was splintered, in an instant, to the root; the earth smoked where the bolt entered; and the tall hemlock, tottering a moment, rushed headlong downward, bearing half a score of smaller trees to the ground before it, and shaking the solid mountain, far and near.

Scarcely had the glare and roar subsided, when one of our party, who was on the opposite side of the stream, shouted through the tempest; and though we could not distinguish his words, we saw, by the wild torch-light, that he held up a woman's shoe, found at the edge of the torrent, as if it had just been washed ashore.

Even at that distance the father recognized it. "It is her's," he cried, "she is drowned." And he staggered, and would have fallen, if he had not been supported.

But instantly he rallied. Shaking us off, he sprang almost instantly to his feet, and looking around, with an appealing look that went to every heart, cried, "Come, she may yet be safe. She has only dropped it in her haste." And with the words, he hurried on again, fain to persuade himself that there was yet hope.

We followed without a word. He fairly ran, such was his eagerness now. I shall never forget that scene. The torches flashing, the Nittanny's hoarse roar, the lightnings, the thunder, and the aged father in the van, his bare locks, for his hat had fallen off, streaming in the wind like those of another Lear.

We reached the highway again at last. It had seemed an age, though it could have been, at most, but a few minutes. Here the road crossed the brook, by what was usually a shallow ford; but now the waters swirled by, ten feet deep between the high banks, and full of saplings and other drift-wood, which ground

together with a crunching sound and groans that were almost human. Now and then, a bit of a bough would be tossed up, like a woman's arm, and the cry would be on our lips, "There she is," when the limb would sink again, and only the foaming, whirling waters, half choked up with trees, be seen rushing redly by. Again, like the gleam of a white garment, the spray would dash up, and then vanish away.

A falling off in the high banks left an approach to the stream here, of which the turnpike took advantage; but the road was overflowed, for a considerable distance before reaching the brook. After crossing the ford, the highway led up a gentle, green acclivity, and there turned, just in front of a large white mansion, the residence of the false Barlow. The lighted windows, seen through the falling rain, shone like a beacon over the foaming waters at the ford and the highway that led up to it: and as I saw the gay front of that mansion, which should have been the bridal home of the poor, crazed fugitive, I could not help thinking that it had, perhaps, lured her to her death but a little while before.

All at once, as I looked and thought thus, I heard a sharp cry, and turning to the father, from whom it proceeded, beheld him rushing into the stream. My first instinct was to help to restrain him, my next to look for the cause of his horror. There, caught by a sapling that leaned over into the water, and swaying with it, was a female corpse. The body lay on its back, the arms hanging nerveless by its side, and the long dishevelled hair streaming down the current. All was then over!

"Let me go to her," cried the poor old man, frantically, as we restrained him. "I will go," and he struggled so hard that two could scarcely hold him. "Oh! do let me go," he pleaded, when he found we were too strong for him. "She is my only child, and the waters will carry her away."

By this time, however, some of our party, risking their own lives, had brought the body to the shore, where they composed it decently on the grass, at the side of the highway. Simultaneously, attracted by the noise and lights, the owner of the mansion had come forth, attended by servants, and was approaching the scene of the tragedy. The father, casting himself beside his daughter, had begun to chafe her cold hands, calling her by every term of endearment he had used when she was a child, imploring her to speak to him, and saying, "she is not dead, do you think she is dead?" when her murderer thus approached. Awe-struck, and feeling the hand of Providence in this coincidence, we drew

back, so that Barlow stood face to face with his victim.

The silence that followed, for a second, was awful. The storm had lulled, for the time, so that only the light pattering of rain was heard; and this, so in contrast with the preceding turmoil, made the stillness more terrible. Occasionally, the thunder boomed, far off, like minute guns. I heard Barlow catch his breath. His face turned ashen-colored. He looked literally, for a moment, as if he had been changed to stone. The father, roused from his absorption, as if by the magnetism of that presence, regarded him, meantime, with dilating eyes, and a look like that of a tiger about to spring. I trembled for what would follow. Suddenly a voice spoke beside me.

"Ay," it said, and a half-savage log-cutter from higher up the mountain, advanced into the foreground, with a drawn knife in his hand, which he offered to the frenzied parent, "ay! sacrifice him on the spot. Or say the word," he added, as the father turned questioning toward him, with some gleams of returning reason in his eyes, "and I'll do it myself: it would be doing God Almighty service to rid the earth of such a villain."

If, in that awful moment, when all our feelings were roused to the highest pitch of grief and indignation, the father had accepted the offer, I do not think one of us would have had the physical power to interfere. A spell was on us all. We were paralyzed. It seemed to us as if the death of Barlow would be only a just expiation, a "sacrifice," as the log-cutter had called it.

There was an instant of terrible suspense, during which we held our breaths unconsciously.

The father turned and looked at the criminal; then inquiringly around the group; and then at his daughter. As his eyes dwelt on that calm, serene face, a change came over them. The anger passed away, the temporary insanity departed, and tears gathered thick and fast, and ran slowly over down his cheeks. He made a gesture, to put away the offered weapon, shaking his grey hairs.

"No," he said. "The Lord hath said, 'Vengeance is Mine.' Let God judge between him and my child."

Even the log-cutter burst into tears. The Christian had triumphed over the father. We were conquered and melted.

He looked up and went on.

"Neighbors," he said, "will you help me to carry her home?" and added gently, "I thank you all for your kindness."

It seemed to me, that, as he spoke thus, a peaceful smile was on the face of the corpse. Or was it only the flashing torch-light?

We bore her away, leaving the murderer still paralyzed, standing there at the ford. We laid her, two days after, in the village church-yard; and there also, within a month, a grave was dug for the old man. Peace to their ashes!

Barlow still lives. He is a prosperous man; and decorous and strict even to Pharisaism. Even those who know him best, say that, after the first shock, he ceased to regret what he had done. We would fain believe otherwise. But neither his prosperity, nor his want of remorse, nor the cruel fate of his victims, makes us, for one moment, doubt the justice of God. Time is not Eternity. The scheme of Providence is not played out in this fleeting life.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE."

LAMENT.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

I AM lone to-night, I am lone to-night,
Though those I love are near;
There are faces fair, there is cheerful light,
And the merry laugh I hear.
It is ringing out, it is ringing out
As blithe as it rung of yore,
But alas! beloved, that merry shout
Sounds sweet to me no more.

I am sad to-night, I am sad to-night,
For I can but think of thee;
Of the love so true, of the hopes so bright;
That love is lost to me.

They say thou art dead, they say thou art dead:
Beloved, for thy mournful fate,
Ah! many and bitter tears I have shed,
And earth seems desolate.

I can see thy face, that noble face,
It rises before me now.
But the lines of suffering I trace
On the high and massive brow.
And those earnest eyes, oh! those earnest eyes,
Beloved, I know are thine;
In their mournful depths a shadow lies,
And the tears are filling mine.

THE HOLE IN THE STOCKING.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"WHAT a divine creature!" said Harry Howard to his friend, Charles Townsend, as they stood together near the door of a ball-room. "How gracefully she dances! Did you ever see such a figure, such eyes, or such a complexion?"

"Handsome is as handsome does," drily replied his friend, quoting an old proverb, and slightly shrugging his shoulders.

"Pshaw!" retorted Harry, somewhat testily. "One might as well look for enthusiasm from a stone as from you."

"You mustn't expect enthusiasm for a doll," was the answer. "Miss Osborne is no divinity, Harry; but if report speaks truly, an unmitigated dowdy."

"I won't believe it," said Harry, half angrily. "It's the gossip of those who envy her. Such a beautiful creature could not be untidy."

His friend replied only by another shrug.

"I shall ask Mrs. Wharton to introduce me," said Harry, leaving his friend. "If Miss Osborne proves as conversible as she is handsome, you'll not see me again to-night."

Nor did Townsend get an opportunity to speak to his friend again that evening. Harry seemed enchanted with his new acquaintance. Townsend saw him hanging on every word Miss Osborne spoke, watching her every look, and scrutinizing jealously every one she conversed with. Nor was Townsend altogether surprised. For Miss Osborne was as accomplished as she was beautiful. She had, moreover, a happy flow of spirits. She possessed, too, great adaptability of character. She had discovered, directly, therefore, what subjects pleased Harry most; and being a bit of a coquette, had resolved on his conquest immediately. She danced often with him, allowed him to take her down to supper, and when he led her to her mother's carriage, said how pleased she would be to have him call. By this time her victory was complete, and Harry went home to dream of Miss Osborne, and to wonder if he really was, as he said to himself, "the lucky fellow to draw such a prize."

To do the lady justice, it was not coquetry alone, which made her voice, when she asked Harry to call, tremble perceptibly. In person, mind, and manners, he was superior; and Miss

Osborne had the sense to see and appreciate this. Heretofore, in all her many flirtations, her heart had never suffered. But, on this occasion, she also had dreams: and they were of orange blossoms and Harry Howard.

The next day, Townsend, after a late breakfast, was sauntering down Chesnut street, when he encountered Harry. The latter could talk of nothing but Miss Osborne. He confessed, at last, that he found it impossible to settle himself down to reading, or indeed anything, and that he was promenading to pass the time, till the conventional hour of making calls had come, when he intended paying a visit to Miss Osborne.

"I've never kept anything from you, Townsend," he said, "and I'll acknowledge that I'm over head and ears in love. If she'll have such a worthless fellow as myself," he added, energetically, "I'll marry her at once."

His friend was about to say that she would have Harry, to a certainty, since she was of the kind to take him for his fortune, even if she cared nothing for himself, when his attention was attracted by a lady, who, at that instant, left a store, just ahead, and began to hastily walk up the street. He thought there was something familiar in the figure; but, if it was that of any one he knew, it was now so slouched in a huge plaid shawl, as not to be recognized. Harry, at the same moment, noticed the lady.

"How I do hate," he said, "to see a woman walking in that way. Observe her now. It's a sort of fast waddle, like that of a duck trying to run. Zounds! if I had a wife that walked so vulgarly and fast, I'd go crazy."

"I believe you would, Harry; for I know no man more fastidious. But don't talk so loud: the lady might overhear you."

"Lady!" said Harry, with a sneer. "She's some servant girl, who has run out to buy a shilling's worth of thread. Lady, indeed? Did you ever know a real lady to walk in that fashion?"

"Yes! They can't help their walk, you know."

"Well, then, they can help dressing like a dowdy, can't they?" He spoke in a whisper, admonished by Townsend's look. "Look how this nursery maid wears her clothes. They're thrown on, not put on: her frock is shorter, en

one side, than her skirt: and, as I live, there's a hole in her stocking."

Harry turned triumphantly to Townsend as he spoke. The latter could no more deny this, than he could the general charge of slovenliness which Harry had made. The person before them, it was plain, if not a servant girl, was an irreclaimable dowdy. But Townsend, disposed to be charitable, answered,

"What if there is a hole in her stocking? The neatest persons will sometimes be caught with one. They put a stocking on, which is perfect; but before they come home, it wears to a hole."

"I know too much for that," retorted Harry. "If either of my sisters were to make such an excuse to their mother, she'd tell them, that persons who were tidy, always looked carefully at their garments, before putting them on——"

"Hush!" said Townsend, for Harry had raised his voice insensibly. "She knows we are talking of her. Let's pass her, for to linger behind, now, would be rude."

A few steps brought them to the side of the lady. Neither Harry nor Townsend could resist the desire to glance at her face as they went by. She wore a coarse veil, which she had drawn over her face for concealment; but a puff of wind, just as they passed, blew it aside; and lo! Miss Somers herself.

Harry never said a word, from that time forward, about being in love with Miss Somers. Townsend wisely refrained from alluding to the subject; but he was glad that his friend had been cured; for he knew too much of the lady's slovenliness, through his sisters, to suppose she could ever have made Harry happy.

There are other ball-room belles, besides Miss Somers, who think it not unlady-like to go shopping, early in the morning, in the most dowdyish garb. They should remember, that, while gentlemen hardly ever notice whether a lady wears a brocade or some cheaper material, they are sure to see anything untidy about her dress, but especially a HOLE IN HER STOCKING.

ALONE.

BY B. SIMEON BARRETT.

DEEPER and darker the night comes on,
Shadows and gloom are here—
Loved ones and dear ones have long been gone,
Nothing is left to cheer;
Lonely I sit, so cold and numb—
When will the morning ever come?

Fiercer and wilder drives the storm,
Sweeping along the shore;
Winds are shrieking their wild alarm,
As they never shrieked before;
And oh, how fearfully sounds each tone
While waiting, I watch here all alone!

Sadly my fancy wanders back
To days so long gone by,
Sweeping o'er memories viewless track
Where the shadows dimly lie;
Days when the sunshine was pure and bright,
Gilding each scene with its dazzling light.

Around me the storm grows wild again—
Fancy awakes at the sound—
Madly the wind howls over the main,
Hoarsely the waves resound!
Wearily waiting, I watch the dawn—
'Twill come! when the last dark hour is gone!

"THAT FAMILIAR STRAIN."

BY JOHN HAINES, JR.

UPON my ear, methinks I hear
That old familiar strain,
Its touching notes thrill thro' my frame
With sweetness once again;
I hear it oft, in murmurs soft,
Amid youth's fleeting dream—
And yet its sounds are floating on
With me along life's stream.

Lady, where'er thy lot may be,
Wherever thou may'st roam,
The harp, though struck by stranger's hands,
Shall mind thee still of home;
And scenes of happiness, and youth,
Will rise to thee again;
And tones of loved ones be recalled
By that familiar strain.

LITTLE ALICE.
A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"PLEASE, doctor, come with me—quick!" said the trembling voice of an old man at my door, on a wet, cold May night.

I turned from my window, whither I had been awoken, aroused from sleep by his loud, double knock at the street door—and hastily dressing, went down stairs, crossed the hall, slipped back the door, and joined him. It was a wild, stormy night, and cold, too, for the season—and the rain lashed down sullenly and unceasingly from the black starless sky upon the pavements; and as I emerged from the warmth of a comfortable room into the chilly, out-door atmosphere, I buttoned closely my overcoat and drew my mufflers up about my throat.

"Lead the way, sir," I said to the old man at my side.

On we went rapidly, through the driving rain falling full in our faces, my companion seeming to take no heed of the raging storm—though, as we suddenly turned a corner, coming directly under the glare of a street lamp, I noticed that his garments—the attire of an artisan of the humblest class—were miserably scanty and thin—that his tattered grey hair was dripping down his bent shoulders—and saw what I had not observed before, that his right arm hung withered and useless at his side. And over his white, thin face—and in the glances of which, every few moments, he cast upon me, as if to make sure I was hastening or close beside him, I read the story of some great grief, and saw there traces of want and hunger.

This was just such a haggard, hopeless face as I had seen hundreds of times among the poor of England—among the artisans and laboring classes—telling the same sad story, of want, penury, and sorrow.

And so, sadly musing, each busy with his own thoughts, we walked on—the silence broken only by the steady tramp of our feet, and the ceaseless patter of the rain upon the tiled roofs and narrow brick pavements.

We were turning an angle of a street, when, in a sudden lull of the storm, the old man said abruptly, "She can't stand it long, sir!—but I hope we shall get there before she drops off!"

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"Who?" I asked, involuntarily, giving utterance to the curiosity I had hitherto restrained.

"Who? Oh, didn't I tell you? I thought I did. It is little Alice, sir—our little Alice, who is dying—and has been calling for you to come all night—and all the week past," said the old man.

"And why did you not send for me sooner?" I asked.

"I did go—twice before to night—but they told me you had left town, and wouldn't be back till to-day. But I'm glad you're going now! Somehow, she talks about you all the time; and maybe the sight of you will do her good."

I recollected then. I had been to a far distant county, to bury a beloved sister, within a week, returning home only that day.

"How long has the child been ill?" I asked.

"Oh, sir, it is only eight days or thereabouts, since she came home one night from the factory, pale and weak, and when the bells rung again in the morning she tried to get up and go again to her work, but was too sick; only eight days since she gave up—but I've seen the look in her face all along—I knew it! But the little thing wouldn't give up sir!"

"You say she worked in a factory—in Mr. Sidney's?" I inquired.

"Aye," was the answer, in a hasty tone. "Aye, sir, for two years little Alice has led a slave's life in his spinning room, and that's what's killed her—working there to earn the bread we ate—her mother and I!"

"She is your child, then?" I queried.

"No! my grandchild. James died three years ago last winter—the consumption killed him—and left little Alice and her poor mother. It's a terrible thing, sir, to be poor!" he added, after moment's pause, "a terrible thing to be poor, and can't work! I wonder what God sent this upon me for"—looking down upon the useless, shrunken member by his side—"and let that child kill herself to support me?"

"If it hadn't been for this, I could have worked for 'em both—mother and child—and saved the poor dear lamb!"

"And how old is little Alice?" I asked.

The old man groaned. "Eight years—only an eight year old child—little better than a baby—taken from its mother's bosom to toil from bell-ringing to bell-ringing again in yonder cursed factories! No wonder, sir, the children die!—no wonder they are dropping off by scores—toiling like slaves, aye, worse than the black slaves over the water that the gentle folk pity so! Yet they have no eye, or heart, or pity, for their own slaves at home!"

"God help you! It is, indeed, a terrible thing to be poor!" I replied, involuntarily, respecting the man's grief too much to check his righteous bitterness of speech. "Yes, England has much to answer for—she has her slaves!"

"And it's all the rich men's fault!" he broke forth again. "They do it all! They send our children into their great smoking, stifling prison houses, making them work, work, until the din of the great iron wheels crushes the life out of their brains!—and all to keep their own with soft, white hands, and doll-baby faces in their splendid homes! The rich do this—they have a right because they have the power, and they have the power because they have the money! and so they grind down the poor, and kill the little babes! and this is 'Merrie England!' Aye, merry enough, I dare say, sir, to us poor folks, who bury our dead, and have no time to stand and weep over them!"

He ceased suddenly, his grey head dropping on his breast; but still his feet kept on their rapid way.

For a moment I was astonished at his vehemence; and yet, why should I have been? for the sudden revelation of this man's heart was nothing new to me. In the course of an extensive practice in one of England's largest manufacturing towns, and principally among the artisans and operatives in the factories—for, as God is my judge, I never turned a deaf ear to a poor man's call! in the course of such a practice, among an oppressed, hopeless people—familiar with the appearance of want and penury in a thousand forms—how could I expect to witness any new phase of character among them?

Many a time had I stood by miserable pallets in close, stifling rooms, amid the lowest forms of squallor and poverty—many a time had I stood by the cots of the lowly poor, who, amid all their destitution, had preserved the virtue of cleanliness—many a time ministering unto them to the last, had I closed their eyelids, and in imagination followed the released soul from its late prison-house up to the shadow of the Great White Throne, into the presence of Him in whose eyes there are neither rich or poor, nobles, or

slaves—and then, turning away, I had walked beside the haughty millionaire, Russel Sidney, through his busy factories—and looking upon the mute, wan faces bending over their tasks, watching the long, famine-stricken fingers plying the ceaseless shuttle, or "turning the great iron wheels round and round"—looking upon those operatives, too weary and hopeless to complain, and daily getting thinner and weaker—and those scenes of oppression, I, too, groaned as in bitterness of spirit, even as had this wretched old man at my side, "And this is free, merry England!"

But my thoughts came back to the old man and his errand.

"And little Alice has been asking for me, you say! Does she know me?" I inquired.

"She has seen you often when you visited the factory. You remember her—don't you? She has soft, golden curls, and eyes blue as the skies that hang over the country meadows in summer time," said the old man.

But vainly I tried to call her to remembrance. Among the many little children whom I had seen in my rounds through the factory rooms, and whom I had stopped to pat upon the head, there were too many with meek blue eyes and golden curls, and, alas! pale, pinched faces, for me to single out the memory of this little one. And so, fruitlessly endeavoring to call up her form and face before my mental vision, I hastened on beside the old man, as he led me through a labyrinthine maze of streets and narrow alleys into the very heart of the city. At length we stopped.

"It is here, sir. Step carefully—the stairs are steep and narrow," said the old man, as he pushed open the door of a dilapidated old wooden house, and bade me enter. Up several flights of steep, rickety stairs, which creaked and rattled under our footsteps, I followed him, until we gained an upper landing, from whence he opened a door leading to a room beyond.

It was a low, damp attic chamber, containing but few articles of furniture of the poorest description—the rafters overhead blackened and unplastered—the rain trickling in through the broken roof—and the voice of the storm shrieking at the little window-pane like the moan of a dying fiend.

Upon the hearth smouldered a few dead ashes from whence the fire had died out long before—even as hope from the heart of that poor mother who knelt by the bedside of her dying child.

The light of a farthing candle, burning upon a little stand near the head of the bed at the farther corner of the apartment, but faintly illumined the gloom, only to reveal the utter

lesolation; but I could not fail to perceive the figure of a woman who rose from her half-kneeling, half-crouching posture by the bedside as we entered, nor the tiny, attenuated child-form which started up from the pillows.

And a little, faint voice, sweet as the cry of a tiny, weak bird, said,

"Is it you, grandpa? and has *he* come?"

"Yes, little darling, and here is the kind doctor," said the old man, in a softened voice.

"Oh, I *knew* he would come! I *knew* it!" again cried that sweet, faint voice; and little Alice turned her full, blue eyes upon me.

The woman by the bed-side came feebly forward—a thin, weary-looking, consumptive woman—such an one as I had seen hundreds of times before among the poor: a pale, suffering widow, toiling all day at the weary loom, and then half the night over some coarse sewing, to eke out the money to provide food and shelter to keep soul and body together, and then, when strength failed utterly, sending forth her delicate little one to earn her mite in the noisy factory room.

This pale, sad woman came feebly forward; and curtesying with native grace, said, struggling meantime to crush down her tears and the great choking sobs which rose in her throat,

"Oh, good sir, you are very kind to come among us poor people—but my little one did want to see you so! and God will send you His reward!" and then, turning toward the bed, she tenderly stroked out, one by one, the long, golden curls that lay over the pillow, saying, "and now lie very still, Ally; the kind doctor has come."

I went to the bed-side and looked down into the child's eyes. And I knew then what thoughts were tugging at the mother's heart-strings—what inquiries hovered on her lips, even before the words broke forth,

"Oh, tell me, doctor, will she live? Can you save her for me?"

Heart sick, I turned away—heart sick and mute; for my practised eye saw all at one glance. There was no hope! Even then the film of death had begun to gather over the pupils of those large, blue eyes upturned to mine; even then life was ebbing surely from that tiny heart; and the little, slender fingers which had crept lovingly into my hand were growing cold. Life might linger for a few hours, or go out at any moment. She might lie thus till the grey dawn broke over the smoky city, or she might gently, dreamily lapse into the death sleep. But there was no hope!

And the mother must have read it all in my countenance, for she turned away, buried her

face in her hands with a quick, convulsive, sobbing cry, and dropped down on her knees. And the old man sat motionless in the distant corner among the shadows, whither he had retreated upon his entrance; and little Alice lay very quiet as her mother had bidden her, looking up into my face with a loving, tender smile.

"I am so glad you came!" she murmured, at length: "I knew you would come, some time, ever since you gave me the pretty flowers. See! I have kept them," and a soft light glorified her face, and a radiant smile played about the little mouth, as she reached forth her transparent hand, pointing with one trembling finger to the little stand at the head of her cot.

"Give them to me—please!" she whispered.

I turned to the stand, and saw there, in a cup of water, a little bunch of faded wild flowers; and taking them thence, I placed them in her outstretched fingers.

And then gazing upon those few wild flowers, looking down into her blue eyes, and mechanically threading my fingers through the curls which swept the pillow like threads spun from pure gold—then it all flashed over me in an instant, and I remembered "little Alice."

I remembered how I had seen her often in the stifled factory room, flitting to and fro among the great wheels of the spinners—to and fro, among the clatter and Babel-noise of the turning machinery, like a child-angel as she was. I had paused more than once to stroke those golden curls; and now it came fresh to memory again—how, one day, scarce two weeks ago—in walking past the spinning-frame where she stood at work, holding a bunch of wild flowers in my hand—a few large English violets, sprigs of sweet thyme, and blades of blue-eyed grass, which I had plucked that morning during a ride into the country—I marked the eager, childish delight sparkling in her eyes as she saw the flowers, and gave them to her with a kind word, and then passed onward. And I had straightway forgotten the incident, until those withered, faded blossoms, treasured up to gaze upon in her death hour, recalled it. That little cluster of wayside flowers had made her so happy! I was much affected.

"I am sorry to find you so sick! I remember you now, little Alice," I said, at length.

She looked up and smiled faintly, still caressing my hand.

"And you have kept my flowers ever since?" I asked. "And have you been sick ever since, too?"

"Almost," she whispered. "My head kept aching so, and the great wheels went round and

round and made me dizzy—and one night when I came home, my cheeks were so red and hot that mamma cried and put me to bed; and then when morning came, and the great bell rung, and I wanted to get up and go to the factory she wouldn't let me, but said I must lay very still. And then I did lay still—so very still that a little mouse got up on the stand right beside the pretty flowers you gave me, and I wasn't frightened a bit, but laid and looked at him—but, somehow, my head wouldn't stop aching, and then I woke up grandpa and wanted him to go for you to come and get me well—for I knew you was the doctor."

"Don't you think you can get me well?" she asked, after a little pause, gazing up into my face. "Can't I be got strong enough to go away from this noisy place into the pleasant country, where it is so cool and still, and the flowers grow? Maybe you'll take me there in your nice carriage some day, when it don't rain so hard, won't you? I don't mind asking you, for you were so good, and gave me the dear, pretty flowers!" And again those trusting, childish eyes were upturned to mine.

I could not answer for the rushing tears. I had been less than man had I not cried then. I tell you, the physician, whether he goes among high or low, sees many pitiful, sad, heart-breaking scenes in his life. I had seen many such—but never, *never* any like this! The mother sobbed aloud; and the grandfather, poor, stricken old man! moaned sadly.

I stood there silent; and little Alice must have read my thoughts, for she said in a few moments almost cheerfully,

"Well, you don't speak, and I see how it is. I can't ever get well—and you're sorry to tell me so. But it won't make me feel bad—only mamma and grandpapa, they'll miss me so! If God makes me die and go to heaven, I want to. Mamma says all the little children go there; don't they?"

"Yes, yes," I murmured—"little children all go there—'of such are the kingdom of heaven,' it is written."

"That's just what she read out of grandpapa's big Bible the other night, when my head ached and I cried so—and it made me feel good, and stopped the naughty pain."

"Does your head ache now?" I asked, to direct the conversation into another channel, for it was getting intensely painful to the poor overwrought mother.

"Oh, no, it's all gone now," she replied, brightening. "And I don't think it'll come back any more, either—not if I die and go to

heaven, it won't—for mamma said how nobody was ever sick there."

Then relapsing into quiet, for a little time silence rested on that room, broken only by the beating of the wind and rain against the window pane. Little Alice lay looking at the flower she held—then all at once asked, eagerly,

"Will there be flowers in heaven, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," sobbed the mother.

"Oh, that will be beautiful!" she cried, joyfully. "And it will be good to die and go there. I dreamed all about it last night—though I didn't tell anybody till now, how there were pretty flowers, and little singing birds—such beautiful birds, too, as never come to this great smoky town—and I saw lots of children—and little Katy Deane, who died last year, was there—and they all came and got me, and led me up to papa, for he was there too, dear mamma—and then he kissed me, and told me to go and play, and then the little children took hold of my hands, and we all ran down into the green meadows together. Oh, it was so cool there, and soft and still! The great bells didn't ring once to scare away the birds. I don't believe they have factories there, up in heaven. God won't let them have them, to shut up the little children in, will He, mamma?"

The mother could not speak; but the old man came forth from the corner where he had sat, moaning, and rocking his body to and fro, and groped toward the bed.

"No, darling, no! thank God for that! No work there—no rich to grind down the poor—but cool, green meadows and gardens for the children to play in—and when they're tired, Jesus takes them up in his arms like little lambs, and carries them!" And he fondly stroked out her curls, and let his trembling old hand go wandering all over her sunken features.

"Then it will be good to die, grandpapa," she said, smiling sweetly. "The bells won't wake me up in the morning when I am tired—oh, so tired! It will be good to die and go to heaven, even if I have to go all the way alone; but papa 'll be there, and by-and-bye mamma and you, and the good doctor here, will all come too—won't you, grandpapa?"

"I hope so, darling! Everybody knows God takes little children and makes angels of 'em—but I'm old and wicked, and p'rhaps after all I shan't get there!" And the old man sank down upon his knees, and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, hush, grandpapa! It makes me feel bad to hear you talk so! God loves everybody, if they only love Him! Don't you know, mamma read that, too, in your big Bible the other night!" whispered little Alice.

By-and-by the sobs died away, and the old man rose and stood silent at the bedside; and he little one lay still upon the pillows. But a great change had suddenly passed over her raven face; and I think he must have seen it, oo, for again he broke forth into moaning sobs, and sank upon his feeble knees beside the mother, who was silently praying, and quelling her sobs, hat she might not impede her darling's flight to heaven.

The dying child lay very still for a few minutes, her eyelids fluttering open, then wearily closing; while I bent over her, holding my watch in one hand, and with the fingers of the other on her wrist counting the faint strokes of her feeble pulse; and all the time the death-angel, Azrael, was hovering over that low pallet, unfurling his wings, and brightening and glorifying every feature of her transparent face with his touch.

The flowers were still grasped tightly in her little right hand, beneath the nails of whose slender fingers the blood was settling in livid streaks darker and bluer than the hue of the violets.

Presently she unclosed her eyes, and holding up the blossoms, murmured brokenly; and, knowing that, even then, life was fluttering on her white lips, I stooped low to catch the words.

Looking intently upon the flowers, she whispered gaspingly and slow, "Violets! violets!" then, while a sudden light broke over her face, and in the glimpse of heaven which the angels surely brought her then, she murmured,

"There! don't you see them—the pretty flowers! All the little children are picking them—and Katy, too, she wants me, let me go!" and she suddenly withdrew her hand from mine—"let me go! don't hold me! They want me in heaven!"

One sudden spring from the pillow; one little struggle; one feeble flutter of the tiny heart; one opening and shutting of the tiny fingers, letting the violets fall all over the pallet; and it was over!

They had wanted little Alice in heaven, and she had gone!

She was no more in that miserable attic chamber, only a clay cold, waxen body, exquisite in its white, statuesque, perfect childish beauty as the sculptured marble—only the body, for the spirit was in the Father's bosom.

The mother sprang up.

"Thank God it is over! No more work—no more hunger—no more suffering, for she is with Jesus!" Then the great tide-waves of maternal love, stronger than life or death, swelled up from her heart to her eyes; and with a bitter wail and a gush of tears, she sunk down upon the bed beside her dead child.

"Aye, daughter, I suppose it is well to thank God that she has passed beyond suffering and want. I thanked Him for that when James died; but it does seem bitter hard that the little ones must go first—and an old, withered, useless being like me he left to cumber the ground! Yes, it is hard! Little Alice has died before her time!" And with a groan of anguish, the old man shrunk away into his dark corner again.

And when the next day—a fair May day as ever smiled upon the earth—I looked down into the little grave they had dug for her in the wet kirk-yard sod—when I looked abroad over the great smoky city, where the tall chimnies loomed up and pierced the sky—I could but say,

"And in yonder factories, amid the stifling air and the ceaseless din of turning iron wheels, are still toiling, toiling, scores of pale, wan, hunger-stricken little children, too many of whom will, alas! like little Alice, die before their time!"

And yet for her it was well! Quietly and sweetly she sleepeth now; we would not have it otherwise—for

"If you listen by that grave in sun or shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know
her,

For the smile has time for growing in her eyes!"

STANZAS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

Was it not here that calm and cold,
The moon looked down in state?
Did not these marble gods then hold
Their watch beside the gate?
Alas! I know how sadly change
These all-too-lovely dreams;

And as with snowy mantle strange
All, chill enveloped seems.
So we ourselves grow calm and cold,
Break off and live apart;
Yes, we—who loved so well of old
And kissed with heart to heart.

BOARDING-SCHOOL ROMANCE.

BY A. L. OTIS.

TWENTY-FIVE young girls with their arms pinioned back to make their chests expand, marched in single file around the boarding-school table, and each stood behind her chair. A grace of great length and precision was said by Miss Hicks, our teacher, and then our arms were freed, and we sat down to our pudding. The puddings were always served to us before our meat. Miss Hicks had seen in some hygienic work that it was better to eat dessert before dinner, and she liked that opinion, because after a very little, sweet, fat, suet pudding, or cloying Indian ditto, the girls had not much appetite for expensive meat.

One of the young ladies, called the "table mistress," helped us to the molasses sauce. It was the duty of this functionary also to preside over the butter-plate at breakfast and tea. We could be helped to butter but twice, and so were much at the mercy of the monitress. At the time I write about we had one quite to our minds, for Cornelia Golding gave us such liberal outs that we lived in clover.

When we had despatched our first course, and were waiting for the second, Miss Hicks arose and signified that she wished to address us. We wondered who was going to get it, and all were quiet.

"I have observed," she began, "that Miss Cornelia Golding suits you very well as table-monitress, young ladies, but she does not do what is right. If she were conscientious in the discharge of her duty, she would think more of your health and less of your appetites, instead of trying to pamper you and make you sick. Were not Sally Smith and little Annie Brown quite ill last week? It was the butter made them so, I dare say. Now I shall be obliged to appoint another monitress, because I see that Miss Golding has so little judgment she cannot be trusted. Miss Fitch, I desire you to take her place in future."

Glances of indignation and contempt flew from one to another among the scholars. We knew well enough why Miss Fitch, niece to Miss Hicks, was appointed. After dinner we held an indignation meeting, and Miss Hicks and her niece were called all manner of names.

The latter came into the school-room unob-

served just as Cornelia Golding was saying, "I never eat butter, you know, but I pity you poor girls who do."

"Yes," bright, pert, little Charlotte Kay answered. "Well you may, for that jamber-jawed thing looks as if she would grudge us even air-sauce to our pudding."

"That she does," answered Cornelia.

"Of whom are you speaking, young ladies?" asked Miss Fitch, acting her primmest.

"Of you, and I'll tell you plenty more if you like," spoke up Charlotte. "Stingy thing!"

Miss Fitch said not a word, but left the room. The afternoon lessons were said, and the tea-bell rang. Miss Hicks had not been in the school-room since morning. She had a headache, and instead of taking tea with us, as usual, she had a stand drawn up to a little fire in the refectory, and sat by it wrapped in a shawl.

"Somebody is going to get a blessing," whispered Charlotte to me. "See the angry spots on Miss Hicks' cheeks." I guess Miss Charlotte shook in her shoes, and fully believed she was the one to be scolded. Miss Hicks' spoke.

"Before you sit down, young ladies, turn around and all face me. Miss Golding comes here. Stand where the young ladies can see you. This shameless girl has made a most cruel attack on my niece, has incited the little girls to insult her," &c. &c.

For more than a quarter of an hour she rated the unfortunate object of her wrath, and then commanded her to remain where she was until we had finished our supper. While we were doing so, we were edified by hearing Cornelia continually taunted and vituperated, and while I leave her standing there in patient endurance. I will tell you who and what she was.

Cornelia Golding was older than any of us, about seventeen, and by far the most beautiful girl in school. Hers was a perfect Greek face, except that the forehead was a little more swelling. Her hair was brown auburn, golden-threaded and wavy, like the hair in statues. Her eyes were large, brown, and of a most exquisite beauty of form. They, with their long lashes and pretty brows, were generally thought the great beauty of her face, although perhaps such a delicate, straight nose is a rarer feature.

and to me her calm, sweet mouth, with one simple just above each corner of it, was the most charming. She was not the leading favorite of the school; mischievous Miss Hardy was that; but to Cornelia the girls came with their letters from home, news of friends, or their own complaints and confessions.

I loved her above all others, and she was my school "mother." Each of the elder girls took a young one under her wing, and they were styled "mother" and "child," as in boy's schools they have "master" and "fag."

Poor Cornelia Golding was almost friendless. She was an orphan, and had been adopted by an uncle. But he lost his wife and married again. Then she was sent to school, and never went home at vacations. Nobody seemed to care for her, and so Miss Hicks always abused her when she had no real culprit to vent her ill-temper upon.

In the same building, with separate playgrounds, there was a boy's boarding-school kept by Mr. Hicks, Miss Hicks' brother. Most of the girls had brothers there. They were both "select schools," and there were not more than twenty boys. Very often little excursions were planned by Mr. Hicks, who was a good, kind man, and we girls were invited to join the parties. We were all now looking forward to such a pleasure, which was to come off the very next day. We were asked to go with the boys to Hard Beach to find shells, have a dinner of chowder and clams, and a row in a long-boat. We had talked of it for weeks, and dreamed of it at night, and counted the hours, and were restless with excitement about it.

Ah, me! my joy was dashed; for that spiteful Miss Hicks said Cornelia should not go unless she would beg Miss Fitch's pardon, and we all saw by Corney's face that she would do no such thing. She was kept down stairs and lectured all the evening. She had a little room to herself. That night she was looked up in it, and none of us were allowed to speak to her. The next day all was hurry and bustle, girls dressing, hunting up baskets, talking, laughing, skipping about. We saw nothing of poor Cornelia.

At last all were ready. Mr. Hicks came up to the school-room where we were assembled and bid us down to the yard, where the boys were waiting for us. Miss Hicks was not with us, and we had to wait for her. Presently we heard her voice at the door, and all, boys and girls, looked up to where she stood on the high steps in the doorway, to see if she were not ready to set out. She was all ready, with her bonnet on, but was holding Cornelia's hand and

going to speak. There was pin-drop silence. "Young ladies and gentlemen," she began, "I am sorry to be obliged to leave any one at home. I promised myself the delight of having all my children around me to-day. But this young lady, Miss Cornelia Golding, has been guilty of unbecoming and improper conduct. I will say no more, except that the reason why she stays behind is because she richly deserves to."

I looked sorrowfully at Cornelia. She was very pale indeed, and her lids were cast down. She was a Greek statue. I observed that once she lifted her eyes and looked among the youths present, and at that minute a blush stole up, and her look of utter misery was exchanged for a single gleam of comfort. I turned to the boys. They were all looking on, some carelessly, some impatiently, some curiously, and but one with any real interest. He was Constant Harwood, the parlor boarder, a young man of twenty, who was reading the classics with Mr. Hicks. He looked splendid at that moment. He had his hat in his hand. His light, curly hair was dashed back, his head thrown up, his color furiously red, his blue eyes flashing, and I was sure he was just going to say something perfectly awful. But in an instant almost his expression changed to one so gentle and loving that I looked at Corney again. She had one finger on her lip, and was just being led away by Miss Hicks.

I petitioned for leave to stay with Cornelia, but was reprimanded and ordered to go with the rest. So I thought proper to sulk, and would not walk with the others or speak to any one. Indeed it was as much grief as sulkiness. We arrived at the Beach, and while the other girls sought shells I sat moodily apart.

Presently Mr. Harwood came up and sat down beside me. I determined to tell him all about Miss Hicks' hateful conduct, and began upon it at once. He looked out at the sails on the sea, and tried to be very cool while I talked, but I heard him now and then grinding his teeth. I ended by pitying poor Cornelia locked up in her room this day of all days.

"Which is Miss Golding's room?" he asked me.

I was ready enough to tell him, and described her little window darkened by the apple tree boughs very minutely.

"You are a shrewd child," he said, with a smile, and soon afterward he was nowhere to be seen.

In the meantime poor Cornelia was sitting, after a good, long cry, looking out of the window of her close little room with nothing else to do, for Miss Hicks had taken every book and her

work away from her, that she might "devote her thoughts to penitence," the old thing said. Corney told me afterward that she watched the bees in the climbing roses, the robin feeding its little ones in the nest in the apple tree, and gradually the warm day and drowsy hum made her sleepy. She laid her head on her little round table and dreamed something very happy—but I will not betray her dreaming. She was quite unaware of any intruder. All she knew was, that when she awoke she found a handful of pretty shells on her table, and her handkerchief, which was damp with her tears, gone. I guess she was sorry enough she fell asleep!

When I came home I ran to her door and whispered her name. She heard me and asked what I wanted.

"How do you do? Are you not glad? Didn't he come?"

"What do you know about it? Tell me quickly, do, do, Ada."

"I only know that somebody asked which your window was."

"Who asked that? Tell me, that's a darling. It wasn't that little mischief, Harry Scapple, was it? He is always climbing about."

"You know as well as I do, Miss!"

"Indeed I slept all the morning."

I was cruelly disappointed. "Oh, for shame, Corney! You don't deserve to know!"

She made me no answer, and I was afraid she was crying. "It was C. H., handsome, good, splendid fellow that he is. Couldn't you guess?"

She began a low, happy laugh. At that instant Miss Hicks came up and caught me, and I got it!

As soon as Cornelia was liberated we talked over that morning, and often, often afterward it was the subject of our confidential conversations.

All that summer poor Cornelia Golding was persecuted. I staid at home the next winter, and we were not allowed to correspond; but the next spring I went back to Miss Hicks. Cornelia received me as if I had been her own little sister, and told me all she had had to bear. I asked about C. H.

"He left here last vacation, and I have heard nothing of him since. I have nobody to take my part now. I have been so continually in disgrace that the girls shun me."

I told her it was a great shame, and that I would stand by her always; and when the girls saw she had one friend they soon began to come round again.

The summer wore away. It was a hot Sunday in August, and it was my turn to walk to church. There were not conveyances for all of the girls,

and we had to take our turns at walking. I always liked to walk, for though it was full two miles to the church, the road to it was very pleasant. On this day Cornelia was my companion, and no one else. Coming home in the afternoon, as we were very warm we stopped under the shade of some harvest apple trees to rest ourselves on a wooden bench. Cornelia was still thinking, while I kept looking up into the laden boughs, saying,

"Shake, shake apple tree
Golden apples down to me."

Perhaps her wishes, if expressed, would have appeared as vain as mine. But as an apple might perchance have dropped into my lap, so her dreams were just barely possible—and, and the golden apple did fall to her!

I heard a vehicle on the lonely country road, and was all curiosity to see it. It was ascending the hill we had just surmounted.

"Do look, Corney!" I cried. "A little, dandy carriage and a man with a moustache! Did you ever!"

It was a wonder certainly in those out-of-the-way parts, and Cornelia came from under the boughs to see it. She exclaimed and rushed back again. I stood staring until the driver was just passing us, when he looked down at me and suddenly checked his horse.

"Why, Ada!" he cried, "is that you, my little friend?"

I didn't know him. He could not see Cornelia for the hanging boughs.

"Why, you little goose! I am Constant Harwood, and I have not forgotten the good turn you did me. Do me another now, and tell me whether—whether the young lady—my young lady, you know—is at home or at church? I did not think of her being at church till now."

"No," I answered. "She is not at home."

"Ah," he said, disappointed.

"Nor at church."

"Where then? Not gone away, surely?"

"No. She's *here*," and I pointed to her, and laughed in my sleeve.

"Hold the reins a minute," he said, springing out. "He won't hurt you—he's a perfect old cow—but keep a sharp look-out that he don't run off."

I gave a nod of comprehension, and stood with the reins in my hands, taking care not to look around. I did not try to hear—but—

Dear Cornelia Golding's troubles were over. For Constant Harwood came with letters of permission from her uncle, and it was not many months before he carried her away, a beautiful

ride. I was little bridesmaid on the occasion, and many a packet of goodies and story books arrived for me afterward from both of them.

That unexpected meeting with Constant was

so charming! I can never forget it—and I am always looking out for some such little romantic surprise on my own account—but I have been disappointed—as yet.

THE WHITE ROSE OF NORMANDIE.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

When midnight was dark, and the forest was still,
Then a terrible light shone o'er valley and hill;
There were sounds dread to hear, and sights fearful
to see

That night, in a castle of fair Normandie.

Oh! sad was the scene when the darkness had fled—
Across the hall portal the Baron lay dead;
His young wife, beside him, though bloody and cold,
Her baby's torn mantle continued to hold.

The true-hearted vassals, with speed and with care,
Searched forest and glen—but no baby was there.
They sought her by land, and they sought her by sea,
But lost was the Heiress of fair Normandie.

* * * * *

In a lone woodland cottage a matron doth dwell—
She has but one daughter, she loves her full well;
She is gentle and good, she is comely to see,
And they call her the White Rose of fair Normandie.

Before that old cottage the maiden doth stand,
A soldier is holding her lily white hand;
But he turns from the damsel, with eyes brimming
o'er,
And speaks to the matron, who spins at the door.

"I have loved her thou know'st—but thou know'st
not how well—

Nor how my heart aches at the tale I must tell.
I had rather, dear Blanche, share a cottage with thee,
Than wed with the proudest of fair Normandie.

No penniless soldier, no orphan am I;
My fortunes are rich, and my lineage is high;
But my father is aged, and stern in his pride—
His curse would be mine were a peasant my bride.

Forgive me, sweet Blanche! that so long I delayed
To make the confession I knew must be made;
I still came, resolving the story to tell,
And still was unable to bid thee farewell.

Thou art pure as thou'rt fair—and my comfort 'twill
be,

To know, thou hast never been injured by me;
'Tis madness to linger—thou canst not be mine—
Forgive me—forget me—be happiness thine!"

He turned to depart—as the movement was made,
The dame's withered hand on his shoulder was laid;
"New blessings," she cried, "on the dutiful son!
So may Happiness finish what Virtue begun.

The proud oak was scathed—but the innocent branch
Was in secrecy reared—thou behold'st it in Blanche,
Thou art worthy of her—she is equal to thee—
For Blanche is the Heiress of fair Normandie."

THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH.

Lo, a star is brightly shining
Through the clouds that veil the sky.
And the light of day declining,
Seems to bring its glories nigh.

When the storms of passion raging,
Rudely shatter life's frail bark,
And the elements engaging
War among the waters dark.

When the tempest fiercely rending,
Tears away the shivering sail,
And the voyager lowly bending,
Seems to sink beneath the gale.

Oft amid the clouds upheaving,
Yond the veil of mist afar,

There, a chain of light enwreathing,
Shines Hope's dimly-twinkling star.

When the night of sorrow o'er us,
Flings its shade of mantling gloom;
And each cherished one before us
Fades away within the tomb.

Then earth seems so dark and lonely,
That we long to be away,
Were it not that one beam only
Greet us with a fadeless ray.

Oh, Hope ever brightly lingers,
Shining o'er the mortal strand,
Pointing on with radiant fingers
To the glorious Heavenly land.

JENNY STOUGHTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

JENNY TO DICK AND ANNA.

Concord, April 14th, 1854.

Yes, "until death do you part." So my new sister, strange but dear to me, be at peace with him, your husband—even as now in your honeymoon—through all the years it shall please God to give you together; so, my dear brother Dick, be at peace with her, your wife, through the same years; for, when death does you part, you, Nannie, if you are left, or you, Dick, if you are left, will love to look back on a life all softness and light, made such by mutual love, mutual understanding and delicate treatment. I, who say this to you, have faults enough, of temper and discretion, as Dick knows, although you do not, darling Nannie. I do not, therefore, say it in a monitorial way, out of great wisdom, but in a solicitous, out of great love.

Morning.

Dick, do you remember a Capt. Chase who— or, first let me ask you, Nannie, if Dick has ever told you that Gov. Brooks used to live in this house? I presume he has; for I never knew him to have a half-century-old fact, or cannon-ball or Indian's arrow-head, that he did not board it somewhere in his brain, or in his chamber, every little while dragging his friends to see it. So you know that this was old Gov. Brooks' house; that the old governor, his queue, his knee and shoe-buckles, used to go out and in the doors and gates where in these days, we go out and in. It was forty years ago or more, before there was any State House, or Council Chamber here at C—; when the House and Senate met up in the old Court House on the hill, and Executive and Council here in the north parlor where I write.

Now, to be sure, these facts, standing alone, are no very great things to any of us. Not to me certainly; for the present is more to me than all the long, dead past. Only, I suppose, the past isn't exactly dead, any more than the acorns and the leaves are that have fallen, any more than the old forests are, silently turning to coal for our use. But because the governor used to live here, busy Mrs. Dennis called here last evening with her brother, (the Savannah merchant, Dick,) and this is what I would tell you

about, this fine morning. Capt. Chase, it seems, loves the past—his past; loves, good old Mortality-like, to put back the dimness time has been spreading, and to make a sort of shrine of every spot that bears an old inscription. You see he was an officer in the war of 1812. And after it was over—I don't know how long after it was over—he resigned his commission to the governor and council, in this room. He remembers where the governor sat, and what a genial face and voice he had, as if it were yesterday that he saw him; remembers that copies of the "Constitution," the "Declaration," of Washington's portrait and the like, hung on the wall where we have now so much heathen stuff—as, Ino and Bacchus, the Fates at their spinning, the Hours and Apollo at their play. *By-the-way*, darling, jog Dick's elbow. Ask him if he remembers a wild, headlong girl of sixteen, who, all day long, and all the year long, (if it was quite a year) went from class to class daubing herself and her classmates—herself out of her heedlessness, her mates out of her propensities to fun—with water-colors, crayons and oils; and who begged and tugged at her mamma's fingers with her own fingers, until her mamma gave her leave to take away all the fine old Scriptural illustrations from the walls, and put fruit and flower-pieces, heads and foolish landscapes of her own, in narrow gilt frames, in their places. He remembers, it must be; for he stood with his hands full of the old Indian pottery he had been collecting, looking on, wondering (with his mouth a little open and his hair a little tangled, as I live, darling, although you wouldn't think it now, perhaps,) how said girl or anybody could ever be so stirred up. Ask him if he remembers how, two years later, this same girl—who from a little child had had the rather dubious reputation of being "one of those who never do things by the halves"—was mastering Virgil and Telemachus like lightning, for the sake of their mythology; how then she took impatient steps, had impatient tears in her eyes and sometimes on her cheeks, when she was begging that "the miserable old trash"—meaning the fruit and flower-pieces, the heads and landscapes on the walls—might be sent off into the chambers to make room for Ino! ho, for Ino and for

Bacchus! for all the brotherhood and sisterhood of the gods and goddesses! for all the founts and streams and leafy haunts of Olympus and Helicon! He does remember, it must be; for there he stood, the same as two years before; only sicker, more manly, and with his hands a little fuller of the so steadily venerated relics.

Here they are on the walls still, the divinities and the divine places. They are really splendid engravings; but I would have had them give place long ago to something more sensible, if I had not heard mamma saying one day, with her good eyes resting—*literally* resting, I mean—on them, "I like them *now*; we have had them so long!"

Good-bye. This is the last you'll have of me this morning. I'm going to ride for the sake of the cool air on my forehead. I long for the flying movement, as if I were putting afar off from me oppression, and all the other ills that throng poor human life, and make it so unworthy of the beautiful trees, fields and sunshine, and of the divinity breathed into us to make us "living souls."

Evening.

Dick will tell you, little thing—for Dick writes that there isn't much more than Mrs. Gibson's thimble full of *you*—I dare say he has told you before this time, that his sister Jenny is a sensible soul enough; but then mortal homely and mortally given to riding down one hobby after another. I thought of this when I was out this morning. He'll tell you that first it was geology, when I was hammering all the rocks and poking into all the strata within ten miles; that then it was drawing, when I set up the business of copying faces in sermon-time, or any where, where I could lay hold of a pencil and fly-leaf; that then and lastly, before his leaving home, it was mythology, when Dwight and Burritt, and he knows not who else, were bought up; and plaster gods, goddesses and nymphs, until there was no stirring for them, and they bumped their noses together and broke them at every corner. He'll laugh over it. He will tell you that now it is to be reform; that he has seen it for some time in my letters, and in the books, men and measures I praise. He'll grow a little thoughtful, at the end; will keep his pleasant eyes on the carpet, and say that he really wishes I had a little more lymph in my structure; because then I would have a quality that comes in so charmingly with strength like mine—*repose*. Yes; I've thought about this. I have thought that to see a world so beautiful, so upright, that one might feel at rest, would be good. As it is, there is much to be done, at the same time that there are

few to do it, many to repose; or, rather, to aim in one laborious way and another at repose.

But all this time, Capt. Chase waits with his eyes where the Constitution and Declaration used to be. He shall come forward now and let you see that "he is every inch a gentleman;" with a fine head, a fine form, a rather thoughtful, and very pleasant, kind face; and altogether a friendly manner and way of talking, as if he were at home. He is sixty; but looks very young at that. He is a widower; and I think busy Mrs. Dennis "has made up *her* mind"—to take up her own phrase and emphasis—that he is to marry mamma or me. I think it is mamma, inasmuch as she herself strove to monopolize me; only watching mamma and the captain with quick glances; and appearing the more animated, the steadier, the pleasanter the flow of their communication.

Mamma lived in Keene, as Dick knows, in her maiden days; but papa used to bring her over often to one gala and another. Sometimes she was here at his father's a whole month at a time. Capt. Chase lived in Hillsborough. He too used to be often here. He had relatives here—Mrs. Dennis for one—and, besides, he was several seasons in the legislature. So that, as they talked, they found that they had ever so many memories in common. They were both at a great ball given at this house by Mrs. Brooks, on her husband's birth-day. Both remembered how the stars shone that cold December night, how the horses tramped in the frozen snow, and the bells jingled up street and down and at the gates; how splendidly dressed people—the men in queues, ruffles and small-clothes, the women in turbans, hoops and trains—thronged all these rooms, and the hall and staircase. When mamma told the captain her maiden name, he remembered the name; remembered it perfectly! he remembered dancing with her in cotillions. Did not she remember? No—mamma did not at first remember—so many were strangers to her. Why, didn't mamma remember, the captain asked, with merry eyes, a—a prodigiously fat little woman? Mrs. Blood, that was her name—a spirited woman, a smooth, pretty dancer she was; and in a figure called "The Basket," as he believed, she came into the centre to balance, or whirl, or take whatever steps she would, to fill the time while the rest of the set, he and mamma inclusive, were balancing with interlocked hands and arms close about her. Mamma's eyes kindled as he went on. Yes, she did remember! She did! She remembered that the fat little woman did some merry thing or other that set them all laughing and threw the figure into confusion.

What was it, pray? Did Capt. Chase remember? Yes; she faltered a little at first and dropped her eyes; for she was so plump! and her face was not a little isolated and conspicuous. But in an instant she rallied; and with her black eyes snapping in merriment, she caught the impromptu part of a girl in a ring who skips this way and skips that, trying to get out. Ha! mamma remembered; and a good time we all had laughing over it. Mamma did remember her partner in that dance; she remembered that he was an officer, but she had forgotten the name. Capt. Chase was pleased, I saw, that mamma remembered. Mrs. Dennis thought it altogether charming.

From events and people, mamma and the captain went often to opinion and sentiment. Does not mamma think thus and so, feel so and thus? So does Capt. Chase. He feels it more and more as he goes along in years. He loves his boyhood and his early manhood more and more. He feels it more and more that that was, as it were, the silver-pathed time of his life. Now is a time enriched by all he has seen and felt; a golden time. He feels its advantages. It is as good as his youth; but, for all this, he loves his youth more and more, and the places and friends of his youth. He had been looking round that morning, had rode back into the farming neighborhoods, looking after familiar places. He had found changes; but for this a man must make up his mind and be cheerful about it. Mamma, bless her! thought the same. And nobody has a better right to say so; for nobody is more cheerful and patient. I did not think the same—or, without limitations, I said. I said that, as I thought, there are changes so foolish, and other changes so sad that one ought to wrestle with them, as they go on, like a storm; and to declaim against them to the last, if, in spite of the wrestling, they pass to a consummation. (We had been speaking of Mr. Hollingsworth's wasting his substance at the wine and brandy bottles, and, at last, taking his family from their beautiful house on State street, to the miserable, pinched-up place on Union street.) Mamma and Mrs. Dennis both looked to Capt. Chase to see what he would say. We must do what we can, accepting the *uses* of that we call Evil, as of that we call Good, he said, smiling, and with a look that, as I felt, had been every moment growing kinder. As we do this, and after we have done, we must trust in a higher, wiser power. He liked the Corn Law Rhyme.

"For Spring, and flowers of Spring,
Blossoms and what they bring,
Be our thanks given;

Thanks for the maiden's bloom;
For the sad prison's gloom;
And for the sadder tomb;
E'en as for Heaven!
Great God Thy will is done,
When the soul's rivers run
Down the worn cheeks;
Done when the righteous bleed;
When the wronged vainly plead;
Done in the unended deed,
When the heart breaks."

I wonder if that is true, to the very extent of the spirit and letter. If it is I'd like to believe it. It would be better than ever so much lymph in my organism.

Good-bye. I know it isn't so very interesting this that I have written you about Capt. Chase. Only if he should be our pa some day, I think rather a pretty beginning.

Mamma looks very fresh and bright to-day. She sends kisses and love. So does your sister.

JENNY STOUGHTON.

CHAPTER II.

Concord, May 4th, 1854.

I RODE after tea last evening with Anna Metcalf and her brother Sam; rode away over to the Big Elm on the Dunbarton road, so that it was dark before we got back to town. My horse took fright at some violin music at an open chamber window. Now Donna often leaps and runs beyond control, as you know, Dick; but she is seldom afraid. She sets up her head and ears, opens her eyes and nostrils wide and investigates things; but is not daunted. She takes her loftiest, most deliberate steps in the neighborhood of flying cars, of carpets and blankets snapping and swaying in the wind. But last night we could not get her by. At last, as I urged her strenuously with rowel and whip, she went straight up into the air, settling at length upon her haunches, so that my skirts lay on the ground and were trampled under Sam's horse's feet. And, somehow, when she came to her feet, my ankle was hurt between her and Sam's horse. To-day it is so lame I can't stir. We—that is, the Dennises, Capt. Chase, mamma and her daughter—were engaged to dine and spend the day at Hopkinton with the Durrells, who are valued old friends of both mamma and the captain. I couldn't go, I am so lame; but I sent them off. I wouldn't let them bring Anna, Jose Clement, or anybody to sit with me. I thought I would like it best keeping my chamber and writing to you.

I suppose mamma will marry Capt. Chase. He has asked her whether she would like him for a husband; and me, whether I would like

him for a father. Heaven knows how well I could like him for a father; how much I need him. For dearly as I love our sweet, excellent mother, beautiful as my home is, and serene as my outward lot, so that I must be ungrateful indeed to repine and ask for more, I do yet long for something, or somebody in which, or in whom, I can rest. And I have noticed that it is soothing, strengthening and beneficial to me, whenever I come into sympathy with a quiet, strong, good man like Capt. Chase, like our new minister, like Dr. Cutting and many others I have met. Such men may lead me. On such will I lean (in a figurative way, darling Dickey, darling Nan,) as I go onward to better things. I will look reverently up to such men, and be thankful too; for, for a long time, and especially since you have been so far off, Dick, I have longed so much for one (or for a half-dozen, the more the better,) who is so much greater and calmer than I, that I can sit at his feet, learning of him as if I were a child. He may be father, brother, husband or friend; I do not care which. Only, I think I like it best, just as it is to be—if mamma accepts him, that is; as I believe she is inclined to, although she takes time, and sits often dreamily thinking of the husband of long ago.

Capt. Chase has a son on the way. He started with his father; but stopped on the way. Now his father expects him every day.

Don't you remember, Dick? One time—it was when I was fifteen—a boy about your age, whose name was Andrew Bell Chase, whom you and all the rest of the boys called Andrew Bell, spent several weeks here in town at Mrs. Dennis'? I remember distinctly. I remember how he and you, with not a speck of dust on your clothes, with your handsome boots shining, walked the streets arm-in-arm with the air as if you were two "princes of the blood." You looked down on the romping girl, Jenny, both of you, which caused her some quick showers of tears. Tears that you never saw, however, either of you, or suspected. You, pardon me, were too egotistical to be observing; she was too shy and proud to be demonstrative. You remonstrated with her one day when you were in the garden together, and said, "Jenny! I wouldn't do that." She would do it; and when it was done, Andrew Bell looked from her to you and said, "I should think that was pretty queer, any way, shouldn't you, Richard?" "H'm! yes!" you said. And then you two walked away. She, poor girl, whom even now I pity, looked after you until you were out of sight, hoping that, at the least, you would turn round to give her a gracious

look of parting. But you did not, either of you; and she bowed her head to the turf and wept. Soon, though, she heard your voices and knew that you were approaching. Then she sprang to her feet, drew her sun-bonnet over her face, and again went through the same piece of hydenism—upon which you began, as you often did, to contrast her with Jose Clement. "Josephine Clement," you said, "was delicate and pretty. She never did such things as I was accustomed to do every day I lived; never ran like a fly-away through the tall, thick grass and amongst the knotty shrubs, to keep in the shadow of a cloud that was flying overhead, tearing her frock like that! spoiling her pretty new slippers like that; see there! oh, *what* a girl!"

Bitter animadversions these, for poor, approbation-loving Jenny to hear! She almost hated you both, and Jose Clement too, sometimes. Other times, as you have seen, she sorrowed; others, and most of all, she defied you, half in mirth, half in pique. One day when she refreshed her plants out of her little watering-pot, she refreshed you also; you and Andrew Bell. Because, when she came near you, you didn't speak to her, didn't even see her, or make way for her, any more than if she had been a garden toad hopping by. And so she didn't see *you*; but watered you when she was in the midst of watering her hollyhocks. How sorry she was though! Was there ever anybody so sorry? Do you suppose there ever was, Nanny?

The day that Andrew Bell was to start for his home, he came, Dick, to bid you "good-bye." You and mamma were gone; and so, while he held his cap between his hand and his breast, while Jenny stood rather proudly in the hall, with one hand on the balustrade, he bade her "good-bye" in somewhat this fashion.

Andrew Bell.—"I wanted to bid you 'good-bye' too."

Jenny.—"Yes."

Andrew Bell.—"You mustn't forget me."

Jenny.—"No; I don't think I shall be likely to."

Andrew Bell.—"You don't seem friendly to me to-day."

Jenny.—"Nor you to me any day."

Andrew Bell.—"I don't think you have cared about my being friendly. Have you?"

Jenny.—"Well," (looking down on her fingers, her eyes filling.)

Andrew Bell.—"If you have, Jenny, I am sorry I didn't know it."

Jenny.—"Well, I have! I think you and Richard both, have been real cross to me ever since you've been here."

Andrew Bell.—"It's too bad if you think so. But you certainly have been very cross to us. You've tried to plague us."

Jenny.—"Yes, when you provoked me, by finding fault with me and praising everything Jose Clement did, just as if she was a wax doll and couldn't do a thing that wasn't right and everything."

Andrew Bell.—"Oh, I think you disliked us at other times. You called us 'two grandma'ams,' one day, you know."

Jenny.—"Well, you were!" (emphasizing with both voice and gesture.) "You wouldn't, either of you, call my parrot 'Popinjay,' because you liked 'Cora,' the name Josephine Clement calls hers by, so much better. You said so! I think you were real squeamish, both of you! I think you are very often!"

Andrew Bell.—"Good-bye, Jenny," (turning to go.)

Jenny.—"Good-bye, sir," (standing haughtily to see him go.)

That was our parting. I wonder what kind of a meeting we'll have.

But you see I'm tired. I'm going to rest myself.

Evening.

Capt. Chase has sold out at the South. He will invest his funds in real estate here, to let, if mamma accepts him.

Andrew Bell shall be Register of Probate another year, Mrs. Dennis says. Her husband is Judge, you know, Dick: although I am sure no one can understand what his just claims are to that place. I suppose he came to it by bargaining with the demagogues of his party. I know they all come to him with whatever measure they want to carry, and he helps them on. He has money, coolness, and has not conscience. Therefore he helps others on and gets on himself. The truth, Dick! You belong to the same party. You "stick to your party," as the phrase goes, "right or wrong." But you must see that I speak the truth.

This is the coldest spring that ever was. The robins came, poor things, at their usual time; but they have since died by scores of chills and hunger in the long cold storms.

Mrs. Baderly and Eunice have just called, but I didn't go down. I sent them word that I was too lame to stir. And so I was; although I should have had them come up if I had liked them better. But Mrs. Baderly is as malicious, stupid and disagreeable as a porcupine. On account of her malice, others propitiate her with their sacrifices of sincerity and truth. I will not, however. Mamma pleads for her. "It is

her way, and she can't help it," mamma says, and begs me to be gentle and patient toward her. Our papa elect was here when we talked about it, one day. He said, "I would have patience with her, as I would with all evil. For

'God no useless plant has planted;
Evil (wisely used) is wanted.'"

I wonder how much there is in this far-reaching philosophy that seems to have taken such peaceful hold of his life.

I'm sorry, on the whole, that I did not see Mrs. Baderly and Eunice. For if they are dull and ill-natured, the way to use the evil wisely, I suppose, is to grow patient and friendly toward them, trying to lead them up to something better. I suppose it is the greatest of all pities, that I should be made captious and intolerant, that I should let sweet Charity go away off from my side, because others let her go from theirs. Because, you see, if the sun shine on ever so much folly and wrong, it shines steadily on, doing its own perfectly.

A stranger is coming to the gate; a fine man, a handsome man; and I am afraid it is Andrew Bell Chase. Mamma gone, his father gone! If I had Bridget's ear, I'd say, "Tie up the necker! say I'm sick, I'm dead!"

She has let him in; and now she comes clamping.

Thursday, 11th.

See, blessed Dick, blessed Nan, a whole week since I have written a word! You can't think how busy I've been, brain, feet and hands.

Guess what Andrew Bell calls me. He says I'm a "prism," whereas I should be "a creature of light;" says that whatever light or splendor falls on me, I reflect none of it as light, but all as divided rays. Mamma and Capt. Chase thought it just and well said, I imagine; for they smiled, looking down upon their plates. (*Par parenthese*, Andrew Bell went fishing up to Long Pond yesterday. He brought his fish here; so he and his father came here to dine.) I was grieved, just as I used to be when he found fault with me. But as I sat thinking about it, abstractedly picking the bones out of the little fellow on my plate, while the rest, done now with their politeness and morals and laws, talked of early shad and of the salmon that in old times, when there were fewer dams across the Merrimack, use to go up-river in such large companies, I knew well enough that he was right. I know that, with me, war, for instance, is simply war. There it stands in its own dark corner, a mighty, unmitigated horror. But, after all, I do not know that its place is not really forward in the light.

here are the rest of God's ministers of good—meant unto evil," often, of men, turned, of God, unto good. So, too, of many other things, the heritage of barbaric times, of an imperfect condition of society. If the Corn-Law Rhymer, Andrew Bell and his father are right about it, should be with patient, merciful hands, with will subdued and turned into love, by the real love, the tender mercies of God, and by a thorough comprehension of all his laws, that we should look upon these evils.

Mamma was a good deal affected by your letter. Before it came, she often sat anxiously thinking; and when she came out of the mood, it was to sigh, saying something of this sort, "I wonder we don't hear something from Richard. It is hardly ever so long between his letters; and I can't help thinking that he thinks unfavorably of—of what is coming. And, as true as I live, Jenny," she added, one day, with the tears coming, "I would sooner die than take a step of this kind that would be a trouble to my children."

She thinks now that nobody has such a delicate, high-minded, good boy as she has. And Capt. Chase, I see, feels not a little proud of the son that is for him "off West."

The wedding, I see, is to be rather a dignified affair. The Darrells are coming over; the Gordons, Harrisons and Endicotts are invited; and good old Colonel and Mrs. Fleming, and their pretty grand-daughter, Louise. I have invited Jose Clement. Her father is in California. Her brothers are away—Henry at college and Bennett at West Point—her mother is sick, and we should not have asked Jose, but I would! It is the penance I have put upon myself for this one foolish thought so often recurring, (although I detest it, and am grieved and shocked whenever I detect it) that Jose Clement is an angel of beauty and grace compared with me, and that Andrew Bell will think so now that he is a man, just as he used to when he was a boy. He hasn't seen her yet; for Mrs. Clement has been so very ill that Jose could not leave her bedside. They are down stairs now, though; and so Jose will soon be out. And this is what I will certainly do—I will take care that he shall see her under the very best advantages. I like him. I want him to like me. But God forbid that, out of this liking and this want, come envyings toward another and discontent. God grant that I be distinctly worthy, whether Andrew Bell or any others appreciate my worthiness.

Mamma will be magnificent. Her gown, whose light is like silver, whose shade is like the heart of the blush rose, would stand alone. And the

richest lace, in spencer, under-sleeves and handkerchief! They all wanted me to have something new. At first, I thought that I would, and began to hunt through the shops. But I hated it. It wore me almost to death; especially on account of this one thought that kept stealing in, "I would like to know—I wonder how this would please *him*; how *he* would like it, made so and so, trimmed thus and thus."

Hu! I would *not* stand this. So I gave money to the Danas, who are trying to build a roof over their heads, and to the Stentons, who hardly have wherewithal to keep bread in their children's mouths. And I shall wear some of the gowns, some of the muslins I have already. Jose don't tell me what she will wear; but she has a mysterious, well-pleased air, and sends notes by express to her aunt in Boston. ;

I shall send for large quantities of rare flowers. In the hall and in all the rooms will I have the beauties.

The marriage is to be Wednesday evening, as I told you. I find I am a little sick at heart, as the time draws near. I have now and then the feeling that I am going to lose mamma and be ten times more alone than ever; which is very selfish, very foolish, as I know. I would certainly be very glad, if you, Dick, and you, gentle Nan, were out this way, somewhere.

Evening,

Our papa elect has bought the Cheesefield property, (joining ours, on the north, Nannie, dear.) He is going to move the house up to the North End and fit it up to rent; and all the place where it stands, all the yard and large garden he is going to join to ours, for one large yard and garden. There are some grand elms and larches now, you know, Dick. Others, they think, if planted at an advanced stage of growth, will be casting broad shadows by the time that they (our papa and mamma, I mean,) begin to feel that they must turn aside from the thoroughfares where the busy feet keep tramping, where life goes on with the rushing pulse. *Apropos*, isn't it sad that they must ever grow old? that we, any of us, must? Are there not many sad conditions with which poor mortality has to comply as it goes onward? You don't see that there are, precious Dick. If your morning paper is beside your chocolate when you come down to breakfast, if cotton don't rise and your party don't split, that is enough. But then you are a good brother. Nobody but I shall ever find one word of fault with you.

Andrew Bell goes fishing almost every day, bringing his captives all here, so that our mamma has a good time, what with trout, asparagus and

new-laid eggs. Andrew Bell comes to breakfast, or dinner, or both, just as happens. He is sure of a welcome from mamma. He has the air of feeling quite as confident of my good graces—or, of being indifferent whether he has them; one can hardly tell which. One thing is certain though. I never say, "I am glad to see you," or "come again."

He remembers the old quarrel about "Popinjay." He laughed when he spoke of it; laughed again and with new heartiness, to see me blush when he mentioned it. But now it is the truth that I don't like being laughed at and joked in this manner. Do you know, Dick, *you* were always joking me? I always laughed at the time. But I cried in the night, more than once, and said to myself, "He don't use me well! He don't respect me and feel tenderly toward me, as he would if I were delicate and beautiful like Jose Clement." By-the-by, Dick, what can be the reason that you didn't marry Jose, since she was such a paragon? If—

"York!" Andrew Bell calls, at the foot of the stairs. He wants me. There is hardly a name in all Christendom or heathendom, that he don't at one concurrent time or another call me by it.

"York!"

"What say, merry Andrew?"

"You're wanted."

He wants me to play chess or backgammon with him. He is an idle fellow. One can't think how he knows so much; for one never sees him reading—or thinking. If he were industrious he would be a wonderful man. He calls again, threatening to "nip the kitten's ears" and "do mischief in a general way," if I don't come down. The old light imperiousness. And I, with ten times more will and impulse than he, feel everything within me yield to his bidding. So good night, good night.

Thursday, 18th.

Now is our mamma no more Mrs. Richard Stoughton, but Mrs. Augustus M. Chase; she Mrs. Chase, I Miss Stoughton.

There was never a nobler bridal, I am sure. Mamma and he love each other. They have come together after half a score of lonely years for them both, with tastes, sentiments and habits of life in beautiful conformity, so that it is good that the word of the law has made them—one. Still, I wept last evening as the ceremony went on, wept in the night and felt alone; I weep and feel alone this morning. But then you see I shan't, after this; for it is absurd in me who haven't in reality one trial. I shall wipe my pen, go down, and "pick a quarrel" with Andrew

Bell, wouldn't you, darling Nan? I shall take the last Tribune along; and, after telling him what a great speech Wendal Phillips made at the late Woman's Rights Convention, (of which between ourselves, I do not know one word) I shall tell him that I've both seen Wendal Phillips and heard him; have heard his "Lost Art;" and that, in my opinion, *he* is type of a perfect man, in physique, in life and opinions. Well, have a tough quarrel on this head. But, first, conservative Dick, lest thou lose thy flesh and hold up both thy hands, and both thy eyes in horror, I will confess to thee that I do not like *all* his opinions and propositions; that, for instance, I have no great desire to be at the Mari elections, or to find myself in office. Let this ease thee.

Papa and mamma are both writing to you. More than ever yours, JENNY STOUGHTON.

CHAPTER III.

Concord, July 18th, 1854.

ALL through session-time I have been at aunt Esther's; came home yesterday, bringing her with me; for her neuralgia is still outrageous.

Andrew Bell rode over twice; papa and mamma once. Andrew Bell wrote to me every day or two; long notes of four pages, or short ones of four lines, just as happened; to tell me what went on here and to scold me for staying. They sent me the dailies; but I was rather sorry not to be here, such stirring things went on in the House! You read it off there, in the papers, how on certain days the balloting for United States Senator was up; how Clark and Tappan said certain things; Hubbard and Grant certain other, very different things. But you haven't, from that, the least idea of the interest there is in being on the spot, and knowing all the motives and means by which each party operates. I wanted to be here. It was the next thing to it, however, having Andrew Bell's notes; and, when he came, talking with him over our strawberry and currant picking.

Evening.

After dinner, when we came into the library, Andrew, in looking over some cards of invitation I had been filling, came upon Caroline White's address, and said, "You won't ask her, Jenny?"

"Indeed I will, Andrew Bell!"

"You will?"

"Yes, I certainly will!"

"Then I will certainly throw Canada plums at you, the first time we are out in the yard together."

"I will throw Canada plums at you, then; pe, soft ones."

"Ah, Jenny Stoughton! what do you suppose will become of you, any way?"

"I don't know. I suppose I shall go through y whole life battling and being battled; so at, at last, it will be good to rest." I had ave eyes now, I know, and tears were in them. For I *will* do what I think innocent and good r me, if the whole world opposes. I shall only e more determined to do it, perhaps, the ore I am opposed."

"I don't think you are so obstinate," whit- ing his pencil. He had been whittling it, owing the lead dust from his fingers and look- ing in my face to listen, by turns, all along, as e talked.

"Jose Clement," said I, after a pause, and ithout having noticed his interruption, "Jose ked just those things that I like and perform. at she takes herself away from them all and es up on a pedestal. She stays there; but she on't get much change of scene or gather many wers. That I can tell her. And she knows e won't. Still she stays there; only when she nd I are alone together; and then she comes own, glad as a bird just out of its cage, poor ing!" Guess what we do when we go to the oods together!"

"You sit on the mossiest rocks you can find, ose by the beautifullest brook, and talk out of e pastorals, altogether."

"Em! we climb the trees, sir."

"I guess you do! You and Josephine Cle- ment?"

"Yes, sir!"

"And she has more propriety than any Joseph- ne the French, or anybody ever had."

"She climbs the trees, at any rate. We both limb them; the young, pliant trees, that, if we anage them just right, hold themselves erect ntil we are pretty well up along, ready for them o come down. Then they come; slowly, beau- fully, like a large-winged bird that sails down e air."

"And you with them?" said Andrew, snap- ing his knife-blade, laughing with one outbreak fter another, and taking some merry steps.

"Yes, sir; and we with them, holding to the ps by our hands, until our toes touch the round."

"That is a funny idea!" again laughing, again kipping. "You, gracious! I don't wonder at our climbing the trees. It's like you. But, Josephine——" He finished by shaking his ead and cutting his pencil with the old dili- gent abstraction.

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"A funny idea," resumed he, after he had remained some time silent.

"You mustn't let Jose know that I have told you," said I, shaking my head. "She wouldn't want you to know it. You won't tell her, will you? You look vicious, as if you mean to. You won't?"

"No, I won't. What else do you and Josephine do?"

"We take long walks where the pines have laid their mattings. Up hill and down, we go; and we slip down, sometimes. We should slip down oftener; only you see we catch at each other and at the saplings."

"I ought to be there, hadn't I? I suppose you sit down *sometimes* by the brook, where the mosses are rich, and plan what kind of husbands you will have some day."

"Yes, sir; Jose wants one who is elegant and grand; not in the least like yourself, you see; one who is *very* rich; who will one day go to Congress. (Into the Senate; she has poor ideas of the House.) One who will put ermines on her, and velvet, and pearls. She says so."

"Does Josephine Clement say this?"

I laughed at the consternation in his voice and eyes; and answered, "She does. She aspires to hear his great speeches on the great ques- tions; to see it from the galleries and every- where, that the great and good man who lets her lead him with a word and a smile, who sits at her feet, who leans on her far more than she leans on him—that he leads all the rest. That is, all who come near him; and who are worthy to be led, capable of being led."

I paused a little, with my eyes on his face. He did not speak or look up. He went on scrib- bling with his pencil, his fine lip curling more and more. I mercilessly continued, "She wants his head to be erect, (not in foolish pride and assumption; but in a clear consciousness of in- ward worth and power—or, not indeed so much in the *consciousness*; but in the very fact and circumstance of *possession*.) She wants him to be tall, with a roomy chest. She wants his step to be firm and equal, out of his strong, unwaver- ing soul; and his eye, and his whole being to be fired with genius and—*love*, she says. I contend that it should be *will*. Love, attraction, or what- ever we call it, would do in a world less warped, and twisted, and out of all genuine order. As it is, as our world is put together and stuffed with one and another foolish notion and un- righteous encroachment, and exaction, I wonder how on earth one is going to work to follow after and do just that which one loves, to which one is spontaneously, out of one's inmost being,

attracted? Can you tell me how? Could you if you were to think and study ten years?"

"I dare say I couldn't," shrugging his shoulders a little.

"No, I dare say you couldn't. We, most of us, at most times, do just what society, usage, fashion require of us. So we are bowing, smiling, mincing, systematic automata. Or, if one undertakes to be one's own ruler, as I do—one isn't allowed to go on with Peace on one's left and Love on one's right. One thinks of that pretty fashion and tries to go in it. But so much opposes, that one is obliged to take Will into Love's place and go on battling and resisting."

"What becomes of poor Peace, then?"

"Ah, she goes her ways with Love. Too bad to live in such a world, isn't it? Only you don't feel it. You are very different, as you must see, from Jose's ideal. I don't think you have a great share of genius, or will. I imagine you like it as well as anything, sitting to sharpen your pencil to make cabalistic, or, infinitely poorer still, purely unmeaning characters, on every margin of every newspaper, review and—yes, see!" drawing a pamphlet from beneath his pencil. "You've spoilt the last 'Age.' And papa is going to have them bound, too. Here's this grand paper on Mr. Necker and his Times. '*On a cru qu'il avoit de l'orgenie*'—you've made a sweet border for this line, one must confess, with your big dots and little dots, your lines of dots, and clusters of dots. The husband that Jose Clement dreams about, when he puts his pencil to paper, writes, probably. Writes something that he means; makes heavy, albeit beautiful, beautiful marks that will stay there legibly, and be worthy to stay while the page lasts. She is earnest, Andrew. You are merry; a 'merry Andrew.'"

"You half provoke me. I rather think you mean to," scanning my features.

"No, indeed! how can you think so? (singing)

"It's gude to be merry—and wise."

Do you—would you like to know what kind of a husband I want?"

"I know that already."

"I never told you. You can't get it by implication or inference, out of anything you have ever heard me say."

"I know though, what sort of husband you want," looking a little cross.

"Tell me. Let me see what you think."

"He shall be right dark and stalwart, and shall set his feet on people. Or, on the would-be

high and mighty; while he makes low obeisance and washes the feet of the poor, the oppressed, so-called, and all the uncomfortable, whether their poverty and discomfort are of their own self-incurring, my child," bowing, as he spoke, "or of others infliction."

"Yes, sir," said I, seeing that he looked for a reply.

"He shall have his own way; shall assert it when it isn't of the least consequence, for the sake of the assertion; that is all. He shall wear both moustache and imperial, which shall be magnificent; very. He shall be of rare health; of rare, ripe complexion. And if you can know that he has a drop, or even a globule of blood that comes of any of the oppressed races, Italian, Hungarian, or Polish, darling, you'll like him in a masterly way for this, as, in some manner having something to do for freedom, for equality, fraternity and so on. You will believe that the glow upon his features is upon his nature too; that his nature is deepened, mellowed, intensified, glorified by the rich old blood of the South. You'll approve and bless him all the more. Ten thousand times more; since whatever patronage and pleasantness you extend to him, will in a way be a sunbeam all over the oppressed peoples; all over all the oppressed races whatever and wherever. Don't you see?" He ended with a gay laugh.

"Yes, merry Andrew."

"He shall be such a nice man," pursued he, again betaking himself to his scribbles, "that the ladies shall all surround him and hang upon his fine points. And seeing this homage, seeing him disregard it and put his foot on it, shall make him the more precious to you. Unless it is the homage, I mean, offered by some poor creature, some off-cast. In that case, he shall accept it as he would a feather for his cap. For he shall be a philanthropist, and only that. Of course he shall, my dear."

"Oh, nonsense!" interrupted I, vigorously picking out some stitches I had set in the wrong place. "He shall be *himself*. He shall have a concentrated force and individuality to set him up; to set him apart from the imitators, the mere dangles, mere pretty and graceful men. He must be benevolent and generous, in the main. But he may be real knotty and naughty sometimes, if he will be *himself* always; if he will have some individuality."

"Well. I guess he may. He had better, on the whole, be a knotty, crooked stick. Because most sticks are straight, you see. This is what other people fancy in sticks."

"It is what nature does not fancy, though"

Her pretty curves must always be bent and pressed into straight lines by the artificer, before they are fit for his use. Society, conventionalism, or by whatever name we call the miserably contracted affair, does the same thing for us. We are truly graceful and natural, only when we are children; the true expression of our Maker's design, only there. This makes our life so poor! so little worth all the trouble we have in getting through with it! But what else, Andrew Bell? You'd better finish and then go to work."

"I remember your saying, one day, that you despised a horse that don't aim at setting his hoofs on the tops of the trees, at least. I remember you said that Josephine Clement would too, if she allowed herself in the contempt. But that, as it is, she goes plodding on lazy, well-behaved John, because Concord people think this staidest most proper."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you, on the contrary, ask a broad licence for Donna, as well as for yourself. And, by-the-way, Jenny Stoughton! I vow, I believe that it may be, after all, this very rampant will and instinct of liberty of yours, that makes all manner of repression and force so perfectly intolerant and abhorrent to you. Perhaps you haven't any more benevolence than I have, after all—only," touching the tip of his finger to my forehead—"your head does go up there finely."

You have an uncommon development of benevolence, and no mistake. If you would only let it plead and extenuate a little for us *prosperous sinners* and lazy ones! If it would only make a little just and sensible allowance for all the evil and tendency to evil in our sad blood and bile—as individual men and women—and in the relics and obstructions of the old barbarisms—as communities and nations! Then, you see, you'd be no more the prism that you are now, but the creature of light and gentle assimilations that I am longing to see." He averted his head and was silent a few minutes. Then rallying himself, he added, "but! I was talking about you and Donna; abusing you both a little, I believe, wasn't I?" smiling.

"Not a little, Andrew Bell."

"But, after all, I use you and Donna better than you do me and Kate. In your character of a brilliant, prismatic, 'strong-minded woman,' I think you rather despise both of us sometimes." He paused as if listening for my answer. But I couldn't make out his mood; whether he was friendly or sarcastic, or a little of each; so I didn't speak. Soon, therefore, he went on in the old strain, now assuredly sarcastic, "I was

going to say that when one that you can approve offers and you accept, you will still ride your fiery Donna, as if on the wings of the wind; and faith! you do have the appearance, when out together, of being *en rapport*, of belonging, legitimately, each to the other. You are a magnificent pair."

"Yes, I understand."

"Well, you'll go on riding Donna. And when you ride Donna, your dark-blooded lover will ride his own black Don; his Don so black, that in Erebus you couldn't see him if he were under your nose. When your Donna is doing her mightiest to get the trees under her feet, Don shall be eyeing the sun; opening his quivering nostrils and lifting his nervous hoofs; all in the direction of the sun, my dear. He, your lover, I mean, shall have a hot, impulsive manner that shall say, as your own does, (without the need of words, words are poor beside this manner of yours) 'Hands off, sirs! hands off, madams! I do what I please!'"

"Well, if he will *do* something in his day!" said I, a thought of yearning saddening and softening my heart. "So few of us all *do* any thing! I think it is miserable to go through this great toiling, suffering world—as I do, for instance; or as everybody wants me to, just being conventional; dressing finely, walking soberly, never laughing out-doors, or speaking above a certain key, the key that all 'well-bred ladies,' so called, use; never snow-balling anybody or throwing water on them, if I want to ever so much, if they deserve it ever so much—isn't it too bad?" I was laughing now; but with flushed cheeks and with tears in my eyes. "Above all, keeping myself at good Pharasaic distance from Caroline White, and from all proscribed persons whatever. If the proscription is ever so narrow and unjust."

"But it isn't unjust in Mrs. White's case, sister Jenny. You yourself acknowledge that she often carries herself after very imprudent methods."

"Why, she is a spirited, grand-natured woman; with more naturalness, and ripe, impromptu grace about her, than in all the rest of Concord put together. She has a grand form; she is rich and showy; and people fear her, envy her; and, of course, talk about her. She has gentlemen there playing whist, they say, until two o'clock in the morning. The gentlemen are good fellows. You know, Andrew Bell, that nothing can be found against Barton, Kellogg or Croley. People know they are good fellows, fellows they would be glad to have in their own houses. But to be playing whist until twelve, one, two o'clock

here in New England, where, not many years ago, hardly anybody played whist, and every Puritan candle was blown out at nine! This is quite too much! And Caroline goes out alone in her little boat, in the edge of the evening. *This* is bad. She don't speak to a mortal, meet a mortal, from the time she leaves the landing—in her own garden it is, you know—until she touches it again. But alone, a woman, rowing her own boat, and in the edge of the evening! Ah! make *them* believe there isn't something wrong, there, somewhere, if you can! Caroline takes prodigious walks and rambles along the highways and along the by-ways. She talks loud sometimes and laughs loud, on the side-walks, or on the crossings, or wherever she happens to be when she meets a favorite. She rides on horseback up State street and down Main——”

“Yes!” here broke in Andrew Bell, “as if she were on a race-course. *Your* horse ‘cuts up,’ sometimes, prances and leaps; but in an imperial way. Mrs. White’s stretches along the road like a racer. Ugh! how I hate such things in a woman!”

“Caroline don’t do one really bad thing though. I am convinced.”

“Many a thing that she does has the appearance of evil, at any rate; and this is what she and every woman should avoid with all the purposes of her being.”

“Yes, that which to *herself* has the appearance of evil. But, I tell you, she’d have an infinite study, she’d have to prostrate herself to forty Juggernauts and false gods every day of her life, if she took up a habitual reference to the opinions and prejudices of others, in ordering her ways.”

“That is true, earnest Jenny. But you see I don’t like Mrs. White. She is reckless. If a woman is simply impulsive and natural, I like her all the better for it. I like you all the better for your being hearty, earnest and wilful like a child.”

“Oh, I guess you don’t. You are always finding fault with the impulsiveness, the incorrigibility.”

My voice wavered, I know; for something new and very kind in his tones and look, had touched my heart now and then, all along, making me feel how grateful it would be to be always approved and liked by him.

“This is because you are not perfect,” replied he. “I think you might be, easily, and this makes me lecture you. You won’t invite Mrs. White?”

“I have invited her. Don’t you know; John

took the cards away when we first began to talk about it.”

“Good-bye then, I must go to my work,” pocketing his pencil and sighing.

“Shake hands first,” begged I, stretching my hand across the table. “You’re not vexed!”

“A little.”

“I’m sorry.”

“I’m a little jealous too of the spirited, dark-blooded lover I have been giving you. I’m afraid you’ll be thinking of a prototype in real flesh and blood, and have your head full of him.”

“I could never endure such a man! I, who have in my own veins blood so dark, spirits so impetuous! No, the man that I love must be——”

I didn’t go on; for I saw how every nerve in him was still, waiting for the next words I would speak. And, to tell the truth, I was moreover conscious of having in my mind a fair face, marvelously like his, with light and pleasantness in it, even beyond that of the day; of a gentle manner, (but not of an effeminate,) of gentle tones, soothing and quieting to the soul; and the tones also were like his. I knew this as I sat there; and it made me blush for myself as I deserved—I who haven’t the remotest right to such fancies. I don’t know how long we were there, he standing and I sitting, without speaking, or stirring even a finger. I don’t suppose that it is of any consequence how long. He interrupted the silence, by saying, as he stretched his arms, “Heigh-hum! I’m going now, Jenny.”

“Good-bye,” said I, looking after him.

“You always say ‘good-bye’ to me with an air of most provoking satisfaction. Do you know it? You are always drawing some great book or newspaper to you before I am out of the room, as if you were thinking, ‘Now, at last, he is gone! Now will I read!’—I see you like books better than you do men—and women.”

He had stepped to a window-seat where some plants were; and now he had his nostrils at one rose and another.

“You’re mistaken,” I replied, “I like to talk with sensible people better than to read, almost any time.”

“That is good! Good-bye. This tea-rose needs watering.” Then a smile and a bow, and he was gone.

I feel a little bad about Caroline White. Did I tell you to what I have invited her? I believe I didn’t. The Charitable Society will meet here next Wednesday evening. We have invited a large number out of the society; and she is one of them. For I like her! You remember her Dick? She went West to teach, you know;

married an old widower, a rich Illinois lawyer; lost him, lost her baby in less than a year; and then came back to her father's, young still, spirited still; a more than ever accomplished, elegant woman. She was as rosy, fresh and vigorous as the new-born day. She had originality and force in all her words and looks; in all the action of her graceful head and feet; and such a voice!—in speaking I mean, for I don't suppose that she undertakes to sing; she undertakes nothing that she cannot do better than any other. Well, in less than three months, she turned the very common home of her parents into a perfect gem of architecture, upholstery and choice gardening. Her father's garden comes to the river; and she bought a splendid little boat, had a boat-house built and a tiny wharf. It is a year nearly since she came. And in that time, half of the women who know her, have become her enemies; half of the men her sworn friends and advocates.

"I can't bear her ways!" say the former. "She never has a word to say to us women; but if a man comes along, then see how she lights up!"

"Oh, bless you, little chickens!" say the latter, "this is because *we* are her peers. Mrs. White

knows more, feels more than forty common women. She has a mind and passions like a man."

They say it earnestly, meaning it. They smile a little, laugh a little, as they say it, some of them; but those who laugh mean it not less than the others.

I don't know how she will come out in the end. I think, however, that it will depend vastly upon the usage she meets from—from me, for instance, and from a few others whom she respects as she does me, and would have love her. *Love* of another—of another woman, that is—may lead her, fashion her emotions and proceedings; the *will* of another, never. For, if it comes to a contest of wills, hers is stronger than mine, or any woman's.

But I declare! I will not go on writing *all* the rest of the days of my life. It is breakfast time, almost. I hear a hoe working lightly in the flower-plots under my windows. It is Andrew Bell's, I suppose. I shall go out and charge him with hoeing up all the border phlox—although *entre nous*, this would be a day's work, there are so many of them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NO MORE.

BY JENNY A. STONE.

There are flowers upon my brow to-night,
Bright flowers upon my brow,
They have decked me out with a borrowed light,
For my soul is weary now;
And the ball-room's glare, and the music's tone—
Oh, this is to be 'mid a crowd alone.

There are roses on my breast to-night,
But the thorns are in my heart,
The perfume is sweet, and the roses are bright,
But I only feel the smart;
For love is false, and hearts are cold,
And the spirit's gift is bought and sold.

I have come to gaze on him to-night,
On his lip, and eye, and brow,
To watch on his features the changing light,
While I think of his broken vow:
To see his new love and to die—
'Twill be peace at last in the tomb to lie.

Why does he not come, the hours drag on,
Was he wont to linger so?
New love, my chain was stronger than thine,

And thou shalt feel the woe,
When earth has nothing more to give,
And eighteen years are long to live.

Thou'rt here, thou'rt here, I see thee now,
Thou proud and scornful one,
They circle round thy noble form
Like planets round the sun,
'Tis a fair young creature, that love of thine,
God shield her from such grief as mine.

"Sister of mine, if my cheek is flushed,
'Tis the ball-room's heated air—
Sister of mine, if my eyes are bright,
'Tis the lamps with their brilliant glare."
And he passes now with a careless look
The heart which to him was an open book.

Take off the flowers, they burn my brow,
And my heart is faint and cold:
And take these roses from off my breast,
For they cling with a death-like hold;
Oh, this is no place for trembling fears,
And my heart has grown old with its eighteen years.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

How did people live two hundred years ago? We all know that they had neither railroads, telegraphs, nor ocean-steamers, neither gas, nor heaters, nor, indeed, a score of other things, which civilized men in our days could not do without. But there are fifty other matters, relating to the life of our ancestors, of which most persons are ignorant. How did they eat, dress, and amuse themselves? Was it the fashion, two hundred years ago, to wear hoops, or dance the polka, or do crochet work? How did our forefathers marry? How were they buried? Fortunately for posterity, there lived in London, two centuries back, a certain Samuel Pepys, who kept a record, for ten successive years, of his daily life, telling how much he paid for his wife's dresses, what they had for dinner, how much gilt and varnish was on his coach, when he saw the king walking abroad, and what the fiddlers asked for music at a party. He began life a poor dependant on an influential kinsman, rose to be clerk and then Secretary to the Admiralty, amassed a pretty estate, became the confidential adviser of the Duke of York on navy affairs, and was often familiarly at Court; and in consequence, in his diary, we have a complete picture of life in England, two hundred years ago, through all the various ranks of life from the lower strata of the middle classes, up to the nobility, and even to the king himself.

Two hundred years ago, London was built almost entirely of wood, so that when the great fire of 1666 broke out, nearly the whole city was laid in ashes. Pepys notices, with admiration, as if a novelty, how a brick house "burnt all inward, and fell down within itself; so no fear of doing more hurt." The streets were narrow, for when after the fire, it "was talked about, that new ones should be forty feet wide," he congratulates himself on the improvement to the city. There was no paving, no water-pipes, no properly laid gutters. Mud in winter and dust in summer were the annoyance of the citizens. The common highway was the river Thames, where numerous wherries plied, for it was vastly more pleasant than any street. Yet to even the Thames there was one serious drawback. London Bridge was built with such ignorance of mechanics, that the piers partially

choked up the current, making an artificial rapid there, so that "shooting the bridge," as it was called, that is passing under it, was frequently attended with peril. To avoid this, it was the custom to land, just above the bridge, and take to boat again below. To the indifferent drainage of the city, the close, narrow streets, and the insufficient supply of water, are to be principally attributed the virulence with which the plague raged in old London.

The furniture of houses, two hundred years ago, was very different from what it is now. Carpets were comparatively scarce. They were still bought chiefly for covering tables: matting, rushes and oil-cloth being employed for floors. Pewter sconces were used instead of chandeliers, candelabra and gas fixtures. Pianos were as yet unknown, but the virginals, a sort of ancient spinet, were quite common, for the English people, at that period, loved music more heartily than they do now. Hangings to beds were considered indispensable by all persons of condition. Pepys was a proud man, if we may believe his Diary, the day he hung his best bed-room with tapestry; the walls of his second best he covered with pictures, as less expensive. Equipages were clumsy, but gorgeous. Six-horse coaches were owned by all the nobility, and were, indeed necessary, for travelling, so bad were the roads. Ordinary persons, in town, contented themselves with two horses. The coaches were painted, gilt and varnished. There were no good native horses. The most desirable coach horses were Flanders mares. When Pepys set up a coach, he records, with a proud heart, the display he made. "And so anon we went through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reins, that people did mightily look upon us."

Dress was an important item with all classes. The different ranks were distinguishable by their attire, and it was thought presumptuous for one to affect the other. Poor Pepys, even when he had got rich, and when he was almost daily at court, found people talking of the gold lace on the sleeves of his new coat, and so went humbly to his tailor to have it removed. When periwigs came into fashion, it was a long time

before he could make up his mind, that it was proper for him to wear one. He mentions his wife having one subsequently of light hair. Every few weeks, while he wore his, he had to have his head shaved. The ladies wore vizards, and some of them men's waistcoats. The materials of their dresses were often cloth, laced with silver or gold, if they were people of means. Pepys notes his having paid, on one occasion, five pounds for a petticoat for his wife, and as the pound was then worth about twice as much as at present, he expended what would be equivalent to fifty dollars now; but the petticoat was displayed, as embroidered ones are even to this day. He paid, at the same time, six pounds for lace, so the ladies loved fine laces then quite as much as now. When the maids of honor rode on horseback they wore a costume like that of men, hat, coat, waistcoat complete, and were only distinguishable by the petticoat. Painting the cheeks was fashionable. Black patches were also worn on the face. Pepys, one day, met the king and queen riding, and says that, in her "white-laced waistcoat, and crimson short petticoat, and hair dressed a *la negligence*, she looked mighty pretty." Yellow bird's-eye hoods were all the rage; for the modern bonnet had not come into fashion. Sacques were just then coming into vogue. The women of the middle classes wore high crowned hats, laced stomachers, and yellow-starched neckerchiefs. Ladies of quality wore trains. The courtiers and gentry ruffled in silks and velvets of gay colors, plumed or cocked hats, cravats of lace and jewelry, having their hair long, and curling their love-locks, till periwigs came into fashion. Every gentleman carried a sword; and of course duels were frequent.

The table was profusely, rather than delicately served. Tea had just been introduced, and was still very dear, so that the ordinary breakfast beverage was ale. Meat was considered underdone if at all rare. Venison was comparatively plenty, at least with people of means. Fresh beef, was common in London during the spring, summer and autumn; but for winter salted meat was the general food. Pepys, while yet a man of limited income, entertained some friends at dinner, and notes the fact as follows: "I had a pretty dinner for them, viz: a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens, and a jowle of salmon, hot, for the first course; a tanzey, and ten neat's tongues, and cheese, for the second." A tanzey was a sweet dish made of eggs, cream and other ingredients, and flavored with the juice of tanzey. On another occasion he dines at a tavern, in the French fashion, on a dish of soup and a chicken, and calls it an excellent dinner. He

dines with Admiral Penn, on the anniversary of the latter's wedding, and says, "We had, besides a good chine of beef and other good cheer, eighteen mince pies in a dish, the number of years he hath been married." Another similar festival concludes with a strange freak: "To end all, Mrs. Shippman, did fill a pie full of white wine, it holding at least a pint and a half, and did drink it off to the health of Sir William and my Lady—it being the greatest draught that ever I did see a woman drink in my life." This festival day concluded with a supper, at which (it was February) lobsters were served. "Excellent," Pepys says, "which I never ate at this time of the year before." Turkeys and mince pies were even then the orthodox bill of fare for a Christmas dinner. Our gossip records, as a new thing: "thence home; and there find one laying of my napkins against to-morrow's dinner in figures of all sorts, which is mighty pretty; and it seems it is his trade, and he gets much money by it; and he do now and then furnish tables with rich plate and linen for a feast, at so much, which is mighty pretty, and a trade I could not have thought of." As elegant English crockery was of a century later date, and porcelain was only to be had from China and Japan at an immense price, the ordinary table-service, with even the richer of the middle class, was pewter; while the poor ate from wooden trenchers, or coarse earthenware. With people of condition, consequently, silver plate was more common than at present. Pepys boasts, when better off, of having two dozen ordinary sized silver plates, besides numerous cups and flagons.

The manners of all, court and people, were very unlike what they are now. The king, instead of secluding himself in solitary state, as monarchs do in our time, kept open court at Whitehall, and walked daily in the Park, nodding to everybody he knew and talking familiarly with the company. Pepys, calling on the Duke of York, found him, with the duchess and her ladies, sitting on the floor, playing a game something like what is now called forfeits. Personal cleanliness was generally neglected, and taking a bath a thing to be noted down. Affrays in the street were frequent, and men often killed in consequence. Music and dancing were usual at evening parties, and it seems a common thing to have staid up, at such entertainments, till one or two o'clock in the morning. Three or four persons of both sexes would frequently hire a coach, go out for an afternoon's ride, sup at some tavern, visit the theatre, and then adjourn to the residence of one of them, where, sending for fiddlers, they would dance till midnight.

Sometimes, the sports would end by ladies and gentlemen flinging cushions at each other. Men and women, if intimate, kissed when they met. The Puritans and Quakers of course lived differently. In May, ladies of every rank were accustomed to rise at daybreak, and go out into the fields to gather May dew, the belief being general that it beautified the complexion. Masquerades were a popular species of amusement. Gold fishes were a novelty, just introduced as parlor ornaments. In general, the age was a more brutal one than this. Bear-gardens, where bears were baited by dogs, were a popular resort. Pepys records beating his servant girl as if it was a common mode of punishment. Traitors were executed with cruel and horrible rites.

Marriage was even more a matter of bargain and sale than at present. Parties openly chafered, as in France to this day, for a wife for a son, or a husband for a daughter. When a rich citizen died, his widow, almost before his burial, was besieged with suitors, lords and courtiers being as ready, then as now, to trade off rank for money. Weddings were celebrated with hearty, but coarse festivities, such as throwing the stocking and other obsolete customs. The evening usually concluded by the guests visiting the nuptial chamber and kissing the bride in bed. The morning after, it was the practice to serenade the happy couple, a custom which continued, with most of the others, till within a comparatively recent period. Funerals were more ceremonious even than now. Pepys describes his brother's. The guests were a hundred and fifty, though, he says, he had bid but a hundred and twenty. "Their service," he records, "was six biscuits apiece, and what they pleased of burnt claret. My cousin Joyce Norton kept the wine and cakes above; and did give out to them that served, who had white gloves given them." The men sat by themselves in some rooms, and the women by themselves in others. At another funeral, where the corpse was carried out of town for interment, he notes the fact that there were several coaches and six, a great number of coaches of four, and a dozen or two coaches with a pair; and this was not the funeral of a nobleman either. Rings were given, at funerals, to the relatives, and friends, and servants: at Pepys' own funeral a hundred and thirty rings were distributed; varying in value from five to ten dollars each.

Taste and knowledge were very inferior, generally, to what they are now. Pepys' wife had been educated at a convent in France, yet did not know arithmetic; and of Pepys' numerous correspondents, hardly one spelt correctly. Pepys

thought Romeo and Juliet quite indifferent, and this seems to have been the cotemporary opinion. It is well known that *Paradise Lost*, which came out about this time, was considered, even by the critics of the day, as a prosy, if not silly affair. At the Royal Society, of which Pepys was a member, there was a lecture on respiration, but without throwing any light on it: "it is not known, or concluded on," says puzzled Pepys, "how the action is managed by nature, or for what use it is." The fixed stars were a mystery also to the scientific men of that age. "Spong and I," says Pepys, writing of an astronomer, "had several fine discourses upon the globes, particularly why the fixed stars do not rise and set at the same hour all the year long, which he could not demonstrate, nor I neither." Medicine was almost empirical. Pepys wore about him a hare's foot to prevent colic: and though the first experiment failed, he did not lose faith in it, but attributed its want of success to his having cut off the joint. The plague, which raged so frightfully in 1665, found the physicians almost wholly ignorant what to do. It is recorded by Pepys, and the same fact is true of more modern epidemics, that the year preceding the great plague was distinguished for its comparatively few deaths.

The cost of living, two hundred years ago, is difficult to ascertain. A day laborer, or mechanic, earned about a shilling a day. At present, the former earns twice as much, even in England, and the latter four, five and eight times as much. All dress fabrics, all luxuries, all descriptions of furniture, were costlier then than now: but meat and ale were cheaper; while bread was nearly the same price as at present. Lord Sandwich, Pepys' patron, hired a spacious mansion, surrounded by gardens, in the suburbs of London, for what would be now equivalent to twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Pepys seems to have generally spent what would be equal to three thousand per annum; but he lived expensively, and better than the majority of the middle class: and when he set up a coach, he spent more.

The immorality of the age is proverbial. It affected public as well as private life. The servants of the crown, high and low, not only took bribes, but would do nothing without them. Pepys acquired his estate principally by bribes and by jobbing. His salary was but three hundred and fifty pounds yearly, yet in some years he made three thousand pounds: but he never seems to think he did anything criminal; and he appears also really to have had a conscience, which few other public employees had.

But enough. Two hundred years hence, when perhaps even morals, will seem as curious to some private diary of 1856 comes to light, as our descendants as those of our ancestors now doubtless there will, our customs, manners, and appear to us.

THE DEAREST BOON.

BY WINNY WOODBINE.

This earth and all its worldliness,
Had vanished far away,
And I had sought the fairy-land,
Of beauty bright and gay;
But in that land of matchless worth
Those halls of gift and song,
I vainly sought the only boon
For which my soul doth long.

Then through the rosy realms of space,
Methought my pathway lay,
Tow'rd yon fair orb whence often came
A dazzling, brilliant ray:
"Ah, this must be," I cried, "the home
Of love and happiness,
And here my weary heart can find
Fore'er a dwelling-place."

But when I mingled in the throng
Of beings bright and fair,
Who dwell upon that golden orb,
Afair in upper air—

No loving voices welcomed me,
Nor bade me rest awhile;
I saw no kind, familiar face,
Nor dear one's beaming smile.

Then to the boundless sea I hied,
And clove the yielding waves,
Until alone, unharmed I stood,
In proud old ocean's caves.
Around were scattered lifeless forms
O'er every rocky bed,
And jewels bright and gems most rare
Were mingled with the dead.

But jewels from the richest mine,
Or gems beneath the sea,
Or gifts and gold from fairy-land,
Are worthless all to me—
For I have met thee, and thy love
Is ever all mine own—
The boon that I so long had sought,
At last is freely won.

THOU ART ABSENT FROM MY SIDE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Though Spring again may cause to bloom
The lovely, gentle flowers;
And sweet perfume be shed around
From Nature's fairy bowers;
Though songs of gay and happy birds
Rise up to meet the sky;
And beauties rich on every hand
Attract the gazer's eye;
Yet neither Spring, with all its joys
Or flowers, rich and rare,
Can chase away the clouds of grief
Which wrap me in despair;
And songs of birds no power possess
To raise my spirit's pride;
For thou my first, my only love,
Art absent from my side.
The sweet moonlight, so bright and pure,
Upon me sheds its beams;
And lofty trees their shadows throw
Across the babbling streams;

The silvery stars are shining down,
In silent beauty now;
And seem fit gems of brilliancy
To grace a maiden's brow;
But, oh, for me those witching spells
Have swiftly pass'd away;
Like early dew, or ocean's foam,
That would not, could not stay;
And scenes of old which once I loved,
Are now but scarcely dear;
For streams, and birds, and budding flowers
All say—thou art not here.
And in sweet memory I behold
Thy dark and flashing eye;
While thy fair form, arrayed in light,
Comes softly floating by;
And as I ponder on the joys
We felt in early years,
I give to thee beside thy grave
The offering of my tears.

UNCLE ZEKEL'S ARAMINTY.

BY SUSAN MULLEN.

MISS ARAMINTA MALVINA FITZROY, having graduated with distinguished honors at the Smooth and Polishem Seminary, returned to astonish the natives of Mullettown with her profound knowledge of the *ometries* and *ologies*, embraced in the course of that far-famed and fashionable institution. She was hooped and puffed and frilled, flounced, feathered and furred. Zekel, her honest old father, said she only needed a crown to make her a queen: that is a crown to her bonnet, which, he declared, "was the tarnailest little thing he ever see. If that was the city fashion," he added, "he wished he never had sent her away to learn the pianny and French."

On far other grounds uncle Zekel had bitter complaint to make. Patched at the elbows, darned at the knees, with rusty boots, and his mill-clothes on, he had been once to town, on a load of grain; and there had met his child, face to face with the gay Miss Dashy, her chum and city companion. Pleased at the opportunity afforded him of meeting her, without running over town to find the seminary, uncle Zekel awkwardly guided the old fat oxen up to the kerb-stone, crowding their sleek sides together, to the great danger of a fish woman's stand.

"Gee there, Brown, haw, Brindle, whoa," cried he, as the young ladies passed him, sweeping the flour from his dusty frock with their long, silk trains.

"Is that you, Minty? how dye do?" he began. "Your ma wanted you to send your yaller calicer hum to Debby Ann, and said she'd git your sheep's grey stockins toed off agin I come down next week."

But deigning not a look behind her, Araminta disappeared quickly around a corner, to the great wonderment and mystification of the poor old farmer. Neither did she stop till entering at the house of a friend, she narrated her fright in having met a crazy old fellow from their neighborhood, who always annoyed her by calling her his daughter. Indignant, however, at her treatment, Zekel lost no time in finding out a place "where they taught," as he said, "an edication so cross-grain to natur," and vented his wrath upon the amazed principal, with a great parade of whip-stalk and fist gesticulation. Boiling with indignation, he waited the return of Araminta,

until the setting sun warned him to think of the chores at home, and the long road between him and the cows at Mullettown. Neither did he skip the hard words at his supper of cold ham and cabbage, which his good wife set before him.

"Now, Zekel," the old lady said, "p'raps the child did not know you. She's nigh-sighted, you know, and I'm ashamed as death, on Minty's account, to think you should have gone and done it before all the school. I'm sure you've disgraced Minty, and who knows but she'll get expelled, all for this——"

"Expelled, is it? I'd expelled her myself, and gin her a ride home on the ox cart through Troy, if the good-for-nothing baggage hadn't staid away, for very fear of seeing me. Didn't know me. Oh! to be sure; but I knew her; and when a gall gits so top-heavy with larnin' and things, she's ashamed of her own father, in high time she was brought to see what kept the masia and 'complishments goin'. You may do as you like, Polly; but as long as my name's Zekel, I ain't agoin' to be sneezed at by my children, mill-clothes or not."

The intercession of Mrs. Fitzroy prevailed finally, and the young lady completed her term, uncomfortably to be sure; for her silly pride in refusing to know her father before Miss Dashy, had incontinently and to their great merriment introduced him to the whole school. But partially restored to her father's favor, she came home. His particular eye-sore, she was now the chief idol of the maternal heart. For the first time, Mrs. Fitzroy discovered that Araminta was more delicate than the other children. So Debby Ann lifted and drugged in the cheese-room; while the fine young lady thrummed the cracked strings of an old guitar, and read trashy, love-sick novels. She had the bronchitis and the dyspepsia, and one or two other fashionable diseases, and a young physician in a bran new gig and harness to come out from the city to see her. This uncle Zekel considered scandalous to Dr. Catnip, the old Mullettown stand-by, who had brought them all into the world and taken them through teething, and the measles, to say nothing of severer sicknesses. But Catnip's theory, embracqd the antiquarian doctrine of pills and bleeding; and Araminta being nothing

out a bunch of nerves, could not, of course, be benefited by his treatment. So in languishing lassitude she lingered on, lying in bed till ten o'clock, rising in her double gown and hair in disorder, to have served to her another breakfast from that which the family had enjoyed.

Uncle Zekel had yielded to the high pressure of words and put up an addition, a library, a music-room, and a nursery, but now he declared they had not left him a place to hang his boot-ack. And worse than all, he could make neither head nor tail of the gibberish which Araminta talked over her toast and tea, and endeavored to interlope in the family conversation.

"I tell you what, Minty," said he, "if you'll wait one week so that I and Debby can understand you, you shall have the money for a bonnet with a crown and a fore-top. For Jerusalem knows, you skeered the men away from their sides tother day with some of your larned notions and highfalutin' airs."

"Dear papa," now interposed the aroused young lady, "why won't you say Araminta, instead of using that ugly abbreviation which I abhor?"

Debby Ann's red, fat face was another drawback upon Minty's happiness, and the clumping great shoes she wore about her work fairly put her into hysterics. Josiah too had such coarse companions. And take it all and all, the city graduate seemed to think that she was the central illuminating point of the entire family circle.

"I vow to gracious it is too bad, old woman," said her father, one day. "There's Debby Ann slavin' to death over the cheese-tub, and Araminta doing nothing airthly; but cryin' over them yaller novels and lookin' out of her chamber window for that Dr. Frizzlewig, from Troy. I wonder who his barber is, and if that's his aunt Jerewaha's shawl he wears out here, air-in'!"

"Don't, Zekel, run on so. You hurt Minty's feelings dreadfully using such coarse language. You know we brought her up delicater than we did Debby Ann, and it don't stand to reason she should take to farm work like her. Beside she's going to be a doctor's wife, and don't need so much experience as Debby will on a farm."

"It's my mind," he said, "if she marries that young Frizzlewig, somebody will have to work to keep them in jimeracks and knick-knacks, for he don't strike me as being over smart, and I've pretty good evidence that your fashionable eddication has quite spilt Araminta, as for any help she'll ever be to him."

"You do be patient now, Zekel; the girl will learn all these things in time. She ain't robustful

and well like Debby, and by-and-bye when her health is better, I don't fear but what she'll take hold and do her part."

"Mabby she will then. Leastwise I hope so. Squire Turnipseed wants to spark Debby Ann, and I think it's a pretty good chance for a gall like her. But I told him I meant she should have a little trip this fall for her good behavior through hayin', and when you got back from Sarrytogy, he could have a chance to set up with her and speak his mind. So here's fifty dollars, and I want you to rig yourselves out and be ready to go by next week."

"But, Zekel, Debby Ann ain't used to society, and I never was to such a fashionable place. Hadn't Debby Ann better go to Ike's, and let Minty go along to the Springs. Dr. Frizzlewig said her stomach was out of order, and she ought to be drinking Congress water every morning."

"No, hang me, Debby Ann is going now, and if Frizzlewig wants Minty to go along, he may pay her fare. I say it's a cryin' sin to set one child up so over another."

"As for society," he resumed directly, "you needn't be afeard if you only hold your tongue, and don't try to swell out like the toads that live all the time in the puddle."

There were times when uncle Zekel set his foot down, and neither tears nor entreaties moved him from his purpose. This was one of them. Turnipseed, an old and thrifty farmer, had asked him how Debby Ann would look on a marriage with his son, a likely youth, as we Yankees use the term, who was to take the place off the old people's hands and send them to town to live.

"I was took all aback," soliloquized uncle Zekel, sucking his pipe-stem. "Jo is sure for the legislature this fall and has been to college likewise; and always hearing Debby Ann spoken of at home as such an awkward, homely thing, I couldn't raly believe my senses when the squire said he knowed it wasn't Minty, but Debby Ann that Jo wanted."

"Howsever I told him she was a blessed, warm-hearted, dutiful gall, that hadn't been used jest right, and hadn't any eddication to boast of. And Jo said he had seen enough of these eddicated women, that settled right down into nobodies as soon as they got husbands. He didn't want a wife to work, but he did want one that would be improvin' on and larnin', and one that would give constitution and mind to his children. La me, Frizzlewig be darned, he don't know as much as a last year's bird's-nest, compared with Turnipseed."

Araminta was greatly disconcerted, that Debby Ann was to make her debut at such a gay place as Saratoga, with no one to keep her informed of the customs of society and the ways of the hotels. "She was sure she would be imposed upon and ridiculed for her country manners. She must not, on any account, ask a person at the table to help her to anything, but always speak to the servants. She must keep ringing the bell in her room all the time, and bring the lazy niggers up stairs, if she wanted people to think she was anybody. She must not seem to be associated with the whole race of Potsherds, who of course would be at Congress Hall; they had money, to be sure, but Phebe Jane's teeth were defective and her grammar very bad: besides the old lady's hands were so red, and the girls never could get her to keep them covered up. Mother must say Deborah, and Debby must not speak to anybody without being properly introduced, even if the house was falling in at the roof. To be sure, she thought Debby's clothes were a deal too fine for such a squaddy little body as she was. Father couldn't make her a French twist, not if he sold the wool off all the sheep's backs. There wasn't anything genteel about her, and it was a pity to dress her up so absurdly, to show off her figure to disadvantage."

Finally, Mrs. Fitzroy and Debby Ann were ready, and with uncle Zekel, who was going out to spend the Sabbath, they set foot into the cars and were speedily on their way to the thronged watering-place.

Araminta was to keep house, overseeing the work, which the cheese-room girl, Betsey, was to accomplish. But Betsey was quite a toppin' young lady, and gave herself almost as many airs as Araminta herself. Her place was in the cheese-room, she said. And she was not to mop and wash, and bake and iron, while Minty sat in the parlor with Frizzlewig. To be sure she did little else, and the work fell heavily upon Betsey, in spite of all uncle Zekel could do to help her. So the week before Mrs. Fitzroy was expected home, Betsey declared she wouldn't stand it any longer. She had had enough of Miss Fitzroy's sass, and if she was not good enough to sit in the dining-room, jest off the parlor, without being hinted into the kitchen, she would like to know. What particular knowledge she wished to attain to, she never explained; but shortly after breakfast one morning, the inquiring young lady was found missing from her accustomed haunts. Araminta rejoiced at her departure at first, but dismay took the place of her congratulation, when she found that no

preparations were made for dinner, while all the men in the wheat-field expected it at two. Now she would never exert her lungs to heave the horn, or she might have brought uncle Zekel up to help her; and if she could have done so, she had pride enough to see to what ridicule it would expose her, after all the airs she had given herself over her book knowledge, as superior to the knack and practice of Debby Ann. She knew just how many gasses there were in bread, and how long it must sit before it was healthy to be eaten. But Debby laughed, and could not even tell whether a potato was a bulbous root or not, or to what class and order of vegetables it belonged. And as it is notorious that those who know nothing by experience of cooking, write all the cook-books, so it was true that one at uncle Zekel's found so much fault with the food, as the one most ignorant in compounding it. Thank fortune, Araminta now had a grand chance to bring into display, all her technical knowledge of gluten, albumen, and fibrine, assimilation, absorption and combination. It so happened, that the end of a ham was hanging up, which Minty concluded to boil. So straightway she set about making a fire, which she accomplished after sundry contacts with the soot on the stove, and immolating a whole paper of matches experimenting upon the science of ignition. To lose no time, Minty now set the water to boiling vigorously, and put in the meat determined that the vulgar devotion of a whole morning to getting a single dinner should not characterize her first experience in the kitchen. Nor indeed did it. Vegetables were prepared at intervals, and the table set with great attempt at elegance. The old-fashioned custom of putting all the sauce on one plate was abhorrent to Minty, justly enough too. The meat was carefully spread upon the platter, the potatoes by themselves, the turnips and carrots apart. But alas, the botanical knowledge of the young lady had not decided rightly between the dahlia roots and the long spiral rooted carrots; the ham was unskinned, and tough from boiling in hot water rapidly, and salt as when taken from the brine. The potatoes were delicately peeled, but hard, and to uncle Zekel's eye the whole dinner was a genteel failure. Pity for Araminta, however, would culminate in his heart this time, because he felt that she had tried to make the best of circumstances. Farmer Blunt, too, kindly ordered up his daughter to relieve the now mortified girl; and with her skilful assistance everything was once more in its place. A few more failures, such as boiling down white rose leaves for hops and setting them with yeast, mixing sour and

et milk in cakes and batter, baking beans without par-boiling and pork without crisping the rind, letting the bread sour before putting it in the oven, and using magnesia for cream of tartar, daily convinced Araminta, that something more was wanted in a housekeeper than a few graceful compliments. So that when Debby Ann came home, self-elated at the respect that had been paid her, and with the really valuable acquaintances she had formed, Minty was silently convicted of having underrated her sister's qualities as much as she had overrated her own. Every sphere has its duties, and the world, taken on an average, is generously willing to forgive errors in those who for a time are led into different and trying positions, opposite to those in which they have been educated. So that Debby Ann, in her ignorance of etiquette, was neither repulsed nor ridiculed, and Minty, in her self-conceit and folly, found assistance and charity. The lesson to each proved equally advantageous. The sisters commenced an interchange of kindly feeling, that they had never enjoyed before; and his added ten-fold to the happiness of the family. Minty did up her mother's caps, and cheerfully instructed Debby in embroidery, without once pointing at her stubby fingers and thick nails; while Debby began to improve in personal atten-

tion to the little graces and etiquettes, which make a household as well as society delightful. Turnipseed came on bravely with his wooing, and eventually carried his bride to an elegant country-seat, surrounded by luxury and refinement. He also went to the Legislature. Debby Ann has been to Washington and Newport, Saratoga and Cape May, receiving all due attention for graces of mind and manner. Dr. Frizzlewig took Araminta's portion and bought a splendid house in Troy, very much against uncle Zekel's will. They cut an immense flourish for three or four years and then collapsed terribly. Somehow, people would not appreciate the doctor, for all of his magnificent whiskers and fast driving. He voted the world ungrateful, and grew sour and disheartened. But Minty, encouraged and aided by her family, kept everything in her province, with as much economy and order, as was consistent with her early habits and training. Finally the old man and Turnipseed took the house off the doctor's hands, settled the poor fellow's business, and with some prospects of reform sent him to a distant country town, where he abandoned frippery and folly, and with them swelling pretensions to superior medical theories, and became not only a useful but thriving member of his profession.

FANCIES.

BY BELLA KAUFFELT

One morning at a stranger's hearth,
And at a mother's knees,
Were bowed her three fair daughters dear
Like youthful devotees.
They all had eyes as soft and bright,
As if some wandering star
Mistook them for its native Heaven,
And lit its fire there.

They'd lived so long among the flowers,
Their cheeks as they were fair,
Their voices were like Summer winds
That whispered through their hair.
Each offered from her dimpled lips
Some gift of memory,
But the fairest thing of all they brought
Was this sweet poetry.

"When I was but a child, mamma,
I often wondered why
They'd placed those pretty fiery balls
So far up in the sky;
Not thus I view them now, mamma,
But as the brilliant throng
That to the great Creator praise,
Once joined in sweetest song."

Oh, sister, that they're balls of fire
I never did think so!
They twinkle like your soft blue eyes
When in the sun you go;
I thought the little angels there,
When they fold up their wings,
Hung up each night, their tiny lamps
Upon the breeze to swing."

"I thought beyond the fair blue sky
There was a world so bright,
And stars were but the apertures
Thro' which we saw the light;
But now that I have seen them fall
I know it can't be thus,
Oh, mamma, will you not explain
The mystery to us?"

"My children dear, I cannot tell,
Your God hath made their light,
And says, if we are good and pure,
We shall as they be bright,
There is indeed, an aperture
To that bright world afar,
Whose light you can but dimly see
In yonder beaming star."

LUCINDA MILLER.

BY ALICE CARY.

LUCINDA MILLER was about fifteen years old, when she was called on by her father, an old-fashioned farmer, to go into the meadow one summer afternoon, and rake hay. She shrugged her brown shoulders and pouted her red lips a little, but there was no alternative, for Mr. Miller, poor Lu's father, was a stern man accustomed to no contradiction or equivocation from his children, and it was not the first time she had been obliged to leave all the household toil to the tried hands of her mother, and off into the field, to perform harder tasks than raking hay. But since Joshua Hubbard had been working for her father, which was now since the March past, she had not been required to work in the field, and this was why she shrugged her brown shoulders, and this was why she pouted her lips. Josh, as he was called, and as of right he ought have been called, because he was so poor that all his worldly effects might have been tied up in his pocket handkerchief, was a youth of twenty, with a heart large enough to hold love for all humanity, and a pleasing person, for though not regularly handsome, he had abundant and beautiful hair, merry blue eyes, and a mouth that was always overflowing with good-humored smiles. His voice was melodious, and gay as the lark's, and a cheerful and obliging activity made him a favorite with all the hands on the farm. But Mr. Miller was in no wise pleased with the smiling propensities of the boy Josh, for the farmer persisted in calling Joshua a boy, notwithstanding his beard was enough to shame his own, and Lucinda's often repeated protest, that if a man was ever a man, he ought to be at twenty.

"You can spare her well enough, can't you mother?" continued Mr. Miller, by way of excuse to his conscience, for he knew, in spite of himself, that his wife had more need of an assistant than himself.

"Oh yes, I suppose so," replied Mrs. Miller, with that sort of helpless patience that almost borders upon fretfulness. So rubbing the mad tears from her eyes with her little brown fists, Lu tied on her freshly ironed pink sun-bonnet, saying, as she did so, "I don't see how you are to get along, mother, and if father had one bit of feeling—" "Hush, hush! child," interrupted Mrs.

Miller, "why, what in the world are you saying never mind, mother, she will get along some way." "I think it will be some way," retorted Lu, who was in her sauciest humor, "baking to do, and churning, and scrubbing, besides milking a dozen cows, and cooking supper for a dozen men, I wish father had it to do himself, and I guess he would find whether he could spare me as well as not." "Lucinda Miller! not another word now out of your head," sternly remonstrated the all-enduring wife, who never for a moment forgot that she and her husband were one. "Go right along with you now, and do as your father bids, you are ashamed to have Josh see you rake hay, ain't you? 'peers to me you are troubled with the simples."

"Yes, I am ashamed to have Joshua, or any other man see me raking hay, and I am not ashamed to own it," answered Lucinda, all her high spirit aroused to angry indignation.

"You don't pretend to call Joshua a man, do you?" said the mother, sarcastically.

"More of a man than some folks that are twice his years," replied Lucinda, with quiet bitterness.

"Take that, for your sauciness," exclaimed Mrs. Miller, slapping the child on the ear through the pink bonnet, "if you were as big as the side of the house, I would whip you if you forgot to reverence your father."

As may be imagined, Lucinda went forth to her hot task in the sunshine, in no very amiable mood. On the hill-side, full in sight of all the hands, standing with folded arms, she met her father, who had been some time awaiting her, and was nursing his wrath.

"What have you got your face muffled up that way for," he said, pushing the sun-bonnet roughly away from her face, "are you afraid of the sunshine, or of the work-hands?"

"I'm not afraid of either," replied Lucinda, "but I don't want to be tanned by one, nor stared at by the others."

"The sun was made to shine, and as for the hands," said the father, "they have enough to do without minding you," and as he spoke, he took her by one ear, and led her till within a few yards of the mowers.

We have said enough, we think, to illustrate

coarse, hard natures of the parents of Lucia, and it will not be supposed that very sensible or refined offspring would come of such. Nevertheless, Lucinda had capacities for other things than she was born to, or likely to possess of. She knew, moreover, when strength was less than the burden she was required to bear, which was a good deal more than her mother had ever come to realize. She regarded all hardship and deprivation as matters of course, and regarded her incompetency, to do what she must get over as she best could, gotten over it must be.

He mirth among the hay-makers, which had been noisy, subsided when Lucinda was seen to be feebly dragging the heavy hay under her—the drops of sweat on her forehead, and sunshine beating on her uncovered head, for had refused to pick up the bonnet her father so harshly pushed aside.

Then Joshua paused in the mowing to steal a glance at Lucinda, but never one did she turn—all the bitterness of nature was aroused, ready to flow upon any one who came in the way.

By-and-bye Mr. Miller and the foremost hands took it to the barn with a load of hay, and lagging behind till the mowers had gained fifty yards from him, Joshua concealed himself in a bunch of sassafras sprouts, and parting the twigs as Lucinda came near, raking with impatient jerks, exclaimed, in a merry tone, "Peep-boo!"

"Peep-boo, fool!" she replied, raking on in the same poking fashion, and without looking

nothing daunted, Joshua replied, still peeping through the bushes, "Why, Lu, you look real pretty when you pout, but I was just in fun."

"I ain't in fun, then," she said; "and as for looking pretty, I look a good deal as I was made, but my name isn't Lu, neither—it's Lucinda, if you please."

"Well, I please to say what pleases you," answered Joshua, coming forth from the bushes, and approaching her, "so, Lucinda, be good-fellowed with me, won't you? See, I have lost a whole round of the mowing, just waiting to get a smile from that scornful mouth. Come, Lu, make a great big cloud in the sky, if I could, keep the sunshine off from you, and let the thunder go to thunder."

"Oh, yes," she said, "you would do great things if you could make clouds, or the like of that, but I'll dare say you are like all the rest, and do things you could do you would never so much think at."

"Why, Lu, what makes you so cross? What would you have me do?"

"Nothing, except to mind your business and go about your mowing. I don't want you nor nobody else to do anything for me, the dear knows."

"Oh, there flies a crow!" cried Joshua, swinging his hat about his head, in a vain effort to please his petulant mistress. "Shu! crow! let's see if we can't scare him."

"I should think you could without any trying," replied Lucinda, tossing her head significantly.

"Why, Lu, you are as cruel as the grave," said Joshua, in good-natured irony, "but you know in your heart I am as handsome a young man as you will find in the meeting-house of a Sunday morning."

"What a coxcomb! If you were the best looking I'd be sorry!"

"Maybe you think Cal Godfrey, the great straddle-bug, looks better," and affecting great offence to conceal the little he really felt, Joshua walked demurely away.

"Calvin Godfrey is no more of a straddle-bug than you yourself are a straddle-bug; and besides looking well, he could buy and sell most of the young men I know, any day, if he had a mind to."

"I'd rather have nothing, for my part, than take all Cal Godfrey has, if I had to be his old, ugly, miserly self into the bargain; and besides it's no credit to him to be rich, he did not earn an acre of the poor, old briery farm that you think is so fine," he continued, rather as if talking to himself, "I know very well I am not handsome, and I don't pretend to be rich, but I do pretend to have good sense, and that ought to have taught me that Miss Lucinda Miller would never care anything about me."

He turned his face from Lucinda, and fell to mowing again.

She dropt her rake presently, and cried with that art that seems indeed the nature of merry young women, "Oh, Joshua, I have got such a great thorn in my hand!" Now the thorn was a very little brier, and it had been in her finger for the last half hour; but Joshua threw down his scythe and ran to her just as she knew he would, and made tender plaints for her and with her as he performed the necessary surgery upon the wounded hand. When the thorn was removed, he must needs kiss the pain away, and Lucinda, seeming quite unaware, suffered herself to be led to the shady side of the sassafras bushes, and to be seated on a cushion of new-mown hay, and to rest there while her rustic

lover crossed the meadow to fetch berries for her.

She was heartily sorry for what she had said now, and would have contended against the world that Joshua was a handsome man, and that he was richer without a cent than Calvin Godfrey would be with a million of acres. He half resolved she would say this to him on his return, and that she would say too that she would not marry Calvin Godfrey if he were the last man on earth, but before her courage was quite at the speaking point, Joshua returned with a cup made of maple-leaves, and heaped full of shining blackberries.

As he threw himself on the grass beside Lucinda and gave the cup to her hand, he took off his broad-brimmed straw hat and placed it on her head, calling her pretty gipsy, and other such epithets as young women delight to hear their lovers pronounce.

He was whispering something with his lips nearer Lucinda's cheek than modest maidens are supposed to permit, when she said, perhaps feeling it right to make some defensive demonstration, "Get away, you will upset the berries!"

"Get away! or I will upset you!" ejaculated a voice that flushed her cheek crimson, and caused the leaf cup to shake in her hand.

"We only stopt to rest for a moment, father," pleaded Lucinda, "and it is all my fault, for I sent Joshua to pick berries for me."

"And I will send him to pick berries for himself now," interposed the angry man; "get out of my sight, boy!" he continued, pushing Joshua from him with the handle of his pitch-fork, "you haven't touched your scythe since I went out of the field, and I am not the man to pay my money to eye-servants—my money is as good as any man's money;" and producing a long, leathern bag, he counted out the wages due Joshua, and himself took up his idle scythe.

"I don't care, except for your sake, Lu," whispered the young man, the moisture rising to his eyes in spite of his beard, "I can make my way in the world—never fear, and I will make you my wife, too, God willing—that is if you don't forget me."

"Forget you!" repeated Lucinda, in accents low and reproachful, "that I could not do if I would."

"Meet me, then, to-night, in the lane by the maple tree."

"Yes," she faltered.

Raking in the meadow that afternoon was the hardest work Lucinda had ever done. It seemed that the sun would never go down, and that

never, never while she lived would her eyes be blessed with the sight of her dear lover.

But at last she saw the cows go home, and at last beheld the birds dropping into the trees, and the clouds growing red along the west, and heard the water trickling with a sleepier tone, and the sheep-bells sounding more distinctly; and the men hung their scythes in the apple trees, and gathered their coats and vests from brier-bush and hay-stack; and the horn sounded from the homestead porch. Then it seemed to Lucinda that supper would never be concluded, and the chores done so that she could steal away unmixed. She had not gone over one quarter of the distance when she met Joshua, who, impatient of her delay, and incautious, as all lovers are, was coming full in view of her father's house to meet her.

A long time they walked together, Joshua's arm close about the waist of Lucinda, and many times they vowed to love each other fondly forever and forever. They could not say the last words, nor make up their minds to part when it was time to do so: and backward and forward the whole length of the lane, went and returned over and again. At last the parting moment could be delayed no longer, and at the garden gate they paused, and Joshua, filled with manly courage and enthusiasm, protested anew all his deep devotion and all his certainty of success. He could strive with impossibilities and overcome them, he was quite sure, and that when the coveted success was over, and he should be master of a few acres of ground and a cabin, he would return and make Lucinda his wife in spite of the fates and her father. Over and over he asked her if she would forget him, and if Calvin Godfrey would not expel him from her heart when there was no one to take his part: and over and over Lucinda promised with tearful tenderness never to forget him—never to cease to love him, and above all, that she would never marry Calvin Godfrey, even though he were made of gold. Once every month Joshua would write a letter to Lucinda, and once every month she would write to him, and they would be such dear sweethearts as never had lived in the world, loving all the more for their cruel separation.

A sound was heard as of some one stirring among the bean-vines beyond the garden-gate—for a moment the lovers held their breath, and then Lucinda hid her face in the bosom of her dear Joshua, and he kissed her hands and then her cheek, and whispered his last promise of faithfulness and farewell.

When she was alone, Lucinda passed inside the garden-gate and sank down on the grassy

order of the bean-vines sobbing as if her heart would break. The old clock in the kitchen struck twelve, and she arose to return to the house, and she did so saw something lying at her feet, which she hastily took up. It was a handkerchief. Joshua had dropt it doubtless, and clasping the precious memento to her bosom, she retired to her own chamber, and slept with it beneath her pillow. Before it was light she was awake and drew it forth, and lo! it was not Joshua's handkerchief, but her father's! How came it by the gate? and had he been a listener to her conference with her lover? She trembled and hesitated, afraid to meet her parents: but at the accustomed summons there was no alternative, and she must meet them.

To her surprise she saw no signs of displeasure: on the contrary, there were unusual displays of kindness toward her on the part of both father and mother. Assured that her secret was quite safe, she gave the handkerchief into her father's hand.

"Thank you, my dear," he said, "I lost it as I came in from feeding the cows!"

Now Mr. Miller had never, in all his life, said a word to his child, and the words sounded strange to her ears, and it was strange too that she should have known when he lost the handkerchief, and yet have made no search for it, for he was not the man to lose a sixpence without the house ringing with the matter. But Lucinda was ingenious, and her mind was too much preoccupied to admit of suspicion taking any root in it just then. Within a week Mrs. Miller went to town and bought for her daughter a new frock of green calico, a shawl of red, and a bonnet of straw, with pink ribbons; and she was asked by her father whether she would not like to go to be fair.

Meantime there were hints thrown out in her hearing and as though she were quite unconcerned, greatly to the disparagement of Joshua.

"Well, mother," said Mr. Miller, at length, "one day as they sat down to supper, 'I would not have believed our boy, Josh, would have turned out as they say he has.'"

"Why, what in the world now? Anything worse?"

"Oh, no, not much worse than we have heard of all along. Here is a watch-key that Calvin Godfrey tells me he found in his barn the morning after his brown mare was stolen!" And he took the key from his pocket which he exhibited, saying, "You know that, mother, don't you? You and Lu could both swear to it in a court of justice; and likely enough you will have to, yet—dreadful thing—hope they will catch the rascal!"

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Mrs. Miller examined the key and thought it Joshua's, indeed she was ready to swear it was, if her husband thought so.

"Think so! why I know it," he blustered—"haven't I seen it a dangling afore my eyes these six months! A pretty story now if I am afeared to say I know it."

"Without doubt it is Josh's—don't you know it, Lucinda?" and Mrs. Miller held it before the eyes of the poor crushed, trembling, broken-spirited girl.

Lucinda said, "She thought not, it was too large for Joshua's key, but even if it were his, it did not prove that he was the thief."

"There is none so blind," said Mr. Miller, "as them that won't see, and Lu is one of them kind. I suppose she would not have believed her own eyes if she had seen the boy dead drunk, lying in the high-way, as they say he was seen!"

And he looked for approval toward his wife, holding his fork full of meat untasted till her sanctioning glance was returned. Lucinda was not quite satisfied with the indefinite authority given; but she could not for her life ask who said so, and where he had been seen. In secret she built up her hopes and shed bitter tears, but faith may be undermined as well as any thing else, and by slow degrees she found her beautiful fabric settling down—and alas for the instability of human resolution, by degrees she began to admit the possibility of the brown mare having been stolen by Joshua. Outraged with his evil fortune, and maddened with jealousy of Calvin, whom he had always considered his rival, even before her own admission at the garden-gate that she could marry him if she chose—who could tell what he might have been tempted to do—poor, half-crazed Lucinda could not.

Small joy had she in the new straw hat and pink ribbons—small joy in the gay shawl and green dress—nevertheless she must feign a joy, and go with her father and mother to the fair.

She the more readily consented to do this, though her sore heart was averse enough to the merriment, from the fact that it was now time to receive the first letter from Joshua. The fair was in the suburb of the market town, and she could make inquiry at the post-office herself.

At the fair she met Calvin Godfrey. She had never seen him looking so smart, she thought, nor appearing so well. At first he would have her to eat dinner at the long table under the green boughs; and when she declined this, for she could not but feel some bitterness toward him in her heart, he heaped her lap with oranges and cakes, and brought her a great tumbler

foaming over with beer! Many of the young women looked enviously upon her: and though in truth she cared nothing for Calvin, her ambition was gratified.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller could not conceal their gratification, and as Mr. Godfrey led them away to dinner, held up their heads and nodded to their neighbors with proud formality. A gossiping old maiden soon joined Lucinda, where she sat beneath a shed and on a high seat that overlooked the grounds of the fair, and at once began probing her heart by asking questions concerning Joshua, which at the same time were accusations.

"For my part," said the old maiden, "though others feel differently, I don't think one bit the less of you on account of the way Josh has turned out—you ought to be thankful that you discovered his sheep's clothing before it was too late—just to think of being the wife of such a *gallows-bird*! Oh, it's a wonderful escape you have had. They say you have took on hard about him—la me, you must not—you are better off a thousand times without him, and I may say the same of all other men—gracious me! the dust a body walks on is too good for to make them bread, and take them by and large, the world would get on better without them!"

As may be imagined, this consolation did not console much. Lucinda was permitted to see by it that she had been the subject of much scandalous comment, and that her secret was being bruited about, and her cheek crimsoned as she thought of the coarse jests and laughter that must have been perpetrated in reference to her. It was indeed a relief to see Calvin returning with her parents, who were carrying boiled eggs and biscuits in their hands for luncheon.

"Well, Mr. Godfrey," began the gossip, as soon as the approaching party were near enough to hear her, "no news of that young horse thief, I suppose?"

"No," replied Mr. Godfrey, and he went on, greatly to the relief of Lucinda, to ask the gossip if she had been about the grounds, and to offer his services as escort.

"No, sir," said the ungracious lady, "I want no man to escort me—I can escort myself, and no thanks to none of them!"

Mr. Godfrey naturally felt a little cut down, and glancing toward Lucinda for sympathy, she gave it to him by smiling—very faintly, still she positively smiled, and Calvin Godfrey knew and felt to the innermost recesses of his nature that Lucinda had smiled.

"What think you has become of the young jail-bird?" broke in the gossip.

"What jail-bird?" inquired Mr. Godfrey, kindly turning his face away from Lucinda.

"Why the boy, Josh, to be sure."

"But we are not certrin he was the thief. Circumstantial evidence is circumstantial evidence; an innocent man may have a watch-key like a thief; Mr. Hubbard always treated me like a gentleman, and I have not one word to say against him. I wouldn't wonder, for my part, if he was to come back here wearing his brown cloth and carrying his gold watch—fortune made in this country from smaller beginnings than Mr. Hubbard's. No, sir, I have not a word to say against him."

The gossip would have been highly offended if she could have felt that the "No, sir," applied to her: but as Mr. Godfrey had looked the world in general when he spoke, she took no offence on that score, though she did to the denial of Joshua's guilt—that indeed she was disposed to receive as a personal insult; and cognizing sympathizing looks in the faces of the elder Millers, she turned her back to Mr. Godfrey and began to relate in an undertone what her own convictions were, and what the convictions of a great many others were, and the *gallows*, and jail-bird glided off her tongue as a delectable and oily sweetness mingling with them.

"Suppose we walk about the town a little, take the post-office in our way?" said Mr. Godfrey, turning to Lucinda and offering his hand.

She had been so gratified and pleased with what he had said of Joshua, and was so glad to escape from the gossip and the jealous eyes of her parents, that she gladly acceded to the proposal; moreover, the opportunity of visiting the post-office thus seemingly by accident was not to be lost.

We need not say—we cannot say how her heart sank down on finding that no letter awaited her. No eyes had she, poor girl, for any of the people shows that surrounded her after that. She was listlessly from one to another as her conduct chose, but her thoughts were otherwise, so much otherwise, that she was quite unconscious of many little attentions bestowed on her by Calvin: but he, more alive to their acceptance and the manner of it, drew unwarrantable encouragement.

On returning, at length, to where her parents had been left in colloquy with the gossip, she found to her surprise and terror that they were gone—instinctively she recognized part of the truth—they had returned home, but she did not suspect that it was in fulfilment of a plan and purpose. Calvin innocently affected surprise.

and disappointment, but assured Lucinda that it would be his pleasure to take her home. The finest carriage the town afforded was procured, and at sunset they were on the way: Mr. Godfrey, in a state of extreme felicity, and the disappointed young girl suffering little less than martyrdom.

We will not dwell on this melancholy portion of our story, but pass the seasons of renewed disappointment, for months went by and there came to Lucinda no single line from Joshua to say that he lived and loved her. When it was autumn and the apples were ripe, Calvin Godfrey was often seen smoking his pipe on the porch of Mr. Miller's house, and in pauses drinking cider and bragging of some speculation that had lately made his purse heavier.

He was older than Lucinda by fifteen years, and lean and leaden-eyed. His horse, it may be observed, was lean too, and had a habit of reaching forward his gaunt neck as if for food, which he had never had in sufficiency. Mr. Godfrey had a singular perversity of taste in buying all his clothing greatly too large for his person; his hat, which was always of an extra coarse quality, dipt down to his eyes; his trousers hung like meal-bags upon broomsticks; his coat bore no resemblance in shape to his person, and the superfluous quantity might always have been reduced with advantage to a finer quality with the same amount of expenditure. One of his shoes contained sufficient material for making two shoes, and would have held both feet at once as readily as one.

A pocket-handkerchief was an article of luxury that he never indulged in, and altogether, it was easy to gather from his apparel, the notion of a man with inordinate love of extensive possessions, and no ideas whatever of comfort, to say nothing of elegance. Lucinda never drew this inference, she thought little about him; indeed, thought little consciously of anything, for with the conviction of Joshua's unfaithfulness that had gathered over her like mildew, there had come apathy and indifference to everything. She was not like her old self any more, and convinced that her parents had been right about Joshua, she naturally concluded that they were right in their estimate of Calvin Godfrey, and that herself had been all wrong.

So sometimes, when her work was mechanically done, she came mechanically, and sat down on the porch, and seemed to listen to the talk between Mr. Godfrey and her father, for in their discourse upon cows and horses, and cribs and barns, they seldom addressed her. So the year went round, and with it the story went

round, that Lucinda was half crazy for love of the runaway wretch, Josh Hubbard, and by-and-bye, it came to her ears, and roused the stagnant blood that was in her heart to show itself in crimson indignation in her cheek.

And Calvin came and went, courting Lucinda after the fashion we have seen, and smiled upon by her parents as of right he deserved to be, because that he had great possessions.

By-and-bye, the story ran through the neighborhood, whence it originated or how, Lucinda never inquired, that Joshua was married to a rich widow, and settled in a distant part of the country.

A month after this news, Lucinda might have been seen riding energetically backward and forward from the market-town, with great bundles on her saddle-horn, and a smile on her face that partook more of haughtiness than happiness. Calvin's old house which he had inherited from his father, was refurnished, and one fine day riding in his flashing red market wagon, and with his arm about her waist, and her face hidden by a white veil, she was seen riding thither, and she was never seen to ride much afterward, rich man's wife as she was.

It was supposed by the neighbors that she would hold her head very high now, and it was resolved among some of them, that they would never notice the new mahogany sofa and clock, and never once call her Mrs. Godfrey as long as they lived.

Mistaken souls! the poorest of them might have pitied her.

The house she lived in was the biggest in all the country round, but half the rooms were empty, another portion furnished with old wheels, looms, and dilapidated furniture of various sorts, that might have served well for kindling a fire, but that was of no conceivable use for other purposes: while the portion of the house supposed to be furnished, contained only a few clumsy and old-fashioned articles that had served faithfully for two or three generations—indeed the new furniture, so much talked about, consisted entirely of the mahogany sofa and clock. These were placed in the best room in the establishment, and were designed by Calvin for no earthly use, except in cases of funerals, and perhaps to be looked at by visitors once in seven years, or so.

The kitchen was the only really habitable room of the house, but its appointments were scanty and inconvenient in the extreme—a broken skillet, a ten-kettle that leaked, and an iron pot with neither handle nor cover, comprised most of the cooking furniture, and other things were

in keeping—a broom that was worn to a wisp—a tub with cracks stuffed with rags—a churn by half too small for the dairy—two flat-irons, one having a bent and the other a broken handle—a wooden fire-shovel of Calvin's own workmanship, and a heavy pair of tongs that slipt and caught themselves; but never anything else, will present some idea of the meagreness of comfortable necessities for the housewife.

There were broken panes in the windows without number, some of them stuffed with old hats, and some of them open to a heavy admission of air, against which Mrs. Godfrey's teeth made terrible protestation; for Mrs. Godfrey lived in the days when toothache was the fashion, and wretched women solaced themselves with mustard plasters and other inventions of the enemy for weeks together, with an occasional longitudinal episode on the hard stones of the hearth or the bone white floor, always apart from and without knowledge of the husband, be it understood. She had no knowledge of neuralgia that now-a-days is entitled to genteel suffrage.

In this kitchen where toothaches and other aches were suffered in secret, Lucinda, was to be found for the most part, working hard and scolding hard, and scolding hard and working hard, from year's end to year's end.

When she had been married ten years, the hopeful, loving heart of sixteen was gone, and a cold iron one was in its place. Every one wondered why Lucinda Godfrey never went to frolics like other folks, and why she never had her old bonnet done up, and why the pattern for a yellow crape dress had laid unmade in the bureau-drawer almost ever since she was married, and they wondered too, why she rode to town a dozen times every year, when she never bought so much as a yard of ribbon.

Everybody thought she was a selfish woman, unworthy of so good a man as Calvin Godfrey, and all agreed too, that she was a very ambitious woman, and would never be satisfied until her husband owned all the land in sight of him.

And Calvin was just what might have been predicted ten years before, from his lean horse, and his clothes, so big and so coarse.

His five hundred acres of land were covered with briars and thistles—all the fences were in bad condition, and all the sheds and the barn were leaning and leaking. His ten horses were ten yokes knocking their knees and dangling between them—his fifty geese squalled hungrily within the choking compass of fifty yokes that were put on to keep them out of his own fields, and in the high road many of his cows wore old chair frames on their necks to prevent them from

sucking themselves, which they naturally preferred to starvation. His black bull was the terror of the neighborhood, reputed vicious beyond all precedent, and consequently it was esteemed a mark of wisdom in his owner, that a strong rope tied one of his horns to one of his feet, and obliged him so to carry his head as to conveniently study astronomy if it had been in his line.

"Good for you, old brute!" cried the boys, as they threw stones at him, and made him paw the bare ground, which was to be found beneath his feet almost anywhere on his master's premises.

They did not consider that the bull was unacquainted with the laws of equity, and that he violated no inward feeling when he jumped out of a briar patch into a clover field. Calvin's oxen were never unyoked, and were usually to be seen, when not at work, the one lying down and the other standing, for Calvin was careless of everything but the getting of money.

Like his geese, his pigs pastured at the public expense, and were identified by sundry slits and perforations in their ears.

No tired traveller ever asked a night's lodging at Mr. Godfrey's house—no pleasant light shone from the curtainless and broken windows: and the dry, warpt bucket, swinging in the wind at the well had an uninviting aspect. There were no shrubs about the door-yard, and no single tree to shelter the old, desolate, weather-beaten house—no merry voices of children were heard there, and no sign of life was ever seen, unless we except the great watch dog, whose shaggy hide seemed to be lapt about a skeleton. This faithful guardian was usually chained to a stone, sufficiently light to admit of his dragging it about with the exertion of all his strength—a stretch of his powers that he was in the frequent habit of making.

One morning Mrs. Godfrey said she must have three new kitchen chairs. She had done without as long as she would, or could, she was afraid of her life to sit on the broken one any more, and there was but one left even of the dangerous sort.

"What, chairs again!" exclaimed Calvin, looking as much astounded as if his wife had said he must buy her a new world. "What, chairs again! it's just the other day I bought all new things for the house—a sofa that cost fifty dollars, and a clock that cost fifty more, and I don't know what all."

"Well, I know what all, then, there was no more what all of it, and that was ten years ago, and you have not even so much as got a handle

put in the coffee mill since, let alone buying chairs! If I was any other woman in the world, I would have brought the old sofa into the kitchen, and I would have used it, before I would have tried my luck sitting on a broken legged stool, as I have. What's the use of having money, I would like to know? Just for the sake of dying with it in your pocket? I would rather be the wife of a wood-chopper, if he shared his earnings freely with me!"

"Yes, or of a horse thief!" growled Calvin.

"The less said ofth at, the better, sir. I don't want to twit you of your meanness, and I wouldn't now, if you didn't provoke me to it, but mind you, it hasn't been unbeknowns to me all these ten years."

Calvin replied humbly that he would go to town and buy the chairs as soon as he could see any way to get the money together.

"Put your hand in your pocket a little deeper than you are in the habit of doing," answered Lucinda, and taking up a broken stool in one hand and a chair in the other, she dashed out of the house and began beating them to pieces against the wall.

The accomplishment of this task relieved her mind sufficiently to admit of the lighter labor of picking stones and brickbats from the door-yard, and of casting them into the high road. Many a neighbor remarked the concentrated energy with which she wrought, mindless of passers-by, mindless of everything, and suggested to their wives in the evening that Lucinda Godfrey had grown to be a wonderfully strange and grasping woman. They did not suspect that it was because she had nothing else to grasp but stones that she clutched them up with such energy.

Not many months after this she was seen to open the front door of her house—actually the front door, which had not been opened for years and years, and to descend with a sober but tranquil step very unlike the old one, and unloose from the dog's neck the chain he had dragged about with a stone at the end of it for seven years—this done, she sat down at the doorside, and with the grateful creature at her feet, sang songs to herself that were half sad and half joyous, 'till the sunset fires burnt out and the gay ashes of twilight covered them.

It might have been observed at the same time, that the black bull had declined the study of astronomy, and taken to chewing the cud quietly, and at the same time looking askance about the barn-yard to see that all was right, after the civilized habit of his species. Furthermore, a general let up would have been discoverable upon all the fowls of the roost and all the beasts of

the field, the secret of which was the fact that Calvin Godfrey was no longer their master. The broken chair suddenly gave way one day as he was sitting on it, and when he was taken up it was found necessary (from the circumstance of his head having struck a stone that had stood edgewise in the hearth for the last six months) to carry him to that narrow house where chairs are no part of the furnishing. Not long after this event, Lucinda was seen at church, and when the neighbors went to call on her they remarked that she was quite like Lucinda again. Besure they were not a little scandalized when it was reported that she had sold farm, stock, house, furniture and all, and was going to the city to make a fine lady of herself, with the money poor Calvin had denied himself everything to save.

Among those who had held to the resolution of never saying Mrs. Godfrey, and never once speaking of the mahogany clock and sofa, was Mrs. Knowel, a good-hearted, but sometimes wrong-headed woman.

When she heard Lucinda had "sold out," she was enraged beyond conception, and suffered her bread which was baking in the skillet at the fire to burn black on the top crust, in consequence of which she sent her two children supperless to bed, with the consolatory admonition that if she heard one whimper out of their heads she would give them something to cry for. The burnt bread, too, seemed as a text from which she preached an angry sermon on all the mishaps and hardships of life, greatly to the discomfort of her husband, who was her sole audience.

The end of all was a determination on her part to go and see "*Lucind*," and find out for herself what on earth she was about.

Early one morning, and while most of her neighbors were at their dishwashing, she might have been seen whipping the old mare she rode into a canter, and heading toward Lucinda's house. Long enough after dark it was that she returned home, with a lofty benign look in her face and a nice little bundle tied to the horn of her saddle. The switch she had carried in the morning and used too, dropt from her hand, and the old mare walked up all the hills, and now and then turned aside and nibbled a fresh bunch of grass without hinderance.

"Oh, mother, what is it?" cried the children, when she arrived at home, and the strange bundle was taken from the saddle horn.

"Strange how full of curiosity children are," said Mrs. Knowel, and kissing them she untied the bundle, saying, "See here, father, what Mrs. Godfrey gave me to-day."

It was the yellow crape that Lucinda had kept unmade so many years.

"Is this the one, mother," said the oldest daughter, "that you said Lucinda ought to have colored black, to mourn in?"

"Hush, my child, you must say Mrs. Godfrey, and not Lucinda!" replied the mother, regardless of the inquiry; and as she put the folded crape in the drawer she stooped over it low enough to wipe her eyes, unseemingly.

When the children were in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Knowel set by the fire till the embers were dead, talking of Lucinda and her plans and prospects. It was true, she had sold the farm, and Mrs. Knowel said it was the best thing she could have done; for her own part, she was sure she would not have wanted the old briar-patch—Lucinda was not going to town, and did not want to be a fine lady as she could see. She had bought a small farm and a dear little cottage seven miles from town, "and not much farther from us," she added, with enthusiasm, "than she is now!"

She was going to sell the old things for what she could get, and for her part she would burn them sooner than keep them, with the exception of the clock and the sofa, "and those," she said, putting her arm around her husband's neck as she spoke, "she will let us have for almost nothing!"

Need we say that Mr. Knowel went the following day, and brought them home in his great market wagon.

When Mrs. Knowel seated her visitors on the sofa and exhibited the yellow crape, she told them it was the first present Lucinda's husband had ever given her, and that she could not bear to wear it now. And this was true, but there was a truth beneath it which she did not tell, even to her husband; which was, Lucinda had made her the confidant of a long kept secret, and this was at the bottom of the new friendship.

Within a few days after Lucinda's marriage, as her husband was mounting his horse to ride to town, he discovered that he had forgotten his pocket-book. He designated a box where it was to be found in the bureau-drawer. Lucinda went to fetch it, and accidentally opened a box containing, not the money, but twenty letters addressed to herself in the handwriting of Joshua! All were full of love and devotion, and one contained the very watch key he used to wear, sent back to disprove the accusation against him which he had heard of.

The last of the letters was very despairing, and mentioned in the close his determination to return to the home of his boyhood, and live and die amongst his kindred.

When Lucinda gave the pocket-book into the hand of her treacherous husband, she simply told him she opened the wrong box, and it was as she felt, to buy back her confidence that he had brought home with him, on his return, the yellow crape dress. And this was why it was never made, and this was why Lucinda had become the hard woman she was, for it was not her nature to die of a broken-heart.

The first time Mr. Knowel went to market, after the memorable visit of his wife, she gave the children a holiday that she might be secure from observation, having first directed them to catch the old gander for picking.

A quill feather from one wing was all she picked, however, and having chopt it into a pen with the help of an old razor, she proceeded to secretly execute a secretly meditated plan, which was nothing more nor less than writing a letter to Joshua Hubbard, telling him all about Lucinda, and that she had been cruelly wronged, and that if he would come back all might yet be well.

She addressed this in a hand that covered all the back of the letter to the town Joshua had mentioned as the home of his kindred.

"It will do no harm," said Mrs. Knowel, "if it does no good," and forthwith she despatched it. For, she knew now that Lucinda had ridden to town in the hope of hearing from Joshua, when everybody used to wonder what her errands were.

The new house Lucinda bought was the prettiest in all the country round, and furnished as neatly and as comfortably as it could be, and she had lived in it six months, buxom and blushing like the rich widow she was, when she sat one night with some tender sadness in her heart, the faded leaves dropping against the windows with the rain.

The tea-table was spread by her one tidy servant, and the candle lighted, but still she mused by the fire, and as she rocked backward and forward in her luxurious chair on the inch thick carpet, she repeated that everlasting wish of a woman, "Oh, that there were somebody in the world that cared for me!"

There was a ring at the door-bell, and presently the tidy servant appeared with the announcement that a fine-looking gentleman was "after inquiring for an account of one Lucinda Miller."

"Show him in," said Mrs. Godfrey, adjusting her cap with some precision.

"Can you tell me, madam," he began, "whether one Lucinda Miller lives hereabouts?" He removed his hat as he spoke, and revealed a smooth brow, and luxuriant locks threaded with

o streak of grey. Perhaps Lucinda looked bewildered as the truth broke into her heart, and rid her remembrance of the person he sought, the stranger continued, “She is very beautiful, and must be twenty years old now.”

Lucinda sighed as she thought how old and re-worn she was grown—how fresh and handsome her lover was still, and how he thought of her as the young girl he had left in the hay-field, or we need not say it was Joshua who stood before her. She sighed and blushed and smiled, and turning her rosy face coquettishly to the light, said, “Suppose you should find her looking as I do, what then?”

“Why, this then!” cried Joshua, clasping her in his arms, and kissing her over and over.

All the leaves in the woods were welcome to drop against the windows after that, for aught Lucinda cared: and in fact, she was rather glad it rained, not for any reason except that she was glad everything was just as it was. Joshua came back much as he went away, with his good, loving heart in his generous hand, and with little else in it. But what cared Lucinda Miller? She had enough for both, and if she had not,

she would rather, as she told her confidant, Mrs. Knowel, go out to day’s washings and give all her earnings to Joshua, than to be the queen of England, and wear a crown as big as a bushel basket on her head.

With such sentiments in her heart, its manifestation can be imagined, and that marriage was the ultimatum. Mrs. Knowel gave the wedding party, upon which occasion she appeared, in a white dress, to the disappointment of all her friends, who expected to see her in the yellow one.

“She had her own reasons,” she said, and she glided from the subject to her own secret and effective agency in bringing about the happy consummation they all rejoiced in. And she more than made amends for never having said, “Mrs. Godfrey,” in the thousand times she repeated, “My dear Mrs. Hubbard.”

And Joshua was pleased to hear the new name, but for his part he could say Lucinda more easily, and I may add here, that to him, she was always Lucinda—the same beautiful Lucinda he left in the meadow—never a day older, nor a shade less trustfully loving.

I THINK OF THEE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

When the golden-haired morn from the bosom of night
Arises all glowing with beauty and light,
And scatters the shadows that veiled her from sight,
I think of thee then, love! I think of thee then.

When the bright orb of day, from his dwelling of beams,
Bends lovingly over and kisses the streams,
That sparkling and glancing give back the noon gleams,
I think of thee then, love! I think of thee then.

When twilight’s soft coming lulls earth’s sounds to rest,

And Nature folds wearily over her breast,
Her sun-tinted pinions and draws in the West,
The curtains of night, love! I think of thee then.

When night’s gentle queen, from her throne in the sky,

Leads forth her bright courtiers to glitter on high,
And angel wings rustle on night breezes by,
I think of thee then, love! I think of thee then.

“PEACE, BE STILL.”

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Jesus, my Lord, thou who did’st speak
Those precious words on Galilee,
In mercy bid the wild waves break,
That flood my soul so fearfully!
Oh, fold me to thy faithful breast,
And whisper softly, “peace, be still.”
To calm this sea of wild unrest,
And sway me by Thy perfect will.

Seas have no tempests half so wild
As that within our restless souls,
Where proud, ambitious, sin-defiled,
Our passion madly, fiercely rolls.
Subdue us, Lord, and give us peace,
Who hushed the waves of Galilee—
And take us when our breath shall cease,
To lands “where there is no more sea.”

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 456, VOL. XXIX.

CHAPTER XIII.

As she approached the shore, Elsie came toward her, drifting, as it were, like a cloud before the storm.

"I have followed him, I caught him; see here," she cried, with great exultation, "see here, I have torn off her crown; I have rent away her robe; but they are both gone; gone into the depths of the sea; that is the way he treats me; always with her; always with her; and oh, oh! how like a fiend she has grown; but I have disrobed and uncrowned her, see, see!"

As she spoke, Elsie held up the crown of an old Navarino bonnet, and a fragment of faded calico. How she had obtained them, Catharine could only conjecture; and she was now too much excited for thought on the subject.

"Oh! Elsie, how you have frightened me, let us go home!" she pleaded, locking her arms with those of the lunatic. "I am wet and cold. Do go home with me, Elsie!"

"Poor child, poor little dear! Cold is it! Elsie is always cold and wet too—wet with her own tears. You see the ocean yonder it was a dry plain till I wept it full of sorrow; now, see how it heaves and foams, and laughs at the lightning; all the moans lie at the bottom, for it does groan heavily at times; when she went into it, I could hear it sigh and heave and struggle as my heart did, when the snake crept around it, tightening and tightening its coils till I was stifled with groans; but the ocean has got her now; I am glad that I gave the brave old ocean so many tears. They have drowned her at last; I heard them gurgle in her throat. Oh, it was music to hear the strangle. I wish you had heard it—I wish you had heard it!"

Catharine was seized with sudden horror. Had the poor, demented one really committed some violence? Or was this talk merely the ravings of her diseased mind?

There was no more information to be obtained from Elsie. The storm, or perhaps some encounter in which she had been engaged, rendered her wild with excitement. She dared the lightning with her pale, clenched hand, and answered the

thunder with shrieks of defiance. She danced with her shadowy white feet through the wet meadow grass, and laughed, like a riotous child, when the rain swept in gusts through her hair.

When they neared the cottage a change came upon her. She grew still and hushed, looking forward with a breathless awe, and moving onward with the noiseless motion of a ghost.

"Hush, hush," she said, "we may disturb him, and then he will follow her into the deep waters. Do you think she will stay there though? Who will keep her there? The monsters of the deep will hurl her back to land: she is too wicked for them. The serpents that coil and knot themselves among the rust, and gold, and scattered pearls that lie forever among the coral branches, down, down where the waters are calm like a baby's dream—the serpents, I tell you, will uncoil and sink away into the black depths of the sea rather than live with her, though she is their sister. Oh, if they would keep her. Do you think they can? I sent her down to them with my mark upon her throat—a hot mark, red as blood. They will understand it. The mermaids, listen my bird of Paradise, the mermaids are my friends, I have lived with them years and years. They have strung pearls on my hair, and that's what makes it so white. I wish you could see them floating, floating, floating, with pale green hair and emerald eyes. They sing too. Oh, my bird, won't they sing when she plunges downward headforemost in her rage, with my mark flaming on her throat? Hosanna! hallelujah! Roll, roll ye mighty thunders—roll, roll!"

Elsie had uttered the first portion of this wild speech in a hoarse whisper as she glided by the cottage, but her voice rose as she proceeded, and at last broke forth into a wild, reckless chaunt, like that with which Rachel electrified an audience, when she raves and moans through the liberty chaunt of France.

Catharine was impressed by the wild poetry that broke more from the eyes and action of the maniac than from her words, but still she had an undercurrent of thought that led her to look wistfully at the cottage as she passed. The

window where she had seen a light was now darkened and closed, everything was still, and she felt almost as if some fearful delusion was being practised upon her every way she turned.

The rain had somewhat abated when the two females reached the house; but even at its height the two old people had evidently come forth in search of their child. Back and forth, among the shrubberies and beneath the old trees they wandered, their hands nervously interlocked, and their feeble voices rising in anxious cries for their child.

Elsie heard them and sprang forward triumphantly.

"Come," she said, "come, you may breathe now, the air is pure, the earth may laugh with blossoms without fear of death-tramps from her cloven feet. Come, now, let us sing together, we and the stars!"

She waved her hand toward the sky where a few stars were struggling through an embankment of clouds, shining very pale and languid after the vivid flashes of lightning they had just witnessed.

"Come," she cried again, "let us laugh, let us sing! Come, come, come!"

Elsie led the way into the house, and went directly toward the library, leaving wet tracks upon the carpet, and weaving her dripping garments close about her.

The old people and Catharine followed in silence, shuddering with the dampness and chilled with cold, but carried on by the force of that insane will.

Elsie flung open the library door. A gust of wind swept through, meeting them as they entered from the bay window, which was open to the right.

"Give me light, light! I would look on him, I will tell him myself."

Catharine struck a light, which flared and quivered as she held it upward.

Elsie seized it fiercely and held it above her head, looking upward for the picture. It was gone, a stained place upon the paper marked the spot it had occupied, and that was all.

The candle dropped from Elsie's hand, which was still uplifted as if paralyzed.

"Gone. Oh, my soul, he has gone with her!"

These words were uttered in a feeble, heart-broken voice, and Elsie glided away through the darkness into her chamber. For days and weeks she did not speak again.

CHAPTER XIV.

A STEAMER had just arrived, bringing passengers from the gold regions of California. A

rough, wild-looking set, whose half savage aspect gave the impression of a gang of returned convicts, rather than of refined and enterprising individuals, as most of them undoubtedly were. To have seen the hotel and hackney coaches, as they gave up their burdens at the various hotels, one would have fancied that the inhabitants of Van Dieman's land had escaped in battalions, and were about to overrun the country.

One of these carriages drew up at the Astor House, and a young man sprang out, carrying a portmanteau, which seemed of considerable weight, in his hand. His appearance was rather picturesque than disagreeable, for he was one of those persons whom no disarray of costume could render less than gentlemanly. In fact, a black wide-awake, set carelessly a little on one side his head, was the most becoming thing in the world, and a Mexican blanket, bought from a fellow passenger and flung over his arm, gave a brilliant contrast to his grey and travel-soiled clothes. A flowing beard, which no neglect could prevent from rippling downward in rich waves, veiled the lower portion of his face, revealing a finely curved mouth and a set of snowy teeth when he spoke or smiled. A noble and frank face it was, which looked so eagerly from beneath the hat we have mentioned.

The young man went directly to the office, registered his name, and inquired in an anxious voice, if Louis De Mark had left an address there.

"Louis De Mark," was the reply, "is an inmate of the house. He has been in town some months; and is probably in his room, No. —."

The young man's face lighted up. He flung down the pen with which he had just written "George De Mark," and taking up his portmanteau, followed the waiter, who stood ready to guide him through the intricacies of that noble establishment.

"Never mind, this is the room, you need not announce me," exclaimed De Mark, as the waiter paused before a chamber door.

The waiter disappeared; the door was opened eagerly, and the quick exclamations, "Louis," "George," "brother," were followed by a warm embrace and an eager clasping of hands.

Never perhaps has it happened, that two men, not twins, bore so close a resemblance to each other, as the persons who stood in that chamber, with their hands interlocked and their eyes sparkling with affectionate welcome. There was scarcely the fraction of an inch by which you could distinguish them in height or size. The same open, frank expression of face was there: the form and color of the eyes were alike; in

short, save for the more neatly-trimmed beard and more perfect toilet of the one, you could not have known the brothers apart. Even in manner they were the same, for the careless, but not ungraceful air which one brother had brought from his wild life in the gold regions, met its counterpart at once. The very smile and laugh of one had the sunshine and heart-warm richness of the other. Together, you had no wish to distinguish them; apart, to do so seemed an impossibility.

"And so you have come at last. Oh! brother, brother, how I have wanted you!" said Louis, drawing his guest to a sofa, and shaking hands with him over and over again. "You have no idea how very, very much I have wanted you!"

A shade of trouble came over his face as he spoke, and instantly that of his brother darkened with the same shadow, as if the pain which one felt must have a mutual vibration.

"And I," said George, with a sudden overshadowing of all cheerfulness, "I have a great many things to say to you. Since we parted, Louis, I have suffered as you will hardly think me capable of suffering."

"And I," answered Louis, sorrowfully, "and I too!"

George sat down by his brother, and threw one arm over his shoulder with a slight caress.

"What is it, my brother? I was in hopes that save our one great cause of annoyance, you had escaped any serious trouble."

Louis shook his head, and a mist crept over his eyes.

"It is a hard thing, George, for a fellow so young as I am, and disposed to be happy, as you and I both are. It is hard, I say, to carry about a secret, that one feels forever heavy upon the heart, but dares not talk about."

"What is this secret, my brother?"

Louis turned suddenly, and seized his brother's hand; tears sprung to his fine eyes; and he choked down a sob that struggled hard with his manliness.

"George, before you went away I was married."

The elder brother started, and turned pale to the lips; but he only said, "Go on, Louis, I listen!"

"I had been married some months then. Do not be angry that I did not tell you!"

"Angry, why should I? How dare I be angry with you for a concealment which—but I interrupt you! go on!"

"I think you would have liked Louisa. She was the dearest and most loveable girl in the world!"

"She was, Louis? You say was, as if your wife were dead."

"Dead, oh! brother, if this question could be answered! But it cannot. She is dead to me, I fear, and yet alive, she and her child."

"Be calm, my brother, and explain all this. Whom did you marry? where is your wife?"

"I can hardly answer either question. She was an orphan, and had an only brother older than herself. The name was Oakley; but that amounts to nothing. You remember a lady who lived in the next street to us: our gardens adjoined; I mean the year before our father died, when we lived like civilized beings. You cannot have forgotten this lady, so stately and so self-centered: so often spoken of between us as she walked in the garden."

"Yes, I remember this person."

"And two young girls, her daughter and ward?"

"I never saw the girls. Just after this lady became our tenant I was sent away."

"Well! You remember Catharine Lacy?"

George started almost from his seat; and, as he sat down again, lifted one hand suddenly to his forehead. "Yes," he answered, in a husky voice, "I remember her. She is dead."

"Yes," answered Louis, thoughtfully. "Poor girl, she died in a strange way: it was a wonderful thing altogether. This proud woman was her aunt, who bound her out. Some one has the murder of that poor girl upon his soul."

"It was not me! it was not me!" cried the young man, starting up distractedly. "She was my wife, Louis: my lawfully wedded wife; and they let her die in a charity hospital! It was our mother's work, this foul murder. Louis De Mark, it was her work!"

"And this other woman is answerable for a like crime!" answered Louis, hoarsely, "George. Louisa went to the same hospital; they were found side by side in that fearful sick ward, your wife and mine. Poor young creatures, scarcely more than children themselves. I saw the record of Catharine's death, but of my poor girl there is no record, save of a discharge. I have been unable to gain one trace of her since she left the hospital walls. It is now more than three years, George; and I have borne this secret alone till my heart aches with the weight of it."

"I know, I know what it is," answered the elder brother, passionately. "Thank God we have met once more where at least the rash acts of our youth can find a voice. I little thought, Louis, how like your life had been to my own!"

"Poor girls, poor young creatures, we led them into great misery, George."

George shrunk back, as if some thought, which had stung him for years, became a sudden pang. "Youth is sometimes very cruel," he said, "with the bitterness of self-reproach. "But heaven is my judge, I never intended wrong to my poor young wife. Her condition was miserable enough with Madame De Mark, after our mother's death; and our secret marriage could hardly render it worse."

"But Louisa! Her condition was happy enough, till I came to embitter it with my love. She had at least shelter and protection, but she had been a spoiled pet in her father's house, and the stately restraints of her new home, the loneliness at full upon her after her brother's departure to the West, was so like sorrow to one who had never been crossed by a shadow in her life, that she could not help pitying her. I did, from the bottom of my heart, and I loved, oh! George, I thought I loved her!"

"But you talk at random, Louis. Even yet I cannot comprehend who this young person was, how you became so fatally interested in her," said George, "it all seems like a romance."

"It was a sad romance to her, and to me," said he as the rejoinder. "I have told you she was an orphan and the ward of her only brother. Her mother had been the intimate friend of Mrs. Mead, Catharine Lacy's aunt, and when the brother was obliged to leave town for an indefinite time, he placed Louisa under this woman's care."

"And it was there you became acquainted with her?" inquired George, deeply interested.

"Yes! our gardens, you know, adjoined. The fences were open and low, and an arbor ran from one to the other. I was often in our side of this arbor, and the young ladies came down to the portion upon their grounds, with their books and music. You have never seen Mrs. Mead's daughter. She was one of the loveliest creatures you ever saw, serene and gentle as an angel, a sort of moonlight beauty which one loves to dream over."

"You are speaking of Miss Mead now, not of the girl you loved?" questioned George, surprised at his eloquence.

"I will be truthful with you, George, even to my own shame. It was Miss Mead whom I first loved—Louisa was a secondary object with me then. In fact I considered her as a spoiled child. It was a mad passion, something less than idolatry, my love for that young girl; a madness that—yes, let me confess it—that holds upon me yet."

"And did she know of this passion?"

"I cannot tell. She must have guessed it. But all this time, while I was lavishing the first thoughts of my youth upon her, she was engaged. She loved another. I was nothing to her; Louisa told me this. Her own brother was betrothed to Miss Mead, on his return they were to be married. I do not think Louisa saw my anguish, or my despair, when she told me this, for deep feelings are seldom the most demonstrative. I felt myself growing cold and pale, my very lips were chilled through and felt like marble as I closed them. She did not observe it. The very warmth was quenched in my veins, and she only said, as we shook hands in parting, 'How cold your hands are, but the night is a little chilly.' As if influenced by some strange sympathy unexplained to her own heart, she bent down and kissed my hand; but I shrunk from the touch of her lips; they sent a pang through and through me. At such times even the most delicate sympathy is painful. How could this be otherwise than bitter? Oakley came home, and they were married. I saw the house lighted, and heard the carriages come and go, setting down the wedding guests. You were away, I had no human being to comfort me in the great agony of that bereavement, for there are bereavements worse than death, oh! a thousand times worse than death."

The young man paused and wiped the drops of perspiration, that even a remembrance of former anguish had brought to his forehead.

"Louisa was one of the bridesmaids, and she came down the garden, hoping, as she said, to find me there, and that I would admire her dress. I was in the arbor. A wild fascination had brought me there. Twice I had seen the bride walking past the windows of her chamber; twice I had seen her look forth upon the night, with her beautiful head crowned with orange blossoms, and the gossamer veil sweeping downward like the furled wings of a seraph. All excitement had left me. I was sad and heart-broken. The sight of her sweet face filled my soul with tender regrets, as if an angel, lost to me forever, had looked serenely down upon me, unconscious of my anguish and lifted forever above it.

"Louisa was very gentle and full of affectionate playfulness. 'If you were only one of the groomsmen,' she said, 'the wedding would be a delightful affair, and I would stand up without trembling; it was so unfortunate that Mrs. Mead had taken a prejudice against your mother, and that you were not invited to the wedding.' She insisted upon stepping out into the moonlight, that I could admire her dress of snowy satin, and the coronal of white roses which arched her pretty

head. These things may seem trivial, George, but the details of a painful event fix themselves terribly on the memory. There was not a word spoken that night, or a shadow upon the windows of that house, which was not imprinted on my soul forever.

"I called Louisa from her conspicuous position in the moonlight—for her white garments seemed like grave clothes to me—and with a quietness that awoke no suspicion, inquired if the bride seemed happy. It was a desperate question, but my heart struggled yet for some hope, that, even at the bridal hour, she would think of me with regret.

"Louisa answered innocently enough that she had never seen a happy bride in her life; that they were always nervous and frightened; it was only the bridesmaids that really enjoyed themselves; as for her brother, he was happy as a king; but the bride said so little and moved about so quietly that there was no judging.

"Then I asked, 'Had the bride ever spoken of me?' My voice was steady, but I drew no breath till the answer came. 'Yes,' Louisa said, 'now that I think of it, there had been some conversation about me that very evening.' When the dress was laid out, the bride had whispered, with tears in her eyes, 'Dear Louis will not see me in my wedding dress! he, the best friend we ever had, but for that I should be so happy.'

"But for that she would be so happy! how that young girl loved to torture me. What did she tell me these things for? Was she determined to crush out the past from my heart? Dissatisfied with my silence and moodiness, Louisa went into the house weeping I think now, but at the time I did not regard it. She had given me a fresh pang, and I had no pity for her. My whole being was absorbed in self-compassion, there was not a creature in the world to whom I could have spoken except you, George, and you were away.

"Our father was ill then, for this wedding happened not long before his death. I had determined to watch with him that night. So, when Louisa left me, I went up to his chamber, it was a back room overlooking the gardens. I sat by the window all night, for my father slept, and the solitude was complete. I heard the carriages disappear, while the hum of voices grew faint upon the night air. I saw the blaze of lights go out, and at last the beating of my own heart was the loudest sound I heard.

"The daylight flushed around me where I had sat motionless so many hours, and I was aroused as if from a wild dream, by the noise of a carriage driving down the opposite street. It was Oak-

ley, with his bride, on their way to the South-west. It seemed as if the horses that bore me away were tramping my heart under their hoofs; but when the sound died in the distance my breath came more freely. It was over, and I knew the worst. When that knowledge comes to any brave soul, fate has lost half its power of torture!"

"I know it," answered the brother, who shrouding his face with one hand, while his elbow rested on the table, had listened attentively. "But fate sometimes leaves a long, dull waste of lurid hopes to mourn over, after the worst is known."

"Our father grew worse," resumed Louis, "and it required all of my care to guard his sick bed from the cupidity of madame; for you know how difficult it was, even for his iron will, to keep down her parsimony in our household; and now that he was helpless, I found great difficulty in obtaining necessary comforts at times."

"My poor father! Did he suffer much?" inquired George, shading his eyes to conceal the tears that sprang into them.

"Yes! both in body and mind," was the answer, "I am sure that something preyed on him at the last. But madame never left him at this period, and though he seemed anxious to converse with me, her presence always prevented it; yet one night I heard him pleading with her; some person was to be sent for whom he wished to speak with before he died. She promised to send for this person, and seemed anxious to pacify him, but no message left the house, and soon after he was seized with paralysis. I am sure his wish had not been gratified, from the eager, beseeching way in which his eyes followed me around the room. Once, when she was out for a moment, he made a desperate effort to speak, but his voice came forth in a broken moan; and I saw two great tears roll from the pleading eyes, eloquent of some want which he had no power to express."

"Could he not write?" inquired George, in a troubled voice.

"No, he made an effort, and, with his poor, shaking hand, strove to scrawl a name; but I could not read it; and madame, when she came in, took it from my hand and tore it up, while his eyes were turned upon her with an expression that would have melted a heart of iron. I have heard of wounded stags, weeping while under the torment of a pack of hounds, George, and the great tears which came again to that old man's eyes, when his wife—I will not call her mother—tore up the name he had tried to

write, seemed as if shed under like torture. And I have sometimes thought," continued Louis, "that he repented of the injustice done you in his will, and that it was his lawyer's name that he wrote; for madame looked like a fiend when she read it. I am sure she did read it, illegible as it was—and muttered something that made the sick man struggle in his bed. Nothing but the fear of losing her grasp on the property could have disturbed her so!"

"It was a strange will, and unjust as strange," said George, still buried in thought: and he added, "why should he have feared to trust my intellect more than yours, Louis? If at thirty I have never given proofs of insanity, and am the father of a lawful son, then and not till then can I demand an equal share of the property with yourself. This is a strange clause against an elder son, who has never offended him, or deserved anything but kindness at his hands."

"It is indeed, and as I said, the anxieties of his death-bed must have arisen from this cause. But it was needless, for though I had a hard struggle to get my portion from madame at the time of my majority, it is safe from her control now, and the income is enough for us both."

George reached forth his hand, grasping that of his brother with grateful warmth.

"You forget," he said, smiling, and pointing to his portmanteau, "that I am just from the gold region, and though not able to compete with my rich brother in wealth, there will be found yonder enough of gold and bills of exchange for my moderate wants, till the time appointed by my father's will arrives. I think it will go hard for any one to give proofs of insanity against me so far; and if my brain has withstood all that I have endured till now, it will probably hold firm to the end."

"Yes, that will be easily settled. But the babe? Poor Catharine Lacy left no living child, so it is stated in the hospital record."

"So it is recorded, and I shall never marry again."

"She was a lovely creature," said Louis, "a sweet, gentle girl. How was she driven to such straits, George?"

"It is answered in a sentence," was the stern reply. "Madame De Mark, who had doubtless suspicions of our private marriage, induced me to go abroad, by promises of giving up a portion of my inheritance (a power given to her by the will) if I remained away two years. She promised to take the best care of Catharine; and if she knew of our marriage, her dissimulation was perfect. I now understand it all. She had a suspicion that the poor child was devoted

to me, and that my marriage might yet accomplish one demand of my father's will. Thus she sent me to the East Indies, where letters might not reach me for months; gave up her home; moved into the miserable hole she now occupies; and made that delicate girl a drudge of all works."

"I knew nothing of this," said Louis. "Indeed my whole attention was too painfully occupied elsewhere, and I was absent when madame made her degrading change of residence."

"I know it; we were both sent out of the way, while she made arrangements for a life of miserable parsimony. From her own confession my poor Catharine almost perished of absolute want in her miserable den."

"But her aunt. Why not apply to her?"

"I cannot tell. Probably the poor angel kept her word too well. She had promised not to make our marriage known. Remember, Louis, I was very young, and did not think of the cruel necessity that might arise to protect herself by this very confession. When it came, madame turned her into the street, and somehow—I had no heart to inquire the harrowing particulars—she reached the hospital, and died there!"

The brothers were silent, for some minutes, and when they looked up, it was through a mist of tears which no manly pride could suppress.

"They were together, your wife and mine," said Louis, at last, drawing a hand across his eyes. "Poor Catharine!—poor Louisa!"

George did not answer, but his chest heaved, and his face fell forward upon the arms which he had folded on the table before him. At last he lifted his face, pale and tear-stained, turning it to his brother.

"This remembrance is killing me, Louis. We will never talk these matters over again!"

"As you think best, George," replied the brother, "but I *must* speak with you. My situation is more painful than yours, for suspense is added to the rest!"

"True, true. I interrupted your story, Louis. You see how selfish grief is."

"I think, George, that concentration of feeling belongs to our race. I felt when Oakley carried off the only being I could ever love, that life would forever after be desolation to me. The only person, whom I was in the habit of meeting, was Louisa Oakley. She was still in school, and had been left to the sole guardianship of Catharine Lacy's aunt, a haughty, Pharisaical woman, whose very presence was an oppression to one of Louisa's nature.

"Experience had rendered me keen-sighted, and Louisa was too frank and unsophisticated for

dissimulation of any kind. It was not long before the conviction forced itself upon me, that, heart and soul, this young creature loved me. It was a wretched discovery, and, at first, filled my whole being with repulsion; but that which I had myself suffered came back, in a thousand gentle and compassionating feelings. The pain still fresh in my own heart was too recent, I could not inflict it upon another, and that other a creature so loveable and so good, my playmate and only friend.

"There was no confession of attachment in words, but from the day of this discovery our interviews in the arbor became more subdued, and the compassion, which I felt for her, must have taken a shade of tenderness. It was not love, but what young girl of sixteen could have detected the difference between the gentle gratitude with which a bereaved heart receives affection, and the bright outgushing of an impulsive attachment?

"My father died. I was not yet of legal age, and was left under the control of his widow. She decided that I should spend at least a year abroad—you remember there was an excuse of financial business to be settled—and I had no power and scarcely a wish to oppose her. But the effect of this arrangement on Louisa astonished me. She was in absolute despair; the feelings, that, up to this time, had been implied rather than expressed, now broke all bounds; no argument of mine would reconcile her to a separation. She conjectured a thousand evils that would follow my absence. Her brother, would take her away—she would be forced to give me up—to marry some other person utterly repugnant.

"I was very young—you know, George—and to any man an attachment so earnest and passionate would have been gratifying. When argument and entreaties failed to convince her, that an eternal separation was not threatened, I—rashly, madly—proposed a private marriage before my departure. She assented too readily, poor girl! Her guardian was away at the Springs, for it was in the summer time. There was no one but a house-keeper to control her movements. We stole away one evening and were married. The clergyman found witnesses, and I took charge of the certificate. It remained in my pocket-book. Neither of us thought how important it might become, and it was forgotten when we parted.

"I dared not own my marriage at home, dependant, as I was, for every dollar I used upon my mother; and feeling that she would cast me out penniless, I could see no way but to leave

my young wife where she was till my return. Soon after that I should be of age, and so far property was concerned, independant to claim and protect my wife.

"Our voyage was a protracted one, as you know. Accidents happened to my letters. It was months before I heard from my young wife. Her first letter was full of affection, the second struck me as saddened in its tone. They had been written months when I received them. Then followed complete silence. I only received two letters during the whole time of my absence.

"You had returned and was away again, brother, when I reached home. Madame had taken up life in her present miserable abode. Catharine Lacy, so long a sunbeam in our home, had disappeared. And Louisa! my wife! you know what my compassion drove her to—a pauper bed at Bellevue.

"She had fled from her guardian's house to escape a disgraceful expulsion, with no marriage certificate, for thoughtless wretch that I was, it still remained in my pocket, and unable to find proofs for herself that she was a wife, the poor girl wandered off, hoping to get shelter somewhere till I returned. She was willing to face poverty, but not the woman from whom no pity was ever received.

"Months after my return, one of her letters came into my hands. It was written at this time and dated from Bellevue. After following me from place to place, it reached me here covered with post-marks. Read it, George. I cannot. Every word is written in fire upon my soul."

Louis turned away his pale face and shrouded his eyes as his brother read.

"MY HUSBAND:—Once again I write to you from the depths of a weary heart, I must once more speak to you before I die! for it seems to me impossible to live in this place and with these people. I wrote to you again and again, Louis. I told you of the terrible strait to which I was driven in the depths of my humiliation. I besought you to give back my secret and send the proofs of our marriage before it was too late—before disgrace fell upon me, and the shelter of a respectable roof was taken from over my head. You did not answer. Day after day I waited, day after day, I stole like a thief to the post-office, and read over, name by name, the list of advertised letters, hoping against convictions that yours had been overlooked in the delivery. None came. Oh! if you could think how desolate I grew, all alone, so young, so full of dark foreboding—oh! how I feared the proud woman to whose guardianship my brother had left me. Her black eyes seemed to follow me

everywhere. I trembled at the sound of her footsteps. In my dreams her presence overshadowed me till my brain reeled under the oppression.

"One night she came to me in my chamber. I was in bed weeping, but she did not seem to hear it. The light was dim, and my face turned to the wall. Possibly she heeded not how wretched I was.

"You seem sad and dispirited," she said, "Your brother's absence oppresses you. I have written to my daughter and Mrs. Oakley. In a fortnight your brother will be here. We must be prepared for you to accompany him on his way to the South."

"I answered mechanically that I was ready. Not a word more, I could not have found breath for another syllable. For a long time after she went down I lay still as death; but, tortured with thought. A thousand wild prospects of concealment till you came, presented themselves, but they were all vague and impracticable. About midnight I arose softly, and finding a lamp, searched through my drawers for money and trinkets. A few dollars, and a more costly supply of jewelry than most girls of my age are allowed to fancy, was all that I could depend upon. These, with a few clothes I tied up and locked in my wardrobe.

"The next day my visit to the post-office was resumed, and the printed list of names upon the wall was again reperused. Then my last hope went out, and I wandered off everywhere in search of a hiding-place, where death might find me undisgraced. In a narrow, uncleanly street, I saw a tin sign on which 'Boarding' was written in great yellow letters. I knocked timidly at the door, shuddering at the sound my own hands had made. I will not describe the interior of this house. It would make you wretched, for you have not intended to be cruel.

"The woman who received me was kind enough, but so uncouth and slatternly. She asked no questions, and I was too tired and wretched for any dispute of her prices: a room to myself, decent food and no intrusion, was all I desired. She gave me a small chamber in the garret. So much the better, it was the more removed from notice.

"That night, with my packages of clothes, I stole away to this desolate shelter, and there, Louis, I remained, utterly alone, never going out even for a breath of air.

"At last everything was gone, money, trinkets, clothing, piece by piece. I had given them to the woman who supplied me with shelter, and when my destitution was complete she sent me

ruthlessly away. No, I do her wrong, she took me to this, my last shelter, Bellevue, a hospital for paupers. Perhaps it was all that she could do. The poor are sometimes forced to be cruel, and she was very poor.

"Oh! my husband, God forbid that you should ever see the rooms and the people with whom I spend this last miserable week—the last of my life, I am certain it will be last of my life. They have given me a little straw bed and a wooden chair, on which I sit all the day long with my face to the wall, dreaming such leaden, gloomy dreams. Now and then an oath or a coarse laugh makes me shudder to think where I am. Sometimes when a strange step comes along the floor my poor heart gives a struggle, and I think it is you come to look after your poor little wife. Then I think perhaps my brother will come to the hospital in search of me: and then I feel a dreary satisfaction that with this dress, this thin face, and great, wild eyes, he would go away and never dream it was me. Besides, I have never used either his name or yours; when you come to look for the register of my death, 'Mary Barton' is the name. Next to it you will find written the brand of infamy which I do not deserve: but my promise was given. I have told no one of our marriage; but the angels will know it, and you will know it. And now I wish to write of something else, but cannot. My eyes fill with tears, my cheek burns, and my pen wanders to and fro on the paper. I charge you, Louis De Mark—I charge you with my dying breath, sweep the disgrace I am willing to bear myself from the name of your child! * * * * *

"Oh, Louis, my heart is broken at last; the last gleam of hope has departed. I shall not have the power to die, for the anguish will put death aside. Now I understand the dreary void which has been forever haunting my life with its gloom. It was an unconscious want which kept me restless from the first. Now I comprehend it all. You never loved me. I have forced myself to write the words—it seems like tearing a young tree up by the roots. All the strings and pulses of my heart bleed and quiver.

"How did I learn this?—listen. In the next bed to mine is a young person, whose face struck me as familiar from the first, a fair, beautiful girl, with the most sorrowful eyes I ever saw. One day I heard the nurse call her by name, and then I remembered her. She had been an inmate of your father's house. I had seen her in the garden and at the windows. She was very beautiful then, and I remember questioning you once about her. Why answer me so carelessly? Why not have said to me then, 'I love this girl!'

Why—but no, it was a happy delusion, I cannot grudge myself the only sweet dream of a weary life. The truth would not have made me less desolate now.

“I spoke to this girl and strove to comfort her. She answered me kindly, but we were both too sorrowful for consolation. The gloom of coming anguish, and probable death, hung over us both. We had no heart for words. But this great want, this gnawing hunger of my soul, which I could not understand, kept me awake at nights when Catharine Lacy slept. She was restless in her slumber, and sometimes her moans broke into words. That night she unlocked the mystery of my life. For she spoke of you, of the love which you had given her, of the misery she was enduring for your sake.

“These words were a fiery revelation. Quick as light my thoughts flew back to the past—a thousand proofs, trivial but convincing, crowded upon me. The vague uncertainty that had kept me always so restless, was a miserable conviction now. No, not yet, I would not believe the mutterings of a dream—there should be no uncertainty. I leaned forth from my cot and grasped the white arm of Catharine Lacy, which had fallen downward over the side of her bed. She awoke with a start, and I saw her blue eyes fixed wildly on my face. ‘Tell me,’ I said, ‘for my life depends on your answer. Was it the son of George De Mark of whom you spoke but now?’ She lifted her white hands and clasped them wildly. ‘Did I speak of him? when? how? Who tells me that I spoke of De Mark?’ she said. ‘In your sleep, a moment since,’ I answered,

‘tell me about him, I must know!’ She wrung her hands, but did not answer. ‘Tell me,’ said, ‘let me know all. Do you love this man?’ ‘Better than my life, better than my own soul,’ she answered, lifting her clasped hands to heaven. ‘And he—did he love you?’ I asked the question sternly, my lips were cold, my heart in an agony of suspense. She turned her eyes upon me—those beautiful blue eyes—full of tears that glittered painfully before my sight. ‘Love me? yes, I am sure he does—sure as I am of my life.’

“I tightened the grip of my hand upon her arm, for agony made me strong, and I was unconscious of the cruelty, till she shrunk away quivering from my touch. ‘Then God help you and forgive him!’ I said, firm with the pang her words had given, ‘for he is my wedded husband!’ She did not speak but cowered down in her bed with a low moan, as if my words had wounded her to death. I have arisen from my bed, and seated on the floor, I scrawl this, by the dim night lamp upon the wall. She may be dead! I dare not speak to her again, I have nothing more to learn, nothing to hope for.

“It is morning, I have folded my letter, and send it after you, black with death shadow. If my fate is death look for the record—if life farewell forever!

LOUISA.”

When George De Mark finished reading the letter, he arose and walked forth from the room. Louis dropped the hand from over his forehead and parted his lips as if to speak, but the pallid agony of his brother's face checked him; and they, who had met so eagerly, parted in funeral silence.

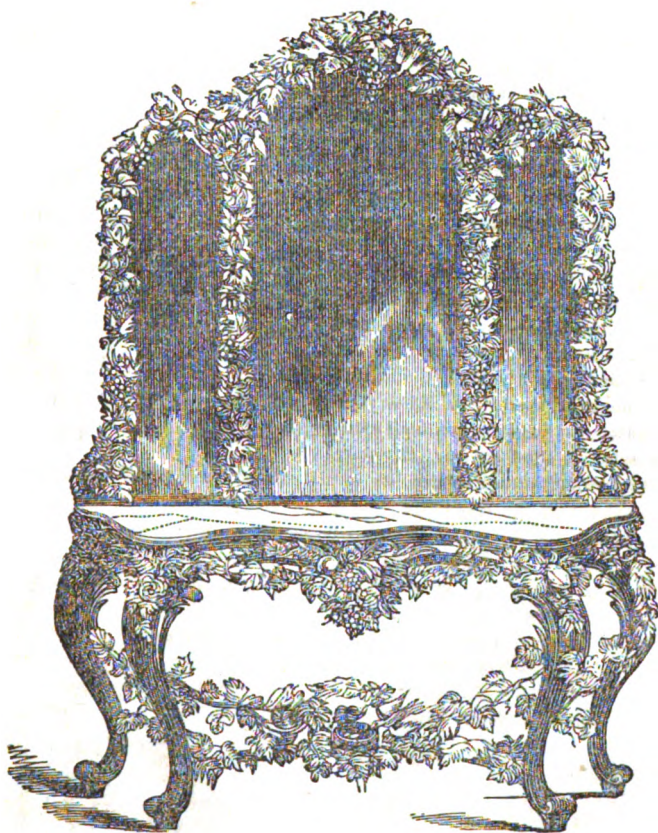
(TO BE CONTINUED)

LATEST PARISIAN BONNETS.



MODELLING IN LEATHER.—NO. I.

BY MRS. GILBERT.



CONSOLE TABLE AND GLASS IN LEATHER-WORK.

THIS cheap and graceful art may now be pronounced to be emancipated from the insignificance of mere fragmentary grouping, and to have taken an honorable stand amongst the highest class of artistic ornamentation.

In the operations connected with this art, it is necessary that the material should be of a suitable character, otherwise it will be impossible to produce firm and durable work. At the present time it is difficult to procure a supply of well-strained, clear, and close Basil; so that those who are practising the art of modelling in leather must not object to pay a good price for a good article. For most descriptions of work, a moderate sized Basil, weighing about one and

a half pounds, close in the grain, free from grease, well strained, and hard, is generally used: the thickest part of the skin, in the centre, can be appropriated to flowers requiring the greatest substance, whilst the sides are cut into the more delicate work. There is a *faced* Basil very attractive to the eye, but unserviceable for many operations where firmness is required: it answers well for rolling into stems when the work is intended to be colored. Lamb-skins and inferior deer-skins may also be used in some parts of this work. But in all cases avoid a soft, woolly, flabby kind of leather.

The principal pattern in the decoration of the Console Table, is that of the Vine-stem, which

certainly forms one of the most tasteful and elegant ornaments yet produced in leather. The superiority of the work when the foliage and stems are cut out in one piece is fully admitted, and consequently all the sprays, viz: Convolvulus, Ivy, Oak, Holly, Briane, &c., should be treated in this way; for, on the application of the work, the appearance is more free and natural than when composed of detached pieces.

The pattern of the Vine-stem used in the Console Table is of the full size, and forms a branch about the thickness of the thumb, the leaves being of the natural size. The following are the dimensions of the patterns when cut from the leather and previously to the operation of modelling: stem, sixteen inches by two and a half inches, leaf five inches square. The stem may be carried out the whole length of a skin of leather if preferred, but I usually make them of the above dimensions. After carefully cutting out the pattern, *slightly* damp the leather, either with a piece of sponge, or dipping the hand in the water and patting it on both sides; it is wrong to saturate the leather, as it renders it so heavy that, when placed to dry, its own

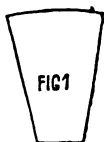
weight will disarrange the moulding before it is set in the course of time allowed for drying.



A PORTION OF VINE-STEM READY TO APPLY.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING LILAC.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—White or lilac thick paper, white and lilac crape for buds, wire, gum, and green tissue paper.

Make the buds by forming a small bulb of raw

cotton, cover with crape, whichever color the flower is to be: twist a fine piece of wire around the lower part of the bulb of cotton to form the stem: thread a needle with green floss silk for

ite bud, and make a stitch through either y, drawing the silk rather tight, so the bud l appear as if divided in four parts. Finish the stem with the floss silk, which will be ch neater than paper.

Cut an equal number of figure 1 and 2: figure being the calyx, must be gummed up to form tube; each flower is composed of one single tal, which should be hollowed in the hand th a small moulder or ball: gum the tube on the flower with thick gum. In branching ke small bunches of two or three buds and ree or four flowers, which form in a cluster,

the smallest at the top, and the others around it, each a little lower down. Finish with green lilac leaves.

*** MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 31 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

SUMMER BASQUINE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

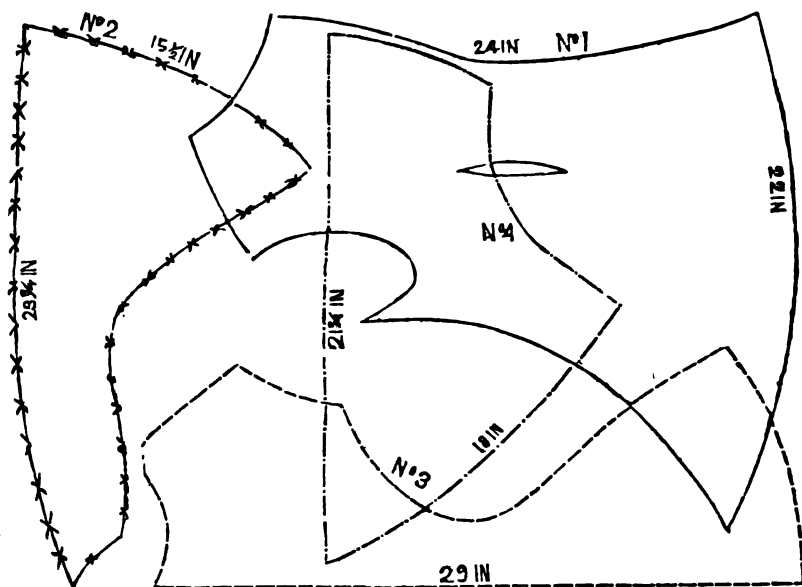


We give a new Parisian summer basquine, with a diagram on the ensuing page, as the July contribution to our practical department, "How To Make One's Own Dresses."

This convenient and stylish garment may be made of white muslin or silk-tissue, according to the taste of the wearer; and is to be trimmed with galloon, ribbon, or lace.

- No. 1. Front.
- No. 2. Side-piece of back.
- No. 3. Back.
- No. 4. Sleeve (half.)

To enlarge the diagram, follow the directions given in former numbers. By this diagram, when enlarged, the basquine can be cut without the aid of a mantua-maker.



For the sea-shore, or the Springs, or generally } economical, yet nothing more fashionable, as
for summer wear, nothing more appropriate and } be found than this Basquine.

MAT WITH BORDER OF MOSS, CHERRIES, AND LEAVES.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—Half an ounce of bright cherry-colored Berlin wool; two shades of green ditto, or of *chenille a broder*, two skeins of the best green fleecy of different shades, or shaded Shetland will do as well.

FOR THE MOSS.—If fleecy wool be used, it must be split, and a thread of each shade taken; by using Pyrenees wool this trouble is obviated. Take a pair of very fine knitting-needles; cast on sixteen to twenty stitches: knit a piece as tightly as possible, four times the length required: wet, and bake or dry it before the fire. When it is quite dry, cut off one edge throughout the whole length, and unravel all the stitches but two at the other edge. (Take care to begin to unravel at the end you left off knitting, or the wool will get entangled.) Fold it in four, and sew the edges together. This will make a very full moss fringe.

FOR THE CHERRIES.—Cut a number of rounds in card, each the diameter of a good-sized cherry. Cut a small hole in the middle of each; take a needleful of Berlin wool, three times the length

of your arm; thread it with a rug needle, pass the needle in the hole of the card, holding the



end of the wool with the left hand; pass the wool; lay it on the edge of the card, as if you were going to wind it; pass the needle through

the hole again; repeat this until the whole needleful of wool is used. Then make a little tuft of wool on the end of a rather fine wire; twist the wire tight, and pass the ends into the hole of the card; take a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, cut the wool all round the card; with a bit of waxed thread, tie as tightly as possible the little bunch of wool in the hole of the card, tear the card off, and pare the wool as smooth as velvet; cover the ends of wire with green wool or silk, and each cherry is completed.

LEAVES.—Make a chain of 13 loops in green wool, and on them, miss 4, dc. in 5th, x 2 ch, miss 2, dc. in 3rd, x twice, 1 ch., miss 4, slip on first of 13. Take a piece of very fine wire and

hold it in, while working round this open hem, leaving a short piece for a stem. Work all round in to., except the 2 first and 2 last stitches which are to be 1 sc., 1 dc., and 1 dc., 1 sc., twist the two ends of wire together, cover them with wool. When sufficient leaves are done, form them into a wreath with the cherries, joining them by means of the ends of wire: insert them in the moss, and sew the border thus made round a mat of velvet, or work, lined with card-board, and with silk at the other side.

This border may be used for any crochet or knitted mat; the moss may be made more or less thick according to taste. A very full border would require six lengths.

KNITTED COUNTERPANE.

BY MRS. PULLAN

MATERIALS.—Knitting cotton, No. 4, knitting-needles, No. 12. Pattern in front of number.

For the Centre.—Cast on 1 stitch, knit it, make 1, knit 3, and make 1. Continue to knit backward and forward, making 1 stitch at the end of every row, until there are 19 stitches on the needle. Then purl 3 alternate rows, knitting the intermediate ones, still increasing 1 at the end of every needle.

For the next 9 rows, x knit 2, purl 2, x repeat, taking care to knit in 1 row the stitches that were purled in the last, to produce a ribbing. Still increase 1 at every row, knit 6 rows alternately, plain and purled, so that the plain side may be the same as in the previous plain, making 1 at the end of the row, knit 5 rows, still increasing as before.

Centre Row.—Knit 1, x, make 1, knit 2 together, x to the end. Then repeat the previous directions backward, knitting 2 together at the end of every row until you finish, as you began, with a single stitch.

These squares form the centre of the counterpane, and a sufficient quantity of them is to be done to cover the bed entirely. They are to be sewed together in front, the lines of open hem so joining as to make a diamond in every square of four. Of course whatever number of squares may be considered necessary must be divisible by four.

Deep Border.—Cast on any number of stitches divisible by 8. For the sides, 64 will be a good number; for the top and bottom, a sufficient number for the width.

1st.—X knit 4, purl 4, x repeat.

2nd, 3rd, and 4th.—The same.

5th.—X purl 4 over, 4 knitted, knit 4, x repeat.

6th, 7th, and 8th.—The same.

Repeat these 8 rows until a sufficient length is done for the sides, allowing, at each end, 64 rows over (or as many as you have cast on stitches.) The pieces for the top and bottom must be an equal number of rows deep, and the full width: they must be sewed so that the checks match exactly.

Narrow Border to surround the centre entirely, and also the last border. Three needles will be required. Cast on 12 stitches.

1st row.—Purl 3, knit 6, purl 3.

2nd.—Knit 3, purl 6, knit 3.

3rd and 5th.—Like 1st.

4th and 6th.—Like 2nd.

7th.—Purl 3, then take on the third needle 3 of the knitted, knit the other 3, and then the first 3, purl 3.

8th and 10th.—Like 2nd.

9th.—Like 1st.

This forms the entire pattern; being so narrow it will admit of being put on full round the corners.

Edging.—Cast on 18 stitches.

1st row.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 3, x m. 2, k. 2 t., x twice, m. 2, k. 2.

2nd.—K. 3, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. to the end.

3rd.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. to the end.

4th.—K. 2, m. 2, k. 8 t., m. 4, k. 8 t., k. 2, m. 2, k. 2 t., k. 5.

5th.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 3, p. 1, k. 4, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2.

6th.—All knitted.

7th.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 3, m. 2, k. 4 t., x m. 2, k. 2 t., x 4 times, k. 1.

8th.—K. 3, p. 1, x k. 2, p. 1, x 4 times; knit to the end.

9th.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2, t., k. to the end.

10th.—Cast off 10 very tightly; knit to the end.

This border would be very pretty, if knitted with pink or blue crochet cotton. The quilt should then be laid over a wadded one of a similar color.

DRESSING SLIPPER.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—Canvass, with wools of the following colors:—Green, four shades; amber, three; blue, three; crimson, three. Crimson for grounding, two shades darker than the darkest in the scroll. Floss silk of the lightest shade of each color.

The different kinds of marks on the engraving indicate the colors with sufficient accuracy. The leaves forming the toe are in green, the edges

being the lightest. At the two sides of the green will be seen a different set of colors, which we should work in crimson; the pair of leaves above the green may be in amber, and the curves across the instep in blue. In the whole slipper the same mark indicates the same shade and color. Cross all the lightest shades in floss. There is no heel to this slipper, and it should be trimmed with a ruche of satin ribbon.

GENTLEMAN'S SMOKING CAP.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—Rich purple Berlin wool or filoselle, deep orange and yellow filoselle. Begin with purple; bone hook; 7 ch., close, and work in them 14 sc.

2nd round.—† 1 purple on purple, 1 purple and 1 orange on next; † 7 times.

3rd.—† 2 purple on purple, 3 orange on one ditto 7 times.

4th.—† 2 purple on ditto, 2 orange on 1, a yellow on orange, 2 orange on 1, † 7 times.

N. B.—The colors will now be indicated by their initial letters; and it will be understood that each round contains 7 times the written receipt for it.

5th.—2 p. on 2 p., 1 o. on o., 1 o., 1 y. on o., 1 p. on y., 1 y., 1 o. on o., 1 o. on o.

6th.—2 p. on p., 1 o. on o., 1 o., 1 y. on o., 3 p., 1 y., 1 o. on o., 1 o. on o., 2 p. on p.

7th.—2 p. on p., 1 o. on o., 1 o., 1 y. on o., 5 p., 1 y., 1 o. on o., 1 o. on o., 2 p. on p.

8th.—2 p. on p., 1 o. on o., 1 o., 1 y. on o., 7 p., 1 y., 1 o. on o., 1 o. on o., 2 p. on p.

9th.—2 p. on p., 1 o. on o., 1 o., 1 y. on o., 9 p., 1 y., 1 o. on o., 1 o. on o., 2 p. on p.

10th.—1 p. on o., 3 p. on 2 p., 1 p. on o., 2 o., 1 y., 7 p., 1 y., 2 o.

11th.—1 p. on o., 6 p. on 5 p., 1 p. on o., 3 t., 1 y., 5 p., 1 y., 2 o.

12th.—1 p. on o., purple on all the purple with 2 stitches in the centre one: 1 p. on o., 2 o., 1 y., 8 p., 1 y., 2 o.

13th.—1 p. on o., purple on all the purple increasing by one stitch; 1 p. on o., 2 o., 1 y., 1 p., 1 y., 2 o.

14th.—1 p. on o., purple on all the purple still increasing one stitch; 1 p. on o., 2 o., 1 y., 2 o.

15th.—1 p. on o., purple on all the purple still increasing 1 stitch; 1 p. on o., 3 o., 16th.—1 p. on o., purple as before; 1 p. on o., 1 o.

17th.—All purple, increasing so many stitches in the round, that there will 176 in all.

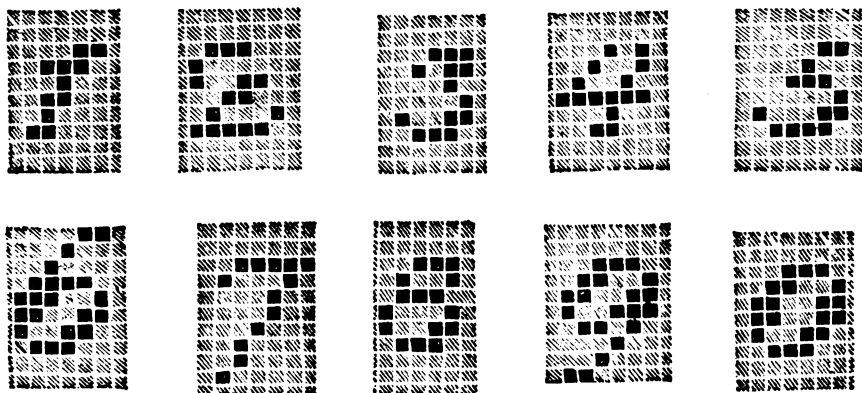
18th round to 27th inclusive.—3 dc., 3 ch., miss 3; repeat. The dc. of every round being worked on the 3 ch. of the last.

28th and 29th.—Sc. in purple all round.

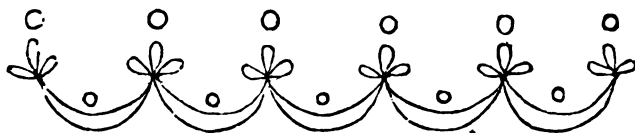
30th.—Sc. in orange filoselle.

- 81st.—So. in purple.
 82nd.—† 11 p., 4 y., 7 p., † 8 times.
 83rd.—† 9 p., 2 y., 4 o., 1 y., 6 p., † 8 times.
 84th.—† 5 o., 8 p., 1 y., 3 o., 2 y., 2 o., 1 y.,
 p., 2 o., † 8 times.
 85th.—† 5 y., 1 o., 3 p., 1 y., 1 o., 3 y., 1 o.,
 y., 1 o., 1 y., 2 p., 1 o., 1 y., † 8 times.
 86th.—† 3 p., 1 y., 1 o., 1 y., 1 p., 2 y., 2 o.,
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 † 8 times.
 88th.—† 3 p., 1 y., 1 o., 3 y., 1 o., 1 y., 1 o.,
 1 y., 1 p., 1 y., 1 o., 5 p., 1 o., 1 y., † 8 times.
 89th.—† 4 p., 1 y., 3 o., 1 y., 1 p., 1 y., 2 p.,
 1 y., 7 o., 1 y., † 8 times.
 40th.—† 5 p., 3 y., 5 p., 9 y., † 8 times.
 41st.—Purple.
 42nd.—Orange.
 43rd and 44th.—Purple.
 Fasten off, line with purple silk, and finish
 with a very rich gold-colored tassel.

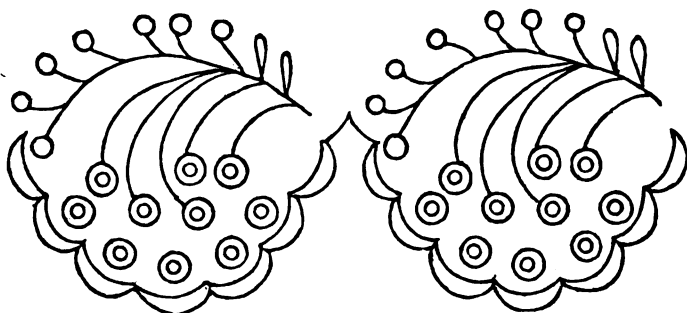
VARIETIES FOR WORK-TABLE.



NUMERALS IN CROCHET.



BAND FOR CHEMISE.



EDGE FOR THE BOTTOM OF A SKIRT.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

LONGFELLOW's "EVANGELINE."—Our leading illustration, this month, is the first really successful attempt to represent the "Evangeline" of Longfellow. We copy it from an English print. The artist has happily embodied the characteristics of this, the best of Longfellow's heroines: her undying love, her resolute perseverance, her large and noble soul. The painter has chosen the moment when she pauses to rest by some nameless grave, thinking that, perhaps, he whom she seeks lies within its bosom, and longing to sleep peacefully beside him. What a face! How, in it, we read her whole story! Her happy love before the decree of exile went forth against the unoffending Acadians; the despair which seized her, when she found herself separated from her lover; her long and painful journey in search of him; and the melancholy, which those things have stamped on a race, originally all sunshine and joy! Yet what a sweet, serene sorrow it is! We feel, in looking upon it, that the possessor of such a face is a woman of the loftiest mould; that it is not mere earthly beauty which attracts us; but that we behold, in the "Evangeline" of the artist, as in the "Evangeline" of the poem, a martyr and a saint. We are better for looking on such a face. It is a picture, too, that we can look at, and look at again, yet never weary.

It was the remark of a great critic, that a poet shows his genius as much in the selection of his theme as in the manner in which he carries it out. We have always thought that Longfellow was peculiarly felicitous in choosing the exile of the Acadians for the ground-work of a poem. Never was there a more flagrant act of cruelty than that banishment, never one with deeper and truer elements of pathos. An innocent, harmless, agricultural population, were doomed, simply because they were of French origin, to be torn from their homes, and scattered abroad over widely distant regions, by their brutal English conquerors. The deed so ruthlessly planned, was executed as perfidiously. The chief inhabitants were seized in church, and shipped off without an hour's warning; their barns, houses, and fields were laid waste; and their children, and other near and dear ones, in many cases separated from them for months, or years, or even forever. The tale is told by Bancroft, with no effort at rhetoric; yet the blood kindles to indignation at the recital. In the poem, a personal interest is added, by the story of "Evangeline," till the eyes fill with tears and the voice chokes as it reads.

Messrs. Williams, Stevens, Williams & Co., of New York, are the agents for the sale of the print, from which we have copied this unequalled illustration. Their print is of large size for framing, and is sold for five dollars a copy. A few proof impressions, on

India paper, are held at fifteen dollars. Their address is 353 Broadway.

SEA-BATHING AT ATLANTIC CITY.—As the season for sea-bathing approaches, we are reminded of a promise we made to ourselves, while boarding at Atlantic City last summer, to "say a good word" for that place when another year should come around. We can do it the more frankly, because we "always pay our way" at such places, abhorring the whole system of "dead heads," whether for railroad steamboats, hotels, operas, exhibitions, or concerts. Our censure, or our praise is thus always clear from suspicion. We can say of Atlantic City, that, after having been at Cape May, Nahant, Long Beach, Newport, and all the other principal bathing resorts, we prefer it personally to any of them. The beach is hard, gently sloping, and free from gravel or shells; the surf is not equalled anywhere except at Cape May; and for sailing, either in the bay, or out at sea, its only rival is Newport. Added to this, it is but two hours and a half from Philadelphia by railroad, so that the morning papers are always there for a late breakfast. Being still a new place, it has not, as yet, the conveniences that are to be found at Saratoga or Cape May. But we can recollect when Newport had fewer. We know also, from an experience at all, that none have hotels superior, even if equal to, the United States at Atlantic City. This magnificent hotel is about three hundred feet long, is built in the most approved modern style, has high ceilings, spacious sleeping rooms, and a thorough ventilation. It is kept in the very best manner. Unlike most other beaches, that of Absecon, where Atlantic City is located, is thickly wooded. The atmosphere, too, is unusually dry: in this respect it reminds us of Newport. It was the opinion of a large and intelligent circle of guests, who spent last summer at the United States, that in a few years, if not this very season, Atlantic City would become the most fashionable, as it assuredly is the most healthful, seaside resort in the country.

THE JUNE NUMBER.—The Mt. Joy (Pa.) Herald on receiving the June number, said, "Peterson for June has arrived, and again we are forced to confess that it is positively the cheapest Ladies' Magazine with which we are favored. Apart from the illustrations and amount of reading matter, we cannot help but remark with what taste and judgment the editors select their monthly literature from among the many contributions with which they are favored. There is something for every one, no matter what their peculiar taste. Peterson opens with a new volume in July, so that now is the time to subscribe."

EDITORS' WIVES AGAIN.—There is one thing of which we are especially proud, it is that all the editors' wives like "Peterson." We receive proofs of this, in one way or another, almost daily. Lately, the Magazine missed one of our exchanges, two months in succession; and the editor was about subscribing, thinking we had struck him off; when lo! "Peterson" appeared. A happy man he was, he says, when he got home. But we leave him to tell his story. "All at once," he writes, "a smutty phiz was poked into the office-door, and a voice cried, 'Peterson for April.' My first impulse was to hasten to the side of my better half and place this heartily welcomed visitor upon her table! With what avidity she grasped, with both hands, her favorite, and forthwith proceeded to devour its contents, beggars description! Inasmuch as the February and March numbers 'came up missing,' I had concluded that Peterson, contrary to his former polite custom, had 'out our acquaintance;' but as my wife would rather go without her dinner every day in the week than do without her pet, I had concluded to subscribe for it, and thus insure to her its regular monthly visits."

Glad are we that "Peterson" appeared, in time to prevent that remittance. In passing, we may say, we never strike any paper off our list, so long as we have reason to believe it is still being published. Every married editor at least, we consider has a right to "Peterson." About the unmarried ones we are not sure; for they would do half their courting by giving "Peterson" to their sweetheart; and that would be to succeed less on their merits than on ours. The bachelor editors, the sly rogues, make a practice of winning smiles, we hear, by visiting with "Peterson" in their hand. They have found out, that not only editors' wives like the Magazine, but all the pretty girls who ought to be. A lady, beside us, adds that she suspects one reason why some editors don't marry, is because they have become such favorites, by lending "Peterson," that they can't choose among the many who are ready to take them in order to secure "Peterson" always. She ought to know.

DUODECIMO EDITION OF DICKENS.—Mr. T. B. Peterson, the publisher of the octavo edition of Dickens, is about to print a duodecimo edition also, in ten different styles, at various prices, so as to suit all tastes and pockets. "The Pickwick Papers," the first of the series, are now ready, and make two beautiful volumes, printed on thick white paper, and containing forty-seven steel illustrations: indeed, we know no edition of any popular writer more elegant, the best London books being rivalled in this choice publication. The rest of the series will follow in quick succession, each novel occupying two volumes, profusely illustrated. The price of these volumes, bound in cloth, will be \$1.25. T. B. Peterson's octavo and duodecimo editions of Dickens are now the only ones published in this country. Both have been got up at an immense expense, the publisher

relying on a large sale to remunerate himself; a reliance in which he will not be disappointed, for such splendid books, so comparatively cheap, must find purchasers by thousands. No family of taste or culture, indeed, can be without an edition of Dickens. No library will be complete if Dickens is omitted. We fully endorse what the publisher says in his advertisement—that these books are "the handsomest, cheapest, and best illustrated set of works of the kind ever gotten up in this country."

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.—Every parent especially every mother, will appreciate these lines. We find them floating, anonymously, in the newspapers.

Three pair of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Held me in soft embrace;
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
Were placed against my face.

Three tiny pairs of eyes, so clear, so deep,
Looked up in mine this even,
Three pair of lips kissed me a sweet "good night"—
Three little forms from Heaven.

Ah, it is well that "little ones" should love us;
It lights our faith when dim,
To know that once our blessed Saviour bade them
Bring "little ones" to Him!

And said He not "of such is Heaven" and blessed them,
And held them to His breast!
Is it not sweet to know this when they leave us,
'Tis where they go to rest?

And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,
Three hearts encased in mine!
How 'twould be shattered, if the Lord should say
"Those angels are not thine!"

THACKERAY OUT-WITTED.—As the following anecdote has been printed in the Madison (Ga.) Family Visitor, there is no breach of confidence in our publishing it here. We heard of it shortly after it occurred. Thackeray, on his first visit to this country, was introduced, in Charleston, S. C., to Mrs. C—, one of the leaders of society there. Says Thackeray, thinking to be witty, "I am happy to meet you, Mrs. C—; I've heard, Madame, that you were a fast woman." "Oh, Mr. Thackeray," she replied, with one of her most fascinating smiles, "we must not believe all we hear. *I had heard, sir, that you were a gentleman.*" The great English wit admitted, afterward, that he had the worst of it.

OUR STORIES.—The Jeffersonian (N. Y.) Democrat says, speaking of this Magazine. "In its literary contents, there is a freshness and originality which, while it interests and pleases, inculcates the strictest morality, and is calculated to elevate and refine the mind of those who peruse its pages." This is a commendation we are proud to receive, for we have tried hard to deserve it. Every line that goes into "Peterson" is read carefully, by the publisher and editor, before he gives it out to the printer.

ORNAMENTAL TREES.—The taste for ornamental trees is increasing so rapidly in this country, that the following remarks from a cotemporary, in reference to planting them, will be of service. "Our deciduous trees," says the *Home Journal*, "do not hold their foliage half the year, and on this account, evergreens should enter largely into the ornamental planting of grounds around the dwelling; they should be planted densely on the sides toward the prevailing cold winds, and placed toward the boundaries, in irregular and natural belts and masses. The most rapidly growing, and one of the most beautiful, is the Norway fir. The white pine, on favorable soils, will grow about as fast. As the latter grows to a large tree, it should be placed on the most distant points, and allowed as much room as may be practicable. The hemlock, balsam, fir, American arbor-vitæ, white and black spruce, and American pine, may be introduced and variously intermingled. Among the smaller evergreens, to be placed toward the inner side of the plantings, are the juniper, the red cedar, the tree box, savin, &c."

PROGRESS OF ART. GAS FIXTURES.—In nothing is the progress of art, in the United States, more perceptible than in the improved styles that are being introduced in gas-fixtures. First-rate pictures are costly affairs, and quite above ordinary purses. But everybody, at least in cities and even villages, must have gas-fixtures. These used to be wholly without elegance. But lately the most beautiful forms have been introduced for chandeliers, side-lights, and other fixtures: and among the manufacturers, who have taken a lead in this reform, are Archer & Warner of Philadelphia. These gentlemen are really doing a vast deal for art, by making the most artistic fixtures as cheap as the ugliest used to be, and are thus familiarizing the public with classic models, and so elevating the popular taste. They print, we believe, a book of patterns, which they mail gratis when written for, so that persons, in any part of the United States, can order from this enterprising firm. Archer & Warner are at No. 119 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

FAIR PLAY.—The newspapers still continue to copy three stories from "Peterson" where they copy one story from any other Magazine. But, in some cases, they forget to give us credit. Fair play, gentlemen! As all our own stories are original, and as you admit, by copying them, that they are better than those found elsewhere, it is but simple justice to credit them to "Peterson."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison. Vols. I and II. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Alison's merits as a historian are generally deter-

mined, in England, by the political opinions of his critics. The "Quarterly" and *Blackwood* are never weary of his praise; while with the "Edinburgh" and "Westminster" he is a standing jest. A fairer estimate, we think, may be had on this side of the Atlantic, where the prejudices of English partisanship, at least, do not exist. Alison, it must be admitted, is pains-taking and sincere, and though a high Tory, does not intentionally misrepresent the liberal side; but then, as with all men who feel as well as think, his partialities frequently pervert his judgment unconsciously to himself. With this knowledge of him, any reflecting reader may easily tell where to believe Alison implicitly, and where to hold his opinion suspended. Alison's style is often bombastic; but it is also fervid; and he certainly has the faculty of awakening and maintaining the interest of his reader. In an age like this, moreover, when there is so much scarcely concealed skepticism, it is a merit to be, like Alison, on the side of Christianity. Such being the characteristics of this writer, we need not say that we consider these two volumes, on the whole, a valuable contribution to our historical literature. The period is one of which less is known to the rising generation than of any other period since the downfall of Constantinople; and this for the very reason that it has been heretofore considered too recent to engage the pen of the annalist. It will be long also before there is a better history of the epoch. To a republican reader, the opinions of Alison on the European revolutions will savor of a love of despotism; but on the other hand they are quite too liberal, we have no question, for the Metternichs and King Bomba, who have tyrannized, or still tyrannize, abroad: so that even when one cannot join in the historian's conclusions, one is benefited by the necessity that arises of re-examining one's own opinions, and while rejecting what is erroneous, holding fast thereafter, all the more firmly, to what is true. The two volumes before us bring the story down to the year 1832; but they are to be followed by others, which will conduct it to the *coup d'état*. Each volume contains nearly five hundred octavo pages, printed in double column, to match the preceding work by the same author, "The History of Europe During the French Revolution." It would be an improvement, we think, if standard works, like this and Motley's "Dutch Republic," were substantially bound in half calf, instead of in flimsy muslin, which is fit only for novels and other ephemeral books.

The Youth of the Old Dominion. By Samuel Hopkins. 1 vol. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.—This is not a novel, nor even a history as history is generally written; but a compound of both; for while the manner is that of a fiction, the matter is strictly true. The work is principally devoted to the extraordinary career of Capt. John Smith, the most eminent and chivalric of the founders of Virginia, whose rescue from death, by Pocahontas, is one of the best known and most romantic events in history. The volume is handsomely printed.

Wayside Songs. By Edward C. Goodwin. 1 vol. New York: Mason Brothers.—These poems are of serious merit. Some are quite common-place; but cannot be said of all. We quote one of the best.

THE FISHERMAN'S ORPHAN.

The harbor bar moaned loud that day,
The curlew shrieked about the bay,
And to our little sheltered cove
Thick clouds of mist the sea-weed drove.

I met but once my mother's sight,
For I was born the very night
My father's boat was washed on shore,
Dismantled of its sail and oar.

That barren grave-yard on the height,
Above which sea-birds wing their flight,
Is full of mounds—and often there
I linger, when the evening air

Falls softly on two narrow graves,
O'erlooking far those slumbering waves,
That murmur ever of the sea
That lonely made the world to me.

The volume is printed on handsome, hot-pressed paper, and reflects much credit on the publishers.

Short Sermons On Important Subjects. By Jonathan Edmondson, A. M. With an Introduction by J. P. Durbin, D. D. 1 vol. Philada: Leary & Co.—The author of this fine octavo volume a Wesleyan minister in the British connexion. The sermons were first published, we believe, by the Methodist Book Room in London. They come highly recommended, in an introduction from the pen of Dr. Durbin, well known as one of the most cultivated and eloquent divines in the United States. The sermons are short and plain, devoted to uncontroverted moral and religious subjects, and written in a pure and agreeable style. The volume contains over five hundred pages, and is printed with large and clear type, with more than ordinary neatness. The handsome portrait of the author faces the title-page.

The Spanish Conquest in America. By Arthur Helps. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The purpose of this work is to detail, not merely the Spanish Conquest of America, but also the results of that Conquest. The author aims to show how the extirpation of the native races came about, how other races were introduced, what colonial government prevailed, how slavery grew, and how the *encomiendas*, on which all Indian society depended, were settled. His book aims, therefore, at more than a mere narrative of events: it is an effort at a philosophical history. There is every indication of pains-taking on the part of Mr. Helps. The work is a duodecimo.

Jack Adams. By Captain Chamier. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The mutiny on board "The Bounty," and the foundation, by the ring-leader, of a colony in the South Seas, are events well known to the reading public. Capt. Chamier has made these transactions the subject of the present novel, which is written with much power.

Salad for the Social. By the author of "Salad for the Solitary." 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A capital book, which originated in a practice, on the part of the author, of treasuring up choice passages of favorite writers. These passages have been reduced to order, in the "Salad for the Social," so that the work, in manner, resembles somewhat Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." Washington Irving, G. P. R. James, and other eminent literary men, speak very highly of the "Salad." It is numerouslly illustrated, and issued, altogether, in quite an elegant style. With persons of taste and reading especially it will be a great favorite.

Vagabond Life in Mexico. By Gabriel Ferry. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this book resided in Mexico for seven years, and is, we believe, an equally capable and reliable writer. "The Mexican Vagabond," "The Franciscan Monk," "The Thieves Lawyer of Mexico," and "The Pilot Ventura," are among the characters sketched by Mr. Ferry. The book is written in a brief, gossiping style, and gives a vivid idea of the manners of the lower classes in Mexico. Some of the adventures, narrated in the volume, are of absorbing interest.

Yankee Travels Through the Island of Cuba. By Demotocus Philalethes. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The writer of this book is an American, who spent some time in Cuba, where he carefully studied the men, government, laws and customs of the Island. The result is a work of considerable value; quite thorough, if not exhaustive; and one which we can recommend to the public. At present, when there is so much curiosity respecting Cuba, the book ought to have a large sale.

Gleanings. Some Wheat—Some Chaff. By Miss A. A. Goddard. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A collection of short tales and sketches, of much more than average merit. The stories generally have that unity, which so many writers overlook; they are characterized by incident rather than by sentiment; and they nearly all "point a moral." Miss Goddard is a writer of whom we hope to hear more. The volume is very neatly printed.

A Treatise on Arithmetic, Theoretical and Practical. By Elias Loomis, L. L. D. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work aims at something more than being merely practical. Every principle is sought to be developed in its natural order; every rule to be demonstrated rigorously, though briefly; in short, the pupil is taught to think, and not only to learn by rote. We think the book an advance on most former arithmetics.

Select Orations of M. T. Cicero. Translated by C. D. Zouge. 1 vol. New York: Harper and Brothers. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Another volume of that excellent series, "Harper's Classical Library." For what students call "a pony," the translation is capital.

Doctor Antonio. By the author of "*Lorenzo Benoni*." 1 vol. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is one of the most delightful novels in the language: in its way, indeed, almost equal to the "*Vicar of Wakefield*." What adds to its merit, at least in a literary point of view, is the fact, that, although the author is an Italian gentleman, it is written in the purest idiomatic English; so that no one would suspect that it came from the pen of a foreigner. The characters are sketched with great force, and with a truth of detail that is wonderful. The progress of the love, that grows up between Lucy and her youthful doctor, is traced with all the delicacy of a woman. The story is laid in Italy, and the descriptions of scenery are among the most felicitous we have ever read: we realize, the cloudless skies of Lombardy, the blue Mediterranean, the delicious atmosphere, the mountains, the olives, the palm trees. Amid the trash, with which the press teems, it is a relief to discover such a book as this. Yet we recommend it only to persons of culture and refinement. Those who like the melo-dramatic, who must have highly seasoned dishes, will find little to admire in "*Doctor Antonio*." For such, its flavor is too exquisite, its bouquet too delicate. But those who have a sufficiently elevated taste, will see a thousand beauties in this charming tale, and will prefer it to any, or all of the spasmodic novels, which happen, just now, to be so popular.

Homeric Ballads, and Comedies of Lucian. Translated by the late William Maginn, L.L.D. Annotated by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—These translations have always been considered, by competent critics, to reproduce, pre-eminently, the spirit of the originals. Maginn was a capital Greek scholar, as well as a master of idiomatic English, which few such scholars are, so that he united the two qualifications most necessary for success in his undertaking, yet most rarely found together. The annotations of Dr. Mackenzie add greatly to the value of the work. Whoever would know *how* and *what* Homer wrote, must read Maginn, and not Pope, or even Cowper or Sotheby.

Paul Ferroll. A Tale. By the author of "*IX Poems.* By V." 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—A story of very considerable merit, as is proved by the fact, that it has already passed through four editions in England. The London Globe says: "It is a book that will be very much read, talked about and marvelled at;" and in this opinion we coincide. The incidents are well managed, it has much originality, and it is put together, as a whole, in a highly artistic manner. Many parts display very great power. Redfield has published "*Paul Ferroll*" in a neat duodecimo, bound in cloth, for the comparatively low price of \$1.00. It can be sent by mail.

The Museum. No. 18 of *Harper's Story Books.* New York: Harper & Brothers.—This number is devoted to explaining various curiosities, in a style suitable to the juvenile intellect. Each number of this serial is complete in itself.

Rena; or, The Snow Bird. By Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This has always been one of the most popular of Mrs. Hentz's novels. It is now re-published, in "*Peterson's Series of Mrs. Hentz's Revised Novels*," in a style of great beauty. The paper is thick, the type new, and the binding very elegant. In fact, no series of novels, issued in the United States, equals this in typographical appearance. "*Rena*" is not only an appropriate book for summer reading, but one that most persons would like to preserve in a library; and therefore this superiority should recommend the present volume to purchasers. The price of "*Rena*," as of all the other novels of the series, is \$1.25, an astonishingly low price, when we consider everything.

Trifleton Papers. By Trifle and the Editor. 1 vol. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall.—A series of meritorious articles on literature, life, manners, and other topics, written with taste, intelligence and occasional humor. The volume is neatly printed. The "*Trifleton Papers*" had acquired quite a reputation, before being collected, and while appearing in a New England journal.

A Defence of the American Policy, as Opposed to the Encroachments of Foreign Influence. And especially to the Interference of the Papacy in the Political Interests and Affairs of the United States. By Thomas R. Whitney. 1 vol. New York: Davis & Davenport.—Neatly published, in duodecimo form, with gilt muslin binding.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, &c.

TO DRESS VEGETABLES FOR CHILDREN.—Their rice ought to be cooked in no more water than is necessary to swell it; their apples roasted, or stewed with no more water than is necessary to steam them: their vegetables so well cooked as to make them require little butter, and less digestion; their eggs boiled slow and soft. The boiling of their milk ought to be directed by the state of their bowels: if flatulent or bilious, a very little curry-powder may be given in their vegetables with good effect—such as turmeric and the warm seeds (not hot pepper) are particularly useful in such cases.

TO PREPARE FRUIT FOR CHILDREN.—A far more wholesome way than in pies or puddings, is to put apples sliced, or plums, currants, gooseberries, &c. into a stone jar, and sprinkle among them as much sugar as necessary. Set the jar in an oven or on a hearth, with a tea-cupful of water to prevent the fruit from burning; or put the jar into a sauce-pan of water until its contents be perfectly done. Slices of bread or some rice may be put into the jar, to eat with the fruit.

WHITE CAUDLE.—Make the gruel as above, strain through a sieve, and stir it till cold. When to be used, sweeten it to taste, grate in some nutmeg, and add a little white wine; a little lemon-peel or juice is sometimes added. The yolk of an egg, well beaten, may likewise be stirred in when the gruel is boiling.

ANOTHER RECIPE FOR ARROW-ROOT.—Mix a dessert-spoonful of arrow-root with a little cold water, have ready boiling water in a kettle, pour it upon the arrow-root until it becomes quite clear, keeping it stirred all the time; add a little sugar. Where milk may be taken, it is very delicious made in the same way with milk instead of water, a dessert-spoonful of arrow-root, and half a pint of milk; add a small bit of lemon-peel.

ARROW-ROOT FOR INVALIDS.—It is very necessary to be careful not to get the counterfeit sort; if genuine, it is very nourishing, especially for persons with weak bowels. Put into a saucepan half a pint of water, grated nutmeg, and fine sugar; boil up once, then mix it by degrees into a dessert-spoonful of arrow-root, previously rubbed smooth with two spoonfuls of cold water.

JELLIES AND MEAT BROTHS, together with the various kinds of farinaceous food are the lightest on the stomach, as well as generally the most nutritious for an invalid. Milk preparations are good when the lungs are weak. Food that the stomach can digest without distressing the patient is the kind that gives actual strength.

ANOTHER GRUEL.—Boil a quarter of a pint of groats in a quart of water for about two hours, and strain through a sieve. Stir into the gruel a small piece of butter, and some sugar, nutmeg, or ginger, grated; or, if it be not sweetened, add a small pinch of salt.

BARLEY GRUEL.—Wash four ounces of pearl-barley; boil it in two quarts of water with a stick of cinnamon, till reduced to a quart; strain and return it into the sauce-pan with sugar and three-fourths of a pint of milk. Heat up, and use as wanted.

FLOUR CAUDLE.—Mix, smoothly, a table-spoonful of flour with a gill of water; set on the fire in a sauce-pan a gill of new milk; sweeten it, and, when it boils, add the flour and water; simmer and stir them together for a quarter of an hour.

RICE CAUDLE.—This may be made with water or milk; when it boils, add some ground rice, previously mixed smoothly with a little cold water; boil till thick enough, when sweeten it, and grate in nutmeg, or add a little powdered cinnamon.

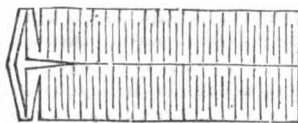
TO MAKE GRUEL.—Mix a dessert-spoonful of fine oatmeal or patent groats in two of cold water, add a pint of boiling water, and boil it ten minutes, keeping it stirred.

IMITATION OF ASSES' MILK.—Boil together equal quantities of new milk and water; sweeten with white sugar-candy, and strain.

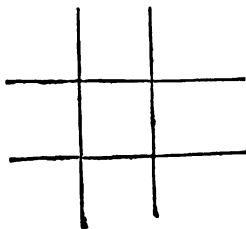
PUZZLES.

ANSWER TO WONDER PUZZLE.—Double the card-board lengthways down the middle; then, the narrow way, cut first to the right, (nearly to the end) and then to the left, and so on to the end of the card; open it then, and cut down the middle, leaving the two ends. The annexed diagram will guide you in

the cuttings, which when you have completed according to directions, open the card, and a person may pass through.



TWO AND A BUSHEL.—This very simple and amusing game—we do not remember to have seen described in any book of games—is played like draughts, by two persons with counters. Each player must have three, which should differ, of course, in form or color, so as to be distinguishable—three half-pence against three pence or farthings will do. Four lines, drawn transversely thus:



upon a slate or table, serve for the board, and the game is won when one of the players succeeds in placing his three men in a row; the opponent endeavoring to prevent it. Of course the centre hole is the best position, and he who plays first should take it.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

To Clean Floor-Cloth.—After sweeping and cleaning the floor-cloth with a broom and damp flannel in the usual manner, wet them over with milk, and rub them till beautifully bright with a dry cloth; they will thus look as if they were rubbed first with a waxed flannel, and afterward with a dry one, without being so slippery, or so soon clogging with dust or dirt.

Camphor Soap.—Beat two ounces of bitter almonds, blanched, with half an ounce of camphor, in a mortar, until they are thoroughly incorporated. Then add one pound of hard white soap, grated fine, and mix the whole up with two ounces of benzoin. Form it into small cakes.

To Remove Iron-Mould.—A celebrated chemist recommends that the part stained should be remoistened with ink, and this removed by the use of muriatic acid diluted with four or five times its weight of water, when it will be found that the old and new stain will be removed simultaneously.

Cleansing and Purifying Mixture for Carpets and Floors.—Two gallons of soft water, four ounces of ammonia, half a pound of soft soap, boiled together and applied with flannel, and then rubbed with a dry cloth. The above is a good purifier of floors.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

To Pot Herrings.—Take from one to two dozen herrings according to the number you purpose potting; choose them as large, fine, and fresh as you can. Take two ounces of salt, one of saltpetre, two of allspice, reduce them to an impalpable powder, and rub them well into the herrings; let them remain with the spice upon them eight hours to drain, wipe off the spice clean, and lay them in a pan on which butter has been rubbed; season with nutmeg, mace, white pepper, salt, and one clove in powder, one ounce each, save the last; lay in two or three bay leaves, cover with butter and bake gently three hours. When cold, drain off the liquor, pack the fish in the pots intended for their use, cover to the depth of half an inch with clarified butter, sufficiently melted just to run, but do not permit to be hot; they will be ready for eating in two days.

Potted Lobsters.—Take out the meat as whole as you can, split the tail, and remove the gut, if the inside is not watery add it, and season with mace, nutmeg, white pepper, salt, and one or two cloves in the finest powder; put a little butter at the bottom of the pan, and the lobsters smooth over it, with bay leaves between, and bake it gently. When done, pour the whole on the bottom of a sieve, and with a fork lay the pieces into potting jars, some of each sort, with the seasoning about it; when cold, pour clarified butter over it, but if not, it will be good the day after it is done, and if seasoned high and thickly covered with butter, will keep some time. Potted lobsters may be used cold, or as fricasee with cream sauce.

Tomato Sauce.—We subjoin two excellent recipes for making tomato sauce. The first is the Spanish method, and the other the French. 1. Cut six tomatoes in half; press out their juice, and mix with it some gravy, the fourth of a head of garlic, a little parsley, and a few drops of vinegar. These must be boiled together for a short time and passed through a sieve.

Second. Cut ten or a dozen tomatoes into quarters, and put them into a saucepan, with four onions sliced, a little parsley, thyme, one clove, and a quarter of a pound of butter. Place the saucepan on the fire for three-quarters of an hour, occasionally stirring the contents; then strain the sauce through a fine sieve.

To Prepare Chocolate.—According as you intend to make this, either with milk or water, put a cup of one or the other of these liquids into a chocolate-pot with one ounce of cake chocolate. Some persons dissolve the chocolate before they put it into the milk. As soon as the milk or water begins to boil, mill it; when the chocolate is dissolved and begins to bubble, take it off the fire, letting it stand near it for a quarter of an hour, then mill it again to make it frothy; afterward serve it out in cups. The chocolate should not be milled unless it is prepared with cream; chocolate in cakes should always be made use of in ices and dragees.

To Boil Vegetables.—Vegetables form a most important feature in the art of cooking. Much depends upon boiling greens, and the manner in which it is done. The water should be soft, a handful of salt should be thrown into the water, which should be made to boil before the greens are put in; it should then be made what cooks term "gallop," the saucepan should be kept uncovered; when the greens sink they are done, and should be taken out, and quickly too.

To Cure Soft Corns.—Bathe the foot in warm water and soda every night for a month.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—AN EVENING DRESS OR A DINNER DRESS, suitable for a watering-place, of very fine green plaid organdie. The skirt is trimmed with three broad flounces. The corsage is low, made with a deep point in front, a shorter one behind. The sleeve is of one full puff, confined above the elbow with a band and a bow of ribbon, and terminated with a scalloped ruffle. The under-sleeve is short, and terminated by a ruffle of lace. The fichu is made of Brussels net, thread lace, insertion and black velvet ribbon. Large bows ornament the front and shoulders.

FIG. II.—A DRESS OF PINK GRENADINE, STRIPED.—The skirt is trimmed with seven rather narrow flounces. These flounces are not woven expressly for the dress, but are made from the same piece as the rest of the skirt. The corsage is high and close, and ornamented with braces of ribbon which cross on the front, and float down each side in long ends. Black lace mantilla; point d'Alencon collar and sleeves.

FIG. III.—THE MAGNOLIA.—A basquine of black silk, which may be worn without any other wrap on the street, or if made smaller, as a house basque. The skirt is very deep, and made sufficiently full to fit with ease over the hips. It is trimmed with two rows of deep lace headed with narrow black velvet ribbon. Four rows of narrow velvet ribbon, cross over the shoulders like braces. The sleeves are made with three deep caps, edged with lace, and ornamented with strips of black velvet.

FIG. IV.—THE DAHLIA BASQUINE.—This remarkably elegant dress is composed *drouget*, worked with small bunches of flowers. The body is high, very close-fitting, trimmed with a bertha like the dress, forming a point in front and a less decided one on the shoulder. The sleeve has two *etories*, and forms a point on one side rather behind. The front of the body, the edge of the bertha, each row of the sleeves, and the bottom of the basque are trimmed with small velvet hanging buttons.

FIG. V.—THE IMOGENE.—A beautiful mantle, composed of black net foundation, (which comes expressly for such purposes,) crossed by bands of black velvet in a diamond shape, with the ends of the velvet forming loops at the bottom. A ruffle of black silk

trimmed with three rows of black velvet, and a narrow fringe is box-plaited on beneath these loops. Below this ruffle is a second net foundation, crossed by black velvet ribbon edged with fringe, and beneath this again is another ruffle of black silk, much wider than the first, trimmed with four rows of velvet and fringe.

FIG. VI.—BRETTELLE-BERTHE WITH SLEEVES.—This sort of berthe, which is now exceedingly fashionable, is intended to be worn in evening costume, with a dress of colored silk. The foundation is black tulle, and it is trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet and black lace. The sleeves may be either of white muslin, tulle, or net, and trimmed with rows of velvet and lace. At the inner part of the arm the sleeve is slightly gathered up by a bow of colored ribbon. A bow of the same confines the bretelles in front of the waist.

FIG. VII.—BRETTELLE-BERTHE WITHOUT SLEEVES.—This, like the berthe (Fig. VI.), has a foundation of black tulle, with rows of black velvet and black insertion running transversely. Under the rows of insertion are runnings of colored ribbon. The berthe is edged with a full trimming of black lace. On the shoulders are small epaulettes formed of colored ribbon, cut in points, and from each point is suspended a black silk tassel. This berthe is suitable to be worn with an evening dress of colored silk, barege, or muslin. By a young lady, it may be worn with a white muslin dress, and the effect will be found to be very pretty if the berthe be trimmed with pink or blue ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—WHITE SILK BONNET, ornamented with narrow colored velvets and white blonde; inside trimming blonde and foliage.

FIG. IX.—WHITE SILK BONNET, embroidered with straw, and trimmed with bands of black velvet, black blonde, and fruit. Inside with blonde with a single bouquet of cherries.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Many of the new dresses have the skirts set on in flat plaits, and though they hoop out at the lower part, yet at the top they sit more closely to the figure than hitherto. Some of the Parisian *modistes* are making dresses with the skirts rather short in front, and drooping a little behind, so as to form a demi-train. A grass-cloth, crinoline, or moreen petticoat, should always be founced, if the dress is desired to "stand out." Nothing can be more ungraceful than a hoop, whereas, a founce on the petticoat always makes the skirt fall elegantly. Some have two founces on the petticoat, the lower and wider one passing all around, but the upper one not meeting for the space of nearly half a yard in front.

COSSAGES have of late undergone no material modification; the basque is generally long. For very thin or "wash dresses," the corsage is frequently made low in the neck, and of course without a basque. A pretty fitting cape, trimmed with braces, can be worn over this kind of dress. Passementerie and ribbons matching the dress are still

employed in great quantities for trimmings. The most fashionable sleeves are those composed of puffings, terminated by frills. A pretty style of sleeve for silk dresses consists of one puff and a frill, with an under-sleeve of muslin, formed of a large puff striped with ribbon. This under-sleeve is set on a band at the wrist, and with it is worn a bracelet of ribbon, fastened by a bow of the same.

SLEEVES for mornings have only a plain wristband. Those made of jaconet embroidered in satin-stitch are also very appropriate for dishabille; the collar should be of the same.

BONNETS of black lace are in high favor. They are usually trimmed with rich scarlet or pink flowers, or clusters of fruit. These bonnets are becoming to almost any face, and will be very beautiful for fall wear.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL FROM FOUR TO EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—The skirt and braces are of silk, trimmed with rows of netted fringe. The body and sleeves are of white embroidered muslin.

FIG. II.—FROCK FOR A CHILD FROM ONE TO THREE YEARS OF AGE.—The skirt has three founces, composed of wide embroidered ruffling. The body and braces are trimmed with ruffling in the same style, but narrower.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY OF FROM FOUR TO SIX YEARS OF AGE.—The frock is of dark blue poplin, plain. The corsage is high, not fitting very tightly, and finished with a lappet or basque. The sleeves are demi-long and terminated with a turned up cuff. The trimming for the skirt, lappets and sleeves is of black velvet and buttons. White cambric under-sleeves and collar. Straw cap with a blue velvet band.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For summer silks, bareges, chalis, &c., founces are very popular for little girl's wear. Even Chambray's and plain chintzes are frequently ruffled, the ruffles being scalloped and button-holed with white working cotton. White dresses also are founced with expensive worked ruffling. Chintzes and lawns are usually tucked with three or four wide tucks, or several small ones; and this is the most common style for white dresses as well as for bareges. Basques of black silk, white pique, or brilliantine are very popular. When made of a thin material, there is usually a slight fulness at the waist, which is gathered into a belt and terminated by a deep ruffle, which forms a kind of skirt. For common or school wear, these are sometimes made of plain blue, green, pink, or buff lawn, Chambray or chintze. A straight sleeve, confined by a band around the wrist, is always worn with these.

FOR BOY'S WEAR, the dress in the style of the one in the children's fashion plate, is very popular for a boy up to the age of five or six years. Many parents, however, are ambitious of seeing their sons in "pants" at a much earlier age than this, and for

such the pantaloons are made of single-milled cassimere, reaching about half way below the knee. The outside seam, and the bottom of the legs, are generally embroidered. A dimity or worked ruffle falls

to the top of the boot. Sacques of chalais, de lan, cashmere, or velvet are worn with these pants, though some prefer a more tightly fitting jacket, which buttons on to the waistband of the pants.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—We owe it to the public and to ourselves to state how generally the press pronounces "Peterson" the best and cheapest of the Magazines. Says the veteran Newport (R. I.) Mercury:—"That it is the cheapest Lady's Book, all things considered, no one can deny." Says the Salem (N. Y.) Press:—"Although the subscription is but two dollars per year, yet it is not a whit behind the three-dollar Magazines, in point of real merit and artistic skill." Says the Mercer (Pa.) Democrat:—"It is decidedly the cheapest and best Magazine extant." Says the Mining (Pa.) Register:—"We must say that we greatly prefer this Magazine to any of the Ladies' Books now published." The superiority of "Peterson" in its fashion department and in the merit and originality of its stories, is continually mentioned. Says the Liberty (Md.) Banner:—"Peterson's Magazine should receive the greatest encouragement from the ladies, for whom the Magazine is particularly intended, for giving the latest fashions first." Says the Union (Va.) American:—"The list of contributors is amongst the ablest that the country can furnish. Its pages are filled with entirely original matter." The Harrisonburg (Va.) Democrat says:—"Peterson is going ahead of all his contemporaries in making his Magazine attractive to the ladies." The New Lisbon (Wis.) Republican says:—"We have seen many of the numerous Magazines of our country, but never one that is in any way equal to Peterson's either in style of print, fashions, patterns or miscellany." And the Sherburne (N. Y.) Democrat says truly:—"In this work there are improvements going on every month."

POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—No number of this Magazine ever weighs more than five ounces. By law, the postage is one cent for periodicals that weigh three ounces, and an additional cent for each additional ounce. "Peterson" pays for five ounces, or three cents a number. But this is the price only when each number's postage is paid on its being taken out of the office. If three months postage is paid in advance, on the receipt of the first number, and so on quarterly through the year, the postage is, by law, reduced one half. To all subscribers, therefore, who pay the postage on "Peterson" quarterly, in advance, it is but one cent and a half a number, or eighteen cents a year. This will be clear to any one who will read the last law regulating postage.

ENCLOSE A STAMP.—Letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.

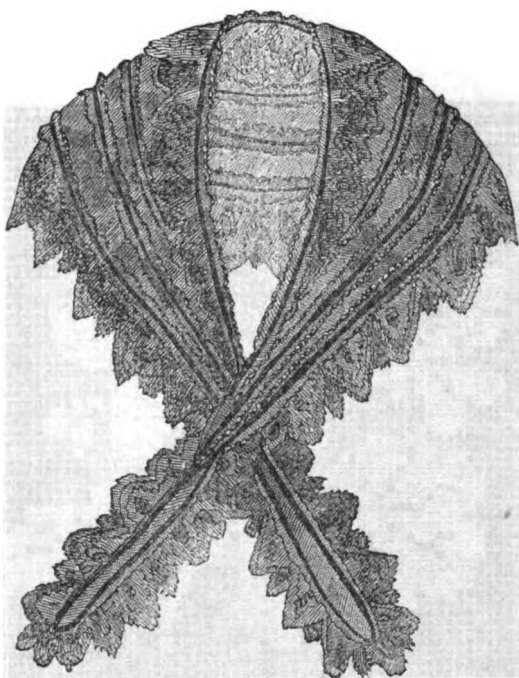
NEW VOLUME WITH THIS NUMBER.—With this number begins the thirtieth volume of "Peterson." For fifteen years the proprietor has published this Magazine, every year with an increased and increasing list. It is more flourishing, to-day, than ever before. Of the scores of Magazines, published in the United States, but two exceed it in circulation. *It is the only American periodical that has never retrograded.* Subscribers for the new volume are already pouring in, so that, a month hence, we shall have a larger list than ever. As the editor and publisher leaves no effort untried to render "Peterson," each month, more popular than the last, he feels certain that, in this rapidly growing country, the circulation of the Magazine must increase continually. All he asks is that each subscriber would procure some friend to subscribe. Try!

A PERFUMED BREATH.—A cotemporary says:—"Who would have a disagreeable breath, when by using the 'Balm of a Thousand Flowers' as a dentifrice, the breath would not only be rendered sweet, but the teeth left white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate that their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the 'Balm' on a tooth-brush and wash the teeth night and morning." A fifty-cent bottle will last a year. "The Balm" can be had at any of the leading drug-stores, anywhere in the United States.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.—Can two dollars be spent in any other way so economically as in a subscription for "Peterson"? Why, the engravings alone are worth two dollars! The fashions are worth two dollars! The embroidery and other patterns are worth two dollars! The tales are worth two dollars! The receipts, toilet-table, &c. &c., are worth two dollars. When two dollars is spent in other ways the pleasure is gone immediately; but two dollars expended for "Peterson" gives pleasure every month and for years after.

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

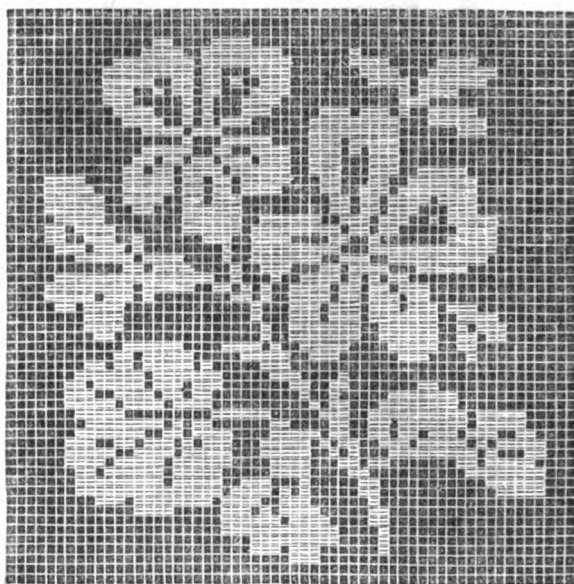
BACK NUMBERS.—We are able to supply back numbers for 1856 to any extent, the numbers being stereotyped. We shall stereotype every number of the year.



BLACK LACE CAPE.



THE NEWPORT.



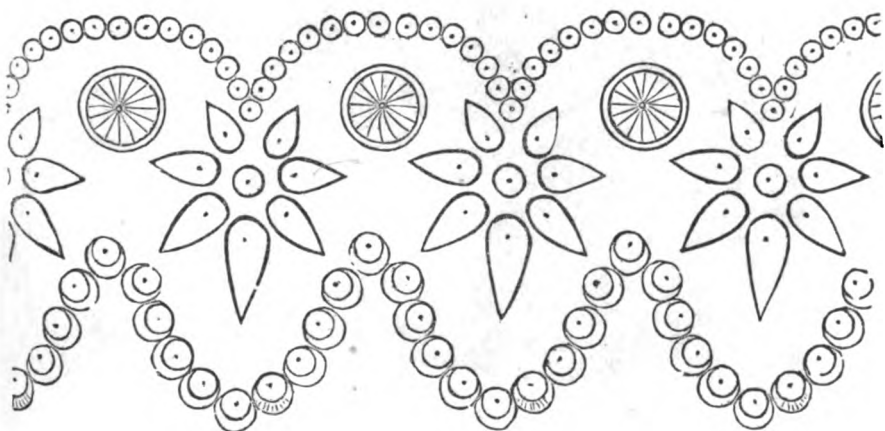
PATTERN FOR DARNED WINDOW CURTAIN.



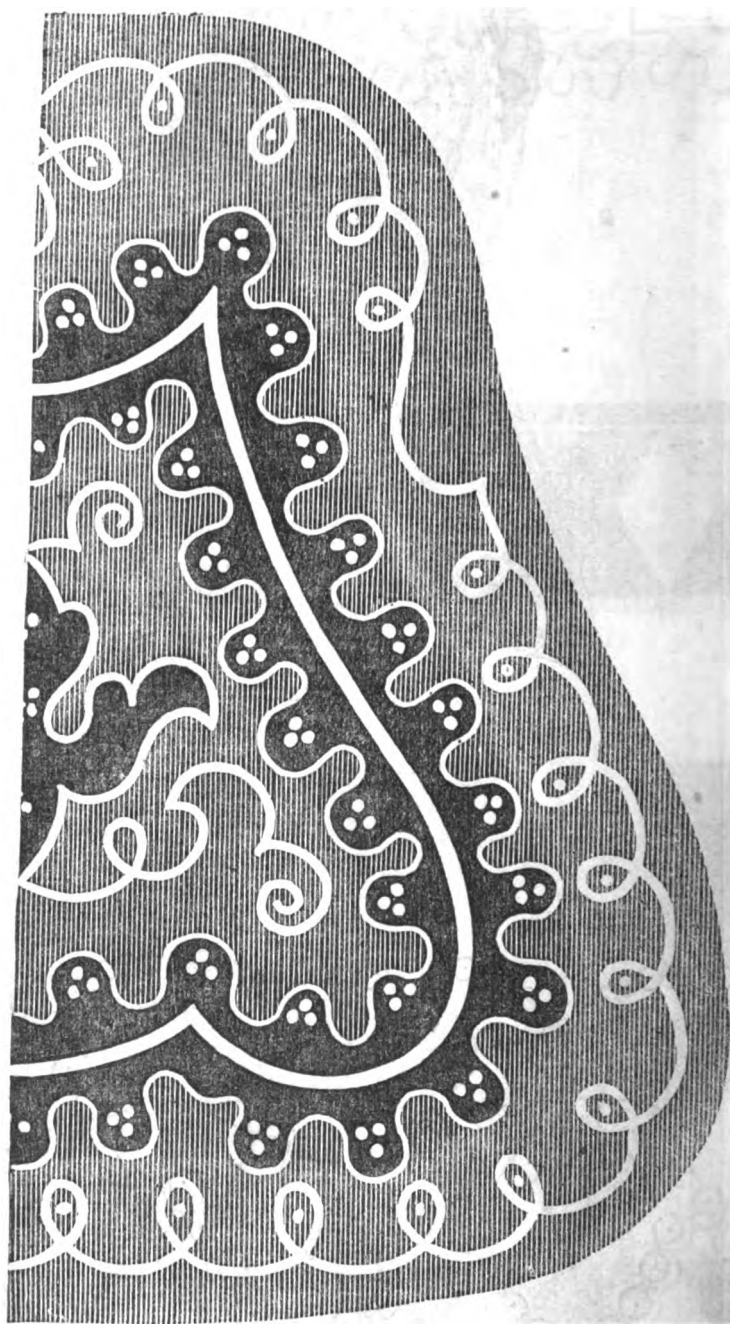
CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



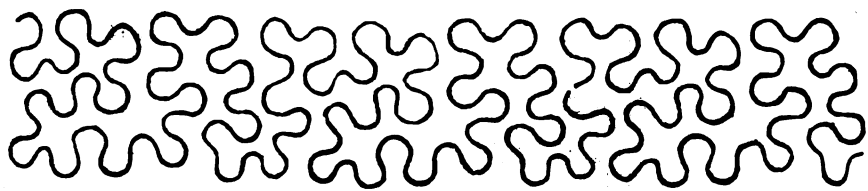
NEW STYLE OF CAP.



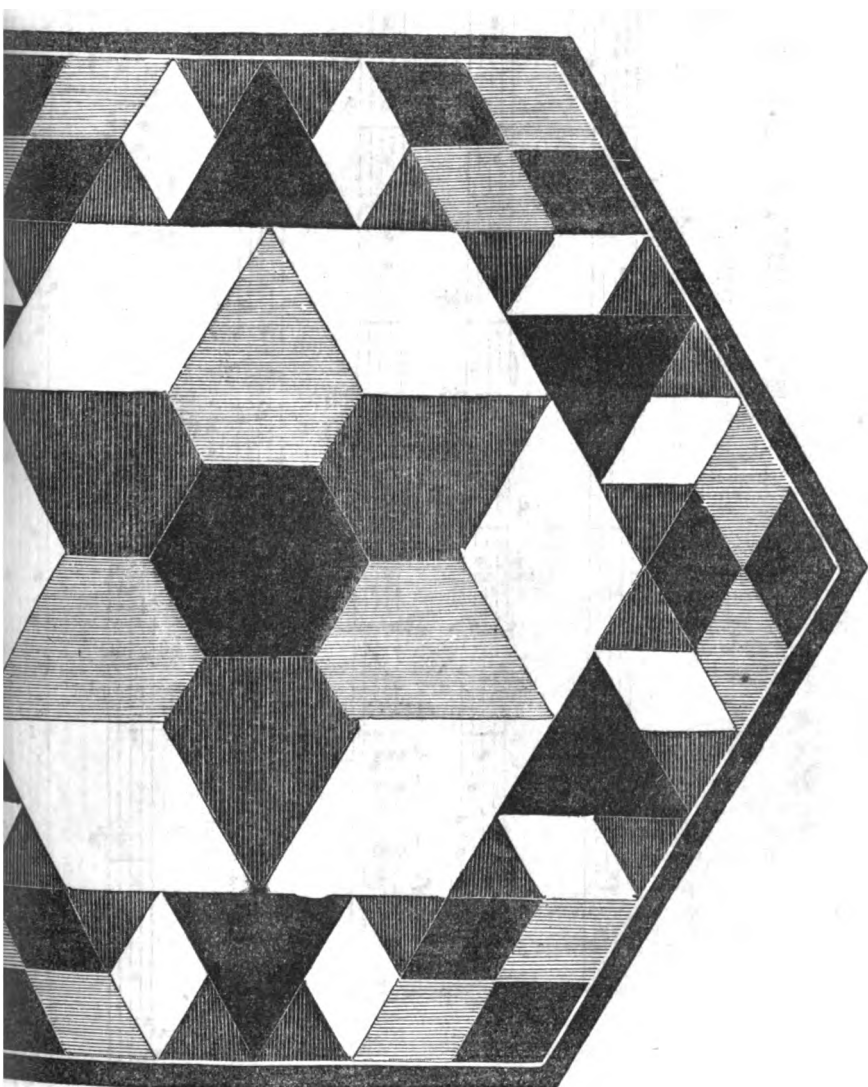
TRIMMING FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



HALF OF SIDE OF BAG.



PATTERN FOR BRAIDING.



PATTERN FOR PATCH-WORK.

Where she, who stems the wound that bleeds, A be - ro's life may save.

dol.

And he - roes may'd ex - ult - ing tell How well her voice they

colla voce.

p

knew; How sor - row near it could not dwell, But spread . . . its wings and flew.

f

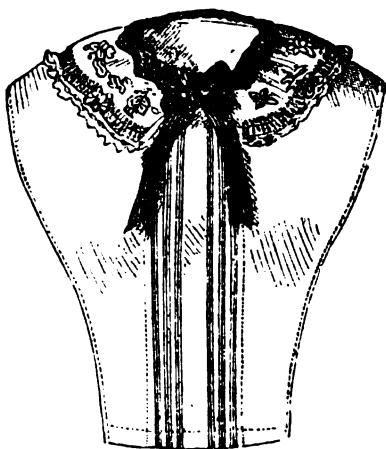
dim.

2.
Neglected, dying in despair,
They lay all woman came
To soothe them with her gentle care,
And feed life's flickering flame.
When wounded sore, on fever's rack,
Or cast away as slain,
She call'd their fluttering spirits back,
And gave them strength again;
They might not see the smiling face,
Which suffering could dispel.
But they could turn and kiss the place
On which her shadow fell.

3.
When words of wrath profaning rung,
She mov'd with pitying grace;
Her presence still'd the wildest tongue,
And holy grew the place.
They knew that they were car'd for then,
Their eyes forgot their tears;
In dreamy sleep they lost their pain,
And thought of early years.—
Or early years, when life was fair,—
Of those sweet and pale:
They woke—the angel bending there
Was Florence Nightingale!



CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE TO MATCH.



CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE TO MATCH.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXX.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1856.

No. 2.

MY FIRST DAY AT CAPE MAY.

BY A. L. OTIS.

It was my first day at the Cape. After the ceremony of breakfast, I was told that a walk on the beach was a matter of course. Found the beach to consist of a long, yellow, soft sand, endless, tame-looking breakers, any number of decaying jelly-fish and horse-shoes strewn in the way, a sultry air, a broiling sun, a few pretty girls, hundreds of weary-looking boys, a thousand and three crying babies, and ogling nurses.

I want rest after it, and try for it on the upper piazza, with the glare of the white houses, red roofs, yellow sands, and glittering sun-line on the sea, by way of repose for the eyes.

Between eleven and twelve comes the bath—the felicity and object of the sea-shore visit. I am so impatient to feel the briny element, that after the hurry of undressing, I issue from the close dressing-box feeling up to fever heat, and I think my brave, new flannel suit of red and blue, most uncommonly rough and thick. The tide is coming in. I bound barefoot to meet it—and see on the sands, timidly toying with the kissing waves, the pretty Miss — of Chesnut street.

I feel elated instantly and rush in. The wave seems frightened at my boldness, and runs out before me. I scarcely splash my knees, when suddenly it turns at bay—it rears in air—it menaces—it strikes me in the face! Ehue! I have turned a summerset and am flat on my back at Miss —'s feet. She presses the laughter back into her mouth with both hands. She will remember this when she sees me in proper fashionable trim, promenading Walnut street some Sunday afternoon. I shall always look like a porpoise to her! I think of this, and gasp, and blush, and rise. I tremble, and look to see how others do. One man sees a breaker coming, he bows his head. It passes over him. He is safe. I will do just so.

VOL. XXX.—6

I wade out a few yards, and see advancing, rising before my terrified eyes, a giant breaker! Horror! It is the whole ocean coming to overwhelm me! There has not been such a mountain of a billow ever seen at Cape May before. I must escape it. I turn to run back. It strikes me on the shoulder as if with “a thousand of brick,” and I lie flat, with my nose deep in the sand. I struggle up. Another blow comes full on the back of my head. I fall before it, and gasping struggle up again. Another, and another overthrow! I am breathless, exhausted. I think I am done for, but Miss —, like a highly amused guardian angel in a bathing-dress, extends her hand to me. I grasp it like a drowning man. She turns me to face the waves, bids me do as she does, bows her head, holds out her hands like a diver, and the breaker passes over us. I am lifted a little, but set gently down again. It was ecstasy!

Again and again I try it. Deliriums of joy! I forget even Miss —, and dive headforemost into the billows. I rush to meet them. I jump on their backs. I ride on their combs, or I let them roll over me. I patronize a timid man at my elbow. “Come on,” I say, “I’ll tell you how to take them!” I am in the thickest of the bathers, and amid the roar of waves, am driven wild with excitement by the shouts of laughter, bursts of noisy merriment, and little jolly female shrieks of fun. All are wild with excitement, ducking, diving, splashing, floating, rollicking.

“See now, I am farther out than anybody. Hurrah!” I press on, and look back with encouragement to others. “Come on, come on,” I cry, “better swimming here, don’t be afraid.”

“Look out for holes and undertow,” a hoarse old bather shouted to me, but I did not know what he meant until I was suddenly off my feet, and in taking to swimming found it almost impossible to make head-way.

I shouted a warning to those nearest me. They thought I begged for help. "Man drowning, man drowning!" was the cry. It flew from one group to another. I saw the thousands of bathers, rushing, struggling, flying out of the water, and never stopping until they all stood dripping and staring on shore, as if each had thought himself, or herself, the unfortunate wretch in extremity. I began to laugh—they looked so like shoals of herring driven ashore, and reared up on their dorsal extremities to gape at the pursuing whale—myself.

I swam grandly in, with the whole ocean to myself until among the breakers. Then came the rough and tumble again. The frightened bathers gradually ventured back. I received numberless congratulations, and some black looks. They all said my unconsciousness of danger had saved me.

Up in a little ten-foot square oven—after a sandwich and sangaree, I slept until dinner like a log; but hunger awakened me in time to be ready when the gong sounded. I rushed with the rest and ate a good dinner, with band playing, knives clashing, waiters tramping, and wiping the sweat from their brows with the napkins under their arms, when they could get a private opportunity, that is, when the head waiter left the room.

"Waiter?" calls a tardy individual, "bring me some hot corn."

"Yes, sa, 'mediately, sa."

I see waiter behind tardy individual gathering the ears left in the dishes. He rushes to the kitchen and emerges with "hot corn," or corn that ought to be hot, for it has, perhaps, been boiled ten times.

Tardy individual declares it tastes like bean-skins and dish-water. His nauseated look confirms his veracity. I finish my dinner with an *omelette soufflé*—although my friend whispers that he once saw them, at some hotel, beating up

eggs in a wash-basin. "Should that even be the case in this instance," I reply, "I could not help finding this omelette delicious." "Ah," he says, "your ocean appetite has come then." But when I try to rise from the table what ails me? I am lame—I am bruised, I can't move without pain—I am black and blue. Those buffetting billows, those boisterous waves have done it!

"But let them thus bang—
I'd bear it all for bathing."

I have engaged my room for a month. Nothing, not scanty fare, not mosquitoes, nor nightly suffocation, shall prevent my knowing wild delight at least once in the day—at a game of romps with old Nep.

After dinner, I hire, with a party of gentlemen, one of those huge, yellow wagons, driven by an old Jersey man, and we go to the lily pond and blackberry field. I come home loaded with flowers and fruit like a market donkey. That evening a little crown of lilies and wild roses decked Miss ——'s glossy black hair at the "hop," and they made her forget my mishaps of the morning. She deigned to dance several Schottishes with me, and then we had a long *tete-a-tete* moonlight walk on the sands. To be sure thousands walked and rode about us, but we were alone, for we forgot that there were other individuals in the world. It was the first such *tete-a-tete* for either of us. We are both still in what our parents call early youth, though I can't quite agree with them as regards myself.

Though we were oblivious of all the world, it was not quite so forgetful of us, and Miss ——'s aunt and brother came to join us, and so recalled us from our solitary island of bliss to the swarming shore of Cape May, where may we walk every remaining night of this happy season!

P. S.—Bah! the little tell-tale. Everybody calls me "Porpoise Brown."

TO MAY, AT SIXTEEN.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

FAIRER and purer I could not wish thee,
Dearer and sweeter thou mayest not be—
With what good wish shall my heart enrich thee,
Breathing its prayer o'er the Summer lea?

I'll ask for thee, love, the key-note of Heaven,
Waking thy heart from its innocent sleep—
Quenching thy blush when thy troth-plight is given,
With the tears of a bliss that for rapture must weep.

I'll ask for thee, love, which shall cherish thee solely,
Taking thy name for the watch-word of life—
Alone like thy nature—pure, rev'rent and holy,
To worship as angel, and bless thee as wife.

And when from thy heart's book my poor name has faded
Like rose-buds once gaily bound up with thy hair,
Perchance these few lines with my fond wishes laden,
May mind thee of her whose best gift is a prayer.

ALICE READE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"MISERABLY unfortunate and poor. His wife and child in actual need of life's comforts! Oh! Lucius! Lucius! I am revenged now," and a smile, sad even in its triumph, curled over the beautiful mouth of the speaker.

She was young, so young that you would have hesitated whether to write her girl or woman, and her only beauty were her mouth and eyes. The one was large, but soft, sweet, flexible, the responsive instrument on which her soul always struck its infinitudes of emotion and feeling. The eyes were large and deep, a translation of her soul rather than her heart, as perhaps eyes oftenest are.

Up and down her chamber with that sad, bitter smile on her lips, Alice Reade walked many times. The velvet carpet, its dark groundwork piled with Sorrento roses, cushioned her feet. Soft landscapes of the Rhine, intermingled with wild pictures of Alpine scenery, leaned down to her from their oval frames, but heedless of all the beauty about her, its mistress walked amid it, her soul wrapped in a joy which the angels must have written sin.

And yet you should pity her, for great had been her wrong. She had the elements of a very noble nature too, but her mother had died before Alice met her tenth summer, and there was none that understood her deep, emotional nature, her impulsive, poetic temperament.

Her father was a plain, practical farmer, whose being was absorbed in the few acres which lay around his yellow brown homestead, and he regarded Alice as a remarkably sensible child, because she always preferred books to dolls and bonnets. She attended the village school until she was eighteen, for her father was indulgent to a fault, and though he fumed and fretted over the semi-annual school bills, he never had the heart to withdraw Alice from the studies she loved. There she met Lucius Brante. How the thoughts of the proud woman reach off to that hour, and drag it up to the present!

He was poor, an artist, and a school-teacher, with an earnest, æsthetic nature, and much of that social magnetism that attracts the sympathy of others.

Alice was his pupil. I do not know how it happened, but both teacher and scholar learned

a lesson that was not in the text-book that summer.

"Alice," said the young man, brushing away the rich curls that leaned over the girl's bowed forehead as they stood by the old farm-gate on the last night of his stay in Meadow Brook. "I give you my heart. Take and keep it. I must go out into the world and win me a name and a place there, and then I will come back to you."

"I will take and keep it till I give back both to God," answered the girl, solemnly, and so they parted.

She had been true to him—through the dark triumph of her face comes a softer light with the thought. True, when temptations thickened about her—when her father died, and she came to her fashionable cousins in New York, and entered upon that new life of wealth and luxury..

Piquant and impulsive, graceful, and sometimes beautiful, it was not strange she created an unusual sensation. But the dreaming, fair-haired youth, whose rapt eyes leaned over his easel in the fourth story of an old building, in an obscure street of the metropolis, owned the heart that no princely fortune could have bought. Alice's relative was an intriguing, worldly woman. She had no children of her own, and whatever of affection could exist in such a nature was bestowed on the orphan. Mr. Reade was a widower and a millionaire; and if his life was leaning down to the shadows of sixty, he thought that was no reason why he should not have a young and beautiful wife to preside over the elegant home, whose foundations were already laid on Fifth Avenue.

"She'll throw herself away on that handsome young painter, and starve to death in a garret," mused Mrs. Henley, between her lunch and her lap-dog, after a long interview with Mr. Reade.

"I'd forbid him the house, but Alice is such a high-spirited girl. A little diplomacy will succeed best with her. It would only be doing the child a life-long favor too."

"We'll see!" significantly perorated the portly lady, as she divided a slice of cake with her canine favorite.

"Alice?"

"Aunt?" and the girl's bright face leaned over the balustrade.

"Here's a letter for you I found among my cards after dinner. I forgot to hand it to you. *Excuse moi!* What, not dressed yet for the party?" As Alice came eagerly down the stairs, her eyes brightening at the well known chirography.

"No; but I shall be in half an hour," and she went back to her room.

No one saw her again that night. That letter struck out all the light, and joy, and faith of Alice Reade's life!

Two months later there was a wedding, and a very gorgeous one, at the residence of Mrs. Henley. Alice was the wife of the millionaire.

Well, he was a good, indulgent sort of husband, and loved his young wife better even than he did his house and his horses, which is saying a great deal, for these were his passions.

And Alice. I have given you the key-note to her life. You can feel the sadness of the heart hymns amid all the earth-glare and luxury through which it rises.

"Yes, it is my triumph hour now, Lucius Brante," murmurs the lady, as she twined the watch-chain round her white fingers, still pacing up and down the chamber floor. Oh! what a heart was that you slighted, what a love was that you spurned!

"You should never have come to what you are now if I had been your wife. My genius would have stimulated, my affection would have inspired you! But you knew I was poor, and you thought if you married a rich woman—your designs were frustrated finely though, weren't they? In less than a year her father died insolvent, and you had a pretty, helpless little girl on your hands, who, if she had strength to love, hadn't sense to appreciate you.

"Well, you deserve it all, and I'm glad of it. I wouldn't give one cent of the thousands I possess to save you, or your wife, or child from starvation," and the lady brought down her clenched hand on the table.

No, not on the table, but on a book that lay there. No wonder the flush and the scorn went out from the lady's face, for that book was her *mother's Bible*, and the old days when she read it at her knee, came like far travellers away from her life's morning, and stood still and reproachfully about her. She bowed down her fair face on the old brown cover and wept, and the angel in her heart lifted his head and whispered, "*Forgive even as ye would be forgiven.*" There was a long, fierce struggle betwixt the good and the evil in the soul of Alice Reade that night. But there was a new beauty on her face, the beauty of peace when at last it was lifted from the old Bible.

"Well, Alice, what can I do for you this morning?"

Mr. Reade leisurely drew on his glasses as he asked the question, glancing admiringly at the graceful position of his wife, as she sat in her easy-chair, her head cushioned on its crimson back.

He was a portly, pompous-looking man, with a shrewd, self-satisfied kind of physiognomy—a fine, well, unreserved elderly gentleman on the whole.

"I thank you. I don't want anything, Mr. Reade, unless——"

"Well, speak out, my dear, for I ought to have been on Wall street an hour ago."

"Didn't you promise me a new diamond pin, last week?" She looked up from the figures on the rug with a smile dimpling her mouth, which few husband's would have resisted.

"So I did, dear child, and I see you want it to-night for the party. Well, you shall have it for two kisses."

"No, I shan't either, for I've pins enough already, but," crossing her hands coaxingly on his arm, "I want the money very much for something else. It's a great secret, so don't, please, ask me anything about it, only say I may have it."

"A thousand dollars to throw away on a secret. Extravagant, Alice!" Mr. Reade drew in his breath, but there was a smile lurking in his eyes, and his wife knew all was right.

"Send up the note before eleven—please, Mr. Reade!" were the words that followed the millionaire down stairs.

Let us change the scene.

It was a high chamber, in a dilapidated brick row, and miserably destitute. A few ashes were smouldering on the hearth, and by this sat a shivering, starving mother and her child.

"Mother, mother, won't papa come home pretty soon, and bring Newell a nice cake?" said the boy.

"I hope so, dear little boy. Oh, if he only can sell one of the pictures!" It was pitiful, the sob in the woman's voice, the tone half hopeful, half despairing, in which she spoke this. She was young and very pretty still, even with her pale, pinched face, and the sorrow that looked out of her large, blue eyes.

There was no great force of character in the face, it is true. You felt it was not one to meet calmly, defiantly, the great trial hours of life, but it was sweet, womanly, and oh, so very sorrowful!

The boy, of some five summers, was not like his mother. The tone of his face, from the

broad forehead, to the small, full mouth, was stronger and deeper. Even his large, hazel eyes and brown hair were his father's.

And then to think of the husband and the father, with his sensitive, æsthetic nature, and his proud, high spirit reduced to this! Oh, Lucius Brante, it might have been weakness and sin, but it was hardly strange that you had gone out from the old chamber that day, with these words in your heart, "*Success or suicide!*"

The boy drew up closer to his mother, and she put her arms tenderly about him, but she did not speak for fear the tears would come. With all his rare gifts, the artist father had never painted so touching a picture.

Another hour went by, and there was the quick ring of feet on the old staircase, and something in the sound which gave a new spring of hope to the hearts that beat low by the dying ashes.

The door burst open, and Lucius Brante rushed wildly in, and threw a heavy purse into his wife's lap. Was the man mad? For he clasped her and the frightened child one moment in his arms and threw them up, triumphantly laughing and shouting, while the tears ran down his proud face, as they would down the face of a little child.

"What does it mean, Lucius—speak to me?" gasped the young wife, shaking from head to foot.

"I have saved you, Helen, Newell! Thank God—thank God! There is a thousand dollars in that purse. Oh, it seems as if I must be dreaming, as if this great, sudden good could not be true!"

"And who was it bought them, Lucius?" asked the wife, through her glad tears.

"The man's name (blessings on it!) was Watkins. He bought four of my pictures, selecting them from all the others in the collection, and paid me two hundred and fifty dollars a-piece! He was a plain, ordinary-looking sort of man too, apparently not much of a connoisseur in paintings either. But I could have fallen down at his feet and worshipped him!"

"Papa, papa, did you bring your little boy the cake?" and the soft cheek of the child was pressed up to his father's.

"No, dear," gathering him to his heart, "but papa will get you a dozen now: and Newell and mamma shall never be hungry again. We will have a fire, and such a supper as we haven't had for years. God has sent his angel when the darkness was deepest. Let us thank Him," and they knelt down there, on the old hearth-bricks, in the gathering night darkness, and the

prayer of the artist seemed a heart hallelujah, that *must* have reached up through the song of seraph and archangel to the Death White Throne!

Again we change the scene.

"Well, Watkins, my good man, did you get the pictures?"

Alice Reade asked the question with breathless eagerness, as she met her servant at the door.

"Yes, ma'am; here they are safe and sound, four of 'em," said the man, bustling mysteriously into the apartment, and depositing the large package on the table, for Watkins was an especial favorite with both his master and mistress.

"And did you see the artist?"

"Yes, ma'am, and paid the thousand dollars into his own hands. He seemed struck dumb with astonishment. He's had some hard tussles with life, I reckon. Somehow it did me good to plank down the money," added the shrewd, but kind-hearted man servant.

"And you remembered my charge? And he thought they were purchased for yourself?"

"In course he did. I could have got them for a twentieth part of the money, but you said he was to have it all: and so I set my own price. Will you have 'em hung in the parlor?"

"No. I will take care of them. Not even Mr. Reade must know I have purchased them. You understand, Watkins?"

There was a significant answer in the man's face as he bowed himself out of the room.

Alice's aunt was dying.

"Alice, Alice, come nearer to me," said the dying woman, and she drew down her cousin's head almost to her lips.

Alice Reade's face grew white as the death-stricken one beneath it, while the struggling, disjointed sentences came over Mrs. Henley's lips.

"That letter—you remember? Lucius Brante did not write it. He knew nothing of it. He was not false to you. I wrote it, that you might marry—" a sudden convulsion left her speechless, but her dying eyes prayed "Forgive me!"

This last year had made Alice Reade a better woman, and her white lips answered the question of those dim eyes with solemn earnestness. "May God forgive you, aunt Jane, freely as I do!" and taking that forgiveness with it, the soul of Jane Henley went out from that gorgeous death chamber to its God.

Five years had passed. The Florence sunset looked serenely into the studio of the artist, and the light Florence winds moved up from the valleys, where they had lain bound all day among

the tall grass and the rich crimson blooms. "It is very beautiful," said the lady, breaking the long silence which had followed a longer conversation, as she turned her deep eyes from the purple clouds to her companion's face.

"Yes, Alice, very beautiful. Do you remember how we used to watch them at the kitchen window of the old yellow brown homestead, ten years ago?"

The beautiful eyes filled with tears. There was another long pause.

"It is very strange I met you among the mountains last week, neither knowing that the other was widowed; neither dreaming that the heart of each was true to its first love!"

"You will forgive aunt Jane, Lucius? She toned me, and it was her ambition instigated the falsehood." The lady's tones were very earnest.

"Certainly, Alice. God has reached out to me so many rich blessings, that there is only room for gratitude in my soul. Look there. It was just as I saw them when I broke into the chamber *that* night, when the turning point in my career came, and I have walked on to wealth and fame ever since."

Lucius Brante drew aside the covering, and the sunset poured all over the painting like a sudden baptism from heaven.

It would have brought the tears into your eyes with the first glance.

A mother and her child sat together over a heap of smouldering ashes.

Both were very beautiful, but there was a mingling of despondency and tenderness in the mother's face—a look of patient waiting in the boy's dark eyes, which over-reaches all description.

"God must have sent His angel to that man's heart, or he would never have bought my pictures. I always believed it, Alice."

And the artist's soul glowed in his proud face as he turned it to his companion.

Their eyes met a moment. Lucius Brante had read them many times before. It was hardly strange that he now translated the thought, which the lips beneath them would not for worlds have uttered.

"Alice, you had something to do with those pictures!"

Her tears answered him. An hour later he had drawn all from her—an hour later he knew she was the earthly Saviour of himself, his wife and his child!

It was one of life's consecrated hours. I cannot look into it!

But the next week, Newell Brante, the brown-haired child of the artist, bought many flowers of the country children who brought wild roses from the fields about Florence, saying, with his father's smile, "I shall have a new mother to-night!"

THE LILACS WERE IN BLOOM.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

THE lilacs were in blossom,
And their fragrance rich and rare,
Like a pleasing incense floated
Out upon the evening air.
All the tender flowers of Spring-time
Then were beautiful in bloom,
And the sportive wind was laden
With the wealth of their perfume.

I remember how the maples
Nodded in the gentle breeze,
And how musical the robins
Were among the apple trees.
I remember how the valley
Smiled with such an holy air,
Looking beautiful and peaceful
As a soul that hath no care.

I remember that old garden
With its weeds and ruined walls,
And the grey and broken hearth-stone
Where the creeping ivy crawls;

And the clump of lilac bushes
With their purple cloud of flowers,
Whence the richest floods of sweetness
Fell in ever grateful showers.

I remember how my bosom
Swelled with Love's arising tide,
As I looked upon the maiden
Plucking lilacs at my side;
And the hopes and fond emotions,
Hardly daring yet to rise,
That were kindled by the beaming
Of her soft and loving eyes.

Ever since that happy evening,
Smiling with its pleasant hours,
I have had a tender loving
For the purple lilac flowers;
For the lilacs, when they blossom,
Whisper sweetly of a maiden
Who has led me from a desert
To a love-illuminated Aidenna.

MAINTAINING HIS POSITION.

BY MRS. DEBORAH PREDLEY.

"A LETTER, if you please, sir," said a livery servant to his master, Mr. Loveself, who was sitting with his family at the breakfast-table. The morning was unusually cold, but the fire burnt so cheerfully, and the urn sang so merrily, that whilst discussing the luxuries before them, they forgot there were such things as hunger and cold in the world.

"Only from Charles, my dear," replied Mr. Loveself, to a look of interrogation from his wife; "the old story; he wants help—his wife and children are sick, and he has not the means to procure medical assistance. It is all very well for him to say so, but how do I know it is true; besides I have my own family to care for, without looking after brothers or sisters. A man must take care of number one, and maintain his position," continued Mr. Loveself; at the same time affixing his signature to a subscription list for the winter balls in the town of —.

Poor Charles! what matters it that you were cradled on the same knee—that you slept in the same bosom; your brother must "*maintain his position*." What matters it that your Lilla, the object of your early love, is fading away before your eyes, and you powerless to help her?—what matters it that your little ones must be shroudless and coffinless, were it not for the charity of strangers? Your brother must "*maintain his position*;" his children must be arrayed in silks and velvets; his wife's aristocratic relatives must be regaled with sumptuous feasts. No, he certainly has no money to spare.

But ah! poor, selfish man, as each Sabbath you take your accustomed seat in the sanctuary, and as the words, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," fall upon your ear, does no faint voice whisper the name of Charles?—does no tinge of self-reproach crimson your cheek? Or as you turn to your own luxurious home, where pampered menials wait your bidding, does no thought go forth to those suffering ones who would gladly "eat of the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table?"

A week passes. Lilla is dead. Charles sits by her humble coffin with bowed head and stricken heart. She, whose only dower was her wealth of love for him, lies cold and motionless. Never

again will those closed eyes gladden him with their beams of love. But a few days since, and together they knelt by the graves of their little ones, and now she too is gone; a few hours more and his treasured ones will lie side by side in the lone grave-yard—no stone to mark the spot—no requiem but the wild wind's moan. *Friends!* and Charles groaned as he thought of his brother, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth and station. Oh, could he not of his abundance have spared something?—he asked not much. Yes, half the cost of one splendid entertainment would have saved his darlings from disease and death. Oh, wealth! wealth! how truly has it been said that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

The sun had sunk to rest, and still Charles sat by that coffin. Night drew on, and as the pale stars shone in at that little casement, and cast their feeble rays on the uncovered face of the dead, the watcher was still there gazing on that lifeless form. Morning broke, and the bright glare of the sun illumined that desolate chamber. Charles started—steps were heard on the stairs, the door opened, and overcome with exhaustion and misery he sank on the floor. Well would it be, poor mourner, if that unconsciousness could last; but thy heavenly Father wills it not—the ordeal is not yet over—perhaps thou had'st set up idols in thy heart, worshipping thy household treasures more than thy God—loving the gifts more than the Giver.

The coffin is lifted out, and the humble procession moves through the streets. No sable hearse with nodding plumes is there—no long line of mourners swells that funeral train. One, only one follows the dead to its long home—to that bourne from which no traveller returns. The last sad rites are over, and Charles returns to his desolate home alone—alone! ah, how his heart sickens and his brain reels at the thought. But happier far the dead than the living, for never again will they hunger or thirst—never again will pain or sickness be their lot, for at "God's right hand are pleasures forever more."

Night had thrown her sable curtain over the face of nature, and snugly ensconced in an easy-chair—wrapped in an elegant dressing-gown—

his feet incased in velvet slippers and luxuriating in the warmth of a blazing fire, sat Mr. Loveself.

On a table before him lay the daily papers, one of which was now engaging his attention—but why that start and half-suppressed exclamation of horror? He reads.

“Distressing event! Yesterday an inquest was held on the body of a man who was found dead in an obscure lodging in this city. The deceased had, it appears, followed to the grave his wife and children within the last week; their deaths, as well as his own, were no doubt caused by their utter destitution. It is rumored that

the deceased persons were very nearly related to a family of high standing in a neighboring town, who were too heartless to render them any assistance. If this statement be correct, doubtless the vengeance of an offended God will sooner or later overtake them.”

The paper fell from the reader's hand. A voice seemed crying to him, out of heaven, “thou art thy brother's murderer.” And still, though years have passed, the rich man is often woken from his sleep, by a voice that seems to cry out of heaven, “thy brother's murderer.” Such is the price Mr. Loveself has paid for MAINTAINING HIS POSITION.

TIME'S CHANGES.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

How changed the time's since Hella's tide
Leander swam to greet his bride,
And Neptune's rage could not divide

That gallant heart,
That rather buffet wind and wave,
An ocean tempest's fury brave,
And even meet a wat'ry grave
Than dwell apart.

How changed too since bright Helen's eyes
Could make all Greece in armor rise.
And through the hollow vaulted skies
War's trumpet sound.
Till nine long years had rolled away,
And Gray's proud walls, time-worn and grey,
A pile of massive ruins lay,
Razed to the ground.

Changed since at Cleopatra's word
Victorious Rome's all-conquering lord
Laid, all unheeding fame, his sword
Tamely aside,
And owned in Beauty's presence bright
A power of more subduing might,
Then when kings marshalled for the fight
Their strength and pride.

Changed since with dark baronial frown
The feudal towers looked proudly down,
And saw the tourney's victor crown,
By her he loved;
And each true knight wore 'neath the vest
Of mail that glittered on his breast,
Or 'mid the plumes above his crest
His lady's glove.

Gone are those times of courtly dames,
Whose beauties set the world in flames,
And gave the memory of their names
To these far times;

And gone those knights renowned in story,
Who only lived for love and glory,
Whose deeds still live in records hoary,
Or poets' rhymes.

The herald's trump is heard no more,
Hushed is the song of troubadour,
And Chivalry's proud deeds are o'er;
Wisdom has told
That glory's but a frenzied dream,
And love a weakness we should deem
Fit only for some poet's theme,
Or story old.

Gone those rude times when heart and soul
Subservient to their blind control
Held policy—so sage and cold
That boundless sway
Holds over wiser, modern man
Of all his thoughts, still leads the van
Of every action, lays the plan,
And points the way.

For fact, not fancy rules the day,
And lighter motives all obey
The ruling passion that holds sway,
And governs all;
And gold, not glory is the theme
That shapes ambition's feverish dream,
And dazzles with its magic gleam
Both great and small.

Hail! glorious age of common sense;
Hail! triumph vast, of pounds and pence
O'er wild romance, honor's pretence,
And all their train;
Breathes there beneath the frozen pole
The man who spurns the power of gold,
And who'd not stake his very soul
For golden gain?

JENNY STOUGHTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.

CHAPTER IV.

Concord, August 16th, 1854.

THE stockholders and many friends of the Montreal road have gone to Plymouth to-day; for to-day the road opens at that place. Our folks have all gone: Jose Clement, and scores besides. I was to go, but I had a furious nervous headache coming on, I was in various ways out of tune; and so remained at home.

This afternoon I am well enough; but not strong. So I shan't dress unless some one comes. I shall sit here in my wrapper telling you all about that Wednesday evening.

It was almost nine o'clock. I was standing in the parlor near the door, with papa and Judge Durrell, near Andrew Bell and Barton. Papa and the judge were overhauling Edward Beecher's new work. I was listening now to them, anon to Andrew Bell and Barton's wit; now and anon lending an eye and an ear to the general effect of flowers, splendid dresses, blooming, bright faces and gas-light; of laughter near and remote, of the cheerful buzz of conversation near and remote; now and anon thinking, as I confess, with a relieved heart, "She won't come this night! Almost nine o'clock; Caroline won't come this night!" when, all at once, a sudden stillness fell on all, as if suddenly a torpedo had come and touched them.

Well, I turned at the hush in season to get glimpses of two persons, one very tall, the other very short, gliding up stairs.

"Why! Mrs. White and Jose Clement!" whispered a dozen voices.

"What is it? what's happened?" asked those who had neither seen nor heard.

"Caroline White and Jose Clement have come; together. What do you suppose this means?"

But soon we all knew what it meant. For little Jose came down out of breath, her fingers fluttering as she drew her mits on, by-the-way, and put her hair back into place; (two consecutive breaches of etiquette, you see, in Jose Clement! I don't suppose the like has ever been known before; for all her mother's lessons were and are, to this day, on "*appearing* well in company." Not on *feeling* kindness, consideration for others, respect for her own conscience rather

than for the lips and tongues of others.) "I didn't *start* with her!" whispered Jose, still working at her mits and under-sleeves. And she went on tip-toe to the ear of one, drew the ear of another down to her to say, "I *wouldn't* have *started* with her. We had company; this made me late. And who should I meet but *her* right here at the gate! I was *provoked* to have to come in with her! Mamma don't allow me to have anything to do with her; ever. She is so talked about you, you know! and besides, she has given me a decided cut, more than once, when she had better company. She was a little ashamed, I think, when she saw that I was close by; a little frightened, when, on looking to see who else she had for her neighbors, she met Barton's look of sovereign contempt bent on her."

I looked at papa to see what he felt. He just passed quiet, grave glances from Jose to me, from me to others whose demonstrations, although far less palatable than Jose's, were still obviously against the guest we had invited. I could not know what he felt; but some quality in his bearing made me feel assured and strong; made me feel very grateful, very loving toward him.

"Ah!" thought I, suddenly. "I wonder how Andrew Bell feels about it."

Yes, I saw; saw, on the whole, rather an ambiguous, quizzical expression. But I knew he liked it very well and congratulated himself, that I would see now he was wiser in opposing Caroline's invitation, than I in inviting her.

"I *knew* how it would be," said he, coming nearer, as his eye met mine, and speaking away down in his throat. "People will swallow a good deal sometimes, when it is put upon them with hardihood like yours. But I knew you couldn't make this go down. See! Barton is as angry and defiant as a tiger. He'd let his blood run, any time, poor fool! for her, and count it a glory."

"Well, it is good if there is *one*, in this day, who will make a little valiant sacrifice, whether of blood, or of easy, self-complacent quietude," (I looked him over from head to foot, and spoke. I know, with curling lip.) "Who will do this," I added, "for anybody, or for any idea whatever. I'm going up now to come down with Caroline."

He half-smiled, looking on the floor; turned on his heel and passed with a few leisurely steps into immaculate Jose's Clement's neighborhood. When I needed him so much, gentle Nan! *You* were always lazy enough, good Dick; but there was never a time of trial like that for me, that you didn't help me through it by saying, "Never mind, Jenny! You be easy. Stay right here by me; we'll manage it easily enough together." And we always did. We could have done it, Wednesday evening, if you had been here. Because, sustained by you (your presence, when you were bent on serving me, was, always, as Andrew Bell's might be, soothing and strengthening,) I should have felt no anger, no defiance rising. I should have kept a calm mastery of myself and of the circumstances, strong as their tide was, and everything would have come out right. I would have been kind to Caroline, as became the hostess toward her guest; kind toward all the rest. And others, seeing our strong unconcern, seeing us stand by Caroline and attend to her, without scath, would have come also to stand by her and show her generous kindness. This would have done her innermost soul good; would have called up the genial, the excellent, and laid the reckless, the defiant at rest.

But you were a long way off. Andrew Bell was laughing gaily in Jose Clement's neighborhood; papa had gone out into some of the other rooms where mamma was; no one looked ready to help me except Barton, who was biting his lip through, with his hands put tightly together behind him; and *his* championship would only have made Caroline's cause the more desperate, whatever it might do for any other. This I admitted to myself; and, sighing, I passed through the crowd without speaking, without looking in any one's face; and went up stairs to bring Caroline down.

Oh, well, I had a hard time of it. If she had been a little bit of a woman, of ordinary bearing, dress and beauty, she might have come in and got through the evening nicely, with all her imputed sins and offences. People would have made way for her, bowed to her if chance brought her near, the flow of laughter and talk going on unruffled all the while. For Caroline things stood still. That is, the things that were near. Those that were remote, as, in the other parlor, in the hall, and even across the room where we were, went on gaily as ever, perhaps, after the first shock and trepidation were over.

You know, brother Dick, how censorious Mrs. Baderly is, how her mouth-corners droop, and her eyes have the look of being done with looking for comfort, of having settled finally upon a

contemplation of yellow-hued melancholy. This comes from her ill-health, charitable mamma says, so that one should have pity and patience. So it does, I suppose, from bad health and a bad organization. And, by-the-bye, I wonder how much bad feeling or bad reaction there is in this whole world, how much moroseness like Mrs. Baderly's, or malice like Eunice's, or impulsive, arrogant recklessness like Caroline White's, that don't come in one way or another, out of untoward circumstances of health, organization, or social position. Not much I fancy. And let Mrs. Baderly first turn the evil of her own life and lot into good, even as she so rigidly requires others to do, before she, or her friends for her, demand the philosophical leniency and forbearance *she* never bestows.

Mrs. Baderly, as I was going to say, was close by where I halted with Caroline, just inside the parlor door. She pretended that she didn't see Caroline. With lifted eye-brows, with drawing and depressed tones, she kept on talking with, or rather to, Mrs. Hall, of "bad weather," "drought," of "that sad affair at Fisherville," and the evil tendency of the world in general. Her daughters were near when we went in, and I don't know who else. That part of the room was full. But soon it began to thin out perceptibly. The Baderly girls talked a little behind their fans, glowering in a side way, at Caroline, now and then; and soon slipped away. Others slipped away. Soon supper was ready. I saw Andrew Bell lead Jose out. Papa came back and looked in to see how it was with me. Seeing me coming closely behind the crowd, with Caroline, he smiled and bowed, as if to signify, "All right! so you don't need me," then turned back in haste, to mamma, of course. Barton led his sister; keeping near us, and occasionally speaking.

So you see I was with Caroline at supper. I was with her all through the evening. Others joined us now and then, of course; we joined others. But Caroline, with her quick perception, her quick feeling, could not fail to see what impressed me so disgracefully, that, of nearly all who came, the manner, the looks and tones said, to me, "We like *you*. You're a nice girl. You do just as we would like to have you: so everybody likes you; so nobody talks about you; so you're thoroughly respectable, you see," said to her, "You, we'll speak to you, because you're here with Jenny Stoughton; but we don't like you. You're not subservient. You carry your head too high. And so, see! we carry our heads high, although we attend to you a little, because you are *here*."

Warn't it disagreeable enough?

But I must write no more this night. They came home, that is: papa, mamma and Andrew Bell, together with a friend of Andrew Bell, whom he accidentally met up there, came home hours ago. Papa and mamma have been in here to see me. I have been in their room sitting at their feet, to hear about the day; to talk about whatever came uppermost in our thoughts; for everything has interest when one talks with noble papa. But I didn't go down to see Andrew Bell. He sent up an ice by mamma, together with messages of love from Jose Clement and his own "good night."

Good night, darling Dick, darling Nan.

Thursday Morning.

See if I don't have bad luck. I was up before sunrise this morning; for I waked early; and, through my open window, heard what anthems and choruses the birds were singing in the trees. I was tired of being still. I felt tension and a longing for action. So I put on my riding clothes, crept softly down stairs, got John in from the garden to saddle Donna; and in a few minutes we were upon the gallop northward; upon the gallop now, in the slow walk then; now and then stopping to listen to the birds, to see them on the tree-tops "pouring their throats," to see the eastern glory of sunrise through the openings. Donna didn't care for the birds, I suppose, nor for the sunrise. But she liked to have me pat her neck and head, talk to her, and turn her out to the stone walls, where she could get mouthfuls of the tender grass.

Coming back, I met Caroline White on her horse, Captain Cork. "Captain," she calls him. I hoped she would go on, after we had exchanged a few pleasant words upon the morning, and so forth; for I dreaded Andrew Bell's still disapprobation. (I have learned, since he came, that he abuses me most when he best likes me, and approves what I do and say; and is gentlest, politest toward me, when he is most displeased.) But she turned and came back with me. She was a dear creature to me, in spite of my apprehension, in that hour, with her face, her voice, her manner so sincere and sweet; so like those of the perfectly artless child! We talked unrestrainedly—a thing I seldom do with another, or, at least, with another woman—and her beautiful thoughts and fancies came often in such language as the true poets use. She was not at all in gay spirits. She often wore a sad look when she was still; and, thought I—"Poor Caroline! your heart is heavy and sorrowful often enough, I dare say. You, like all the rest of us who are on the earth, know what it is to find life, at

times a poor desert, as it were, where thirst and arid winds are, to oppress and torture the soul. Pity that the harsh looks and voices of fellow-pilgrims should be added unto these. Pity that man's inhumanity to man, woman's inhumanity to woman, should "make countless thousands mourn," and you amongst them as they most assuredly do.

She thanked me for a happy time, as we parted at our gate, and gave me her hand. She asked me to come in and take tea with her and some agreeable friends she expects to-day from Worcester, and I promised.

Our folk were at breakfast. But they heard us at the gate, and Andrew Bell came hurrying out to help me. She made a courtly, distant bow to Caroline, opening the gate; she made a still more courtly, still more distant bow to him, turning her horse's head to go.

Rather courtly and distant he was toward me too, until, in coming down from Donna's back, I took hold of his long nose instead of laying my hand on his shoulder. How he laughed! And he came through the yard helping to hold up my skirt and soundly abusing me. This was refreshing, because ever since the evening of the society here, he had been stiff and dry toward me.

"Who was with you?" asked mamma, after I had been introduced to Andrew Bell's friend and taken my place at table.

"Caroline White, mamma. Not so many strawberries, Andrew Bell. You don't know what you are doing, I see." I was in hopes by talking to divert mamma's mind from Caroline immediately; for I have seen, especially of late, that she don't like to have me with her. But mamma added, with a thoughtful, rather a sorry mouth, and with her eyes on her plate, "Was it an appointment? Did she call for you, or——"

"Our meeting was purely accidental, mamma. I met her just this side of the West Parish, on my way back—Cold water, if you please, papa," extending my glass.

"Yes, daughter," filling one for himself also, to drink with me.

It was rather a stiff time. We tried to talk; but I saw plainly that neither mamma nor Andrew Bell could think of anything but my unfortunate encounter with Caroline White.

After breakfast, when mamma and I were alone together, after having sat a few minutes in silence, mamma recurred to the subject, saying that she was rather sorry I happened to meet Caroline; that I was obliged to ride back into the town with her, especially at breakfast-time, when so many are out; that she knew Caroline

has a great many friends—Governor Butler's folks, for instance, and General Chickering's family, and others of the same high standing. But it was because she is talented and spirited, because she lived in such fine style. If she were a common woman, living in a common way, neither they nor any respectable persons would so easily overlook her recklessness of deportment. She and Mrs. Dennis were talking about it, yesterday. They both thought that the less one has to do with her—if one is perfectly polite and respectful toward her, when one accidentally meets her in company, or elsewhere—the better it is for one; the safer they are from taint and from scandal. They both concluded that Barton's intimacy there is the worst thing in the world for him, since it is, in several ways, separating him, step by step, from all the rest of his friends. Mrs. Dennis had been credibly informed—by Mrs. Baderly, as it turned out—that Mr. Ogden calls there oftener and oftener; so that his wife (the silliest, vainest little spendthrift there is in town, by-the-way, to whom he was married when she was sixteen, and he scarcely twenty-one) begins to feel bad and talk about it. She had talked with Mrs. Baderly about it. And if Mrs. Baderly were to tell all she heard from Mrs. Ogden! But she shouldn't, she said, unless the time comes when she thinks it her duty.

"Duty! Nonsense!" interrupted I, at this part of mamma's story. "Mrs. Baderly with 'duty! duty!' forever on her tongue, is the farthest from doing her duty of anybody that I know. She is just a stupid old fudge! that's all she is."

"Why, Jenny!" said mamma, half amused, half shocked, and looking in my face.

"The truth, mamma! There is more genuine goodness, more real sense and delicacy in Caroline White's little finger than there is in Mrs. Baderly's whole body and soul."

"Where! I *guess* there is!" said Andrew Bell, appearing in the dining-room door. He overheard what I was saying on his way through the hall. "I *guess* so!" He came and gave me the "Democrat."

"Well, it is the truth, Andrew Bell; and it is too bad that people don't see it. Caroline White is above all manner of bitterness and meanness. She don't talk and whine about 'duty, duty,' as Mrs. Baderly does; for, with a nature like hers, goodness, generosity in the life, are but the unstudied, spontaneous expression of the noble spirit within; while with Mrs. Baderly they are mere forms, laboriously taken up, carried laboriously. Caroline, bless her for it; is a *cheerful*

giver of worthy gifts to the poor. Mrs. Baderly (I have less and less patience with the woman every day that I live!) deals out miserable piti-ances of old clothes and stale provisions, mixed up with plentiful supplies of serious admonition (whether they need and deserve it, or not, you see,) of advice and warning. How anybody can endure such a woman, is more than I can understand."

"It is her way, child!" urged mamma.

"So is Caroline White's *her* way, mamma."

"Well," said mamma, with a business air, "if Caroline White were less intimate with the gentlemen, I wouldn't say a word. I wouldn't care how much you were with her."

"Why, what can the poor woman do?" urged I. "Half of the women envy her, half fear her, half—"

"Ho, ho! Good!" laughed Andrew Bell; and then it occurred to me how many halves I was using to prop my argument.

"I have engaged to take tea with Caroline this evening," I said, quite willing to annoy them with the intelligence.

Mamma sighed; the laugh went quickly from Andrew Bell's features; but they neither of them said anything. Mamma took up her paper. Andrew Bell told me that I would find something that I would like in the "Democrat," and then went; saying to mamma that he and his friend were going fishing, to be gone all day, probably.

"Good-bye, Jenny," said he, without looking back; and my heart is heavy within me, when I think of it. If he and mamma had stoutly opposed my going to Caroline, as I had no doubt they would, I think I would go; for, as I have a long time seen, my will is only the more determined by the opposition that is without reason. Love, joined with reason, may lead me or hold me anywhere; while the mere will of another arouses my will, and straightway it gives battle. I can thus understand how it is, that husband and wife having strong individuality, strong wills, and not having love, so much more frequently than tamer characters, find their united lives intolerable to them, and so go asunder. Now, our good, gracious mamma loves me forty times better than I deserve. She does not, however, oppose my intimacy with Caroline out of this love, but out of her subserviency to public opinion, that great and (to me) most hateful taskmaster of us all.

But I am going to see if there are any clouds anywhere with rain in them. I confess I shall not be very sorry if there are. I shall not be sorry to be kept at home by the unconscious

rain; for it troubles me, after all, to do anything counter to the wishes of mamma and Andrew Bell. But I will never stay to please Mrs. Baderly & Co. I should despise myself continually, should soon be spoilt, in my inward life, whatever might be the staid aspect of my outward, if I were to take habitually upon myself this kind of action. God help me to resist it, there, if it does sometimes grieve us all (mamma, Andrew Bell and me, I mean,) to think and feel differently. And God give me gentleness and patience more and more, so that I need not, in following what is so right and necessary for me, grow hard, ill-natured and defiant.

Evening.

It rained like a shower nearly all the afternoon; so that Andrew Bell and his friend, who went in an open carriage without umbrellas, came home thoroughly drenched. Andrew Bell had a headache and was all out of tune; was provoked with a farmer who lived near the pond, who had oats enough for their horse and dinner enough for them; but who was a knotty, twisted "crab-apple tree," as he said, and would let them have neither oats nor dinner.

"If you would help me a little, sister Jenny," said he, in the midst of his scolding, "I think I shouldn't feel quite so cross," affecting to be angry with some water-drops that fell from his hat on the back of his hand.

So I helped him; took off his hat and hung it on a chair by the kitchen stove to dry; when he took his coat off, I hung that on another chair. He doesn't take very good care of his things. His slippers were in the bathing-room, his *robe de chambre* was in the library, a part hanging on his chair, a part lying on the carpet. I carried these and dry socks and linens to his chamber; and, when I came down, sent him off to put them on.

"You're a good girl," said he, after he came down again to the parlor. His back was toward me. He was hunting mamma's work-box over. "The fact is, you see," he added, trying to put a very coarse thread into the eye of a very fine needle. "I wouldn't give much for—for a sister, ever so strong-minded, ever so fine a lady, if she couldn't know what to do for me when I'm ill-used any way; if she couldn't find as much pleasure in seeing to me, as I in being seen to. I rather think you could. But I wonder what the reason is that I can't thread this needle."

"What do you want to do?" asked I, crossing over to him; glad to cross over; glad to come near him; for his words, and, above all, his tones, made him just then a dear brother to me.

"I have ript the button off my wristband. I am always doing something to get myself out of order. There is nobody," he continued, as I myself took the needle and began sewing on the button, "who needs just such a sister, Jenny, as you are, so much as I do. No one could be so thankful for such a sister as I am."

His voice was unsteady and filled full of tenderness; he took my hand up to his lips and kissed it. I—I only knew that I was happier than ever before in my life. I suppose I sewed the button on, and fastened it properly; but I haven't the faintest remembrance about it. His friend came down soon. Papa came in. Mamma came from aunt Esther's room, and we all sat down to Irish Ellinor's good supper. Andrew Bell gave me strawberries and cream; papa gave me biscuit; mamma tea. I cared for nothing but the strawberries and cream—only a little, of course, for the brother who served them; and who, now that his friend Cochran is here, sits near me at table.

Aunt Esther has been visiting cousin Abby and her little troop of children. She returned to us to-day; is tired, not very well, but serene as a lake in summer-time. I wonder if I can ever be like her, if I live on into life's wane. Perhaps I may. She says I may. She says her own feet used to be very restless hunting after better paths than those she and such unconcerned multitudes were walking; and she sees now that this was better than content. By-and-bye, when she found the way, then the content that is with reason, came.

Friday Morning.

Have I told you a word about Andrew Bell's friend? His name is Cochran. His parents lived in Concord, Massachusetts; now he hasn't any. He is outrageously ugly, but talented, quiet and agreeable. His patrimony has been all swallowed up by his education, Andrew Bell says. But he loves his profession (the law) as the true artist loves his art, whatever it be, and the means and methods of his art; so that, Andrew Bell says, he is sure of success. I said he is ugly. But when he talks or listens (and when he is in repose too) there is an intelligence, an easy dignity in his bearing that carries himself and those who look on, away above all contemplation of the mere question of feature and form. He is of iron-like conservation, I see, in his political and social theories; but of iron-like justice also.

He must know Caroline White. He would find himself suited in her, I think; and she in him. He would be like a rock to her, both in the way of support and defence; for, while his

complacent conservation would keep him cool and judicious, would keep him from rebellions against public opinion, out of his justice and intrinsic honesty, he would do whatever he thinks right and manly, and in the straightforward way, to make people respect all his actions—and him, and her.

CHAPTER V.

Concord, September 12th, 1854.

HAVE you not often seen how when that for which we have been wishing and striving, comes, it is often more unlucky than that we dread and struggle against? I have. For instance, Caroline and Cochran met here, and sympathized at once, as I wished. They met elsewhere. We called on her (he proposed it) and went out on the river with her, in her little boat. Aunt Esther, Andrew Bell, Cochran and I were out one morning in the carriage together, when we overtook Caroline just above the Institute. She was out in a hack-about bonnet and shawl and thick veil, for a long walk. It was like a new brightness on our way, looking into her beaming face, hearing her full, rich voice. Even Andrew Bell was softened toward her this morning. He chatted with her, let the best light of his countenance shine on her, was the first to say, "Come into the carriage, Mrs. White, and ride with us. You will make our ride doubly pleasant:" was the most strenuous in saying, and in showing her that there was abundant room for her on the front seat between himself and Cochran.

How we talked and talked, after she came in! We minded neither singing-bird, nor shade of trees, nor blue sky, although I suppose they all blessed us in their still way; for we were more to ourselves and to each other, than they all. Aunt Esther had not previously met Caroline. It was good to see how kind her eyes were when she looked at her, and her tones, when she spoke to her; good to feel that she appreciated, without narrow prejudice, the beauties of her conversation and her whole bearing.

We all talked about our ride and about Caroline, that day at dinner; and aunt Esther was sure, she said, that Caroline has a good heart. Bless her! I wanted to kiss her hand.

So mamma was softened toward Caroline. She suggested that I had perhaps better send a little note in to her before aunt Esther left, inviting her to spend the day with us all, if Andrew Bell, Mr. Cochran, aunt Esther, papa and all, would help us carry it through; if they would help us thoroughly to establish Caroline in the good graces of all Concord. So they all promised; all but papa, he was not present.

What we all, more or less desire and need, aunt Easter said, is *recognition* of the ability, the talent, the good intention there is within our hearts. Many a one here amongst us, she said, is ready to cry out, stretching forth their hands to their brothers, their sisters, longing for recognition, that they may stand quietly and with full assurance of appreciation, in speaking their own spontaneous words, performing their own spontaneous acts. Caroline was one of these.

Well, I invited Caroline, and she came. Cochran was here all day, leading her, being led by her, watching all the words she uttered, catching them, hoarding them as if they were diamonds and gold, watching her glance, living on it—in short, that day fastened his noble heart to her forever. I expected this; for I had observed them both, and knew what it meant, his color swiftly changing and the fingers trembling whenever we mentioned her before him, and the new softness in Caroline's manner, when he was with us, the new depth and tremulousness of his tones. I had mentioned these tokens to Andrew Bell, when he said with heartiness, "I'm glad!" and skipped a little in his gladness. "For," added he, "if Caroline White gets such a husband as he will make; a man of such genius, such sterling, manly qualities, I'll venture her."

He evinced the most open cordiality toward Caroline, after this, calling often, running in any time, sometimes alone, sometimes with Cochran. Cochran confessed to him that every thought and desire of his life centred more and more in her. He hoped, he said, and still he feared to trust all to one whose life had been like hers, or "as hers is represented to be, by people generally," he added, with a husky voice.

But let me make my long story a short one. Let me take paragraphs from my journal—kept partly for this purpose.

—Met Mrs. Baderly to-day, and she glowered on me like a black thunder-cloud. She said, "Tell your mother that I want to see her, Jenny. Tell her I shall call; probably to-morrow morning." She "feels that she has a duty to perform," no doubt; and something tells me that it has reference to my intimacy with Caroline White.

Mamma, aunt Esther and I called on Mrs. Endicott. Jose Clement and Eunice Baderly were there; but they left as we went in. Jose, for some reason, did not look me in the face at all. She used always to have so sweet a smile for me! To-day she had confusion in her face; and she seemed in a hurry to be away from me.

I don't think she has been in here for a fortnight; she used to come two, or three, or half-a-dozen times a week. Well, heaven give me patience with all the folly and nonsense there is in this world we live in.

—Cochran has opened his office to-day, and taken up boarding quarters at the "Eagle." He was in this evening; seems to feel little spirit in his new undertaking; whereas, two weeks ago, he was filled with sanguine interest. He is discouraged about affairs in the Orient, this evening.

Peace is not peace. He thinks despotism is likely to have the best of it. And this made my heart sick and full of pain, until dear papa said with a serious, but calm face—"If despotism has a cruel work to do let it be done. Its true character and purposes will the sooner be made plain; it will the sooner become so intolerable as to excite an indignation, an uprising, before which it must give way. I dread the suffering. Few men can dread it more. But one can see, that, in the life of nations, as in individual life, the spirit is disciplined in this way: prepared, led. Led on step by step up its Calvary; bearing a heavy cross, but coming with the more effective steps to where this can be laid down and a crown taken. I can bear all the suffering, therefore, for the sake of the good that *certainly* will come out of it, at last."

Well, he is a darling papa! The dearest papa! I would bless God that he is my papa, for the light that comes from him to my troubled soul, if there were no other reason. I believe his idea is the true one, and am glad and thankful like a little child to believe it.

Yet will I work and pray against evil, more diligently than ever. But it shall be with a clearer vision, that shall see Providence designing, working everywhere; and with a patient, loving heart.

—Cochran came in this evening in search of Andrew Bell. As Andrew Bell was not to be found, in library, garden, or chamber, he did not sit down; but complained a little standing in the doorway, of the clouds, that, day after day, neither give us needful rain, nor clear away.

Complained too of so many trees, of so much shade therefrom in the yards, of the sickly grass and the mould. He saw some green mould on our walk as he came in, he said. He had seen some walks in town covered with it. People ought to know how unwholesome this is, and keep their trees to the sidewalks. Two weeks ago, I remember, he could not be done praising these same trees, this same shade.

Caroline is sick to-day, they say; is attended by her husband's cousin, Dr. White of Boston, who happens to be visiting her at this time. I shall go in the morning and see to her.

Mrs. Baderly's voice at the bell, inquiring of Ellinor whether Mrs. Chase is in, and alone. And it is pitchy dark.

Later.

They called me down; it was so bad a story to hear! mamma was in such consternation about it!

"Caroline White—Caroline White is a ruined woman," Mrs. Baderly said, turning up her eyes; and "Ruined!" Miss Croly, who accompanied her, echoed, working at her glove-fastening.

"How?" I asked.

"Can't you guess! Haven't you heard that Dr. White is there from Boston!"

"Yes, but what of that, pray?"

"What of that! You know she's sick, don't you?"

"I've heard that she is," I answered. "I want to see her to know *how* sick she is."

"Oh!" with three or four inflections on the syllable, exclaimed Miss Croly. "Don't go *there*. It's a pity you've been at *all*. A great pity; isn't it, Mrs. Baderly?"

"Great," shaking her head solemnly.

"Why? I don't understand a word about it."

"Strange you don't think," laughed Miss Croly, turning to Mrs. Baderly. "Isn't it, Mrs. Baderly?"

"Very."

"I think it strange that you can't tell me, at once," said I, out of all patience.

"Oh, we don't intend to *tell* anything," replied Miss Croly. "It isn't a thing to *talk* about, you know; because, as yet, nothing is certain. Or, that is, nobody has *seen* anything. But I've no more *doubt* what has been going on there since Dr. White came up! He has been up often, you know. People have talked about it all along."

"Is he married, or single?" asked mamma.

"Married. But, then, *that* makes no difference with *her*. You know Ogden has been there, just as if he hadn't any wife. So have some others I could mention if I tried hard."

"I guess you could," interposed Mrs. Baderly, her voice like that I used, as a child, to associate with Watts—

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound!"

When it first occurred to me, all the horrible import of their inuendoes, I was so angrily

excited as to be faint. I did not speak, however. I sat trembling and weak, with all my faculties stretching, straining themselves, trying the implication, looking its probable consequences over and over, and determining what my own relative action shall be.

"Josephine and Eunice think that is something that Mr. Andrew Chase will be likely to feel as much as any one," interposed Miss Croly, looking inquiringly in my face.

"We shall all feel it," said I, tears coming. "It is so sad a thing that——"

"Yes, I think so!" interrupted Miss Croly, rallying her eyes. "We can see by this that it is hard knowing in a large place like this, or in any place, who's who and what is what."

I answered eagerly.

"I didn't mean to admit that I believe the story. I don't: I think it a wicked thing starting it; stirring it, now that it is started. I have no words to tell how wicked it seems to me!" And I wept just like a child.

They sat still awhile. Then Mrs. Baderly said something to mamma about its being so cloudy all the time lately, and soon they took their leave.

Of mamma. For I did not mind their going. I sobbed and sobbed, as I have not done before since our dear father died. I wonder what this means; this that Jose and Eunice have to say about Andrew Bell's feeling it. I suppose rumor may have been saying that "Andrew Bell is thinking of Mrs. White;" and "wondering whether he will propose;" because he has called there occasionally, of late; has treated her in a cordial, friendly manner, as all men should treat all women.

Jose has endeavored in many ways to make a snug monopoly of Andrew Bell. This I have all along seen. He has humored her endeavor to a considerable extent; has all along made a little pet of her. I suppose she has had no great satisfaction in his late attentions to Caroline. I suppose her cousin Croly may have been thrown somewhat into effervescence by the same demonstrations.

It must be so. According to Jose's accounts to me, he has a long time been half distracted with his passion for Caroline, and with the jealousies she has occasioned him by her blandness toward other gentlemen.

So they two have had their heads together over the matter, probably, and this has spoiled their generosity toward Caroline and Andrew Bell; and, moreover, toward me, the sister of one offender, the friend of the other.

But shall my life of to-day, to-morrow, of next

day, be filled up with the poor thoughts of this poor affair, I wonder? On the contrary, let me put it as far off from me. Let me look into my own soul and see to keeping that unspotted from malevolence, or weakness, or fear. For God, who is so far above all men, all events, sees how it is with me now, and always; sees whether the life I live is all outward and troubled unto the world, or inward and peaceful unto Him.

This morning (this morning of the twelfth, that is; for I am done with my journal) I shall go to see Caroline White; I have looked the matter all over—motive, deed and probable consequences—to see if so vaunted principle would, upon being referred to in a regular way as people advise, take side with so-decried impulse. She did.

And she always does, whenever I leave impulse waiting, and go to consult her. Usage, conventionalism oppose impulse often enough; principle never does to my knowledge.

I said to mamma at breakfast,

"I must go and see Caroline White to-day, mamma."

She answered, dropping her fork, "Oh, now, don't!"

Andrew Bell did not speak, or look up; but there was not a muscle or joint, in his face or hands, that did not give indication of his listening intently.

I answered calmly,

"I *must*, mamma; for I think it necessary and right. So please don't oppose my going. Have the goodness, Andrew Bell, to bring up something good to read when you come to dinner."

He asked.

"What shall it be? book or newspaper?"

"I want Judson's Memoirs. Caroline has read them; and has told me many things I never knew before of their hard life, of the stern discipline by which he turned his foibles into graces, and made his character the sublime one it was."

"I will get it for you," helping me to asparagus.

"But you will be reading me lessons of life, of activity, of usefulness, and so on, off of every page. Every page will point a finger at me, reproving me——"

He interrupted me, saying,

"And another upward, stimulating you, encouraging you."

He half-smiled with tears in his eyes. I looked toward mamma; but saw that she was not attending to one word we were saying. She was still thinking of my proposed visit to Caroline. I thought that she was going to speak of it again, after a little more abstraction at playing with

her pork; and so, bidding Andrew Bell "a good day," I came directly to my room, where I shall stay, as I think, until it is time to go to Caroline. I heard mamma and Andrew Bell talking a long time, earnestly, after I came up. It had something ominous in it, touching myself, I have no doubt; touching my visit to Caroline. If —

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY MRS. SARAH L. RUSSELL.

My childhood's home, my childhood's home,
How beautiful to me!
Thy green old woods, and murmuring rills,
And prairie, wild and free;
A sea of living green, which spreads
Far as the eye can gaze;
Sprinkled with flowers of every hue,
In beauty's gorgeous maze.

What though no stately palace rears
Its turrets to the sky;
And wealth, with all its gilded train,
Greets not the passer-by:
Here dwelt the loving and beloved,
In years long past away;
Fair forms through these lone chambers moved,
Alas! where now are they?

The morning sun as brightly shines
As when it rose on them;
And evening's stars as brightly deck
Night's brilliant diadem;

The wild-wood flowers as early bloom,
The birds as sweetly sing;
As if they trod the pleasant earth
In these calm days of Spring.

Within the green earth's quiet breast,
They calmly slumber on;
I see their peaceful place of rest
Upon yon hill-side lone;
A mother's form is resting there
Beside her infant boy,
They feel no more the pain and care
Which dims each earthly joy.

Strangers are dwelling in the home
Which once we called our own;
For they who made its light and joy
To happier climes have flown.
And I, a weary wanderer here,
Long for the hour to come,
When angel ones shall welcome me
To our Eternal Home.

"DARLING."

BY CLARENCE MAY.

Oz, how often lips have lingered
O'er this warm and loving word,
And by it what sweet emotions
Have within the heart been stirred.
In this world of care and shadow,
Oh, how very often hath
Its sweet accents, like a blessing,
Cast the sunshine o'er our path!

Sad and pale, a mother mused,
In her chamber, all alone,
O'er the dreams of happy girlhood,
And a well-remembered tone;
But a light step breaks the stillness,
Lighting up her face with joy,
As she turns and murmurs fondly,
"Heaven bless thee, darling boy!"

In his study sits a father,
With the care-marks on his brow;
But a voice of gushing music
Lures him from his labor now;
And a bright face steals upon him,
With rose-lip and sunny curl;
And he murmurs, with fond kisses,
"Heaven bless thee, darling girl!"

Where the pale moon, with soft blushes,
Bathes the hill-side and the grove,
Two are walking 'neath the radiance,
Dreaming of that captor—Love.
And the low winds catch the music
Of those fond words, "I am thine;"
And they listen as he whispers,
"Angels bless thee, darling mine!"

MRS. FIDGE.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

Mrs. FIDGE is handsome and accomplished, Mrs. Fidge is aristocratic and refined, no one can converse with more elegance, or dress with more taste than Mrs. Fidge; but she has nerves, and that spoils all.

Mrs. Fidge is wealthy; her house is the finest in town; her carriages make people stop to stare; of servants she has a colony; of friends an uncounted number; but Mrs. Fidge has nerves, and the number of her possessions adds but to the number of her apprehensions and cares.

There is a Mr. Fidge, a good man, a fond husband, a gentleman: liberal, courteous, intelligent; he is unwearyed in ministering to Mrs. Fidge's wants, both real and fancied; but to no purpose whatever; the lady neither obtains any peace for herself, nor allows it to him, nor to any one else, for she has nerves.

The truth is, Mrs. Fidge does not live in the actual world with the rest of us, whether from misfortune or disdain no one ever found out. She is like some birds that only have their nests on the ground, but live far above in the blue air; or rather, Mrs. Fidge is like other birds that have their nests amidst the freshness and beauty of summer boughs, and might live with the sweet hush of fanning leaves and the odor of dainty blossoms about them, but instead, descend upon the ground to hunt for carrion and worms; Mrs. Fidge dwells not on earth, but in the world of her dreams, and fancies, and fears, and horrors.

There are little Fidges, but the poor things might as well have been born in a grated prison as in their princely home, such victims are they to their mother's apprehensions: they must not play with other children, they may hear bad words; they must not go to school, it will injure their spines; they must not walk in winter, it is too cold, nor in summer, it is too warm, certainly not in spring, it is too wet, and every one knows that in autumn the air is poisonous with miasma. The little Fidges wear flannel and eiderdown in August, our climate is so changeable; they wear respirators and rubber boots, and take penny-royal tea every time they sneeze, for Mrs. Fidge has a horror of consumption.

Is there contagious disease in the neighborhood, Mrs. Fidge has her windows barred, and the little Fidges come near dying of suffocation;

one of them runs to her one day with a gangy insect of delicate green—horror! it is a cholera fly. "Betty, Billy, Sally, Mr. Fidge," she says, "all and every, pack, write, find lodgings, order expresses, we are away to-morrow morning, or we shall be taken a longer journey by the awful destroyer, Death!" Mr. Fidge demurs, complains, expostulates, says he has notes to pay, money to collect, friends to meet, important projects to consummate; very well! Mrs. Fidge is resigned, though tears come in her eyes. If he wants to follow their precious children to the grave, if he wishes to hurry her beside them—very well! Men seem to think it rather amusing now-a-days to replace the wife that has given her young heart with all its fresh affections—"

Mr. Fidge interrupts her, he will go to Kamchatka, if she wishes: never mind about his business, he can afford to lose a few thousands: never mind about his time, he has but one life to lead, and that shall be spent in Mrs. Fidge's service.

Mr. Fidge demurs less and less as they grow older, for he finds it easier to indulge than to combat Mrs. Fidge's innumerable whims. He tries to take them like a philosopher, to consider as the artist, Albert Durer, is said to have done, that a troublesome wife was given him because Providence knew that he could endure the trial. He comforts himself with the knowledge that nervous people and invalids always live longest, and that Mrs. Fidge has had so many swoons and convulsions her constitution takes them kindly now. Indeed he does not know but they are necessary to her preservation, and as thunder-storms come to clear the atmosphere, so they come to restore tranquillity.

Mr. Fidge was not always so meek and philosophical, he was enraged once, shortly after his marriage, and rebuked his poor bride so cruelly, that the scar of the wound he inflicted is in her heart to this very day.

This was the way it happened. From being a gay young man, the life and idol of society, sought and flattered by belles innumerable, he became the husband of Arabella Mason, who was fresh and fair as the best of them, and what all could not boast, had wealth of purse as well as of intellect.

It was all charming at first. Mr. Fidge thought he should never be tired of looking into Arabella's eyes, and blamed the summer evenings that were not long enough while he and Arabella cooed like two turtle-doves, under the vines of their moonlighted cottage piazza.

But alas, when winter came, they seemed to have cooed out; all the complimentary adjectives in the language had been applied to Arabella, and some until they were stale and threadbare; and Arabella had rehearsed her fears and frights and symptoms, until Mr. Fidge thought it a pity he had not been educated a physician, there was such a compendium of disease in his home for a continual subject: she would be to him like an artist's lay-figure, useful as Correggio's wife!

Fond as the ears were into which she whispered her trials; and silvery as was the voice that gave them utterance, Mr. Fidge could not help being a little wearied: he wondered the neighbors did not call—he had selected a thinly settled neighborhood, for the sake of more lonely hours with Arabella; but now, alas, once Mr. Fidge remembered his duties to society, again he would entertain his friends, and Arabella should dazzle the world.

Arabella did not wish to dazzle, *she* was contented with home, *she* was satisfied with the admiration of one she loved: men were different, she supposed, she had always heard a man's affection had no stability; other women lost their husband's love, why should not she? Doubtless her time had come.

Now Arabella had said all these things before, and Mr. Fidge, unwilling that a tear should dim her heavenly eyes, had settled back in his easy-chair, concealing ennui as best he could; but now he thought it time to assert his rights, and also prove that he respected Mrs. Fidge too much to indulge her like a spoiled child; she pouted: well, it would not hurt her to pout; she would stay at home: well, then Mr. Fidge must walk alone.

So Mrs. Fidge sat in her elegant parlor, with dismal forebodings coming through her mind; what might not become of Mr. Fidge? He might form convivial habits, he might gamble, might come home some night to tell of a ruined fortune, ruined habits, ruined reputation, all resulting from this one step of forsaking his Arabella.

Was she growing ugly? Mrs. Fidge consulted her glass: no! many another man might fall at her feet even yet; but she was Mr. Fidge's wife, the excitement of pursuit was over, the romance of love was ended, the cup of domestic happiness drained, and now, now, what a future! Mrs. Fidge wished she had never loved, never hoped,

wished that she had been a beggar, a dwarf, a nun, anything but rich and queenly, and—for-saken!

Should she revenge herself, by returning to society and accepting the homage that awaited her? Ah, she should only watch him smiling upon other women, laughing over his wine, eager in dance, in song, in sport, as he had always been, and only cold and civil and calm to her.

No! Arabella's gentle heart could not bear such anguish, her proud heart could not have the world watch and comment upon its woes. She consulted her watch again, she had been holding it and had kept her eyes fixed, though vacantly, upon its face, ever since Mr. Fidge first left the house: ten came, eleven, twelve, one—past midnight! Time for ghosts to walk, for thieves to be abroad! were her worst fears to be realized so soon? Her imagination pictured vividly as if he stood before her, the recreant husband staggering into the room, with bloodshot eyes, with stammered senseless apologies; but she would forgive him, only, only—would she not remember this one night as a useful warning! Mrs. Fidge arose to remove a slender table which stood near the door, and was covered with frail but valuable vases; Mr. Fidge might overturn it, in the helpless and heedless state of body and mind, in which he was sure to return.

Meantime Mr. Fidge was quietly playing whist with an old friend: it was a game of which both were very fond, they had been members of one club in their merry bachelorhood, and had past many such quiet evenings together. The friend had been married at the same time with Mr. Fidge, but his wife was not an Arabella, and observing her husband's enjoyment of the game, had slyly set back the hands of the parlor clock; so that they had but reached half past nine when Mr. Fidge arose to depart, thanking his host and hostess with a beaming face, for pleasure which they all hoped often to renew.

Just then the bells without rang a sudden frightened peal, as if for a fire alarm; and the gentlemen seizing their hats, rushed from the house together, followed a crowd who knew no better than themselves whither they were going, and searched the town from end to end, in hopes of discovering why they were there, and what they could all be seeking.

Tired of asking questions which none could answer, and confessing ignorance to questions which all asked, Mr. Fidge gained possession of one of the belfry ropes, and rang away indefatigably, while his friend promised to return with

whatever intelligence he should be able to gather.

Suddenly Mr. Fidge heard the tramp of returning footsteps; and a merry multitude it seemed, that swarmed into the little vestibule, and about the steps of the church.

Mr. Fidge ceased his labor, a pause ensued, and his friend came forth to tell him that there was no fire, but only some one lost. Mr. Fidge's heart fell at once—fell worse when all the watching faces that crowded around him burst into a laugh, which brought down vibrations from the bell above: the alarmist was Arabella, Mr. Fidge awoke to find himself looking after himself, as indeed all sensible people will.

Whilst the crowd laughed, and the great belfry bell vibrated again, and the village editor hurried home to write a ludicrous account of the panic, the manuscript of which Mr. Fidge bought of him for a suit of clothes, the day following. Mr. Fidge himself disappeared; and at the door of his own house met Arabella with dishevelled hair and assurances that she would ask no questions, if only he were alive and whole. Somehow Arabella forgot to remember this evening as a lesson to her husband, and somehow Mr. Fidge was called out of town that next day, and did not return till people were tired of laughing over the respective anxieties and mistakes of Mr. and Mrs. Fidge.

SUMMER.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL

DARK the woods with waving shadows,
Sweet the clover-scented meadows

Now so beautifully green;
Smiling ope the budded roses
Where shy Cupid oft reposes
With his fatal darts unseen

Gently on the brooks are gliding,
Shining fish within them hiding
'Neath the water-lilies fair;
Gracefully the trees are waving
O'er their banks, and deeply laving
In the stream their roots all bare.

Drowsily the bees are humming,
Laden from the flow'rets coming
To their hives beneath the shade;
Butterflies are flitting over
Glancing beds of waving clover,
All their flow'ry visits made.

Sweet at evening's hour to listen,
While the stars above us glisten,
To the plaintive whip-poor-will;
And to hear the gentle murmur—
Insect music—of the Summer
As their strains the night air fill.

Days of Summer, ye are flying—
Soon will all your charms be dying,
Soon, too soon ye'll pass away!
So fades life—and thus decaying
Like the leaflet briefly staying
Do we linger but a day.

Let it then be our endeavor
When we die to live forever
In the mansions of the blest;
Let our prayers ascend to Heaven,
First at morn and last at even,
That our souls may be at rest.

CHILDHOOD.

BY WINNY WOODBINE.

WHEN thou art roaming far away,
Beside some smiling stream,
Where bluer skies and brighter stars
Upon thy pathway beam;
Where blossoms gem each green hill-side,
And woo the "soft South-west,"
While sweeter strains and softer tones
Will soothe thy soul to rest.

Or when within the halls of mirth,
The gayest of the gay,
The moments with their wild delight
Are vanishing away;

Then often will thy heart turn back
To those sweet childish hours,
When youth and hope roamed side by side
Amid the budding flowers.

And childhood with its purity
Will seem oh, doubly bright,
When shadows gather darkly round
As steals the gloom of night;
But never more will youth come back
To bless thy weary heart,
The waves of time will roll between
And keep thee far apart.

MY NEW BONNET, AND THE TALE THAT HANGS THEREBY.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

I HAD had a weary day of shopping in the city; for when one sets forth with twenty-five dollars to buy a hundred dollars' worth of things, one becomes perfectly overwhelmed by the unconscionable demands of shopkeepers, and experiences a sense of relief when the fatiguing task is ended. So it was with me; I had accomplished my purchases, and the old stage deposited me at the door of our country home, with my head full of the experiment I was about to make.

How inviting the house looked, humble though it was, forming, with its cool shade-trees, such a pleasant contrast to the dusty city I had left; and as I caught sight of aunt Madge walking through the little flower-garden in front to meet me, I breathed a silent prayer of gratitude that I had a home, and some one to love me. For aunt Madge and I were all in all to each other. I was an orphan, and she my mother's only sister; she had no other tie, and she, and I, and Bridget lived there together in a cosy quietude that was infinitely delightful.

We had few visitors, for although we prided ourselves upon being one of the oldest families in the place, it was well known through the village that my father, lawyer Morpeth, left but little money; and people who would have thought it an honor to be upon visiting terms with my father's father, now looked down upon my father's daughter because they had become rich and built gingerbread structures on the site of the old blacksmith's shop, or village tavern, while the Morpeth estate had been sold, piece by piece, until there remained only the cottage in which we lived, that had formerly been the residence of my father's farmer. But every one said that aunt Madge carried herself with the air of a princess; and as for me, if the truth must be told, they pronounced me "stuck up."

We went into the house, and aunt Madge was soon exploring the band-box I brought with me. She loved to see me prettily dressed, and always lauded the good taste of my purchases; but when she brought to view a very fine but untrimmed and unlined straw-bonnet, she uttered an exclamation of surprise and dismay.

"I am going to trim it, myself, aunt Madge," said I, in a tone of conscious power, "I studied

the bonnets at the milliner's with the greatest care, and I know that I can do it—it will save quite a sum."

I unrolled a richly colored blue ribbon, and aunt Madge, after admiring it, exclaimed, "I am so glad that you didn't get *green*! I dislike green with blue eyes—they don't match; and I dare say that you can trim it as well as any milliner—you were always handy, you know, at making doll's bonnets."

She laid the ribbon against my cheek, and wondered, as she commented upon its becomingness, when Edward Lyster would come? She had a great idea, this dear aunt Madge, of my making a splendid, wealthy marriage, and riding in triumph over the heads of "those upstarts," as she called them; but although I had not seen Edward Lyster since we were children, I turned aside that aunt Madge might not notice the blush I felt rising to my cheek; and pretending an alarming appetite, I hurried in to the tea-table.

The next morning, after thoroughly dusting the little parlor, and making it cool and shady, I placed the round-table, containing my new bonnet and all its belongings by the open window; and spreading a clean napkin on my lap, I sat down to my task. "Secure your cape and strings *first*," had been the milliner's advice, "and then see what you have left for bows," and bearing this in mind, I proceeded accordingly.

Aunt Madge had resolutely declined my services in the kitchen, that morning, being impatient, she said, to see the bonnet trimmed; but she made frequent visits to my domain, sometimes with a saucer of eggs in her hand that she was beating up, "to find out how I was getting on;" but although this was kindly meant, I must say that it materially retarded my progress. For instance, aunt Madge was decidedly horrified at my clipping the ribbon into little bits; and she seemed to be under the impression that it should be sewed with twine—wondering, with a sort of aggravating innocence, whether the bows would stay on!

Now, my ambition had been to present aunt Madge but two phases of the bonnet: the un-

adorned foundation of straw, and the blue rib-boned wonder that was to astonish her eyes with its milliner-like air; so, I banished her to the kitchen with the threat that if her visits were not discontinued, I would come and drop my thimble into the cake she was making—but I had, notwithstanding, an uncomfortable suspicion that aunt Madge's eyes were peering at me from cracks and crevices during the whole operation.

As if to confirm this idea, she walked in at the precise moment that I had finished my task and elevated it in triumph on my head, declaring that there would not be a prettier bonnet in the place. Aunt Madge complimented me, as well as the bonnet; and I thought, myself, that I looked *passable* in it. Into each of those bows had been twisted some thoughts of Edward Lyster; and I now felt pretty well satisfied with my work.

"The Cranston girls are making toward you," whispered aunt Madge, as we were coming out of church, the next Sunday, "I *knew* they would."

"The Cranston girls" were aunt Madge's pet aversion, and no great favorites of mine. Rebecca, the oldest, was a showily-pretty, loud-talking, good-natured sort of girl—while Ann was red-haired, more vulgar than her sister, and decidedly malicious. They were a very queer family: they were said to be wealthy, and the father lived in idleness; but the mother was a hard-working woman, whose origin had been extremely low, and whose disposition was very much like Ann's. Mrs. Cranston was seldom decently dressed; but they lived handsomely, for the country, and the girls had a great variety of finery. We had been to school together, but were never very intimate, except when I had some new article of dress that they wanted to borrow for a pattern, and then Rebecca loaded me with caresses. Only the winter before, to the great indignation of aunt Madge, they had borrowed my new bonnet fresh from the city; and sending it to Miss Snip, the village milliner, had two made exactly like it!

Aunt Madge drew herself up haughtily, as they approached, but Rebecca made a direct onslaught upon me.

"What a love of a bonnet!" she screamed, as she drew me off, "got it all ready trimmed in the city?"

"No," I replied, very quietly, "it was trimmed here."

"Get out!" said Rebecca, a favorite request with her when anything appeared difficult of belief. But seeing that I remained unmoved, she asked, in a more subdued tone, "who did it?"

"Myself," I replied, with a sort of conscious pride.

"You?" exclaimed my companion, fixing upon me a broad stare of incredulous surprise; and I supposed that her next words would be a request to lend it for a pattern, but with her eyes fixed upon the bonnet, she talked of other things until I joined aunt Madge.

The next day, I went to see "aunt Eunice," one of our old church members, who lived with her grand-daughter on the outskirts of the village, and who, not being strong for work, had the pittance that sufficed for their support eked out by charity. Sally was in my Sunday-school class, but I had seen neither of them, now, for two or three weeks.

Aunt Eunice told me confidentially that "they had nothing fit to wear—Miss Myers had given Sally an old bunnit and some laylock ribbon, but Sally didn't know how to put it on, and her fingers were too clumsy."

I laid aside my things, and set about the task of thatching Sally Pue. Neither "the bunnit" nor the "laylock ribbon" were any great things; but I managed matters so that, at last, they presented quite a respectable appearance. Sally was delighted, she had never looked so fine in her life; and then, taking in hand a great black shed, to which Eunice applied the misnomer of "bunnit," I remodelled it to her complete satisfaction.

"I never knowed, afore, that you was a milliner," said she, in astonishment at the result of my skill.

"No," I replied, laughingly, "but I am going to take up the trade, now."

Little did I imagine the effect of those thoughtless words, as I tripped home with the pleasant consciousness that I had been of some use to my fellow creatures.

In the parlor I found Rebecca Cranston waiting for me. "She has come for the bonnet," thought I, and I met her with cold reserve; but Rebecca greeted me laughingly, and sat chatting away with perfect unconstraint. She appeared so amiable that I felt quite ashamed of myself, and thawed rapidly under the influence of her smiles.

"I've come to ask a favor," said my visitor, "mother was just saying how dreadfully unsociable you'd been, and we all want you to come and spend the day, to-morrow. Come early, so that we can have a good, long talk."

I refused this invitation, at first; but Rebecca became so urgent that I went to aunt Madge for advice.

"She didn't ask you to wear your new bonnet?" inquired my far-seeing relative.

No, she had not mentioned the bonnet at all.

"Then," said aunt Madge, reflectively, "I don't know but that you had better go. I am afraid, Etta, that we are too particular—it is not a wise thing for a young girl to remain entirely shut up from all society; and although the Cranstons are not at all to my taste, yet the Lysters, and others, visit them, and you might meet desirable acquaintances there. I think, upon the whole, it will be best for you to accept Rebecca's invitation."

This was coming down a great deal for aunt Madge; but I went back to Rebecca, and told her that I would come. She appeared delighted, and overwhelmed me with rough caresses.

"Now, mind and come early," were her last words, as she departed abruptly at the opportune moment when one of the law-students was crossing the street; and I saw, from the window, that the young man had turned his steps in the direction of Mr. Cranston's, while Rebecca wriggled along beside him.

The Cranstons lived in a plain, but roomy house; and the girls, who made frequent visits to the city, had introduced many improvements. There were chairs and ottomans covered with worsted work, fashionable knick-knacks on the mantel-piece, and in winter, a pleasant grate-fire, which seemed to compare so cheerily with our little dull stove—I hate stoves.

So, I set forth in the full expectation of a pleasant day, although I resolutely tied on my white sun-bonnet. Rebecca received me at the door with both hands, and much laughter and giggling; and even Ann seemed disposed to be gracious.

"Come right straight up stairs!" shouted both at once, "we shan't make a stranger of you!"

I was led, or rather, *dragged* into the spare bed-room—my sun-bonnet twitched from my head—and my ears almost deafened by the loud voices of my companions. Mrs. Cranston, a small, sallow woman, with little, twinkling black eyes, and a very sharp look, was at work, in the rocking-chair, upon an old sheet; and having told me that "I was a great stranger," she requested me to "*set* right down amongst 'em."

Some inquiries respecting aunt Madge were made, and answered; and then Mrs. Cranston exclaimed, as she stitched vigorously on, "I'm going to turn over a new leaf with my galls; they tell me that you're so smart, you trim your own bunnits—and though we ain't poor folks, it's best to save when you ken. Becky, bring them bunnits for Etta to see."

Two very pretty straw bonnets, in the style

of mine, only more expensive, with a handsome pink ribbon for one, and a green one for the other, were deposited upon my lap; and Mrs. Cranston, with a wink to Rebecca, told her to "get her needle and things ready, and maybe I'd show her how to take the first stitch."

Upon this, Rebecca and Ann both armed themselves with the proper implements, and planted themselves one on each side of me. Rebecca made a feint of cutting off a dwarfish string, and Ann attempted to crumple up about two yards of ribbon into a bow, seeing which, I took the materials from their hands; and no sooner had my fingers touched the ribbon than Mrs. Cranston exclaimed,

"Etta takes hold, now, as if she understood the business! Don't let *them* spoil the things—they're so stupid!"

By dinner-time, the two bonnets were trimmed; and feeling quite weary, I was glad of a respite. Mr. Cranston, who was already eating when we entered the room, inquired "Who we had here?" And, on being told my name, and that I had been trimming bonnets, persisted in the idea that I went out by the day.

After a short walk in the garden, Mrs. Cranston beckoned me mysteriously in; and displaying a queer-shaped bonnet, remarked that as I seemed to be so handy, maybe I could do something with that. The straw, she said, cost an awful sight of money, but she guessed it wanted a little fixing. I guessed it wanted a great deal; but seating myself at my task, I unripped the thick wire and cut it—(a most disagreeable job) took off several rows of straw—and trimming it with the dirt-colored ribbon which Mrs. Cranston laid beside me, I made it look very decent.

But when she asked me if I knew anything about fixing caps, I suddenly remembered that aunt Madge was alone, and I looked around for my sun-bonnet. But the girls had hid it, and there was much noisy struggling before I could get possession of it. Mrs. Cranston told me that I must come over often; and Rebecca and Ann professed themselves "quite jealous of mother," who, they said, had managed to keep me pretty much to herself all day.

I afterward heard that Mrs. Cranston remarked, "For *her* part, she b'lieved in gittin' things done in the house for cheapness—particularly by an acquaintance, because that was only a meal or so."

I walked home quite reflectively, and laughed as I gave an account of the day to aunt Madge. She was, however, perfectly indignant, and denounced the whole race of Cranstons from that time forth.

"But, aunt Madge," said I, still laughing, "they didn't borrow my bonnet, after all."

"No," she replied, "they borrowed your *finger*, this time. How I despise such meanness!"

Now, I was rather amused by it, and sat in smiling admiration of the Cranston tactics.

Another Sunday came round. I had been told, the day before, that Horace Lyster had arrived. On casting a furtive glance toward a certain pew, I saw a waving mass of dark-brown hair, a pair of dark-brown eyes, and a half-demure, half-mischievous expression of countenance, that were all indelibly stamped upon my memory. I wondered if he remembered the little silver pencil he had given me for a philopœna four years ago.

At this moment, our eyes met, and I felt the color suffusing my face. He looked half in surprise, half in recognition; and I no longer dared to glance in that direction. He was spending the college vacation with his aunt, with whom his school days had been passed; and I noticed that his cousin regarded him with a sort of appropriating air, as though she considered him her own especial property. But Corinth Lyster was plain, pale, and lackadaisical-looking; she dressed always in the extreme of the fashion, and was called a brilliant musician; but I didn't believe that *she* would captivate Edward.

As I passed out, Rebecca Cranston was in the midst of an altercation with her sister Ann; and joining me as soon as I appeared, she exclaimed in a high key,

"Do *you* believe that Edward Lyster cares anything for his cousin? *Don't* you think he likes me a great deal *better*?"

Rebecca's claim to Edward Lyster was something so entirely unexpected that I was silent with surprise.

"Well!" shouted Ann, "this *is* fun to have you all quarreling about Edward Lyster! It is plain to see that Etta means to take possession of him, herself."

Rebecca gave me a look quite different from her usual glances; and at this interesting moment, Edward Lyster, himself, appeared upon the scene. He must have heard it all. His aunt and cousin swept grandly by to their carriage—returning a haughty bow to the flattering recognition of the Cranstons', but "they had not the honor of my acquaintance." Edward announced his intention of walking home; and as soon as possible, joined our party.

"I scarcely knew you," said he to me.

My heart beat with foolish haste at this simple remark; but before I could reply, Rebecca leaned

across me and began a noisy conversation, in which Ann joined as often as possible.

I was somewhat astonished when, at the first pause, Ann turned to me and observed, in a particularly *loud* tone, as she pulled at her bonnet-string,

"You didn't sew this on very strong, Etta—see! it's off already."

"Oh, Ett!" exclaimed Rebecca, from the other side, "I want to know if you won't just alter my trimming a little? I'll run over with it to-morrow. You didn't know that she had turned milliner, did you, Mr. Lyster?"

He looked at me in surprise, and I thought *inquiringly*, but I remained obstinately silent. I saw through Rebecca and Ann, at once, and I could smile at them; but I did not yet thoroughly understand Edward Lyster. I wished to see whether he was superior to his position.

I smilingly told Rebecca that milliners were expected to be obliging, and promised to make the required alteration. They were evidently surprised; but we had now reached our gate, and I parted from them in the coolest possible manner, thinking, as I went in, that Rebecca and Ann would doubtless improve the opportunity to give various little memoirs of me *not* "founded on fact."

Edward Lyster came the next morning; and he, and I, and aunt Madge had a long talk together. I could not help thinking him superior to all the collegians I had ever seen; but I was both surprised and pleased to hear that he was studying for the ministry. Aunt Madge evidently considered him a lover; but I remembered Mrs. Lyster and Corinth, and foresaw trouble.

Rebecca came, with her bonnet, in the afternoon, and I made the alteration—noticing, with considerable amusement, that just as the Lyster carriage passed, she adroitly drew herself out of sight, leaving me sitting in full view, with the bonnet in hand. Mrs. Lyster stared, but I sewed on in perfect unconcern.

I even began to think upon the expediency of hanging out a sign; for as to the bonnets that now passed through my hands, their name was legion. All my poor proteges were made to look more decent than they had ever looked before; all my friends availed themselves of my services as their natural right; and thanks to aunt Eunice and the Cranstons, the story of my having turned milliner was fully believed!

Aunt Madge and I were sitting together, one afternoon, when the carriage of a retired blacksmith stopped at our door, and his wife and daughters entered the apartment with some

"orders" for me. Aunt Madge took them in hand, and so overwhelmed them with her looks, while informing them that "they had made a mistake," that they were glad to beat a hasty retreat.

I sat laughing at the frightened countenance of poor Mrs. Spiggles, while aunt Madge gave vent to her indignation; but this increased tenfold when I suddenly informed her that, as I had now my hands full of work which I did for nothing, I meant to be gracious to the next customer, and allow her to pay me for the job as she would any other milliner.

"You are not *in earnest*, Etta?" in a tone that seemed to express doubts of my sanity.

But I reiterated my intention, and prophesied to aunt Madge that it would all come out right. She shook her head incredulously, and was evidently thinking of Edward Lyster. I thought of him, too; and the more I thought, the more determined I became.

A few days after, I was honored by a call from Mrs. Lyster and Miss Corinth; they glanced curiously around, as they informed me that they had been directed hither to get some bonnets trimmed, and they would like to know my price, and how soon I could get them done.

Their manner was supercilious in the extreme, and aunt Madge, with "all the blood of all the Howards" coursing angrily through her veins, was upon the point of showing them the door; but I enjoyed it extremely; it was just what I wanted; and in a thoroughly business-like manner I received the order, satisfied them about the terms, and saw them depart. Aunt Madge said that she believed I was crazy, but I told her that I knew exactly what I was about.

Those first earnings of mine, how sweet they were! I had appropriated the money before it came; and walking down to the hut where my poor invalid lived, I found Edward Lyster there before me. He was reading to her, and as I entered, the full, rich tones of his voice seemed to thrill my very soul. I tried to slip my offering into her hand unobserved; but as he joined me, on my homeward route, he exclaimed, "

"I cannot help thinking, Etta, that if you were not so lavish in your charities, you would not be obliged to work at the bonnet business!"

"And perhaps," said I, gaily, "if I did *not* 'work at the bonnet business,' I would not be able to attend to the 'charities.' But who told you that I worked at the bonnet business?"

"They told me so at home," he replied, with a consciousness which led me to think that *other* remarks had been added. "What induced you to do this?" he continued.

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"Pride," was my reply, as I smiled wickedly; but a stolen glance doubtless betrayed me, for Edward burst into a rhapsody, the sum and substance of which was that I was a brave, noble girl—that he had always loved me, and now loved me more than ever, although he was disposed to quarrel with me for doubting him—and much more to the same purpose.

"But your relations?" I asked, "what will *they* say?"

"My aunt and cousin, thank fortune!" he replied, "have no control over me, and my father is expected here to-morrow. I have often spoken to him of you."

I walked home in a bewildering dream of happiness, in which dear aunt Madge soon shared; and after Edward's departure, we sat and talked of the surprise and anger of Mrs. Lyster and Corinth.

Edward told me all about it, afterward. The elder lady tapped the carpet with her foot, in suppressed rage, as she uttered only the words, "Your father will be here to-morrow!" while Corinth laughed, and said scornfully that she admired cousin Edward's taste.

The arrival of Mr. Lyster was anxiously watched for, and Edward endeavored to obtain a private hearing; but his aunt anticipated him by pouring forth to her brother an indignant account of his son's entanglement with a milliner. In vain Edward protested that I only worked for charity—that I was not obliged to do it; his aunt exclaimed sneeringly that "the house *looked* like that;" and finally Mr. Lyster, to still the tempest raging around him, announced his intention of paying me a visit, himself, and examining into matters. Mrs. Lyster was triumphant—he had only to see, she thought, to be convinced; and so thought Edward, but in a different way, for he would have dragged his father out that very evening, but Mr. Lyster laughingly prayed for a respite.

Edward slipped around to tell me of his father's intended visit—telling me at the same time that he had only to see me to be charmed with me; but I very much doubted this, and looked forward to the interview with considerable trepidation. Aunt Madge promised to stand by me; and having attired herself with much care, in a rich silk that was only worn on great occasions, she looked so handsome and so lady-like that I could not forbear expressing my admiration.

Aunt Madge actually blushed as she replied that I could afford to flatter; but the garden-gate had closed, and Edward Lyster and his formidable father were just at the door

I had caught a glimpse of Mr. Lyster, and much of my fear was removed. When he had entered, and was presented by Edward first to aunt Madge, and then to me, he looked from one to the other in a pleased surprise, and entered at once into easy conversation. He was a handsome, gentlemanly man, with a striking resemblance to Edward, and not by any means *old*. Aunt Madge and I soon felt at ease, and acquitted ourselves in a satisfactory manner.

The visit, which was in reality a long one, appeared short; and from Edward's temerity in whispering, "*darling!*" accompanied by a concentrated squeeze of the hand, I understood that he argued the most favorable results. Nor was he disappointed; Mr. Lyster "approved of me" in the most unconditional manner, and expressed so much surprise to his sister and niece at their descriptions of me, that they took refuge in angry silence.

Edward told me that his father had expressed his intention of coming to see me very often, and

I thought this very kind and attentive on his part; but after awhile, I began to look significantly at aunt Madge when I saw Mr. Lyster approaching the house.

It turned out just as I expected; aunt Madge was "engaged" at the age of thirty-eight, and we two, who had been together so many years, would not be parted now. The embarrassment of the elder lovers was somewhat relieved by our joyful congratulations; and then we laughed merrily at the ill-success of Mrs. Lyster's manoeuvring in sending her brother to put a stop to our proceedings. I believe she thought, poor lady! that there was a sort of spell in the house, itself; and as Bridget was not "spoken for," she would doubtless have questioned the expediency of sending another marplot, lest he should be snapped up by the Hibernian damsel.

It is scarcely necessary to say that we are not on very intimate terms with our connections, the Lysters.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

"Where do you live?"

Nor where the fire is blazing,
And the daily meals are spread;
Not where the midnight curtains
Are drooping round my bed;
Not in the festive circle
Where mirth flows fast and free;
But in the quiet parlor
Where I sit and talk with thee.
They tell of the mountain breezes,
Of the strength-restoring brine,
Of health-imparting odors, breathed
Where waves the forest pine.

Of genial gales, and smiling skies,
Far in the sunny South;
But what are these to the loving words
Warm from a friendly mouth?
Thou makest me rich with thy mental wealth,
And joyous with thy life's joy;
For thy diamond thoughts are without a flaw,
Thy truth's gold without alloy.
The Bread of the Spirit, the Wine of the Heart—
On these I banquet free,
In the quiet little parlor, where
I talk, dear friend, with thee.

IMMORTALITY.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

HEAVENWARD tending, till our spirits
Take their everlasting flight,
And, unbound from earthly fetters,
Bathe in that Eternal Light.
Heavenward tending, child immortal!
Faith, Hope, Love, and Charity;
They shall guide thee thro' Death's portal,
They shall strengthen, comfort thee,

Father of our deathless spirits,
In whose image we are made,
Thou wilt bid the waves of sorrow,
'Round our weary hearts be staid;
"Through the gate into the City,"
Where the "blessed" live for aye,
May we find abundant entrance,
Heirs of Immortality!

THREE LETTERS FROM MY BROTHER FRED;

IN WHICH THE READER DISCOVERS HOW HE WON ALLIE FAY.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

LETTER I

Oak Dale, September 9th, 185—.

DEAR SISTER KATE—Your affectionate letter came to hand, and I confess myself under obligations to you for both its length and its interest. To one so sensitive as myself on matters of education—to one who has read much and thought more—to one who has seen the world in all its eccentricities and phases, it is truly refreshing to receive a model letter from a model sister. Your letter is a living poem—side in imagery, brilliant in conceits, calling up the heart to elevated sentiments, and to that which is better—high examples; a letter none the less beautiful when it turns aside from wit and brilliancy into the by-paths of yearning affection and fond advice. To apply the principles of good sense to composition; to examine what is beautiful, and why it is so; to distinguish between the specious and the solid, between affected and natural ornament, is as necessary to social letter-writing as beauty and elegance. To it belongs all that can soothe the mind, gratify the fancy or awaken the affections. It exercises the mind without fatiguing it; it may lead to inquiries acute, yet not painful; it may be profound, but should never be dry nor abstruse. Letter-writing is like talking; if you are not appreciated, the less you say the better. Willis says in one of his Rural Letters:—"I am chary of my talk. I hate to *talk*. I have often been indignant at the adage, 'words cost nothing.' Those who have travelled in Italy, know well, that in procuring anything in that country, from a post-carriage to a paper of pins, you pay so much money and so much talk—the less talk the more money. I commenced all my bargains with a compromise. 'You charge me ten scudi, and you expect me talk you down to five. Now I will give you seven and a half if you let me off the talk.'" You know, dear Kate, that I can appreciate your letters—and hence you are not chary when you write; your whole soul seems to go out to me! To prevent you from accusing me of fulsome flattery, I will simply add that I take to *myself* the credit of your being able to write such teaching, spirited letters. Hem!

I pass my time here in reading, or lying under the great willows, or sometimes working in the field, at which, as you conjecture, I am somewhat of a novice. Most of the evenings I spend in listening to the quaint allusions of uncle Nathan. His "Verandah Lectures," as I call them, are a rare treat, Kate, and would immortalize a Phoenix or a Philander Doesticks. His ridicule is extravagant, his wit farcical, his railery absolutely cruel. Finely woven sentences are broken off with the most unpardonable abruptness; hideous vices wrestle with satire for their drapery; and wholesome truths intrude upon the seclusion of your sophistry with Paul Pry impertinence and Paul Pry apologies. And then, sometimes, in a lecture the acme of propriety and morality, a vein of wit and humor, too rapid to follow up and catch, fearless through all—as strangely out of place as would be a buffoon from a comedy by Moliere, "bobbin' round" in the most pathetic scenes in Rowe's "Jane Shore" or "The Fair Penitent."

But without telling you about what you yourself see, hear, and undergo in your semi-annual visits to Oak Dale, I will proceed to tell you something about my rustic cousin, Allie Fay. A star-like, fascinating girl is she. Wild and shy as a gazelle, and yet as gentle; a girl uniting all the joyous carelessness of a romp, with a native dignity for which city belles may sigh in vain. Not a faultless, regular beauty is hers; but an unique beauty, winsome for its very variety. She embodies all that undefinable grace which Hogarth could impart to canvass but not to the minds of others. The loveliness of her face is not in the shades of her complexion, though her eyes are magnificent. It is in the expression, which is neither remarkably sublime, nor vehemently passionate, nor uncommonly sparkling; but sweet, gentle, placid, *trusting*; like a beautiful object in nature which neither lifts the mind very high, nor agitates it very much, but produces an agreeable and pleasing serenity.

Then her character! It is an unblemished evangel of charity, the ministration of a good which everywhere blesses. A character that can be strong amid temptation, calm amid passion, patient amid trial, resigned amid sorrow, and at

all times self-possessed! She is fond of poetry and is a capital reciter; she is a great reader, too, and is especially blessed with a retentive memory. She is peculiarly adapted for high, holy, spiritual love; love in its highest aspect—glowing with ardor and filling the soul with unutterable charms. A blessing, a crown of joy to the life of him who wins her will she be.

Thrown for the past few weeks much into her society; lingering within the light of her own spirit's joyousness; and gazing upon her in her isolated beauty, divested of the glare and tinsel of fashion and the conventionalities and dissimulation of the world—it is no wonder that I should admire—in fact love her. Neither should it appear singular to you if my remaining letters from Oak Dale are devoted to the goddess of its beauty. Write soon, and believe me your affectionate

BROTHER FRED.

P. S.—Kate, send me down by the next stage, the third volume of my “*Noctes Ambrosianæ*” and *my new boots!* Rather a singular coupling that, and one that none but a comical fellow like Mackenzie himself would excuse.

LETTER II.

Oak Dale, September 20th, 185—.

DEAR KATE—Well, I suppose you are anxious to know how I am getting along with my wooing. In reply to this I would come nearest to the truth by saying that I don't know myself! Allie is a mystery. I can devise nothing by which to gain her affections in the least; and not in the least have I any hopes that I shall. She seems to be proof against every attack. Beauty, manliness, talent, wealth, station, sociability—all are lost upon her. Eloquence, pathos, sentiment, equally fail. I have made no direct avowal of love; and under the present circumstances it is not at all probable that I shall. There is no sentimentality about her. You might as well try to punch a wreath of smoke with a foil, indict a shadow, or try to be good-humored with the thermometer at one hundred and ten, as attempt to engage her in a love pantomime.

I have mingled with the rich, the talented and the great; I have listened to the gentle tones of love in sunny Spain; beaming eyes have drank in with mine the glory of an Italian sunset; in the *Bal Musard*, from behind a mask hiding just enough of the face to give piquancy to the rest, I have caught loving glances and words that burned upon the lips; woman in her frailty and waywardness; woman in her grandeur, stateliness and pride; woman in her quiet unobtrusiveness and sweet trustfulness; female society in all its shades and shapes has come under my

observation—and it is provoking now to be forced to admit that I have found a woman in the seclusion of the country who baffles me completely. Conquests more difficult in their surroundings I have accomplished without even a desire; so you may imagine that my vanity is somewhat piqued. She is an enigma—a paradox—hard to solve as a problem in Euclid. I ride with her, I romp with her; I sing to her, I read to her; we walk together, we talk together. As I read to her, I can hear her heart beat and see her cheeks flush, as her sympathies are wrought upon by the author. But when I look into her eyes, there is no richness, no fulness, no eloquence there—for me! And when I seize her hand or betray the least of the impetuosity of the lover, a smile plays around her lips that almost makes my heart chafe within me. She positively don't love me; and I positively won't be fool enough any longer to let her know that I adore her. I won't do it, Kate, and in one respect I am like a woman, as Suckling says:—

“If she won't, she won't,
You may depend on't,
And there's an end on't!”

Confound it, Kate! if she would only quarrel! But I can't get her to that; you might as well try to enrage a vain woman with flattery—disconcert a ballet-dancer with applause—or attempt to upset Bunker Hill Monument with a yard stick! She can't be made angry. She won't get angry. Kate, positively your handsome, accomplished, irresistible brother will make a fool of himself yet! Good-bye.

FRED.

LETTER III.

Oak Dale, October 3rd, 185—.

KATE—Congratulate me! Whirl round the room—get up a *pas de deux*—upset the toilet-stand—throw Moore and Rogers out of the window—imagine yourself a “theatrical deity going in a theatrical car to a theatrical paradise”—anything preposterous and absurd! Allie loves me—and I will tell you how I won her. You must excuse my short sentences. I am in ecstasy, and folks in ecstasy never make long sentences. Folks in ecstasy very often make fools of themselves, don't they, Kate? But we are all fools, Kate. Natural and educated fools; habitual and momentary fools; voluntary and involuntary fools; conscious and unconscious fools. I am a conscious fool—with wit enough to be a fool that I may be wise. Well, this is not telling you how I won Allie. Courtship generally, is governed by impulse instead of prudence—excitement instead of deliberation—passion instead of reason. I courted because I

couldn't help it, and no doubt won Allie because she couldn't help it!

After I had written to you last week I became sullen and moody. I was in despair at my want of success. I took to books and solitary rambles. I tried to crush the rising emotions of love. I rarely looked into those calm eyes; I more rarely listened to that sweet voice. During the interval, a young friend of Allie's from B— came to visit her. She is a handsome, showy girl; full of fun and sentiment. Well, I fell desperately in love with her—you understand, eh? I transferred all my attentions to her, and soon a change was observable in cousin Allie. She, in her turn, became moody and dejected. Woods and meadows and laughing streams seemed to have been shorn of their witchery. Her eyes, too, lost part of their brilliancy, and her cheeks their mantling hue. Ah! Allie loved me dearly—and was only now *beginning to find it out!* She was jealous of her friend. For almost a week I hardly paid to my once idolized cousin the common civilities of intercourse. One evening Allie was sitting alone on the verandah. She was in a pensive mood; her eyes were directed toward the sky, and as the light of the moon fell upon her pale features, she seemed more beautiful to me than ever. I sat down beside her on the bench and took her hand; I felt it tremble—and I almost shrank back at her gaze; it was a glance of doubt and apprehension, beseeching, loving, yet visible in all a sense of deeply wounded feeling.

"Allie," said I, "you love me."

"I don't!" said she.

"Yes, you do," said I.

"I hate you," said she.

"Dear Allie!"

"Dear—pshaw!"

"Allow me to apologize."

"I don't want any of your apologies."

"It is due to me," said I.

"You are tenacious."

"And the way you turn up your saucy nose, Allie, I would call you *pugnacious*. You will listen to me, Allie?"

"I won't."

"You must."

"*Must?*"

"Yes, you must. Allie, I say again, you love me!"

At this she looked around at me with a glance that almost annihilated me. She drew her hand from mine with violence.

"Ned Merton," said she, "you are insulting. This conduct is outrageous. Once I *did* love you; and once I supposed that you loved me. But I was mistaken; your treatment of me deserves the bitterest resentment. How can you say I love you? How *dare* you say it? I hate you! I despise you! You are fickle!"

"Allie, dear Allie, listen to me!" I interposed.

"I won't listen to you; besides I ain't done yet. I did love you—dearly, devotedly; I am not ashamed to own it, though I did try to tease you, and—*veil my eyes!* I adored you—I worshipped your very presence. But now I hate you; I loathe you. The honesty that characterizes my avowal of past love characterizes my present avowal of hatred. I wish you would go home! I don't want you to speak to me any more! Nor do I won't to speak to *Kate!*"

I was afraid I had gone too far. Had I lost her forever by my fool-heartedness?

"Allie!" I said.

It was a short exclamation—merely her name. I had repeated it a minute before. But there was something in its tone—some magical essence—some soul-stirring cadence. She looked up. The moon shone full into my face. She looked into my eyes. Her bosom heaved, her lips trembled, her cheeks flushed, and in a moment more her arms were around my neck—and she was weeping like a very child.

"Allie, you love me!" I said.

"Yes—I do, Fred. I *own* I do," she replied, with a most bewitching blush.

"Just as I said; but do I love you?"

She started at this. She raised up her head and dashed her dark, luxuriant curls back from her face. Her eyes met mine again.

"Yes—you do love me, Fred. You only pretended to love Miss C—. You did it to show me that I loved you—and—and—Fred—I am *very glad of it!*"

And that's the way, Kate, I won Allie Fay.

THE ACCEPTANCE.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

SHE raised her bright eyes from the book,
I asked her if she'd have it so?
She gazed on me with troubled look,
And sweetly answered, no! oh, no!

I asked her if she would be mine?
The thoughts within I could not guess;
She turned her from the Poet's line,
And blushing, answered, yes! oh, yes!

A SECRET CHAMBER.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

Most people have hearts, after all—when you can get at them—though often they are buried very deeply. Some day, God has laid his finger upon the spot He knows will feel, and ever after that, if you can touch it, there will be a throb.

Many years ago, on first coming to New York from Philadelphia, I was robbed of a twenty dollar bill, in an omnibus: all I possessed. With a dizzy heart I turned, the next morning, to the only resource I could think of, and inquired my way up Fifth Avenue, to the magnificent residence of Mrs. Carey, a lady, who, when younger, had known our family.

The world said that Mrs. Carey's prominent characteristics were pride and intense worldliness; some added, selfishness. The working, anxious spirit of this country pervades and intensifies even its gayeties, and Mrs. Carey was a good illustration of this. Her aim was high: to make her drawing-rooms like those of the delightful French women of the last century, when diamonds, and eyes that outshone them, noble names and their graceful bearers, were only accessories in the brilliant scene for which the universe was laid under contribution.

But Mrs. Carey knew that New York was not yet prepared for an exclusive society of this kind, and so she provided a punch-bowl in the dressing-room for young America, and then laughed at its effects: arranged demi-lights and German cotillion for flirtation-inclined belles. The dancing youths and the travelled critics united in pronouncing her entertainments "the thing." Indeed, all their belongings, all things which embellished her own position, were cared for with an earnestness and minuteness that proved a mind concentrated in the present. True, there were no side-enjoyments of contrast for Mrs. Potiphar's chronicler. Mrs. Carey's husband, unlike the husbands of some of her acquaintance, never amused his evening company by telling them how much he had "made" in Wall street in the morning. Her own self-culture was fitting the possessor of exquisite statuary and paintings—the dweller amid luxury refined to an art.

And so, on danced and glittered Mrs. Carey's days. The existence of suffering, or distress of any kind, Mrs. Carey contrived to ignore. She

was known as having more than her share of fashionable insensibility—last winter's balls for the poor and calico-parties show that the tide now sets the other way.

And yet, knowing all this, I went to her. I chanced to be her reception day. I suppose the footman would have let me go into the drawing-room, among the Russian sables and moris-antique, for I was dressed well, but I was only a governess, and I said I would wait in a side room.

I had a view of an exquisite little boydoin, where the ladies went in for coffee. Otway, wasn't it? who used to stand outside the London coffee-houses to appease himself with the smell. I had more—the sight of the brown bliss gliding through vermillion doorways. It was two when I came. I beguiled the time in this agreeable manner till the clock struck half-past four. Then I said to myself, "calling hours must certainly be over now."

I heard a voice in reply to the footman, "Who? Oh! the person you said wished to see me. I suppose she can come in now."

I went in and told my story. Looking up when I had finished, I saw Mrs. Carey idly twisting her bracelet. Evidently she had not heard above half of what I had said.

"This may be all very true," said she, "but why do you come to me in particular with it?"

I was too proud to tell her how intimate our fathers had been. So I said,

"Only, madam, from my having lived so long in your brother's family in Philadelphia, I fancied you might feel some interest in me."

She opened her large black eyes, looked in my face and smiled.

I did not think that with my experience of life, anything could have choked me as this did.

"Well," said she, after a pause of a few minutes.

"When I tell you, Mrs. Carey, that I have not the most distant acquaintance with any one else in New York, you will perhaps understand my perplexity better."

"Education and energy in a city like this command a maintenance under any circumstances: and even if they did not, you cannot expect me to busy myself with every one in distress. You

have no right to complain; you know there are many others much more so."

"I am not asking charity, madam. It was your advice and assistance to find an opportunity for exertion that I requested."

"Really, for a perfect stranger to ask me, with my hundred engagements, to spare them even a few moments, is—you must excuse me, indeed you must."

I was quite ready to go now. Even the cold, misty twilight felt warm by comparison as I went down the steps.

The next time I became conscious of Mrs. Carey's presence, I was seated at the usual governess's resource, a stand of engravings, at a reception on Murray Hill. Chance, as we call the disposing hand of God, had placed me in this family, *governaning* Miss Charlotte Raglan; a young lady whose natural ringlets aided an elder sister in keeping "in." Mrs. Raglan's weekly receptions were partly musical, and I accompanied the singers. I remember that my second impression of the splendid Mrs. Carey was as disagreeable as the first. Johannisberger, or something else, had had a potent effect upon a Mr. Cavendish, and he had drawn the lounging-chair he occupied so as to corner me, while he laid his hand on the back of mine, and annoyed me with his familiar attentions. Any other woman in the room could have got rid of him without trouble, but I was a governess. Mrs. Carey had paused near, amused with watching the game. I felt indignant that she did not step forward to my aid. But I was used to asserting my own dignity. I rose decidedly, and not without some violence, and something of a stir; and released myself, pulling from Mr. Cavendish's hand my scarf, which he had been twirling and ruining. It would have been nothing to the Mechlin-draped girls around me, but it was the only one I had. As I ventured out into the crowded sea of jupes, I received two messages from the face of my "patroness." One, an eye-glance of indignant reproof that I should have dared to appropriate Mr. Cavendish! But the lips said, "I fear you are losing sight of your pupil, Miss Ford. Does she not need your watchful eye?"

Now Miss Charlotte Raglan was a girl who looked like a tall grenadier, with more worldly wisdom in her sixteen-year-old little finger than I in my whole body—however, I crossed over, and asked her if she would not take cold by standing in a window—thereby interrupting a flirtation, and receiving a softly-worded but firm repulse. A moment after, Miss Raglan came along and wanted the couch on which I had sat

down, so she threw open a portfolio before two or three wall flowers, "Miss Ford, do come and lionize these sketches. You used to live among the Catskills, did you not?"

I noticed Mrs. Carey's haughty head turn suddenly toward me, and then saw her fan laid on Miss Raglan's arm, but I was obliged to bend my attention to two unredeemably plain girls, and one rather pretty but over-dressed, none of whom seemed to relish being left to "the governess."

A footman came up, and said Mrs. Carey wished to speak to me in the conservatory.

She was standing behind a huge Spetersforum, and as I approached lifted a face stained with weeping. She took my hand in both of hers. "The daughter of my father's friend! The daughter of my father's friend!" she said, and then burst into tears. After a moment, she stooped and kissed my brow. "My father's friend!—the friend of his youth!" she murmured, in broken tones.

I was dumb with astonishment. I did not yet know that I had found the secret chamber of her heart, her affection for her father, perhaps the only person she had ever truly loved.

"Did you know it?" she asked. "Have you ever heard of me?"

"Yes, I knew it all," I answered.

"And why did you never come to me, or send me word? Ah! I understand. You thought the memories of those days had long ago faded—but—my father——" She could not go on.

After making me promise to come to her the next day, she shook the raven braids lower over her face, and made her way to the dressing-room. In a few minutes I saw her hurry past the door to her carriage.

Evidently she had utterly forgotten ever having seen me before.

The next afternoon she unlocked for me a drawer, rarely opened to another's eye. There was a lock of grey hair—a pair of spectacles—a gold pencil-case—a pen-knife—a watch and chain—a half-worn pocket-book—a memorandum-book, and over all these mementoes of her father she poured her passionate tears.

I succeeded in persuading her that I and all my family were too independent to accept "material aid." But I told her of a late grievous disappointment of my father's. His publisher had taken shameful advantage of him in regard to a volume of sermons. The only redeeming feature in the arrangement was a large percentage on all he could himself sell. Mrs. Carey instantly drew a sheet of paper toward her, and headed it, "*Sermons. By —.*" "I'll not put

the name; a mystery is taking. I will get subscribers for your father. But tell me, isn't there anything else I can do for him or you? Ah! you are proud, I see. Well, I shall find some way—I will find some way."

At the breakfast-table, the next morning, George Raglan suddenly exclaimed, "Do you want to hear the latest novelty? Mrs. Carey's demonstration at the Norton's last night?" and he went on with a wondering account, from which I formed a very distinct picture of Mrs. Carey running up to a group of gentlemen, with a subscription paper, crying, "Is this the Vestry of Trinity Church, or the Board of Brokers? either will answer my purpose."

"Mrs. Carey! *you* are not coming to beg! It is the middle-aged spinsters in shabby crape who do that."

"Yes," said another, "I know the rustle of their gowns a mile off, and you might as well attempt to get rid of a flea as of one of them."

"Well, there's only one way of getting rid of me," and the lady pointed to the paper, headed by her own subscription for one hundred copies.

"Can you suppose we'd sign then?"

"A truce to compliments—the only road to my good graces, then"—and she actually forced each of the gentlemen to put down their names; none for less than a dozen copies.

With our dinner, Miss Raglan gave us the information that Mrs. Carey's subscription list was on her table that morning—her reception-day, and had become considerably lengthened.

At Mrs. Raglan's next Tuesday evening, I heard a voice behind me, "Pray, dear Mrs. Carey," it said, "is your husband going to be the Democratic candidate for mayor?"

"Really, I can't tell. Why?"

"Wasn't it you I met on the Bloomingdale road yesterday, with a specimen of the great unwashed in your carriage?"

"No, soap and crash had done their part on my specimen."

"Well, some charity-belonging, any way. You seemed popularity-seeking. I looked back to assure myself that the liveries were really yours."

Mrs. Carey deigned only a shrug. I had the key to this. Amongst other things, I had mentioned to her an old nurse of ours, whose child was in the New York Orphan Asylum. I had often regretted not being able to show the little creature any kindness. Mrs. Carey drove out a day or two after, and set her nearly wild with delight by taking her to drive. This touched me very much.

People wondered right and left. But Mrs. Carey's sermons, as they were called, became

the fashion. Not to be on her list was almost as bad as not to be on "Brown's."

I was waiting for an omnibus one afternoon in Broadway. It was four o'clock. The din and turmoil were at their height. Now and then there was an opening in the jam of vehicles, and a string of excited pedestrians essayed to run the gauntlet. I was watching the effect of the mud upon the female portion. I felt an interest in dry-goods. Mrs. Raglan had that morning told me she expected me to dress better. "I am sure your salary is liberal," she said. "There is no reason you should be wanting." Ah, well! *even had it been paid*, it would have gone to my home. Do you know how hard it is to be a sharer in a luxurious establishment, while far away there is a bare, pinched house, which you call home? I hope not.

I was meditating on these things, when I saw Mrs. Carey's high-stepping greys slowly working their way beside the curb-stone. As their owner recognized me, the cold, impassive lines of her face suddenly relaxed, and she opened the carriage-door. "Let me take you home, my dear Miss Ford."

I got in.

"You are trying," she continued, "to chase some harrassing memory from your heart and face. Now, never mind that till we get above Union Square, and let me be a sharer meanwhile."

This time my own tears washed away my pride, and I told her of my sick brother, in a comfortless room of a fourth-rate hotel, grieving over his blighted art-prospects.

In another moment, the coachman was told to turn his horses, and much to his displeasure, drag the new and splendid carriage through a narrow, muddy, ill-paved street. We drew up before the hotel-steps, filled with loungers and tobacco-juice. Mrs. Carey gathered up her brocade, and made her way to the garret. My brother was up, standing, ghastly and tottering, before a lump of clay, with his modelling-stick. It was a novel thing for Mrs. Carey to be kind and benevolent. She tried hard to banish all appearance of condescension, but unlimited means of luxury and cultivation shone so plainly, that pride leaped burning into Willie's cheek. But a peculiar trembling of the eyes as she told him of our father's early friendship and kindness to her father, and begged to be permitted to do something for the children of "her father's friend," carried the point with his quick and delicate perceptions. Before night he was installed in a room in her own house, with every want anticipated. He was sick a long time, but

at last got well enough to play the interesting down in her boudoir. Then Fifth Avenue was again on the *qui vive*, contrasting this "new freak of Mrs. Carey's, with the recent report of her unfeeling conduct toward a poor servant girl detected in some petty theft."

"You teach in the ragged school, do you not, Mrs. Carey?" said my old friend, Mr. Cavendish, one evening.

"What is it, bad grammar, nasal tones, or ungraceful attitudes that are marks of such contact?"

"No, no, but that is one of the first steps in a benevolent way of life—a very important one, according to Dr. Taylor."

"Aunt," said Maria Prentiss, "must I complete your romance by falling in love with your young sculptor? A mystery is delightful. But *do* tell me how you found him!"

Mrs. Carey preserved a haughty silence through all.

She had amused herself with fitting up a small room in the Spanish style, and had ordered a sort of Spanish costume for Will, the hero of the place. She was going to send him to Spain for his health, and then to Italy to study his art. She gave a supper in this little *bijou*, and insisted upon his being present. Will told me he didn't like being patronized.

But if Mrs. Carey made use of him for once, to impart variety and piquancy, both these articles were on his side, when she accompanied him down to the Havre packet, and he saw himself starting. "Remember the enchanting statuery you are to execute for me in Italy," were her last words.

She furnished society the wanted something-to-talk-about—that she should interest herself in anything that did not concern her worldly position.

One day she had begged a holiday for me to be passed with her. "My dear Emma," she said, "you look out of spirits."

I felt that she had earned a right to my confidence, and I handed her a letter I had just received. It informed me, that, by the expected failure of some Company, my father's little pitance would be all swept away. A few days would have enabled him to save it—but—

"I really can't help you, Henrietta," said Mr. Carey, when she showed him the letter that evening, "and its rather a Quixotic attempt. There is one man who could do what you want, if anybody could, and that's Watson Pares. Pity you don't know him!"

"Watson Pares. I know who you mean."

This same Mr. Pares would have given his

ears for Mrs. Carey's acquaintance, but he had returned from abroad simply the rich and vulgar man he went, and she had never condescended to notice him. At a party a night or two afterward, he was standing stiffly against the wall, trying to look unconscious of her vicinity, when he was surprised out of his senses by her addressing him, "I was just wishing that I knew you, Mr. Pares, that I might ask you to send a waiter for my victorine."

He brought it, scarcely knowing whether he was stepping on his head or his toes, and then she took his arm and walked slowly up and down the hall with him, while he swallowed and snapped his eyes. How she introduced it I do not know, but she made her request. Mr. Pares, bewildered as he was, hastily satisfied his own mind that it would be no detriment to himself, and then promised her his services to keep the matter afloat a few days longer.

Home went Mr. Watson Pares, hugging himself in the thought that fortune had lifted him at once into a coveted niche. His lips took an additional smirk the next week, as he heard of Mrs. Carey's coming and brilliant ball. He went to his rooms to get the expected card. But it had never entered Mrs. Carey's head to send him one. The three days had answered their purpose, and for his anger and mortification she cared not a rush.

And now let me tell you of one more kindness. It was again a business concern. The New York connection between the world of fashion and of business is very close. I was looking at a showy party of Mrs. Raglan's, when Mr. Carey approached me and asked, "Could he see me a few minutes in the library?"

When I got there he closed the door, and said politely, "My wife has charged me with a commission for you, Miss Ford. I trust you will not think it impertinent if I ask if Mr. Raglan owes you anything?"

"My salary is due from the time I first came, sir," I replied.

"I am sorry for that," he returned. "It is yet a secret, but Mr. Raglan's paper will be protested this week. I advise you to get your salary. The amount would be a drop in the bucket to his creditors. His entire property will not pay his debts."

"But, Mr. Carey, if this is the case, it is not likely that I *can* get my salary."

"Say to him, if you please, that I offered to attend to it for you, and I think you will have no difficulty. I am one of the principal creditors. All this is in confidence, you understand?"

I thanked him sincerely, and we both rose and returned to the gay scene.

I asked an interview with Mrs. Raglan the next morning. Her sentences were always indefinite continuations. She hesitated and corrected herself, and made repetitions and hemmed, and a—a—and even when she took breath, maintained a continuous sound that “kept the floor” decidedly. She would put aside, with a quiet bow, all your attempts to throw in a remark, or if she stopped for politeness, held the last word suspended on her tongue, and resumed as if you had not spoken. All this stood her in very good stead this morning; but the substance of the whole was, that it was “not convenient to let me have the money.” I walked straight down stairs to Mr. Raglan’s private room. He too would have waived the point. But I was not to be put off. Then he drew himself up.

“There is a promptness about this, Miss Ford, that does not accord with the retiring modesty, simplicity, and beautiful ignorance that befit the female. A woman, Miss Ford, should ever shrink from action—she should look to others for advice and guidance. And you may safely leave all this to me.”

I quietly mentioned Mr. Carey’s name, as he had advised. Mr. Raglan fidgetted in his chair—looked as if he wished Mr. Carey at the bottom of the Red Sea—muttered, “Women always make fools of themselves when they meddle in business”—but drew the check for me.

And now you must leave me taking five-mile walks with the children of an English gentleman, out in the free, the blessed country.

All this, dear friend, is what I found in the secret chamber of the heart of the cold, impatient Mrs. Carey.

ORASIS.

BY JENNIE H. DENNIS.

I HAD laid down the Holy Book,
Whose words of love ’tis sweet to ponder,
To think of Him whom Heaven forsook,
That He might lead home those who wander.

Oh, what compassion and what love
Taught the example of our Saviour,
And those, who faith in Him would prove,
Must imitate His pure behavior.

While musing thus, I fell asleep—
Shall I relate my pleasant vision?
Ah, none would ever “wake to weep”
To whom were given such dreams Elysian.

I thought, that, led by angel hands,
I stood before Heaven’s pearly portal,
And music from the white robed bands
Welcomed me to the Land Immortal.

I saw its streets of “shining gold,”
Where seraphs walked and cherubs chanted,

And oh!—what pleasure to behold!—
I saw the face of God’s Anointed.

With voice of love He spake to me,
To me, a child of sin and sorrow,
“This is the home prepared for thee:
After Death’s night will dawn Heaven’s morrow.

“But, ere that night of Death will come,
Thou’lt have thy days of care and labor,
Ne’er from the path, I followed, roam,
Have faith in God and bless thy neighbor.

“If life should seem a weary road,
And threatening clouds should darkly gather,
Remember ’twas the path I trod,
And, child-like, trust thy Heavenly Father.”

And then the vision passed away,
But in my inmost heart I treasure
All that I heard my Saviour say,
In that blest dream of sacred pleasure.

EVER ONWARD.

BY A. FORRESTER.

LIFE was never made for dreaming,
Stopping here, or asking when—
Mere resolves or wordy seeming—
Duty calls for honest men.
Doubting always makes us weaker—
Fear makes cowards of us all;

But the true and earnest seek
Knows no terror or no fall.
Then gird up with bold endeavor—
Ever onward while you may;
Keep your trust and hope forever—
God himself shall guard the way!

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64.

CHAPTER XV.

"PEG—Peg, don't you hear me, Peg! I am tired and so hungry, Peg. Will no one give me drink or a mouthful to eat?"

This oft-repeated complaint was answered by a hoarse croak from the small hen-coop that stood on the floor near her bed, and three lank chickens thrust forth their open bills and withered, thin necks, through the upright bars of their prison, casting side glances toward the old woman, whose face and hands drooped over the side of the bed.

The sound of this response, which came from the half famished creatures, like the croak of so many hungry ravens, brought tears to the sick woman's eyes, for these dumb sufferers had been her companions so long, that all the sympathies of which she was capable went out from her own forlorn state to theirs. But these humanizing feelings were all driven away when Peg, the ungrateful cat, stole out from under her bed with a fragment of food in her jaws, which she carried to the fireless and unswept hearth, and devoured under the fierce, hungry gaze of her mistress, with the sly look and crouching air of an ungrateful thief as she was.

The old woman was feeble from long illness, but nothing could quite overcome the bitter malice of her nature, and the sight of her prime favorite caring for her own wants with cool selfishness, as if she had been human, quenched her tears in anger.

She gathered herself up in the squalid bed, and shook her clenched hand fiercely at the canine reprobate, who, as if comprehending all the impotency of this rage, answered it with a greenish glare of the eyes, and a low, muffled growl over the food she was devouring.

As the old woman fell back upon her pillow, shedding tears of imbecile rage, a knock came to the door, for the first time in many days.

The cat listened a moment with her paws fastened greedily on the fragment of food, and her ears thrown back. The chickens drew in their lank necks and huddled together in the back of their little coop; and the old woman cried out

piteously, and yet with a tremor of rage in her voice,

"Come in, whoever you are. Welcome in the name of the blessed Virgin!"

The door opened, and a woman entered the room firmly, and with the demeanor of one who had a right there. Her dress was very humble, and made after a fashion that had prevailed years before. A large bonnet of pink silk, now faded and crushed, was on her head; a fall of discolored blonde lace, once very costly, half shaded her features; and a mantilla of antique voluminousness fell over a dress of soiled calico.

"Who are you? and what do you come for?" inquired Madame De Mark, striving to support herself on one elbow in the bed, while she shaded her eyes with the other hand. "Has anybody heard that I was sick? Why didn't they send me a Sister of Mercy?"

"I am all the sister of mercy you'll be likely to get to take care of you in this world or the next," replied her visitor, looking around the room with a smile of grim satisfaction: and added, "So you are sick and want help—hungry and want food. I like that. It goes a good way toward convincing me that there is a just God, and I don't like to give up that idea altogether, though he did make such creatures as you are."

The old woman uttered a sort of hiss, and checked the hand she had lost all strength to threaten with.

"I know you. Yes, yes, I know you well enough now. Jane Kelly. Your time in State's Prison is up, and you've come here to insult me on my sick bed. That's brave of you now, isn't it?—mighty brave!"

"I came here because I had no other home to go to, and because you owe me money that I will have: and I owe you punishment for all the wickedness you have heaped on me, which you are sure to get. It's settling day between us."

"What do you want? What do you mean? I don't owe you anything. I never did anything against you, Jane Kelly, never in my whole life. On the contrary, I always liked you, and when that impertinent policeman would take you up,

and the judge insisted on sentencing you, I did my best to buy you off. It was all because you wouldn't do all that we bargained for that you fell into trouble. But you are a good-hearted creature, Jane, and won't bear malice against a poor, harmless old woman for what she couldn't help. Come, take off your bonnet, Jane, and find a chair. I'm so glad you came."

Jane took off her bonnet, and revealed a crop of short, black hair, which she shook at the old woman with a malignant laugh.

"This is your doings!" she said, threading the thick locks fiercely with her fingers. "It was a yard and a quarter long when you swore it off my head. Well, never mind, every dog has its day, and mine is coming round with a sharp turn. Before this gets to its length again you'll be six feet under ground, or where I just came from."

"Hush, now do hush," pleaded the old woman, with a feeble attempt at her old cajoling tone. "Don't talk about being six feet under ground. I'm only a little weak, you know, and grieved at the ingratitude of the world. Just look there, Jane Kelly, my dear old friend; look at Peg, I would have staked anything on the faithfulness of that cat; but ever since I've been sick she's never been near my bed, but goes off mousing and stealing for herself, just as if I wasn't here and couldn't be hungry, I, who taught her the difference between cooked birds right from the restaurant and live mice. Would you believe it, ever since I've been unable to help myself, she's done nothing but catch mice. To-day, when she came with a bird dripping with gravy in her jaws, I tried to coax her up to the bed, but no, there she stood leering at me with her round, glaring eyes, and munched the bird up bones and all before my face. I tried to get at her, but the room turned black as midnight, and though I could hear her crunching and growling under the bed, it was of no use pleading. Look at her there, Jane Kelly, the viper that I warmed in my bosom, and if you wish to fight anything try her, she deserves it. But I, just come to the bed, my friend, take my hand, there's nothing but kindness in me. I'm full of friendship for you. Sickness and trouble has changed me, Jane, and if I did you any wrong, it has been repented of long and long ago."

Jane scarcely seemed to heed all this, save that she went up to the hearth and gave Peg, the cat, a vigorous kick with one of her heavy prison shoes that still encased her feet. This injunction to punish the cat seemed to be the only portion of the old woman's speech that impressed her enough for action. Though it was

very evident that the miserable old creature was absolutely suffering from starvation, Jane seemed in no hurry to appease the discomforts of her position, but seated herself in one of the dilapidated chairs, and took a well satisfied survey of the room, till her fierce gaze at last encountered the keen, black eyes of her enemy glancing upon her from the bed.

"So you have suffered a good deal?" she said, abruptly.

"A great deal. You would be sorry for me, Jane, if you knew how much."

"I'm not sure about that. Hungry sometimes, eh?"

"I'm hungry now!" answered the sick woman, while tears dropped like single hail-stones from her eyes. "I'm very hungry, Jane Kelly!"

"And thirsty?"

"My mouth is parched for want of a drop of water!"

"And weak?"

"So weak that it troubles me to move a finger, except when I am angry. Peg gave me a moment's strength, and your coming kept it up—but now I am helpless as a withered leaf."

"Yet you are rich?"

"Oh, yes, very rich; rolling in gold—rolling in gold!" cried the old woman, with a fresh gleam of the eyes.

"And where is this gold, I want my share of it?"

"Your share, oh, ha! you're joking now, my beautiful friend. Of course one never keeps money in a place like this! Safe in the bank, mortgages, rail-road stock, bonds."

"And jewels perhaps—old-fashioned diamond ear-rings mated this time," said Jane Kelly, glancing under the bed, at which Madame De Mark grew more livid than sickness had left her, and began to writhe upon her pillow as if seized with a sudden paroxysm of pain.

"No, no," the invalid almost shrieked, "the judge kept them both. I never could get those ear-rings back from his clutches. They were to be kept for you, he insisted, when you came out of prison. I only wish we had them here, and they should sparkle in those pretty ears before you could find time to ask for them."

Jane gave her head a contemptuous toss, but the eyes of the old woman were fixed upon her with that keen, mesmeric power, which in serpents is called fascination; and spite of her coarse shrewdness the material of the one woman was yielding itself to the diabolical subtlety of the other.

"You must not complain of the prison, Jane Kelly, for it has made a lady of you. Why your

forehead and neck are white as lilies, and your cheeks are like wild roses, only when you look cross one loses sight of the dimples. It's worth while staying between four stone walls a year or two if it brings one's beauty out like that!"

"Like this!" said Jane, with another wilful shake of the head, which sent the hair in disorder over her brow and temples. "This is one of the beauties I have gained!"

"But it will be thicker and softer, and——"

The old woman broke off suddenly and turned upon her pillow moaning. Jane Kelly arose with an impulse of compassion.

"What shall I do for you?" she said.

"Something to eat, and a mouthful of water," moaned the patient, wearily, "I am almost dead!"

"Where shall I get food? Water I can find!" inquired Jane.

"Give me water—a little water—it costs nothing; give me that first!" said the old woman, in a feeble moan, true to her great vice, even while hunger was gnawing at her vitals.

Jane took a broken pitcher from the table and went out in search of water. When she returned with the cool moisture dripping through the fracture over her hands, the old woman aroused herself and sat up in the bed with outstretched hands and eager, glancing eyes. As she drank, the chickens in the coop began to flutter wildly against each other, and dart their long necks through the bars with a hungry cackle, that made the sick crone laugh hysterically as she held the pitcher to her mouth.

"Give them some, poor dears, they want it badly. It costs nothing, so give them enough. It's a dreadful thing to be thirsty," said the old woman, relinquishing the pitcher and drawing a deep, broken breath.

Jane set the pitcher down before the hen-coop, and the poor creatures made a rush at it, darting their eager heads one over the other through the bars, and casting upturned glances as they threw back their bills to swallow the water for which they had been thirsting. The old woman turned herself over to the side of the bed and watched them with a look of keen enjoyment, working her withered and moist lips in sympathy with their tumultuous satisfaction, and talking to them in broken exclamations, as if they had been human beings.

"Now," said Jane Kelly, "tell me where I can get something to eat. You are all starved almost to death, and I am about as well off—haven't tasted a mouthful since yesterday."

"Something to eat? Oh! yes, one can't live

without eating, and that's what makes life so expensive. If you had a little money now——"

"Haven't got a red cent in the world, that's why I came here!" answered Jane, indignantly. "Came a purpose for the gold you are rolling in, and mean to have it too!"

"Oh!" sighed Madame De Mark, "if I only had it here, you shouldn't go away empty handed."

"I don't intend to go away empty handed, nor hungry either, so long as there is a box full of gold and diamonds under your bed, my fine old lady," cried Jane, preparing to creep under the miserable cot on which Madame De Mark lay.

A low, cracked laugh broke from the old woman, as she felt the rather stout person of Jane Kelly striving to force itself between the crossed supporters of her couch in search of the box; but she said nothing; and when the sound of an oath bespoke the disappointment of her visitor in not finding the object of her search, the old woman began to shiver with affright, for there was something fiendish in the sound.

"Now," said Jane Kelly, lifting herself fiercely from the floor, "you'll have the goodness, just for the novelty of the thing, to tell me where that box, with the iron bars in which you keep my ear-rings and somebody else's gold, is hid away. I want that box, and I mean to have that box. Do you understand, my precious old Jezabel?"

"It's in the bank. It's been in the bank ever since that night."

"That's a lie!" answered Jane, sternly.

"On my soul, on my life!"

"Bah! your soul! your life! Why all the life in your miserable body is mine, if I choose to go away as other people would, and let you starve it out. A little masterly inactivity, and where is your life or soul either? If I let one go, it'll take something more than a gold crucifix to save the other, let me tell you."

"Don't be wicked, don't be sacreligious," pleaded the old woman, thrusting her hand under the pillow, and holding fast to the crucifix she had concealed there. "Don't talk about letting me starve more than I have! If you only knew how horrible it is to call and call and call, with nothing but your own voice to come back from the empty rooms; all night long, without a living soul within hearing, and all day long with people moving about under your room, filling the building with life, and yet toe far off for my screams to reach them—oh! Miss Kelly, dear, dear Miss Kelly, don't talk of leaving me to suffer all that over again!"

"Then tell me where the box of gold is!"

"I have told you. It is in the bank."

"Give me an order to take it out then!"

"I can't. My hand is so feeble I can't write. Give me something to eat. Nurse me up a little, and I'll do it for you in a minute. You know I would, Miss Jane!"

Jane looked at the old creature, with bitter scrutiny, and at last broke out,

"I don't believe you!"

"Oh! how cruel you are. If I take my oath of it will you believe me then?"

"Will you take it on the Bible?"

"Yes, yes, on the Bible—your Protestant Bible if that will satisfy you!"

"It won't," answered Jane. "What do you care for a Protestant Bible? I must have your oath on the crucifix, before I believe it."

"The crucifix! But I haven't got a crucifix!"

"Where is the gold one you used to plot mischief over on your knees?" questioned Jane, sneeringly.

"The gold one? The gold crucifix? Oh! yes, that is in that box, with all the other jewels. It wasn't safe here, you know!" answered the old woman, clutching her fingers more tightly around her treasure, "so you see I can't swear on the crucifix; but I'll do it on anything else you like!"

Jane had watched the sly movement of the old woman's hand, with all the sharp suspicion

natural to her character. Without a word of reply, she drew close to the bed, seized the old woman's wrist, and drew forth the skeleton hand still clutched upon the crucifix!

"Miserable old liar, what is this?" she cried, shaking the poor hand till the crucifix fell from its clutch.

"I don't know," answered the old woman, cowering down in the bed. "It's my religion. It's my all in all. Don't touch it."

"Bother!" exclaimed Jane, brutally seizing upon the crucifix and holding it up. "Now swear on this, that you have put the gold and jewels in the bank, and I'll believe it. Come, sit up and swear. I'll hold it to your lips."

"No, no. It's not allowed to swear about worldly matters on that. Give me anything else, and I'll do it," cried madame, snatching at the crucifix.

"This, or nothing," was the stern reply.

"Give me my crucifix. Oh! lay it down. Give me my crucifix!" almost shrieked the old woman, with wild terror in her eyes, as she saw Jane walking backward toward the door, carrying off her treasure.

"No, no, I'm going to try what it can do; you have prayed to it for bread that didn't come. I'll set it to work. See if I don't get something to eat out of it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



A CHAPTER ON MATRIMONY.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

Take the bright shell
From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea;
So take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the lov'd
To the end of the earth.—ANONYMOUS.

If you would marry for happiness, marry for love. And there is a great secret, would you know it?—*explore the character.*

Love at first sight—romantic love—is not love at all; but a silly attachment, forced upon the imagination, and nearly always the result of ignorance.

Wed not under the violent influence of a love-fit, unless you would indeed wed yourself to a life of misery. Your anticipated fountain of Nectar would soon lose its sweetness, and yield forth instead the bitterness of Marah! Dreams may be pleasant, yet do we wake to a sad reality.

Deep reflection, an exploration of character will tend to bring about a happy union. Nor marry solely for money—for riches can never purchase the happiness requisite for the married pair. Money is no objection, however—it may, indeed, be an object—it may buy many fine things—but happiness *never!* and without that man is a poor creature.

“Marry the lass that has the cow,” was the advice of an “old foggy” bachelor to a youth who consulted him on a choice between a girl with a cow, and one with a pretty face—“For, so far as beauty is concerned, there is not the difference of a cow between any two girls in Christendom.” (?) What a conclusion! Well, we could never agree to that, for there is an attractive power in beauty. Youth will idolize the fair brow, the smiling lip, and the voice, “*silver sweet.*” Let the wise and the grave talk as they may, beauty will ever govern this world of ours.

“What lost the world and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra’s eye.
Yet be the soft triumvir’s fault forgiven,
For this, how many lose, not earth, but Heaven.”

But beauty or not, marry the lass who will

manage your domestic concerns to advantage—one who is prudent, sensible, economical—and in order to do this you must *explore the character.*

“Choose wisely the wife of thy bosom,” was the Eastern sage’s advice to his son; “and see that her reigning gem is *virtue!* Open not thy bosom to the trifle; repose not thy head on the breast which nurseth envy and folly and vanity. Hope not for obedience where the passions are untamed; and expect not honor from her who honoreth not the God that made her!

“Reflect, then, my son, ere thou choose, (explore the character,) and look well to her ways whom thou would’st love; for though thou be wise in other things, little will it avail thee if thou choose not wisely and well the wife of thy bosom.”

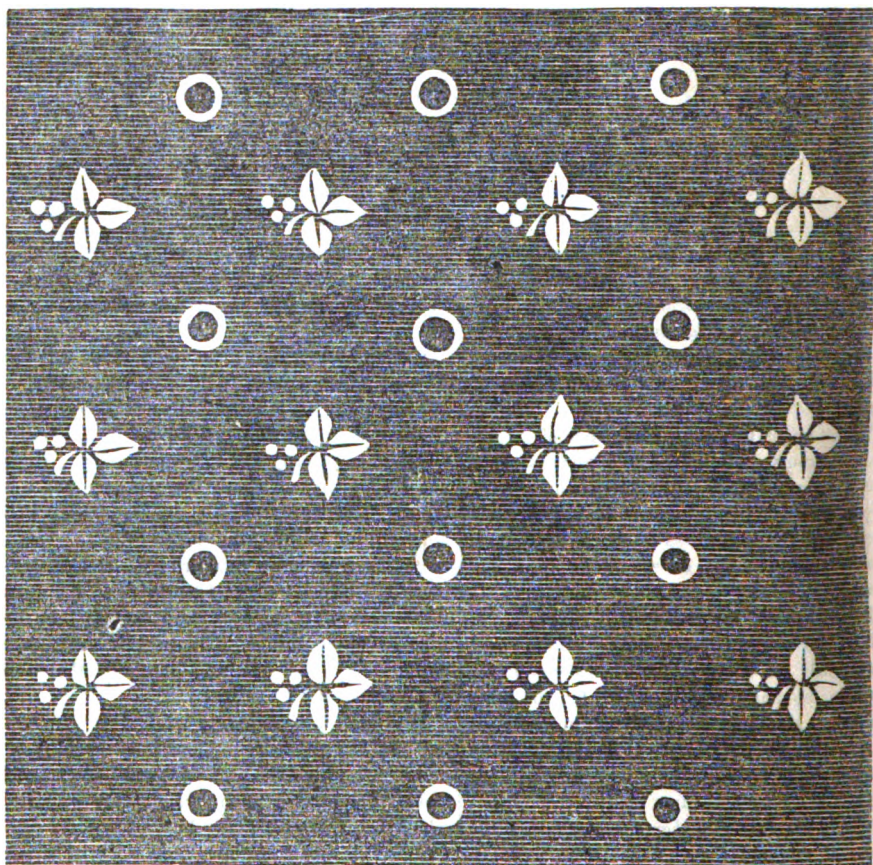
Most wise and sage-like advice!

“See that her reigning gem is *virtue.*” Yes; and homes which are now the scenes of discord, would be blessed with tranquillity—hearts, which are now sad, would be beating with content—eyes, that have long been wet with grief, would be smiling with joy—and voices, long dormant, would be tuned to sweetness, did virtue and happiness but reign triumphant over the love of lucre!

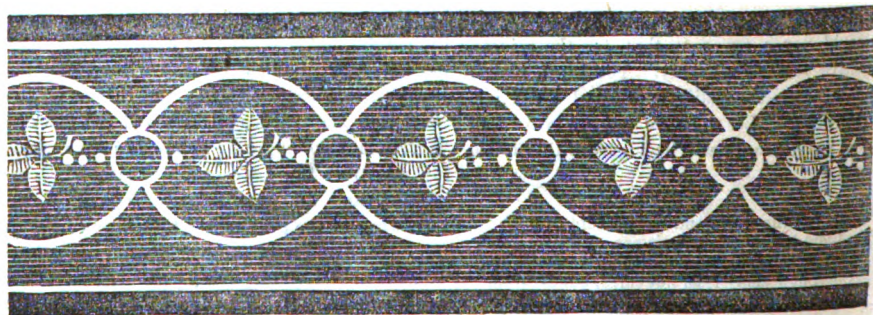
“Her gem be *virtue.*” Yes, the creations of the painter and sculptor may moulder into dust; the eglantine of the bard may wither, and the laurel of the orator decay; the throne of the conqueror may be demolished, and the fame of warrior may no longer be hymned by the recording minstrel; the hope of youth may be disappointed, and the grey hairs of age go down sorrowing to the grave; but that which hallows the cottage and sheds a glory around the palace—*virtue*—shall never decay! It is celebrated by the angels of God—it is written on the pillars of heaven, and reflected down to earth.

Choose wisely then the wife of thy bosom, { Centre, oh! youth, thy love upon *virtue*, for a
and *explore the character* if thou would'st be { soul possessed of virtue is the temple of the
be happy. { living God.

DESIGN FOR PUFF SLEEVES.



THE SLEEVE.



BAND FOR SLEEVE.

THE QUARRELSOME NEIGHBOR.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"PLEASE, ma'am," said the maid servant to Mrs. Mowbray, "the new neighbor's been quarreling. She says I throw my slops in front of her house."

"And are you sure you don't do it, Biddy?"

"Yes, ma'am. It's her own girl does it. I saw her yesterday."

"Did you tell her so?"

"Yes, ma'am. But she only called me an impudent thing, ma'am. And I won't stand it, ma'am. If you can't stop it, ma'am, I must give warning."

Mrs. Mowbray had, often before, experienced her neighbor's quarrelsome disposition. She had, however, managed both to control her own indignation, and, what was more difficult, to keep down that of her servant. But here was a crisis. Biddy's threat of leaving required that an effort should be made to control Mrs. Power, for Biddy was not only too good a servant to part with unnecessarily, but had right on her side.

So Mrs. Mowbray, during the morning, called next door and sent up her name to the mistress of the house. At first, Mrs. Power, thinking the visit one of an ordinary character, was all smiles. But when Mrs. Mowbray approached the real purpose of the interview, her hostess flared out into anger. A termagant to her husband, a tyrant to her children, and a quarrelsome acquaintance under all circumstances, Mrs. Power was not to be brought to reason, even by the mild and lady-like Mrs. Mowbray. The latter, after a space, had to retire before the enraged looks and opprobrious words of her neighbor, giving up the field in despair.

Things went on worse after this interview. It seemed to afford Mrs. Power peculiar delight to invent annoyances for her neighbor. In a score of ways, the patience of Mrs. Mowbray and her servant was tried. Kitchen refuse was often found, at morning, in Mrs. Mowbray's garden, evidently thrown there during the night; and no one could be suspected except Mrs. Power. A canary, which had escaped from its cage, and trespassed on the premises of the latter, was killed. At last, even the forbearance of Mrs. Mowbray gave out, when she found, one day, that oil had been poured on

her front-door steps. To crown her troubles, Biddy, the evening before, had executed her threat and left, worn-out by the numberless vexations arising from their quarrelsome neighbor.

The indignation of Mrs. Mowbray still continued, when, about a week afterward, another neighbor called in. Almost the first word the latter said, was,

"Have you heard how the children are next door?"

"The children? Why? Is anything the matter?"

"Haven't you heard? They have the scarlet fever."

"Dear me, the poor things!" ejaculated Mrs. Mowbray. "No! I hadn't heard." For the truth was that she had ceased all intercourse with her quarrelsome neighbor.

"The worst is," resumed her visitor, "that Mrs. Power has nobody to help her. Her servant got frightened and went off last night; and none of the neighbors will go in: and serves her right."

In a little while, the visitor left, and Mrs. Mowbray returned to her household duties. But her mind was not on them. She could not help thinking of the little ones, next door, who were suffering for their mother's fault.

"Three children sick, and no one to help her. Poor dears! I really can't stand it," at last said Mrs. Mowbray. "I must go in and assist her, quarrelsome as she is."

It was even a more melancholy house than she had expected. The youngest of the children was so ill as to require the exclusive attention of one person; while the other two needed a nurse between them; and then there was all the household work to be done besides! Mrs. Mowbray's heart ached. But she was a woman of energy, and instead of wasting time in regrets, she put on her bonnet again, and going out, did not return till she had brought a couple of the neighbors with her. It was not an easy task, but Mrs. Mowbray was universally respected, and she made it a point that the neighbors should come to oblige her, and not Mrs. Power.

During the whole of one week, while the lives of the children hung successively in the balance,

Mrs. Mowbray was assiduous, with her assistants, in this neighborly duty. During all that time, the mother, wild with anxiety, could think of nothing but her little ones. But when the peril was past, the poor creature threw herself, in an agony of remorse, shame and repentance, at Mrs. Mowbray's feet, crying,

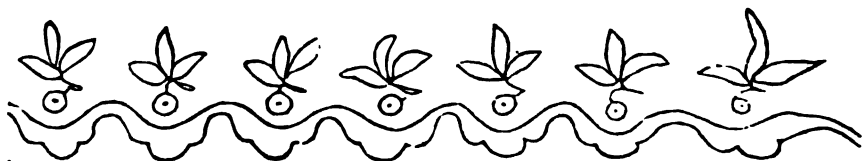
"Oh! I can never thank you enough. To

think you have done all this, after the way I behaved!"

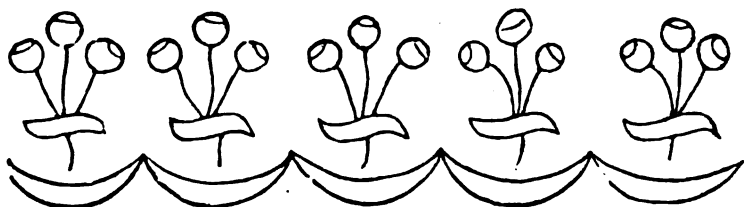
As she spoke, her tears almost suffocated her; it seemed, indeed, as if her heart would break.

From that hour, Mrs. Power became a changed woman. Kindness had subdued her. "Go thou and do likewise."

PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERY.



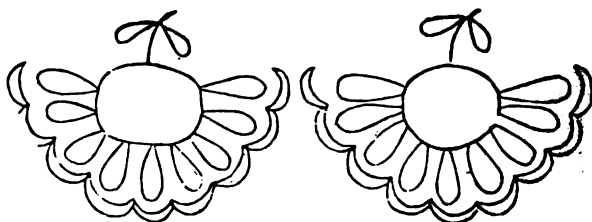
BAND FOR CHEMISE.



SILK EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL SKIRT.



EDGE FOR A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.



EMBROIDERY FOR THE BOTTOM OF A SKIRT.

HABIT-SHIRT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

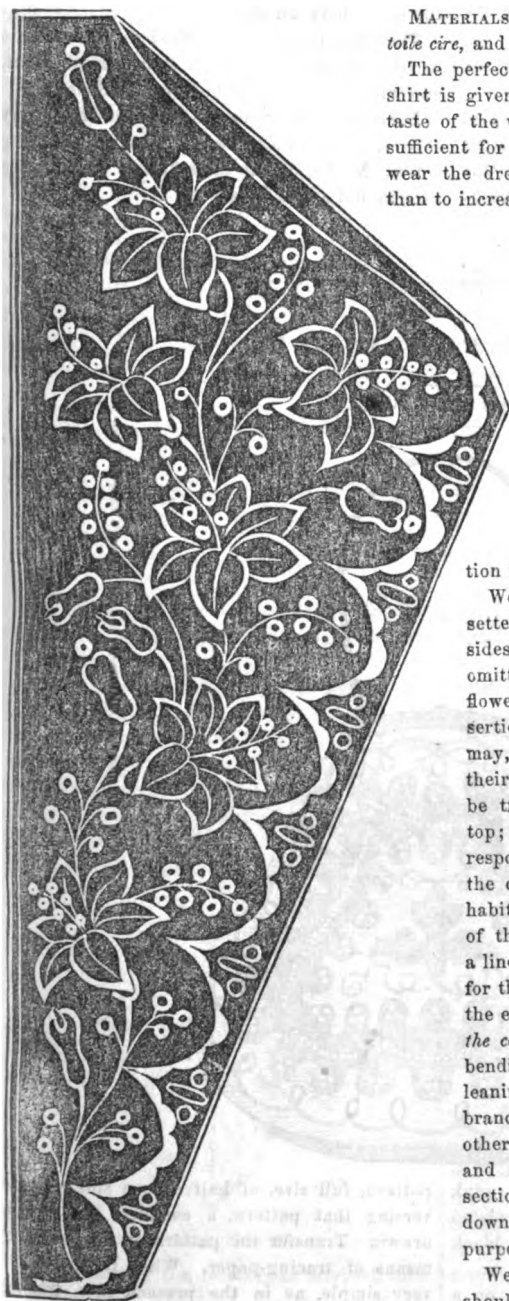
MATERIALS.—Half-a-yard of French muslin, a piece of *toile ciré*, and Nos. 40 and 50 embroidery cotton.

The perfect pattern of this simple and elegant habit-shirt is given, and may be drawn on any scale that the taste of the wearer may dictate. Twice the size will be sufficient for a lady of ordinary stature, who does not wear the dress very open; but nothing is more simple than to increase the pattern to any given dimensions, by following implicitly the directions we have already so frequently given for enlarging patterns.

The half given in the engraving, is that which has the button-holes, which are seen between every two scallops. In drawing the other side of the habit-shirt, it will be necessary to leave a strip of muslin, beyond the edge, for a hem, on which the buttons are to be set, or a second row of button-holes, if it is to be fastened with studs. This will allow of the habit-shirt closing without exhibiting any imperfection in the design.

We may suggest to those who prefer chemisettes that open behind, that by drawing both sides of the habit-shirt on one piece of muslin, omitting the scallops, and either making the flowers nearly touching, or having a suitable insertion up the front between them, the pattern may, without trouble, be rendered available for their favorite style of dress. A chemisette should be trimmed with Valenciennes lace round the top; a *habit-shirt* must have a collar of a corresponding pattern. With a very little trouble the collar might be drawn, when the full-sized habit-shirt is prepared. First mark the outlines of the collar, that is the slope of the neck, and a line at any distance from it that may be wished for the depth. Then draw the scallops all round the edge, from a single one, *beginning with one in the centre of the collar*. In this draw a flower bending so as to occupy this scallop, without leaning to either side. Then take a spray, branching off alternately on one side and the other, from the middle, with a cluster of holes and a flower alternating in the scallop. The section of the habit-shirt from the fourth scallop downward to the sixth, is very suitable for this purpose.

We always recommend that the first drawing should be made on tracing paper; indeed, it



always ensures accuracy to do a perfect half on paper of that sort, and trace from both sides of it.

There is very little open work in the design before us. The edges of the leaves are done in raised overcast stitch, the fibres are sewed over closely, and the small holes are pierced with a stiletto and sewed closely. The outlines of the leaves are done with embroidery cotton, No. 50; for all the other parts, and for the whole of the tracing, No. 40 may be used.

This pattern is also exceedingly well adapted for Swiss work; which is the term applied to the combination of muslin and net. Of course, the design should be in the finest and softest book-muslin on a Brussels net ground.

The petals are to be left in muslin, the outlines and fibres being formed of a double row of sewing, with very small eyelet-holes between. The distance between the lines should vary according to the thickness of the edge in the engraving, and the eyelet-holes should occupy the space between them.

The clusters of spots worked with the stiletto in broderie may be muslin spots sewed round, and without any eyelet-hole, in the Swiss lace.

Every part must be traced with embroidery thread, No. 50; then sewed over with the sewing cotton, No. 60, of the same firm, a thread being held in and sewed over.

DESIGN FOR A BAG.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



MATERIALS.—Morocco, grey, with a pink shade; black velvet; small grey silk twisted cord; the same in black; very small satin black cord; steel beads, and a few black cut beads.

Above is a pattern of the whole bag, on a reduced scale; and in front of the number is a pattern, full size, of half of one side. By reversing that pattern, a complete one can be drawn. Transfer the pattern on the leather by means of tracing-paper. When the pattern is very simple, as in the present case, tracing-paper is excellent to transfer it on the material

to be worked. First copy the pattern, which will be easy to do if thin paper is used; place on the material the tracing, and over that the pattern; pin the three together, and follow the outlines with a hard pencil in passing and re-passing over them.

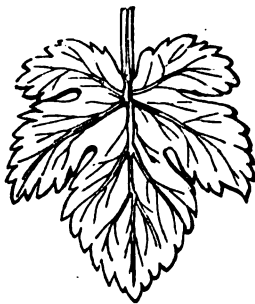
Cut out of the paper the part of the pattern that is to be in velvet; pin it on a piece of black velvet, the wrong side of which must have been previously brushed with gum water to prevent it from unravelling. Cut out the velvet round the pattern; brush again with gum water the part of the velvet that is to be the ornament of the bag, and lay it immediately on the corresponding parts of the pattern you have drawn on the leather, which you will before line with coarse muslin or calico. Mount it in a frame, then sew the black twist cord on the edges of the velvet. The grey twisted cord is sewed on those parts of the pattern formed by single

lines, and the satin cord is sewed along the grey twisted cord. In each loop formed by this twisted cord there is a black cut bead. All the other beads are steel ones. The continuous row of them is edged on each side by the small satin cord. The bag is lined with blue or cherry-colored silk; the band between the two sides is four inches wide at the bottom of the bag, and two at the opening; the seams are covered with the twisted cord; the bag is fastened with a steel clasp. Instead of grey morocco, blue cassimere might be used. In that case, a very narrow gold braid must be substituted in the place of the black twisted cord round the velvet; a black twisted cord in the place of the grey one, and a gold gimp in the place of the small satin cord. All the beads should be black cut ones. The clasp should be entirely covered with black velvet, and a thick black twisted cord used instead of the steel chain.

MODELLING IN LEATHER.—NO. II.

BY MRS. GILBERT.

SOME persons have actually boiled the leather, while others let it soak for hours; and when they consider it fit for use, it very much resembles thin tripe. In some cases, baking has been resorted to, and applications have been addressed to me respecting the propriety of each plan. All these modes only tend to one result, that of rendering the material unfit for use. The less the leather is damped the better, providing it yields readily to the requisite amount of manipulation in order to bring it into form.



FLAT LEAF VEINED.

Having damped the leather, as advised, take the veining tool, and mark the surface of the stem in irregular indentations lengthways; neatly

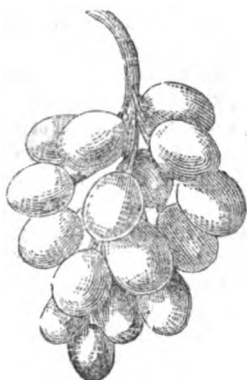
roll the stem of the leaf and also the tendrils, and turn the latter over the bradawl, to give them the required form; vein the leaves after nature and mould them accordingly. Now roll up a piece of leather the length of the stem, and



MOULDED LEAF FINISHED.

glue the edge; upon this place the stems after gluing, and with the pestle of the convolvulus mould, indent it so as to form the knots opposite the leaves, working it with the fingers until a representation of the finished form is produced, as given in the drawing. When the whole is dry, it will bend into any form desired; and the leaves may be placed in positions best calculated to produce a natural effect.

To form the bunches of grapes, procure some well turned models the size of nature, cover



them very carefully with the thinnest skiver leather that can be procured, strain the leather

tightly over them, and tie the gatherings up with strong thread when the leather is dry; cut off the superfluous part close to the wood, and glue on a neat patch of leather of the required size, to finish the operation. The stem of the grape is made by covering a piece of wire with thin leather, previously winding a little thread about half an inch from one end, so as to form the little knob which is represented in the drawing, close up to the grape; bore a hole with a

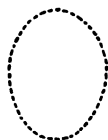


fine brad-awl, and insert the wire in the grape with a little glue. In making the bunches of grapes, be careful to let the fair side of the grape be seen.

ART IN SPORT.

BY H. J. VERNON.

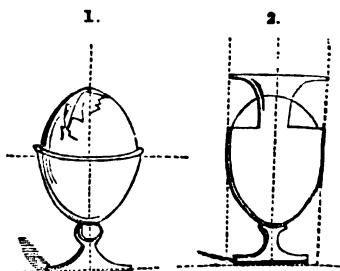
AN almost endless source of amusement, combining at the same time a considerable amount of instruction, may be obtained in the following manner. Take a card or piece of paste-board, or even stiff paper, such as cartridge paper, and draw upon it the form of an egg—an oval in outline. The dimensions of the oval are immaterial, and the experimenter may suit his or her fancy in this respect. With a stout needle, or tracing point, mark quite through the outline, for the purposes of tracing. Some of our readers may be unacquainted with the mode of tracing an outline, and it may be advisable to particularize one method among many. Having pricked out the oval upon the card, get a little red or black lead, powdered, and, placing the card upon a piece of drawing paper—any white paper will, however, do—rub it over the pricked out oval, which will be found to be transformed to the white paper beneath, thus:



The powder may be applied either with a piece of wool or wadding, or by means of a dry

camel's-hair pencil: care should be taken not to let the tracing-powder get beyond the edge of the pricked card, as in that case a soiled, dirty appearance is given to the tracing. The pierced card will serve, if carefully done, for hundreds of tracings, and it is obviously the best plan to take a little extra pains with that in the first instance.

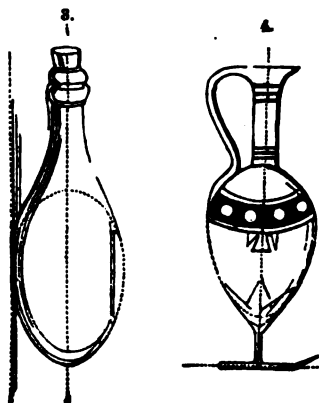
With this traced oval for a basis, any one with a very little skill will be able to form an infinite number of objects. The best drawing tool will be found to be an ordinary black lead pencil.



Figs. 1, 2, 3 and 4 are very easy results, suggestive also of others. The rules of procedure are the same in all. Leaving the traced-out oval at first in its dotted form, with the pencil you draw a horizontal line, as the basis of your

figure. Let this and the other lines, which serve merely as the scaffolding of your figure, be done faintly or in dots. Next, draw a line through the centre of the oval and perpendicular to the first. These will ensure your making the object square and properly balanced. After this you may draw lines parallel to the others: but these are not so material, although they serve as guides.

Now the imagination and fancy may step in to produce forms having the oval for a foundation; and not only is a very rational source of amusement opened out, but the opportunity is given to a cultivation of the noble art of design, whether as applied to utility or ornament. Other forms may of course be drawn.



DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING SCARLET GERANIUM.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

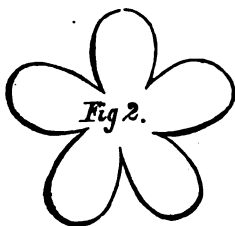
Fig 3



MATERIALS.—Carmine paper, geranium stamens, green calyx, carmine and white cake paint leaves.

Cut as many as desired of fig. 2: vein each petal with carmine, touch the heart with white. After they are painted curl the petals slightly,

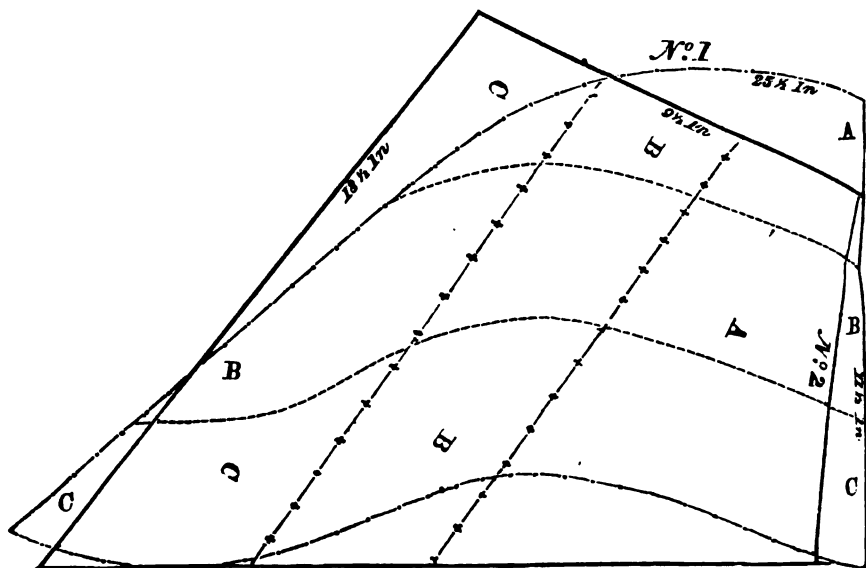
touch the stamen with gum before stringing the petals: finish with a small green calyx on the back. The buds may be formed of wax and covered with tissue paper, or they may be obtained ready made. Bunch in clusters like figure 3.



*** MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 82 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

MANTELET SHAWL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a diagram, by which a Mantelqt-Shawl may be cut. These Mantelets are altogether the most graceful wraps that have been worn for years; and we are glad to see them becoming fashionable.

No. 1. Half the back.

No. 2. Front.

The letter A indicates the part of the watered silk forming the top of the mantelet, the letter B the tulle insertion, and the letter C the second part of the silk.

PATCHWORK.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

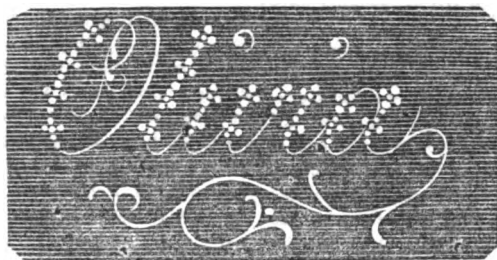
We give the pattern in the front of the number. It is suitable either for a bed-quilt or table-cover.

MATERIALS.—Any pieces of silk or velvet that may be at hand. The colors of the silks must be arranged according to taste; those forming

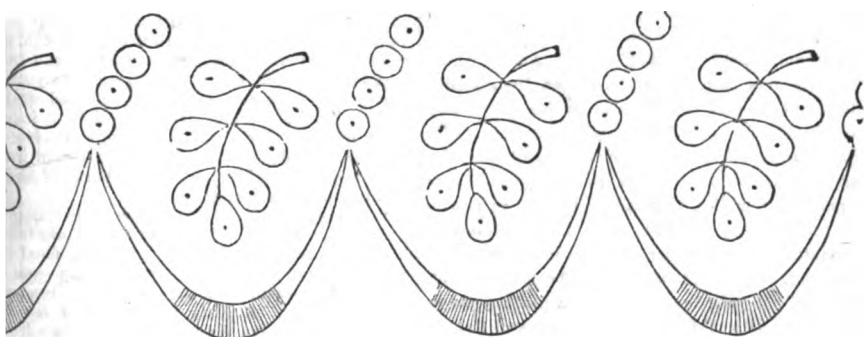
the stars being all of one description, and the intermediate pieces of another. The former, also, should be all dark, and the latter light, or *vice versa*.

If a cover, when worked, it should be lined, and trimmed with bullion fringe.

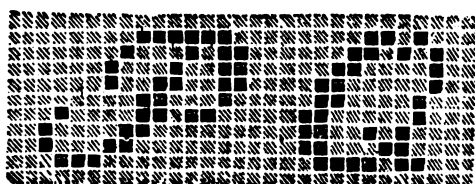
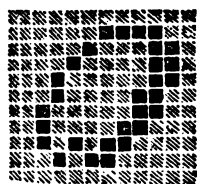
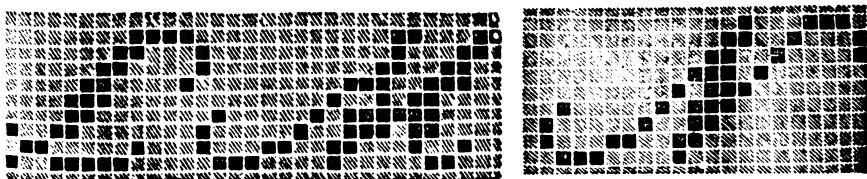
VARIETIES FOR WORK-TABLE.



NAME FOR MARKING.



EDGE FOR PETTICOAT.



LETTERS IN CROCHET.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

BE CONSISTENT.—The majority of mankind have two faces, one the world face, the other the home face. One for smooth smiles, pleasant words, and outside politeness, the other for frowns, mutterings and selfish churlishness. So they have separate characters—the one for assiduity abroad, the other for neglect at home. These they keep in active competition, so that neither gets much ahead of the other, but both go on an ever steady pace, at the same time blessing and cursing; only those that receive the latter commodity get rather the worst of the bargain.

The heart would sicken could it look through the walls that shelter families, and behold that other phase in which some men robe themselves when the eagle glances of the world spy not upon their actions. It would see many who give thousands to popular charities, turn destitution from her wretched dwelling, because she could not pay, perchance, the balance of a few paltry pennies for rent.

It would behold the affable, whole-souled "life" of society, repelling wife and children from kindly intercourse around the fire-side by his frown and peevishness. It would look upon a woman, so useful *without doors* wherever benevolence called, and who was never known to be absent from her post of honor in public assemblies, very lax in her duties as wife and mother, very careless about the comfort and pleasantness of home, her children in the condition of the ragged urchin, to whom a celebrated man said, "Go and tell your mother that the heathen are at her door." It would see the jaunty buck of fashion swearing at his grey-headed father, while his sisters blush for shame at his profanity—or the dainty belle of the ball-room, all smiles of beauty, all motions of grace, abroad, bandying taunting words with a poor, outraged sewing girl, for some trifling fault.

A steady, unswerving example—not protestations and long faces, and soft, smooth tongues—will do more for the moral progress of communities than all the good words you can pile 'twixt heaven and earth. You may batter against heaven's very gates with your enginery of prayer, you may add your donations till the list shall swell from here to India; you may shed tears over man's vain ingratitude till the ocean could not hold them; you may talk so eloquently that an angel might listen, wrapt in admiration; yet all your prayers, your tears, your eloquence shall not be potent enough to impel one soul a step toward heaven, if the daily and hourly consistency of your example be not a guarantee of your sincerity.

A WORD TO FRETFUL WIVES.—Under this caption, Mrs. Denison, one of our own contributors, has written an excellent little essay, of which we quote the concluding portion. A cross, selfish husband is

only equalled by a fretful wife; and both are as too common. In the case of a fretful wife, however, ill-health is often the chief cause of the evil: it is frequently also a neglect of the laws of life the cause of this ill-health. Want of exercise, sitting in close rooms, the cares of a large family and the total absence of recreation of any kind are fertile in producing fretfulness in wives. We give these few words, by way of extenuation, what Mrs. Denison says; for all wives have not the excuse of ill-health for their fretfulness.

Why can't you be good-natured? Were you so? Memory points to the days of your girlhood seldom the lines of anger disfigured your brow. And the man who won your love, thought his happy home she will make for me! How sweet will be to sit down by her side after the cares of the day, are over! How beautiful to read for his pleasure—to be repaid by smiles and kisses. At the home was ready and the bride established—she proved unworthy of the trust reposed in her. Instead of meeting care with a hearty laugh, as "get behind me, Satan," you worried and fretted and began to tell every little trouble to your husband. It was not womanly; it betrayed weakness both of head and mind. Imperceptibly its influence crept into his spirit, chilling it with a worse disease than that of death, till it made a shroud of iron the disappointed heart, and the charm of love and family and home was gone.

"Was once!"—how often those words drop from your lips. "I was handsome once—I was this and the other, once"—and why not now? If yourself have willed your own destiny—you have chosen the scold's office; you must receive the scold's deserts. A little philosophy, a few words breathed to heaven for patience, a resolute hope to-morrow if to-day be stormy—a little self-denial in telling of petty crosses—a great deal less selfishness—a desire to make home a sanctuary for yourself and little ones as well as your husband—and to-day you had been happier, handsomer and more beloved.

Fretting sister in light affliction, let us ask you a few plain questions. Does a spirit of fault-finding lighten your cares? If your bread is burned to cinder, does it bring you a good, light, sweet loaf? sit down and worry about it? If the baby is cross does it make him smile like an angel to shake him almost out of existence? If it rains on washing-day will your anathemas hurry out the sun till he is right over your clothes-line? But if your good hands turn to the flour barrel, to mould another loaf—if you soothe the weeping babe with the sweet words of a mother's pitying love, if you devote your washing-day to some apportioned work, be smoothly care will iron down his features, and become your humble slave instead of the tyrannical master he would be!

It is not too late yet. Surprise your husband with a smile—it will be worth a dollar to see his glance of astonishment; hold the salted water of thoughtfulness in your mouth, that you may say nothing unpleasant; and the angel that has been lying prostrate in his heart with folded wings, will begin to flutter, and lift itself heavenward and look out of his eyes with the love of the olden time, and your home will yet be the paradise you once coveted.

"SEE HERE."—Under this title, a Virginia subscriber sends us the following verses, which we pronounce of "rare merit," whatever others may think. The critical axiom says:—"a poet's genius is shown by his choice of a subject."

If you want engravings rich and fine,
Or Mezzotints of rare design,
Or Pattern cuts exact and nice,
Or Fashion plates of new device,
Or Music sweet! (as good a kind,
As anywhere perhaps you'll find.)
Or lengthy tales with morals fraught,
Or scraps of bright poetic thought,
Or short prose gems, prepared with art,
To stir your soul and touch your heart,
Or viands that are choice and prime,
To occupy your leisure time;
Or antidote to cure the spleen,
Send, send for "Peterson's Magazine."

OUR JULY ENGRAVING.—A favorite contributor says: "As for the 'Evangeline' you give, I have never as yet seen a picture that went to my heart like it. I think of it with pitying, yearning tenderness, and go to it again and again, as if it were the picture of some lovely, or beloved friend. I say, looking through tears at the expressive mouth, 'Poor thing! darling!' This is partly because, in reading the story, 'Evangeline' was *real* to me beyond any character I have ever yet found in any book; partly because the picture is so marvelously true and touching as an expression. I am sure many hearts must thank you for giving so fine a thing."

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—A husband, remitting to us a subscription on behalf of his wife, says: "I know that 'Peterson' will pay me five hundred per cent, in smiles from my lady, on the capital invested." A lady at our side, *who ought to know*, says he was right.

DIRECTIONS FOR CROCHET.—A correspondent asks us for the meaning of the technical letters used in our directions for crochet. We have published the explanation several times already, the last time in the April number for 1854.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Pickwick Papers. By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Beyond all comparison the most elegant edition of "The Pickwick Papers" ever published. It is printed in duodecimo form, each volume containing about five hundred pages; the type is large and clear; the paper is heavy; and forty-eight illustrations, all on steel, after designs by Cruikshank, rival the letter-press in provoking harmless mirth. We have always considered "The Pickwick Papers" the best of Dickens' works.

They have a freshness which is wanting in many of his later fictions. Samivel Veller still remains his most original character; no page of pathos from his pen excels the death-bed of the Chancery prisoner; in humor, the trial scene, Bardell *versus* Pickwick, has never been surpassed; and in the Pickwickians, from the "Deputy Saw-bones" up, we have a crowd of oddities such as can be found nowhere else, either in his own novels or in those of any other English author. For many years an elegant edition of "Pickwick" could not be had. The first, which was an octavo, was never particularly desirable, and has long been out of print. But after this edition nothing is left to desire. Not even in England has one so handsome been printed. The publisher has put it, moreover, at an astonishingly low price, when its typographical and other merits are regarded—viz: in cloth, \$1.25 per volume, in paper covers, \$1.00 per volume.

Poems. By Richard Chenevix French. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—Mr. French has long been known to the American public as an eloquent divine and a consummate philologist. The volume now before us introduces him in the character of a poet. Though without the genius of Tennyson, though not a poet of the true creative school, he is always scholarly, artistic, refined, condensed and finished. Some of the sonnets, particularly, are very good. A noble sentiment pervades all the poems. We cannot resist quoting the following, to show how full of thought French is everywhere. The last line particularly is pregnant with it.

"O Life, O Death, O World, O Time,
O Grave, where all things flow,
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime,
With your great weight of woe.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,
Though bosoms torn may be,
Yet suffering is a holy thing;
Without it what were we?"

The volume is neatly printed. Price, in cloth, seventy-five cents.

The Life and Travels of Herodotus. By J. Talboys Wheeler. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An attempt, and a highly successful one, to popularize Herodotus. The book is not, however, a translation of the garrulous old Greek, but an imaginary biography, of which he is the hero; and its purpose is to illustrate the manners, religion, annals, literature, art and social life of the Greeks, Egyptians and other ancient nations. The author has not confined himself to the information given in the works of Herodotus, but has availed himself of the researches and discoveries of all writers who have discussed his theme. For a pleasant and concise, yet reliable, account of the elder nations of the globe, we know no equal to this work. It is published in a style of unusual elegance. Even the binding partakes of this refinement, and is a triumph of appropriateness and taste. Price, in cloth, \$1.00 per volume.

Gerard the Lion Killer. Translated by C. E. Whitehead. 1 vol. New York: Derby & Jackson. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The author of this book is a French army-officer, who, having been stationed in Algiers, and being fond of sporting, took to hunting the lion: and he has produced, as a consequence, one of the most intensely interesting works we ever read. The volume is not only, however, a narrative of Gerard's adventures, in killing the king of beasts, but a collection of anecdotes, derived from Arab sources, relative to the lion of North Africa, the most savage of all lions. As a contribution to natural history, the work is also valuable, for it gives a large amount of original information regarding the habits of the lion. It is, in a word, a book of extraordinary interest and value; and one that will take a permanent place in literature. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

The Tangle-town Letters. Edited by the author of "Records of the Bubbleton Parish." 1 vol. Buffalo: Wanzer, McKim & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The "Records of the Bubbleton Parish" we still remember as a capital book; and this is not inferior to it in any respect. It hits all around, at everybody and everything. The satire is first-rate, and most of it deserved. Even those who suffer, if they have a bit of human charity in their hearts, will forgive their being made objects of ridicule, out of regard for the skill with which it has been done. Others will see as in a mirror, absurdities of which they have been guilty, without being aware how ridiculous they were. Better than all, there is no venom in "The Tangle-town Letters." The volume is handsomely printed and illustrated with graphic engravings. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

The Daisy Chain: or, Aspirations. A Family Chronicle. By the author of "Hearts Ease." 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—In this charmingly written fiction, we have the story of a family, during that period when the characters of its younger members were being formed. For minute fidelity, the author almost rivals Richardson, and this without falling into his tedious prolixity. "Hearts Ease" and "The Heir of Redcliffe," two of her former novels, are among the best of their kind in the language. This, though somewhat inferior to those, is still a very superior story. Price, in cloth, seventy-five cents per volume.

Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith. With a Biographical Memoir and Notes. By Evert A. Duyckink. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—This entertaining work consists, besides a biography of Sydney Smith, of selections from his writings, designed to show the wit and sense which so pre-eminently distinguished this remarkable man. Mr. Duyckink has executed a difficult task with the nicest discrimination. A portrait of Sydney Smith adorns the volume. It is a work that ought to be in the possession of every person of taste. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Tan-go-ru-a. An Historical Drama. In Prose. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—"Tan-go-ru-a" is a drama of Pennsylvania history, the time being laid in the last century. The author has deeply studied the Indian character, which he makes to play a prominent part in his drama. In originality, moreover, and poetic force, the play takes high rank in American literature. It appears anonymously, but is evidently the production of a scholar and thinker, and bears traces of that careful labor which is always the best guarantee of excellence. In every respect, we consider "Tan-go-ru-a" a remarkable production. It is published in a style of great neatness. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

The Hallig: or, The Sheepfold in the Waters. Translated from the German by Mrs. Geo. P. Marsh. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—This is an admirably told tale. The author was a German clergyman, who, in this beautiful narrative, has successfully labored, not only to describe humble life on the coast of Schleswig, but to narrate, through the aid of fiction, important historical events. A tone of hopeful piety pervades the work. In Germany the book is very popular. It reminds us frequently of Miss Bremer. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

Mechanics' Tables. By Charles H. Haswell. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The areas and circumferences of circles, and sides of equal squares; circumferences of angled hoops, outside and inside; cutting of boiler plates; dimensions of materials, alloys, paints, ladders, and other information useful for mechanics, are contained in this neatly printed little volume. Price, in cloth, fifty cents.

Calderon, His Life and Genius. By R. C. French. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—A well-written life of Calderon, the Spanish dramatist, accompanied with a disquisition on his genius. His "Life's A Drama," and "The Great Theatre of the World," are added, gracefully translated into English. Price, in cloth, seventy-five cents.

Introduction to Social Science. By George H. Colvert. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—A work of much logical power, but too involved in style. It is divided into three parts: "Knowledge, The Actual and The Possible." Price, in cloth, sixty-two cents.

The Old Vicarage. By Mrs. Hubback. 1 vol. New York: W. P. Ftridge.—A new novel, by the author of "May and December," "The Wife's Sister," &c. &c., and one of singular merit. It is published quite neatly. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

The Camel. His Organisation, Habits, and Uses. Considered with reference to his introduction into the United States. By George P. Marsh. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—Reliable, thorough and well-written. Price, in cloth, seventy-five cents.

The Wife's Trials. A Novel. By the author of "The Jealous Wife." 1 vol. New York: W. T. Ftridge & Co.—A new novel, by a popular writer. It is published in cheap style, double column, octavo, paper cover. Price fifty cents.

The Huguenot Exiles; or, The Times of Louis XIV. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We are glad to see the taste for historical novels returning. The present story is capably, even powerfully, told. The time chosen is one when bold and stirring events were abroad everywhere, and the particular theme selected affords peculiar facility for dramatic incidents. Few will take up the book without regretting when they reach the close. We commend it as one of the most deeply interesting books of the year. Price, in cloth, seventy-five cents.

Vossall Morton. By Francis Parkman. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—This has more than ordinary merit. Its author is already favorably known to the reading public, by a work published some years ago, "The History of Pontiac." The present effort is a novel, which abounds in fine thoughts; is effective without clap-trap; exhibits unusual refinement of tone; and is artistically put together. It is published in a neat style. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Gabriel Vane; His Fortune and Friends. New York: Derby & Jackson.—A fiction in many respects above the average merit. There is some originality in the characters and considerable ingenuity in the management of incidents. It would make a pleasant companion on one of these sultry midsummer days. The publishers have issued it in quite a creditable manner. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Learning to Read. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A capital book for children beginning to read. The illustrations are very beautiful. Nine-tenths of the publications of this kind are worthless; but this is not; on the contrary it is a book of singular merit. Price, in cloth, fifty cents.

Life and Adventures of Robert Romaine. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Though somewhat eccentric, nevertheless well written. But why so melancholy a conclusion? People read novels to be pleased; and like, therefore, a happy denouement. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

The Earnest Man. By Mrs. H. C. Conant. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—A deeply interesting work, devoted to the life and labors of Adoniram Judson, the well known missionary to Burmah. The proceeds are for the benefit of his children. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Life Sketches from Common Paths. By Mrs. Julia L. Dumont. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A series of American stories, pleasantly written, and full of quiet, domestic pictures. We know no book, lately published, more agreeable of its kind. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

THE TOILET.

DISCOLORATION OF THE HAIR.—The color of the hair depends upon the chemical condition of its coloring oil; and the various shades which exist,

from lightest brown to deepest black, are owing to the different proportions of iron and sulphur contained in it. In grey hair there is a complete absence of iron, and to this entire deficiency is attributable its total want of color. All the human family, with the exception of two or three races, are subject to this discoloration. The hair has been known to change from grey to its former natural shade, when the loss of color has not been owing to age, but to external causes or temporary physical derangement; and this recovery time will often effect with the unaided efforts of nature alone. We may cite the case of a girl mentioned by *Le Journal des Sciences Médicales*, whose pale brown hair became white after every attack of a fever peculiar to herself, and which recovered its color when the attack passed. A lady between thirty or forty years of age, who had rich brown hair, had it become partially grey in the space of a few months, on removing from New Zealand into Sydney; and on returning to the former place several years after, her hair resumed its natural color.

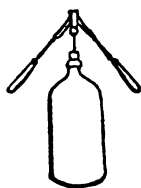
When, about the age of sixty, the hair takes a silver tint, it should be regarded as the acquisition of a new and attractive charm; a grave and sober one, perhaps, but worth preserving in its native purity, nor should we desire to disguise or conceal it. It is with premature greyness that we shall at present occupy ourselves. And where this occurs two means of recoloration suggest themselves; one is the application of dyes, all of which are more or less injurious to the hair and skin—the other is by a certain *regime*, which we will endeavor to explain. Since it is a clearly admitted fact, that a deficiency of iron is the cause of the faded hue, it is equally clear that were there a means of replenishing the requisite supply the color of the hair would be restored. The Chinese are said to follow out this principle, and with the best success. And it has been frequently remarked by medical men that the hair of patients who have been subjected to a long course of preparation of iron grows with extraordinary vigor and rapidity, and keeps its color much beyond the usual time of fading. We are intimate with a lady who has attained the age of seventy-two, without having a single grey hair. This lady has made several sea voyages and been exposed to a variety of climates, but has been in the habit of taking a daily pill, composed of equal parts of sulphate of iron and subcarbonate of potass.

When the first silver threads, therefore, are observed, let their appearance be considered as a symptom that a deficiency of iron is beginning to be felt in the constitution, and let immediate measures be taken to furnish the necessary supply. Iron may be introduced into the system in a variety of forms; it may be advisable to consult a medical attendant as to the best mode of administering it. The dose should be small at first, and gradually augmented; the essential object being, that sufficient iron enter the circulation to be absorbed by the bulb-

ous roots of the hair, it is necessary for the purpose in view, while taking iron internally, to drink daily the infusion of some plant rich in tanning properties, such as wild chicory, camomile, &c. After pursuing this plan for about a fortnight, the hair should be freed from grease, and the skin of the head well washed and dried, and a lotion, consisting of water strongly impregnated with iron, should be applied with friction. The iron thus absorbed internally and externally fortifies the hair; the nutritive juices which feed it become more abundant and higher colored; they are communicated to the hair tubes by the roots, and impart to them fresh vigor and vitality.

PUZZLES.

TO MAKE A SHILLING TURN ON ITS EDGE ON THE POINT OF A NEEDLE.—Get a bottle with a cork in it, and fix in it perpendicularly a moderate sized needle; then place a shilling in a second cork by making a slit in it, and stick into the second cork two ordinary table-forks opposite each other, with the handles inclining outward and downward. If the rim of the coin be now fixed on the point of the needle, it may be made to spin round without falling.



RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Apple Marmalade.—To make apple marmalade, boil some apples with the peel on them until they are perfectly soft, which may be known by pressing them between the thumb and fingers. Then remove them from the fire, and throw them into cold water; pare them, place them on a sieve and press the pulp from the cores. The pulp which has passed through the sieve place in a stew-pan, and set the pan on the fire long enough to remove the moisture, so that the pulp may become rather thick. Take an equal quantity, in weight, of lump sugar as of pulp. Clarify the sugar and boil it to a good syrup; add the pulp to it, and stir them well together with a spatula, or wooden spoon. Place them on the fire, and as soon as they begin to boil, remove them, and the process is completed. When the marmalade has become a little cool, put it into pots; but do not cover the pots until it is quite cold.

Boiled Potatoe Pudding.—Thoroughly cook two pounds of potatoes; peel and mash them well. Then mix them with half a pound of melted butter, the same quantity of powdered lump sugar, and six eggs, well beaten. When well mingled, stir in a handful or two of flour and a glass of white wine. Tie the whole up in a buttered cloth, and boil it for half an hour.

Fermentation of Home-made Wines.—The four requisites for fermentation are sugar, vegetable extract, malic acids, and water; and upon the proper regulation of these constituents the success depends. The fermentation requires great attention, and should be neither suffered to continue too long, nor be checked too early. Its commencement, which will be about a day after the articles have been mixed, will attract attention by the noise it makes. For a sweet wine, the cask should not be closed until the sound of fermentation has almost ceased. If a dry wine, have ready a barrel which has been subjected to the fumes of sulphur, and draw off your wine into it. Rack off the wine, clearing it with isinglass, and bottle in about ten weeks after it.

Spinach.—Pick and clean the spinach; put it into a saucepan without water, keep it pressed down till tender; squeeze out the moisture, return it to the saucepan, from which all the liquor should be removed; pour on it, as it heats, four large spoonfuls of rich gravy, let all the gravy be absorbed, keep it well stirred; flavor with pepper and salt; when it is dry, press it into a mould; turn it out, and serve as hot as possible.

Scotch Short-Bread.—Mix two pounds of flour, dried and well sifted, with a pound of powdered sugar, three ounces of candied citron and orange peel cut into dice, and half a pound of caraway comfits; mix these with half a pound of melted butter in a saucepan; then make the paste, roll it out the thickness of half an inch, cut it into cakes, place them on white paper, prick, and bake them of a pale color.

Excellent Fruit Cake.—One cup of butter, one of brown sugar, one of molasses, one of sweet milk, three of flour, and four eggs. One and a half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one of soda. Two pounds of raisins, chopped fine; one nutmeg, and a little brandy, if you choose. This will make two good sized loaves, which will keep moist without liquor from four to six weeks, when it is properly covered.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Clean Blonde Lace.—Cut some old soft linen into strips a little wider than the lace. Make these into one length, and tack the lace very carefully and evenly at the extreme edges. Then make a lather of soap-suds with the chill just off the water; put in the lace, let it remain about half an hour, then pass it gently through the hands (without rubbing it) till quite clean, and rinse it in cold water. If the lace be very yellow add a very little blue. Squeeze it in a towel, but do not wring it. Pull out the strip of linen as wide as you can and place it in a large or long book, passing the strip from leaf to leaf. If the book be printed place white paper next the blonde. Press the book very heavily for two days; then remove it, taking the lace from the lines very carefully.

To Gather the Perfume of Flowers.—The perfume of flowers may be gathered in a very simple manner, and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them into a coarse cloth, and squeeze the oil from them. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated, according to the strength of the perfume desired. The oil, being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirits, and shaken every day for a fortnight, when it may be poured off, ready for use. As the season for sweet-scented blossoms is now here, this method may be practically tested.

To Mend Broken China.—Take a very thick solution of gum-arabic in water, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a viscous paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges, and stick them together. In three days the article cannot again be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

Mixture for Polishing Brass.—Sp. of turpentine, half a pint; rotten-stone, quarter pound; charcoal in powder, quarter pound. Mix well, and add quarter of a pint of sweet oil; finish with dry charcoal dust.

Neuralgic Headache.—The application of towels, wrung out in hot water, to the forehead and temples, is represented to be an efficacious and speedy remedy for headaches arising from neuralgic affections.

To Preserve Bright Steel.—Smear it over with hot melted fresh mutton suet; before it cools and hardens, use some powdered unslacked lime in a muslin bag, and dust it over the hot suet which covers the steel.

To Remove Fly-spots.—Dip a camel's-hair brush into spirits of wine, and apply it, to remove fly-spots.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST

FIG. I.—AN EVENING DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN, trimmed with three deep embroidered flounces, the upper one of which is set in at the waist, and does not meet in front. The corsage is low, with a pelerine cape of lace and embroidery like that on the flounces. The sleeves are composed of two full puffs, beneath each of which is an embroidered ruffle. Bows of blue ribbon ornament the front of the corsage and sleeves. Head-dress of blue feathers and ribbon.

FIG. II.—A DINNER DRESS OF SLATE COLORED GREENADINE, worn over silk of the same color. The skirt is long and full. Corsage high, buttoned up the front, and with a moderately deep basque. The sleeves are puffed, and terminated with a deep frill.

FIG. III.—THE NEWPORT VISITE.—This elegant article is composed of black silk, and trimmed with black velvet and fringe. Its striking elegance consists in the pelerine cape, formed also by rows of velvet and fringe.

FIG. IV.—RISTORI FICHU OF BLACK TULLE, trim-

med with black lace and narrow lace ruches, having a velvet in the middle.

FIG. V.—CAPUCHON CAP OF EMBROIDERED MUSLIN, lined with colored florence.

FIG. VI.—COLLAR MADE OF EMBROIDERED MUSLIN, trimmed with Valenciennes and surmounted by a tress of black velvet with a bow.

FIG. VII.—SLEEVE TO MATCH COLLAR, (Fig. VI.) two large puffs separated by a band of embroidered muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes and a velvet wristband.

FIG. VIII.—EMPRESS COLLAR, composed of Valenciennes insertions and embroidered insertions.

FIG. IX.—SLEEVE TO MATCH EMPRESS COLLAR, (Fig. VIII.)

BATHING DRESSES.—As appropriate to the season, we give some directions for making bathing-dresses. The material should always be of woollen. A grey, dark blue, or brown flannel is most suitable. Worsted plaids, although very pretty, are cold, and retain the water too much, though they have the advantage of not clinging to the figure, after leaving the surf, as much as flannel. By many the plaids are much preferred. The dress consists of a pair of drawers and a skirt, the latter reaching to about three inches above the ankle. The drawers (always to be of the same material as the rest of the dress) should be made tolerably full, and confined at the ankle by a band, finished with a ruffle. They should be made moderately full, but to fasten in such a way that even if the skirt washes up the person cannot possibly be exposed. The drawers must *always* be fastened to a body, like those of a child, and as muslin or linen is exceedingly cold, when wet, and clinging to a person after a bath, a woollen body is advisable.

The skirt, as we have before said, is rather short, and need not be very wide. The ordinary way of making is with a deep yoke, into which the skirt is plaited or gathered like an old-fashioned night dress. The dress is plaited down to the waist and confined with a belt. Many wear a small talma or cape of the same material as the dress, as this, in some degree, hides the figure. The sleeves should be loose shirt sleeves, confined about the wrist by a band, and having a deep ruffle falling over the hand. This protects the wrists from the sun. In the place of the talma some wear loose saques, fastened with a belt. Be very careful to avoid *all* strings in a bathing-dress, as it is almost impossible to untie them when wet. Nothing but buttons will be found convenient.

Bathing-dresses, although generally very unbecoming, can be made to look very prettily with a little taste. If the dress is of a plain color, such as grey, blue or brown, a trimming around the talma, saque, collar, yoke, ruffles, &c., of crimson, green or scarlet, is a great addition. A pair of large Lisle thread gloves to protect the hands, an oil cloth cap, and a straw hat, are necessary to complete a bathing toilet. Some whose feet are tender always wear gum over-shoes into the surf, but we think them cumbersome.

GENERAL REMARKS.—White embroidered wrappers are very fashionable for morning wear. They are usually made open in front, exposing a richly embroidered or flounced petticoat. These petticoats are divided into several categories, as follows: First, rich petticoats, embroidered full almost up to the knees, or with insertions. Next those trimmed with three deep flounces hemmed and fluted *a la Pompadour*. Then, those ornamented with small plaits for about half a yard from the bottom; and, lastly, those having a deep hem and edged with lace. There is abundant variety for choice.

ONE of the prettiest corsages which we have is called the *Watteau Corsage*. It is composed of clear worked muslin, and trimmed with very fine vandyke needle-work and puffings of tulle within the latter are runnings of pink ribbon. The sleeves are demi-long, and formed of puffings of frills of worked muslin. Two quillings of pink bon are finished by bows of ribbon in front of each arm. This corsage, which is in the jacket form, edged at the waist by a quilling of pink ribbon and a frill of worked muslin. In front it is fastened by a rosette and ends of pink ribbon.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

OUR JULY NUMBER was received everywhere with delight. Its effect on the public at large was such, that subscriptions have been pouring in ever since, at a rate unexampled at this season of the year. The press was unanimous in its praise. Says the *Delaware Sentinel*:—"In the way of fashions, fancy needle-work, etc., it is decidedly the favorite with our lady friends. The colored fashion plates are superb, and the numerous patterns published are alone worth the subscription price. This *Ladies' Magazine* has become a household necessity, and those ladies who are desirous of keeping up with the times, cannot possibly get along without it." Says the *Springfield (Mo.) Lancet*:—"Our better half would rather have Peterson than any other Magazine, and every other lady who gets it is equally well pleased with it." Says the *St. Joseph's (Mich.) County Forum*:—"Lively, gay, smart, witty, piquant, Peterson has got into general favor with women and men too. It is certainly the cheapest monthly in the world." Says the *Hamilton (Ga.) Organ*:—"Its stories are entirely original. Every month we see some new improvement in this capital Magazine." The *Waterloo (Ill.) Patriot* says:—"It is undeniably the cheapest Magazine in the world. It is always filled with thrilling original stories, fine mezzotint and steel engravings, colored fashion plates, patterns for embroidery, crochet work, &c. In a word, we do not see how any lady can keep house without it." Says the *Western Reserve (O.) Chronicle*:—"The ladies say that almost every number is worth the price for a year." The *Olney (Ill.) Republican* says: "The only objection to it is, that after having read one number, you regret that a whole month must elapse before you see another." The *Horse-Head (N. Y.) Philosopher* says:—"We remarked in our last that Peterson's Magazine for July was received, and agreed to express our opinion of its contents this week. That opinion can be inferred by the first page of our paper, where we have published two stories from it. It is positively the cheapest and best *Ladies' Magazine* published in this country, with which we are acquainted. The engraving in the July number,

'Evangeline,' is sadly beautiful, and the fashion plates and patterns for embroidering are elegant. The number before us commences a new volume. The present is, therefore, a propitious time to subscribe."

BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS.—We are in receipt of almost daily letters, asking us to forward this popular cosmetic by mail. As it is a liquid, it cannot be done. But any respectable and energetic druggist either has it already on sale, or will procure it if requested; and the right course is to apply to the nearest one of this description. It is really almost a household necessity. For it is good not only for sweetening the breath and improving the complexion, but for shaving, &c. &c. A fifty cent bottle will last a long time. We have tried it in our own family, and know its excellence, otherwise we should not recommend it.

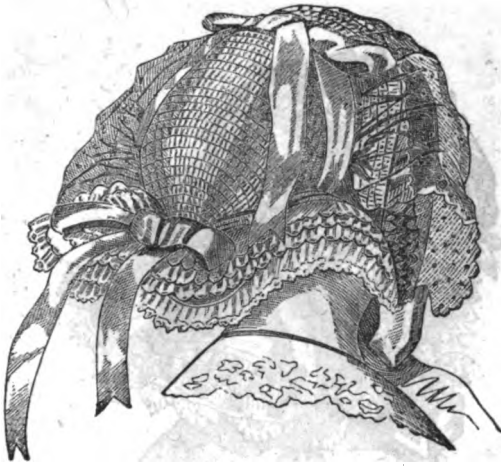
BOOKS BY MAIL.—"Why don't you state when you notice a book," writes a subscriber, "what the price is? We, who live in the country, would like to order a work, if the price suited." As this is not the first request of the kind, which we have received, we begin, this month, to give the price of each book in our review. We will add, that, on the price, thus stated, being remitted to us, (at the risk of the person sending) we will mail the book to any address, postage free.

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

BACK NUMBERS.—We are able to supply back numbers for 1856 to any extent, the numbers being stereotyped. We shall stereotype every number of the year.

ENCLOSE A STAMP.—Letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.





FALL BONNET.



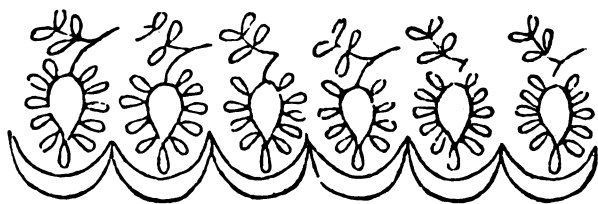
NEW STYLE DRESS.



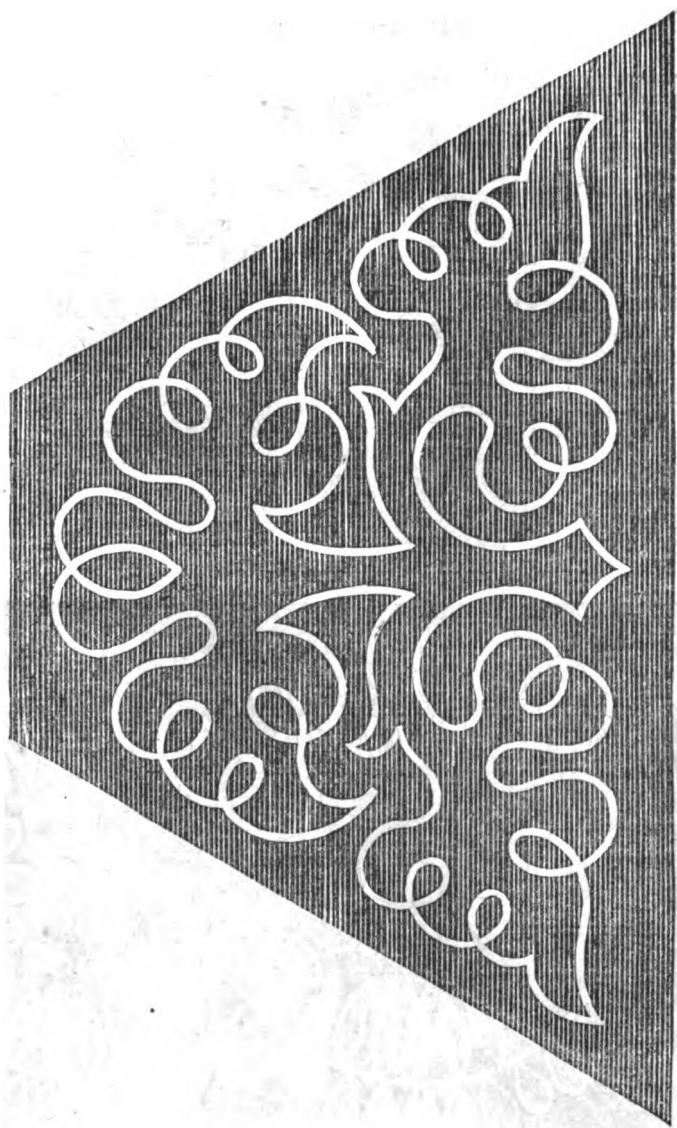
FALL BONNET.



BASQUE.



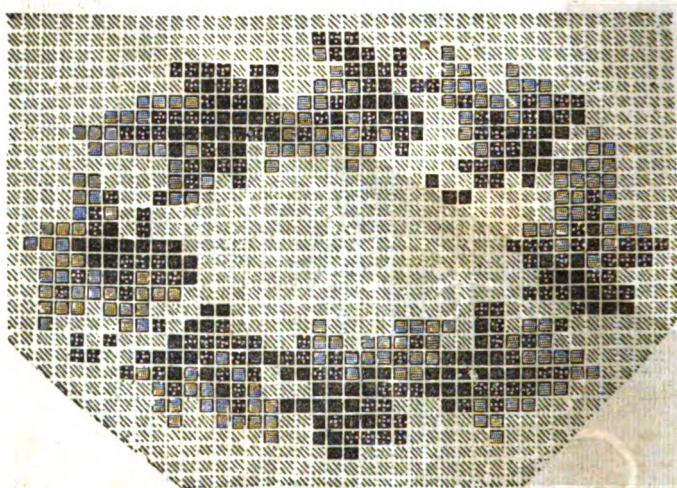
EDGING.



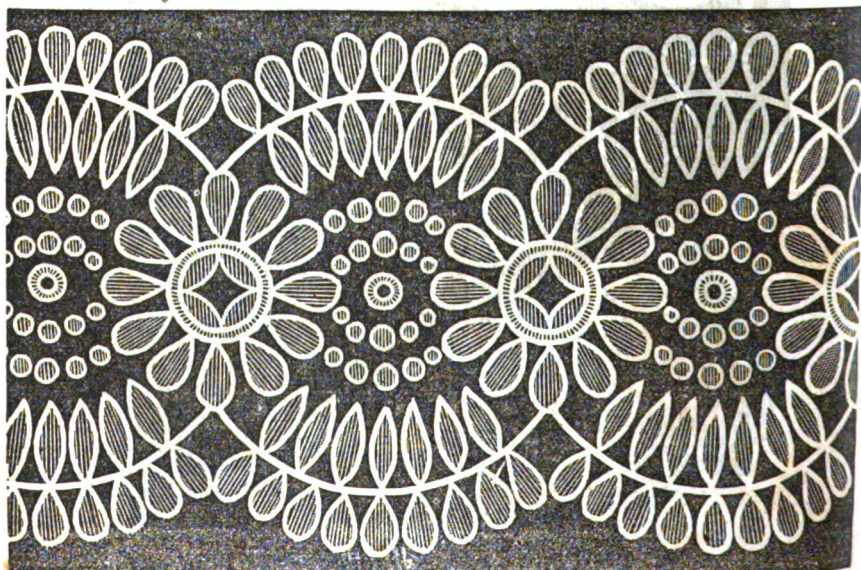
BRAIDED SLIPPER.



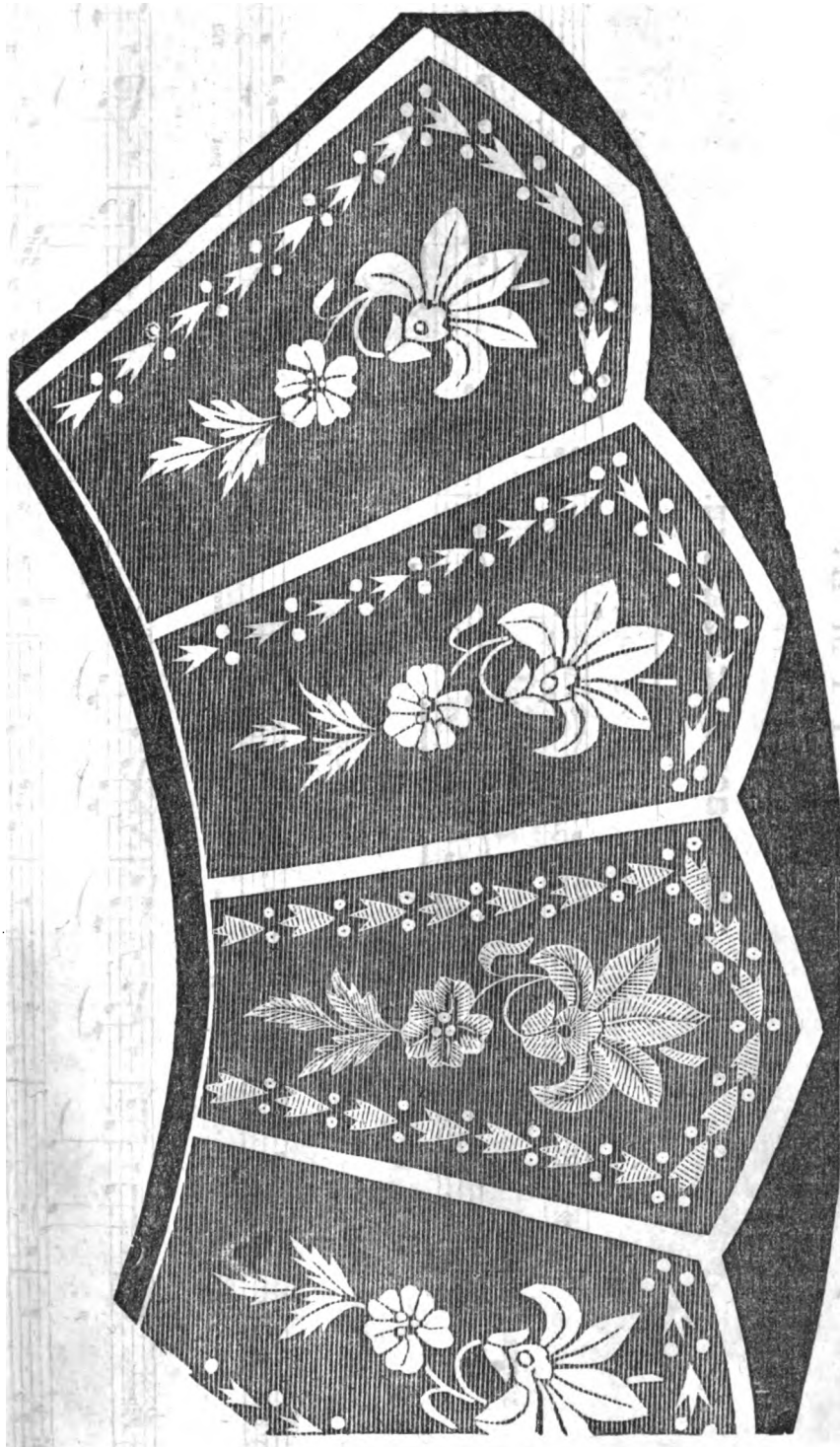
NAME FOR MARKING.



WREATH IN EMBROIDERY.



INSERTION FOR TUCKS OF CHILD'S DRESS.



PATTERN FOR COLLAR.

ON TIME.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

MODÉRATO.

The first system of the musical score is written for piano. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked 'MODÉRATO.' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The music features a melody in the treble staff and a supporting bass line. The system concludes with a 'Fine.' marking.

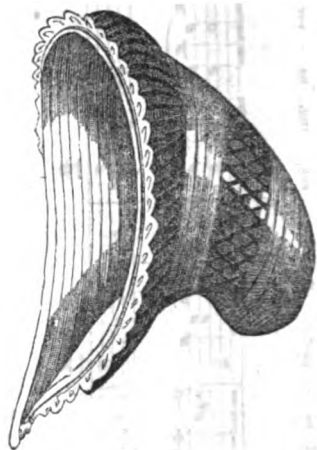
The second system of the musical score continues the melody and bass line from the first system. It includes the following lyrics: 'E - ver eat - ing, ne - ver cloy - ing, - All de - your - ing, all de - stroy - ing, - Ne - ver find - ing full re - past . . . Till I'. The system ends with a double bar line.

eat the world at last;— E - ver eat - ing, ne - ver find - ing full re - past; E - ver eat - ing, ne - ver

sf *p*

cloy - ing,—All de - vour - ing, all des - troying,— Ne - ver find - ing full re - past, Till I eat the world at last.

D.C. al Fine



STRAW BONNETS FOR FALL.



FALL FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXX.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1856.

No. 8.

A HOMILY UPON FLOWERS.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

WHAT! another homily upon flowers? Well, we cannot help it. We never tire of what we love, and we confess a life-long penchant for flowers.

For are they not emblems to us of all that is good and lovely? They illustrate the various duties of life, as well as the innumerable obstacles pertaining thereto. They are symbols of life and of death; and they are pregnant with many fruitful lessons. They are teachers—eloquent teachers of a silent language. They speak to the affections, and their utterance falls upon the sensitive heart. They are the glory of the morning and the beauty of the evening. They are emblems of *other flowers* too.

Behold the rose, the immortal queen among flowers. Who does not love the glowing petals of the rich scented rose? Is it not emblematic of the child of wealth and of affluence? It is admired and cherished by all. It assumes the most prominent place in the garden, during the season of flowers; and, when the chilling blasts of winter hover near, it is carefully removed to the hot-house, there to be nurtured and tended and cherished.

Then we have cowslips and daisies—are they not emblems of the children of want and obscurity? They breathe their little lives in unseen nooks and fields during the summer festival; but alas! for the reign of Janus—soon they disappear to rise again no more! Not so with the flowers of life. Death may blast their tender reign, and lay his icy hand upon their glowing petals, but they will bloom again—they are immortal!

Little children! are they not the flowers—the blossoms, and the dew-drops of life? Yea; treasure them well. They are lambs, too, of a heavenly flock, of which the great I AM is shepherd! Suffer not the chilling hand of vice to blast their spotless purity. The Saviour loves them—not those only that dwell in the hot-

houses of the rich; but those also who dwell in the unknown nooks of poverty. They are above all price, those tender flowers. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not—for of such is the kingdom of heaven." So spake the Saviour of the world: He knew their precious worth and their beauty. He whilst traversing this dreary vale of tears and mortal probation, took them in His arms and blessed them. Little children—blessed of the Saviour!—Oh, mother! cherish thy charge—shield thy blossom. 'Tis sweeter and richer than all of earth and nature—it is the recipient of the benediction of the Most High! Lead it in the path of rectitude—fold its little hands in prayer, and shield it from the polluted breath of the enemy.

The holy task is yours; is it not a holy one?—training blossoms for heaven! Mother! sweetest of earthly names—you are a favored creature. In loving tenderness you kiss the dew of heaven from the lips of your gentle babe, and inhale its elysian sweetness! The first cherub smile which plays upon its rosy lips, and the first faint articulation proceeding from the same are thine, thine alone. And should the will of a Divine Master bear it from thee, even in the bitterness of thy fate art thou blest, for the united voice of earth and of heaven proclaim thee *mother of an angel!*

Oh, world! deal gently with Eden's blossoms, and especially with those tender little beings who have *no mother!* Man of the world—open thy coffers freely to the relief of the isolated orphan.

Oh! ye mothers of angels! sisters of Eve! be the guardians of their footsteps on earth, and guide them to heaven. Woman—blessed name! be thine the holy task to shield them from the snares of the world, and to instill into their lonely and troubled bosoms the teachings of

virtue; for whence shall they flee on earth if thy sympathizing, comforting, and relieving smiles greet them not? Give us more homilies upon the flowers of earth and of heaven—we love them; and what we love we never tire of.

THE CARELESS WORD.

BY ANNA SHIPTON.

Oh, never say a careless Word
Hath not the power to pain;
The shaft may ope some hidden wound,
That closes not again.
Weigh well those light-winged messengers;
God marked your heedless Word,
And with it, too, the falling tear,
The heart-pang that it stirred.

Words! What are Words? A simple Word
Hath spells to call the tears,
That long have lain a sealed fount,
Unclosed thro' mournful years.
Back from the unseen sepulchre,
A Word hath summoned forth
A form—that hath its place no more
Among the things of earth.

Words—heed them well; some whispered one
Hath yet a power to fling
A shadow on the brow; the soul
In agony to wring;

A name—forbidden, or forgot,
That sometimes, unawares,
Murmurs upon our wak'ning lips;
And mingles in our prayers.

Oh, Words—sweet Words! A blessing comes
Softly from kindly lips;
Tender, endearing tones, that break
The spirit's drear eclipse.
Oh! are there not some cherished tones
In the deep heart enshrined,
Uttered but once—they pass'd—and left
A track of light behind?

Words! What are words? Ah! know'st thou not
The household names of love?
The thousand tender memories,
That float their graves above?
Long buried by the world's cold tread,
Yet 'mid the crowd they rise,
And smile, as angel-guests would smile,
With gentle, earnest eyes.

I THINK OF HER NOW.

BY H. T. SPERRY.

I THINK of her now, with her sunny brow,
And her eye full of childish glee,
When the world seemed bright, in the golden light,
Of the scenes which were yet to be.

I think of her now, with her laughing brow,
And her girlish heart ever true,
When a well known eye brought the crimson dye
To her cheek of the lilies hue.

I think of her now, with her thoughtful brow,
And her eye undimmed by a tear,
As she sang her song to the May-day throng,
On the morn of her eighteenth year.

I think of her now, with her peaceful brow,
A she moved with a queenly grace,
Through the dim church aisle, with a prayerful smile
On her calm and radiant face.

I think of her now, when her bridal vow
Floated out through the Summer air,

While her brow gleamed bright with the holy light
From the smiles of the angels fair.

I think of her now, with her stricken brow
As she wept by the little bed
Of her angel child, when he sweetly smiled
On the visions that bless the dead.

I think of her now, with her weary brow,
And her meek eye grown dim by tears,
That told of the grief, and the pleasures brief
She had known in her later years.

I think of her now, with her marble brow
As she lay in the arms of death,
Where the wind went by, in a mournful sigh,
With the tomb's damp air on its breath.

I think of her now, with her shining brow,
On the Sabbath shore of the blest,
By the great white throne where the angels roam,
With her cherub boy on her breast.

"SILKS AND SATINS."

BY MRS. PEBBLEY.

"See, Mary, what a love of a bonnet," said Laura Moreton to her sister, as they were taking a peep at the spring fashions, temptingly displayed in the window of a milliner's establishment. "I really must inquire the price of it."

"Stay, dear," said Mary, "you know we have decided to get new straws, and I don't think it prudent to put ourselves in the way of temptation."

"But it surely can do no harm just to step in for a few minutes and take a look at all the pretty things. I need not buy any; but if you do not care about them you can go on to Mr. Ford's store, and I will call there for you."

The sisters parted, and Laura was soon gaily laughing and chatting with a bevy of lively girls, who were engaged in discussing the merits of some splendid articles which were spread out before them. In the midst of silks, satins and gauzes the idea of the "*plain straw*" began to be rather distasteful to Laura, and after having, at the solicitations of her young friends, tried on that love of a bonnet, it elicited such warm admiration that she decided on becoming its purchaser. The purchase was made, when she remembered that her best dress was getting rather shabby, and though it could be very well worn with a plain bonnet, yet she could not possibly wear it with a pink satin hat ornamented with plumes. So to the milliner's great satisfaction she selected a handsome silk, which she requested might be made in the newest style.

In the meantime Mary had bought a very pretty straw bonnet, trimmed with a simple wreath of white jessamine, which gave it quite an appearance of elegance, and having chosen a delicate lawn dress, she quietly awaited her sister's arrival, very well satisfied with her inexpensive purchases.

The bonnets were sent home during the day, and even Laura could not help confessing that Mary's unpretending bonnet was tasteful and becoming; but then she added, as she gave an admiring glance to her own, "it is only straw."

"I believe," said Laura, a few days after, "that I shall have to borrow a few dollars of you until I get my next quarter's allowance. I

have not a cent left, and I hate to ask papa, he is so particular."

"I shall be very happy to accommodate you," replied Mary. "But, dear Laura, I wish you would be more careful in your expenditure. It is a bad plan to anticipate your allowance, even if papa would permit it; but you know how decided he is on that point; he told us at first that it would be quite useless to make such a request, and really I think he is very generous; and as we are always paid in advance we never need be in debt, which papa strictly prohibits."

"I do wonder why you are so miserly, Mary, when you always have money by you. Why would you not afford yourself a new silk bonnet and dress like the rest of the girls? I should like to know what you intend doing with your savings."

"Do you remember," replied Mary, "poor old Mrs. Roberts, whom we both pitied so much last winter, when she came to church those cold days so poorly clad? Well, I determined to buy her a warm shawl and dress before another winter, and as papa has so many demands on his purse for other charitable purposes, I resolved to re-trench my own expenses a little; and would you believe it, the difference of cost in our dresses only will enable me to supply her with those articles, as well as to aid her in many other ways. The luxury of doing good is to me the greatest of luxuries."

"I am afraid I shall never be half as thoughtful as you are," rejoined Laura; "but could you not supply your protegee from your own wardrobe, and then you need not deprive yourself of anything?"

"No," said Mary, "Mrs. Roberts has seen better days, and I would not insult her by offering her cast-off garments; besides, you forget our poor nurse's little orphans, dear mamma used to be very kind to them, and now that she is gone I wish to supply her place as much as possible; besides, I feel as if they had a claim on me for their poor mother's sake, who nursed us so kindly during our infancy. So you see," she added, smiling, "my old wardrobe is disposed of, and I shall be very glad to receive any contributions from yours."

"I can hardly understand your ideas of

charity," observed Laura, "it was but the other day that you refused to contribute to the African Missions."

"Because," said Mary, "my means of being useful are very limited, and I prefer selecting objects nearer home, and which appear to have a greater demand on my assistance. Not but that I warmly approve of Foreign Missions—but I should be glad to see more *Home* Missionary Societies established—the poor and ignorant of our own immediate neighborhood cry aloud for help and instruction—and should they not receive it at our hands?"

"Well, Mary, you are a good girl and will make an excellent minister's wife some day; but as far as me, as the song says,

'I love music and dancing,
And chatting with the beaux.'

So saying, Laura tripped lightly from the room, leaving her more sober sister to continue her employment of preparing some articles of clothing for a poor woman, who was in great distress through the intemperate habits of her husband.

A few mornings after this conversation, the fashionable world of the little, bustling town of Hastings was thrown into a state of great excitement, by the announcement of a grand picnic, to be followed by a dance in the evening on the lawn at Mr. Seaford's, at whose house his nephew, Lieutenant Hawthorne, with two or three of his friends, young naval officers, were staying.

"Only think, Mary," said Laura, "three or four officers—how delightful! I think our Hastings beaux will fall a little in the estimation of the young ladies after this. I shall wear my new bonnet and dress, they are so exceedingly becoming," and Laura gave a glance at her really pretty face in the glass. "What a pity you did not get a new silk too."

"Oh," replied Mary, "my lawn will do very well. Besides, don't you think it bad taste to be over-dressed on such occasions? Rural fetes are not like city balls."

"That may be," said her sister, "but the Harwoods, Fosters, and Trevors are all going to be splendidly dressed, and it would appear odd not to do as others. I do hope it won't rain, as I should hate to spoil my hat; remember it is the day after to-morrow; the carriage will call for us at ten in the morning; we are to take our dinner in the woods at Berkly, and then return to Mr. Seaford's; dancing is to commence about five."

The pic-nic and dance passed over, as such

things generally do, when a number of good-natured people assemble together with the view of enjoying themselves; and to do the young ladies of Hastings justice, they were neither ill-natured nor difficult to be pleased. No gay bonnets having been spoiled, everything went off very harmoniously, and the ladies were in raptures with "those delightful officers," whose impartial and polite attentions to all left no room for heart-burnings or jealousies.

The young people, gathered round the breakfast-table at Mr. Seaford's, the next day, were a joyous group. The proceedings of the last evening were being canvassed, when Annie Seaford, a merry girl of fifteen, exclaimed,

"Now I want you all to tell me who was the belle yesterday. Each gentleman will of course be guided by his own taste," and turning to her cousin, she added, "I shall begin with you."

"Rather a serious matter to decide on," replied the lieutenant, trying to assume a demure countenance, "and one which requires great deliberation; but as I am the junior of the party you must permit me to yield the precedence to my seniors."

The other gentlemen laughingly bowed their acknowledgments, when Mr. Seaford, looking up from his newspaper, exclaimed,

"I protest against such inquisitorial proceedings, Annie! Hastings has always been celebrated for the beauty of the fair portion of its inhabitants, and really I hardly know where you will meet with a handsomer set of girls than those who graced the lawn last night, and good-natured girls too."

"I dare say they are, sir," replied his nephew, "but with all your prepossessions in their favor, you must acknowledge that they displayed very little refinement of taste; only to think of silks, satins, tissues and plumes at a country pic-nic! They must have ransacked all the stores in town for their finery. There was but one well-dressed girl amongst them—I forget her name—but she had blue eyes and golden hair; it was quite refreshing to look at her."

"Oh! you mean dear, sweet, Mary Moreton," cried Annie, "how I do love her! I wish she was my sister—or my cousin," she added, looking archly at the lieutenant, who blushed in spite of himself, as the eyes of all present were turned toward him. Annie mentally resolved that it should not be her fault, if her two favorites did not become better acquainted; whether or not she succeeded in the plans which she began to form, time will unveil.

"And so Mary Moreton is really going to be married, and to an officer too—who would have

thought it!" said Ellen Trevor to her sister Julia; "I always fancied her settled down in a snug little parsonage as a minister's wife."

"Why you don't fancy," said Julia, looking up from her sewing, "that Mr. Bevan admired her?" Mr. Bevan was a young clergyman who had recently taken charge of the parish. "I know she has been very useful among the poor, but I presume her place can be supplied." (Miss Julia had lately taken to visiting the sick, and was establishing a Dorcas Society.)

"No," said Ellen, "I hardly think so. Mary had such a quiet, unostentatious way of doing good;" and, as she gave a glance at a heap of flannel and calico which lay before her sister, she added, "*she* never paraded her charity."

"If Lieutenant Hawthorne had chosen Laura," said Julia, "I should not have been surprised: she is by far the handsomer of the two."

"Oh! yes," said Ellen, "everybody knows that Laura is good-looking—but sensible men want sensible wives—women that can think of something more than silks and satins. Annie told me that her cousin fell in love with Mary at the pic-nic. So you see we wore our fine dresses to little purpose; and now I suppose all the girls will be wearing close cottage bonnets and Quaker color gowns. Heigh-ho! I wonder, as aunt Rachel would say, if this will teach the belles of Hastings, that elegance, and simplicity of dress and manner, are far more captivating than an ostentatious display of finery."

TO AN ABSENT ONE.

BY MRS. E. C. LOOMIS.

Through the green valley the rivulet flows,
Half hid by the willows which shadow it there,
And the thicket is bright with the blossoming rose,
Which yields its perfume to the wings of the air;
The violets are blue as the azure of Heaven,
As they bend with the lily-bells bathed in the dew,
When the beautiful stars in the silence of even
Look down upon me, as they look upon you.

But the murmur of streamlets as it falls on my ear,
Like a trill of low music exceedingly sweet—
The buds which unfold in the Summer-time here,
And spread a rich carpet of bloom at my feet—

Have lost the sweet charm so delightful to me,
The charms which they yielded in Summers of yore,
For I wander alone o'er the blossoming lea,
I can wander with thee in the vallies no more!

In visions of slumber I view thee again,
And listen entranced to the tones of thy voice;
I fancy thy presence will ever remain
To cheer my lone spirit and bid it rejoice.
But the morning dispels all my visions of bliss,
My beautiful dreamings too quickly are flown,
And I wake but to weep with a deeper distress,
For still thou art absent and I am alone!

THE COTTAGE HEARTH.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The ruddy blaze shines clear
And makes loved faces bright,
And happy smiles appear
Angelical in the light;
Soft-hued a halo gleameth there
On brows untouched by shadowy care.

The father's voice strikes deep,
And charms the listening ear;
The mother's accents keep
A soothing cadence near;
The sisters laugh, the brothers jest,
Speak with contentment they are blest.

Thy loved have gentle ways,
Their hearts are pure and warm,
And from their eyes fall rays
That win one like a charm,
To bless the love-light in the cot,
And prouder days are half forgot.

Oh! happy cottage hearth!
'Tis bliss to share thy light,
To mingle with the mirth
That clusters there at night;
The smiles that greet me to thy shrine
Seem half of earth, and half divine.

GREAT AND SMALL.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

ELLEN LEE a wit, Mary Howe a beauty, and another whom we will not name, but who, while the world's procession passes on, is addicted to stepping aside sometimes, and making such rough notes and sketches as she can; these three met in an omnibus one day, the two first splendid in silk and the latest fashions, the last, I have forgotten how the last looked—never mind!

The coach paused for a moment, and Ellen's quick eyes caught a glimpse of the passenger for whom they waited.

"Watch now, Hetty! here is a romance, or at least a character for you; was ever such an air under such a bonnet and shawl?"

It was indeed striking and singular; an athletic woman marched into our midst as if to the sound of martial music; her head erect, her nostrils dilated with pride, her eyes upraised as if they scorned the ground; her whole face full and handsome in its development, but coarse—coarse like her garments which were of the humblest fabric, yet whole, and in their hue and arrangement betraying the same pretension which had amused us in her manner.

After this female Hercules, this kitchen Juno, crept a bent, sickly woman, pale, dejected, unclean and every way miserable. Juno had chosen a seat beside Ellen, or rather Ellen's elegance, which was doubtless the attraction; and almost lifting her feeble companion into the place beside her, proceeded to re-arrange the folds of her thin shawl with a pair of ungloved hands which I verily believe, would have clasped and concealed the six hands in the other party.

"Be so good as to sit further off," said Ellen, while Mary drew her silk together in disgust.

The woman did not hear her; evidently her thoughts were far above the omnibus roof upon which she gazed; she might have been listening to the chorus of the morning stars.

"You are crushing the lady's dress," Hetty ventured.

"No, mine just rests upon it, where's the harm? it's a clean gown."

"Insolence!" exclaimed Ellen, "they should not allow such creatures to ride in the coaches," and pulling the strap in a pet, she left the omnibus, Mary following; both turned, audibly to

caution their friend against typhus-fever and small-pox.

The coach drove on; and Hetty unwilling to heighten the woman's mortification by seeming to notice it, looked out of the window for awhile; but Juno had about her a magnetism which compelled attention.

Mortify *her*! there she sat serene as a goddess of marble, with her look of uncontrolled and uncontrollable power, both to will and to do; a look as if she was a human locomotive engine, ready to rush with fierce, fearful impetuosity toward her ends—none knew how soon, nor who should stand in her track.

Ah, these stray impressions which strangers stamp upon each others minds are not mere vagaries of fancy! They show the soul's original texture and capacity, the thought which it was in the native mind, before life strained and crippled and sullied its powers—for every beggar's soul has been, and now possesses, a thought in the mind of the Most High God.

"Will you tell me when we come to Pleasant street? I'm not much accustomed to this part of the city," outspoke Juno; looking down from the serene heights of her dignity, upon Hetty, as a giant might look down upon a bird.

"It is almost a mile from here; yes, I will tell you with pleasure."

The giant was so attracted by this song, that she deigned to talk with the bird; and Hetty learned her history, her present mission, and fathomed the depths of her pride.

That irresistible will and might to do, were spent upon the gentle offices of charity; the woman was of the poorest class, and toiled hard to support her family, but she had a stout and generous heart, and a store of common-sense; and thus had become queen and manager-general for a community of kindred and acquaintance. "You see," she observed, "these poor and careless and spendthrift set, and many are sickly and over-worked, and many drink—the women or their husbands; now this one I have with me, why, she's been sick a fortnight from the bruises her husband gave her; I have put him out of the house to-day, and taken the children to myself, I am seeking a place for her; though the poor thing's hardly fit for it."

"Then you have no children of your own?"

"I! do you hear that, Margaret? I have not one less than ten, this day; and when one has so many, it's not much trouble to take a few more."

"But how can you feed them?"

"With my own labor, ma'am! I can do two day's work in one, and watch with a neighbor besides."

"That's the truth," said Margaret, seeing perhaps an incredulous expression in Hetty's face, "she's done it many a time for me, and brought me her blankets into bargain, if the night was cold."

"And what is it but duty to help your neighbor, and to use the strength that's given you? If all people did as they ought, there'd be less sorrow in the world. Come, Margaret, the lady says we're at Pleasant street."

So Hetty found the root of Juno's pride; she was not lifted up by a coat-of-arms, a circle of acquaintance, nor by bank-stocks, and a palatial home; she had used her strength right, she had performed her duty, and why was her pride any more ridiculous than ours?

That evening the three friends met again at a brilliant party, where Mary was lovelier than ever, and Ellen gayer and wittier, and Hetty, turning aside according to her wont, was taking silent notes.

"Here is mademoiselle the authoress, composing metaphysical essays in a ball!" exclaimed Ellen, suddenly appearing at Hetty's side. "Do not lose your senses in dreams, my dear, when such pretty romances are getting woven to the sound of these dancing tunes; if it were not for the trouble, I could write stories equal to any of yours."

"Better ones, you have such quick discernment; but point out a romance for me now."

"Here is one, with Spirits vs. Beauty for title; you see our cousin Mary, the prettiest girl in the room; and you see Charles Laing, the most enamored lover; and you see Ellen Lee, who owes the same lover a grudge, because he called her heartless and sarcastic; now watch us all, for a few hours."

No wonder people worship intellect! Hetty saw Charles Laing's prejudices melt away before Ellen's gracious words—which were mocking words nevertheless, as wicked glances told Hetty in her far off seat. She saw Mary's flattered look, as the proud Ellen consented to dance with her low-born lover, and then her watchful, eager, and at length her anxious look, as, fluttering about Ellen, he neglected her; and then she saw the beauty's spirits flag, and her

admirers one by one disperse, discouraged with Mary's absent, cold replies; and people about them whispering that Ellen Lee was the belle of the evening after all, and had surely made one conquest.

Ellen paused to rest a moment, she said, and receive Hetty's congratulations upon the triumphant progress of her drama.

"But, Ellen," said the watcher, innocently, "I have discovered what neither of us knew before, that Mary is interested in Mr. Laing. Pray let the joke rest now; you have proved your power; it may produce serious mischief."

"What but mischief have I undertaken? I have as good a right to the man as Mary."

"Would you marry him?"

"Ellen Lee marry a man whose father was a cobbler? Of course not, I think he could hardly dare to propose; but there's no such sport as flirting! Mary does not see the best of it, nor you, for you are too far to watch him look into my eyes; and in the dance he presses my hand so timidly it is all the more amusing."

"How can you trifle with a human heart?"

"I have nothing to do with hearts, I ignore their existence, so does society; what used to be love is expediency now, and Mary can find a richer and more elegant husband than this cobbler's son."

"I cannot see what the young man has to do with his father; surely the old man's awl did not make his son's heart."

"Oh! nonsense, Hetty, there are no such things as hearts—though you novelists cannot afford to dispense with them. Because you are behind the times, you cannot judge the times; flirtation is one of the modern accomplishments, as innocent as music or crocheting; and it is, you know, the wish of my parents that I should excel in all accomplishments. I flirt as an act of duty! See, he is coming; he bowed quite gracefully then, I almost like the man."

In another moment they were wandering through the dance, the young man seeing only Ellen in that moving crowd, and Ellen seeing every one, and caring more for every one than for the victim whom she led about.

So it went on, from party to morning call, and to afternoon drive, and evening promenade; and ended at length in a stare of offended pride when Charles Laing had the temerity to ask Ellen to marry him, just because, she said with an injured air, "Because she had condescended to participate in an innocent flirtation."

No! it did not end there; for Charles Laing was excluded from a house in Tremont street, where Mary Howe lay wild with delirium, and

calling upon Ellen for the mercy which she was too proud to ask in her right mind. And it did not end there; for Mr. Howe's influence in his favor withdrawn, Charles Laing lost standing in the business world, failed, ruined his honest father, and went penniless to California, to escape importunate debtors, and commence the world anew.

The day on which he sailed, Hetty's washer-woman chanced to call—it was the Juno of the omnibus. Ellen had been there an hour before,

confessing herself wearied with combatting the opinions of people less innocent than herself; and Hetty left alone once more, asked herself, "Which of these women is great, and which is small? When these fleshly garments and all our other surroundings, coarse and fine, shall have returned to clay, which will enter the heavenly mansion with the earnest gentle heart, which shall win ready admittance, and stamp us with highest nobility **THERE.**"

SONG OF SUMMER.

BY CARRIE BARRETT.

I COME with a load of wealth, I come
From my sunny Southern sky,
And the perfumed flowers I gleaned from home,
Are strewn in my paths to lie;
I leave them awhile,
They bloom in my smile,
But fade when the North winds sigh.

I come, Winter's ermine robe, enwraps
Its own desolation and dearth,
And fades, while my vital spirit saps
From its frozen heart new birth:—
And the veins I fill,
Course on, each a rill
To replenish and moisten the earth.

I sigh, the lilies dance on the wind;
I weep, and they mourn in the dew;
I smile, the souls of the flowers entwine,
Of a captive sunbeam's hue,

A bow for the sky,
On my brow to lie,
Till it sinks in its azure blue.

My robe of evening star-gemmed floats,
And the dew of its diamond rays,
Comes forth in song thro' the moistened throats
Of the morning stars of praise.
And the joy of the rills
As they meet in the hills,
Gushes out in a thousand lays.

I go—the wealth of my beauties throng;
My warmth, my sunshine and showers:—
The nest of the bird shall speak of song,
The thistle-down speak of flowers,
I go to my home,
They have whispered come
To thy sunny Southern bowers.

LIFE.

BY MARY W. JANVRIK.

NAY! months and years to sigh and weep!
For sin a bounteous harvest yields:
And many there be who needs must reap
Seeds they've sown in Life's broad fields.

Time to smile, in our earlier days,
Ere the soul has wandered far from God,
Or strayed thro' Life's bewildering maze
Out of the path it once hath trod.

But only a moment brief to love—
A ripple on Time's swift surging wave—
A lightning flash from the sky above—
A smile, a kiss, a tear, the grave!

Sitting here, the moment's slide—
Broken pearls on the thread of Time;
And into my soul a swelling tide
Floats from the past, with echo-chime.

And where the shadows are folded back,
Out from the mists of buried years
One form looms up in the traveller's track,
Dimly seen 'mid my blinding tears

Yes! the past is dead and gone!
Why should it ever return to me?
Why, with pale and ghostly form,
Come back, and talk with memory?

Ah, because so brief was that hour of love
I fain would live it over again—
Remembering one moment, when life was not
Another name for care and pain.

Aye! plenty of time to weep and sigh—
But only a moment brief to love!
A single flash in the midnight sky,
While the Heavens bend grey and chill above!

HOW RICHARD DAYTON WON HIS BRIDE.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE active little city of Mendelburg was thrown into a state of unusual excitement, by the arrival within its limits of a beauty, a belle, an heiress, all identical with the lovely Miss Harriet Sheldon. There was a general sensation among those classes likely to come in contact with the fair stranger. Ladies who were decidedly *passee* looked regretfully into their broad mirrors, exhausted the innocent and mysterious devices of the toilet, and plunged with an uncertain, anxious desperation into the chaos of cunning millinery. But ladies alone were not the victims. There was a trimming of whiskers and a twisting of moustaches. The tailors rejoiced. Every gentleman was on the alert. There was a prize abroad, and who could tell into whose hands it might fall. Perhaps some old bean, who had hitherto knelt in vain at the shrine of beauty, *might* be the fortunate one, and maybe Mr. Verdant Green, who flushed when a lovely lady only looked past him into vacuity, would yet glow with a justifiable pride when his modest excellencies should be appreciated. And there were others, with small fortunes and habits of large expenditure, who thought they would risk nothing in idling about an eligible lady for half a year, and if they failed to win her, would be no less wise and prosperous than if they had killed the same time in some other way.

Miss Sheldon was domesticated in the wealthy and elegant establishment of Major Woodworth, whose wife was a star in social circles, and better fitted than any other lady in Mendelburg to give a stranger a successful introduction into society. The fair guest made her *debut* at a grand party, and had the good fortune to please all. She was neither too short nor too tall; too light nor too dark; too gay nor too demure. She possessed the usual quota of accomplishments. She could show her beautiful arms and hands upon the harp, her fine figure at the piano, and produce more than passable music from both. She could speak French with a boarding-school young lady, and German with a genuine Bavarian, and could talk art and science, and politics even, in a very proper, womanly and impressive manner. If she had imperfections in intellect

or temper, they were not likely to be manifest to those who had pre-judged in her behalf, and were only desirous to gain her favor by obsequious flattery and attention.

Figuring somewhat conspicuously among the gay groups at Mrs. Woodworth's party was a young lawyer, who, without seeming to say or do much, controlled the sentiment of those about him. His person was small and plain, but there were such indications of character in his clear, steady eye and compressed lips, and there was such an air of superiority in his perfect self-possession, such singular elegance and propriety in his language, that it was impossible to pass him by as an ordinary person. His dress was strictly unostentatious as became him, but exquisitely neat. He was perhaps the only one in the company who did not in some way pay court to the beauteous stranger. A simple bow on his part had followed their mutual introduction, and he relinquished his place to other more eager aspirants for her favor. She was for a moment annoyed, when she saw the Richard Dayton, of whom she had heard such frequent mention, move away indifferently.

The evening was nearly over when Dayton returned to the immediate neighborhood of the beauty. Miss Sheldon had just received, as a parting gift from a friend, a silver card-basket, which happened to be the subject of conversation as Richard approached. There was a slightly sarcastic smile on his lip as he looked at the gift, and then turned away.

"Mr. Dayton, you did not say how you liked the basket," exclaimed a gay, pretty girl. "We shall not let you go thus."

"It does not require additional praise from me to establish its reputation, since the opinion of these ladies has been given," he replied.

"Ah! do favor us with something more definite, Mr. Dayton," said a slender young man, who valued himself on his artistical education. "This design is so unique that I cannot quite comprehend my own idea of it. I have ventured to approve it, because in the first place it was thought a suitable present for Miss Sheldon; and secondly, because she condescends to accept it, and again, and most important of all, she has seen fit to commend it. But for the sake of art,

I should be happy to hear my approval based on more purely æsthetical grounds."

"I do not very well see how you could," replied Dayton, demurely.

"No? I don't quite understand you. However, allow us to hear your criticism."

Miss Sheldon, not doubting that Richard would confirm her declared opinion as the others had unanimously done, and with a pardonable vanity desirous to reckon the gifted lawyer in her train, gracefully supported the request of the slender young man.

"You embarrass me exceedingly," replied Richard, "when you thrust upon me the invidious task of being insincere, or disagreeing with such pleasant authority."

Miss Sheldon was piqued. She bowed slightly, without deigning a reply. But the young man, who had already spoken, said,

"I was sure, Dayton, that you would correctly estimate the propriety of the designer. I was but partially satisfied with the casket. Though the graceful curves and gorgeous coloring pleased my fancy, yet the *tout ensemble* failed to meet the demands of my æsthetic conscience. Vivify any idea and make me understand why I don't like it."

Richard bit his lip, but he could not repress the merry twinkling of the eye, as he answered, "I am not competent to pronounce a dissertation on art. It only seemed to me, as I saw the trinket, that I should not desire to deposit the cards of my friends upon a coil of convoluted snakes and noxious foliage, however successfully imitative skill may have been displayed in working up the costly materials."

"Serpents are so fashionable for a decoration at present, and it is so easy to dispose their supple forms into any shape without an appearance of stiffness," remarked a young lady, about whose alabaster arm curled a vivacious golden dragon, while writhing monsters in metal depended spirally from her ears, and an attractive little snarl of vermin rested on her bosom.

"I am aware that reptiles are distinguished for their flexibility, but that quality does not always suggest the most agreeable associations, however convenient it may be for purposes of ornamentation," blandly replied Richard. And with these words, he glided from the group.

CHAPTER II.

MISS WARE, a relative of Mrs. Woodworth, had already passed middle age; she might, perhaps, be considered an old woman: and for long years she had lived a spinster without contracting

an evident particle of acerbity in her disposition. She had her heart-history; but only a few contemporary friends remembered it. Whatever of bitterness, suffering, and gloom she might have experienced, had retreated far away into the vague past, leaving the present occupied with the pleasures of a refined, intelligent, virtuous, and healthful age. Mrs. Woodworth, no longer young herself, was the confidant and frequent companion of the lovely lady. The house of Miss Ware was comfortable and almost luxurious, and was a favorite resort of a dozen of the "first" young people in the town, who were welcomed and petted as if they belonged to the establishment. Miss Ware was very exclusive, however, and it was not an easy matter to obtain familiar access to her home and society. She valued herself upon her penetration, and unless she discovered in young persons a firm substratum of moral excellence, energy, talent, and decided merit, she closed her doors against them. She was a sort of mother-confessor to all; and such varied secrets of love and ambition were poured out before her as would have electrified the town had they been disclosed; but the old lady was safe, and her counsel valuable; and she planned and thought for all. What wonder if she was somewhat of a match-maker.

First and foremost among her *protegees* was Richard Dayton. He was the son of an early friend, had been the object of her continual kindness, and, according to rumor, might be her heir. She loved him, and was proud of him, scolded, praised, and advised him, and considered her trouble and affection abundantly rewarded by his visits and dutiful attentions. Richard behaved and prospered in a way which met her highest expectations: and if she had not felt a necessity laid upon her to ensure his matrimonial success, she might have considered her life's work completed. She sought in vain among her extensive acquaintance for one who deserved him. Each fair lady had some blemish in person, some fault in manner, some defect in capacity or incompleteness in education. Richard laughed at her distresses, and begged for time to earn a home, before looking for a wife to grace it.

When Miss Sheldon appeared, Miss Ware's hope revived. She could take no exception to the young beauty, either in person or in circumstances. That Richard should admire her was as certain as that loveliness commands the homage of the heart. But it was not as certain that he, with his sarcastic scorn of fashionable frivolity, and his cool independence, which had made him neglect the insinuating arts of gallantry, would

succed with a lady, who from her childhood had inhaled the atmosphere of flattery.

Miss Ware endeavored to forestall the effect of a first unfavorable impression, however, by making such a revelation of his qualities, attainments, and powers as would tell upon a sufficiently romantic young girl. Lightly touching upon his personal inferiority, she eloquently dwelt on his intrinsic excellencies. Miss Harriet was convinced, accordingly, that she should behold a hero. But it never entered her head that he would not at once be the most complaisant and devoted of her prospective admirers. Their first meeting, therefore, which we have just described, mortified and vexed her.

Miss Ware dropped in at Major Woodworth's on the morning after the party, to talk over the events of the preceding evening with Harriet, and to correct her opinions of people. Dayton was reserved for the last precious *morceau*.

"And now what do you think of my friend Richard," inquired the old lady nervously. "Have I over-rated his merits?"

"I beg your pardon, my dear Mrs. Ware, but you wish me to speak frankly about him as of others, and I must say that I do not like him at all. He was really ungentlemanly, last night, I was about to say, detestable." Harriet took the customary refuge of wounded vanity in strong expressions.

"You shock me," returned Miss Ware, "we have considered him a perfect gentleman. How have you found him remiss?"

Harriet did not think it worth while to explain herself, but saying only, that he was very disagreeable, and that she hoped not to encounter him again, commenced an energetic thumping on the keys of the piano.

Grieved and disappointed, Miss Ware walked slowly homeward. "Ah," thought she, "it is all up with poor Richard now. And they seemed to me so well suited to each other. I cannot tell where he will find a wife, who will be his equal, since Miss Harriet scorns him. What can he have done to offend her? Ah! I have it now. He is so much higher and better than other men that she cannot appreciate him. I hope she'll live to regret the mood which she now indulges, and as she takes airs against the best match which I can provide for her, or the town affords, she must secure such a husband as she can. I have done with her."

Before the excitement of Miss Ware had abated, Richard called. She immediately informed him of what she had heard, and took him to task for his ungracious behavior. He laid before her the history of the evening.

"It is an instance of gross mismanagement on your part." Miss Ware replied almost sharply. "You ought to have paid court to the young lady, and given her more attention."

"In respect of attention," said Richard, "I never watched a lady so closely as I did Miss Sheldon last night, and none ever pleased me so well; and as for the manner of my addressing her, that you must leave entirely to my judgment of circumstances and places."

"Your wisdom has led you into a very unfortunate commencement. You have only excited her decided aversion, which she has expressed in undisguised terms."

"So much the better," returned Richard gaily. "I never expected a woman to love me at sight, I am not a person to acquire popularity among the ladies; and if I have succeeded in affecting one with a positive sentiment, whether it be in my favor or otherwise, it is an important progress. Hatred is more easily controlled than indifference; and as I greatly admire Miss Sheldon, I am delighted to learn that she dislikes me."

"Perhaps you might even now please her if you were to treat her as others do," said Miss Ware, with a gleam of hope.

"That is impossible, if you mean that I must practice the flattery, nonsense, and deception which I witnessed last evening, some of which was too gross for conventionalism to excuse. Since I certainly intend to marry Miss Sheldon, I shall not make a fool either of her or of myself. I shall not spoil my wife in wooing her."

"Miss Sheldon will probably marry *you*," returned Miss Ware, ironically.

"To be sure she will, and in less than a year too. I make calculation upon no other event."

"I wish she could hear that bravado; it would only give new effect to the present state of affairs upon which you congratulate yourself, and bring your courtship to a sudden explosive climax."

"I am quite willing she should know my intention, indeed I am rather desirous that she should be informed of it, for it is not advisable to conduct so weighty a matter in an underhand way; only I should not like to have it made public as it might offend her delicacy, and excite embarrassing attention."

"I do believe you are insane," exclaimed Miss Ware, as Richard rose to depart.

"No. I never was so clear-headed in my life."

"Then you are rashly conceited, if you will heap up every obstacle in your power and think to surmount them all."

"That is barely possible," said Richard, going away in unusually high spirits.

"The boy does carry his jesting entirely too far," remarked Miss Ware in soliloquy. "He imposes on my good nature, and now I think of it, Miss Harriet did not treat me very politely in speaking so harshly of one of my professed favorites, and now I will conclude my part in this match-making by detailing to her, busy-body fashion, this conversation, and then wash my hands of the whole affair. It will not do any hurt because they never will marry each other."

Miss Ware's extraordinary resolve soon cooled down, and she said nothing more to Miss Sheldon about Dayton; but she received Mrs. Woodworth into her entire confidence; and that lady, much amused, took the first opportunity to caution her guest against hating a gentleman too much, whom she was destined to marry, if he proved as good as his word, in less than a twelve-month. Harriet curled her lip in beauteous disdain and scorned to reply.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Dayton paid his *visite de digestion* at Major Woodworth's, he took with him a Mr. Jones, a member of the legal fraternity, whose noted flippancy made it unnecessary that any one else should be burdened with the care of sustaining unbroken conversation. This unusual mark of esteem from Dayton, and the presence of a beauty and belle, operated as a powerful stimulus to the faculties of Mr. Jones, and he carried his powers of entertainment to their most felicitous extent. Dayton, whom Miss Sheldon had barely recognized by the coolest civility, maintained a serene composure and a dull colloquy with Mrs. Woodworth, when both did not prefer to become listeners.

Miss Sheldon was gay, and Mr. Jones sentimental and almost tender; and for an effective stroke he invited her to favor him with the music of a certain waltz, to which he had listened with such exquisite delight when he had seen her on a former occasion. Miss Sheldon responded by rising, and Mr. Jones advanced with flourishes to conduct her to the instrument. All had proceeded smoothly enough if Richard had not ventured upon a polite expression of pleasure in prospect of hearing Miss Harriet's performance. The young lady suddenly and pettishly resolved she would not play then, and sat down the picture of offended reserve. Mrs. Woodworth looked surprised, hurt and amused, and very cordially pressed Richard to take his place at the piano.

"Certainly, if you wish it," said he. "What shall I play—your waltz, Mr. Jones?"

"Miss Sheldon's waltz, if you please," returned the delighted gentleman, hardly believing his ears when Dayton actually consulted his preference so obligingly. "It is to be executed lightly and gently, and at the same time in a spirited manner, is it not, Miss Sheldon?"

"It would be impossible to give complete directions for its performance on such short notice," returned Miss Harriet.

"And Mr. Dayton does not require any," added Mrs. Woodworth.

The waltz was brilliantly played, and the sullen beauty could not conceal her admiration. "One would suppose you were a professor of music," said she.

"I am so highly honored, so delighted; I could hear you for an indefinite period."

Ten minutes terminated Mr. Jones' bliss, during which he had dictated an extraordinary selection of music, and as soon as the place at the instrument was vacated, he urgently pressed Miss Sheldon to take it. She involuntarily turned toward Dayton for the renewal of his invitation. His triumphant exhibition of talent had softened her wonderfully, and she loved above all things to exercise her own powers before persons of appreciative, cultivated taste. But Richard was already taking leave of Mrs. Woodworth, and the next moment he was gone with the reluctant Jones. "What an insolent fellow!" thought Miss Sheldon.

"What a complete gentleman," remarked Mrs. Woodworth. "How incomparably superior to that prating parrot, Jones. I was really glad that you indignantly refused to play for Jones, he is so stupid and silly, and it was very good-natured in Dayton to take such a tiresome task of your hands." Mrs. Woodworth concealed her smiles by retreating from the apartment, and her guest was still more annoyed.

Not long after this there was a riding party formed in honor of Miss Sheldon, who was an accomplished equestrian. Jones being pushed into the front ranks of society by family and fortune, was so happy as to be the special escort of the belle. Richard, kept at home by business engagements, was only able to ride out and meet the party on its return. He had by this time met Miss Sheldon repeatedly, and had succeeded in exciting her unbounded, but most reluctant and irritated admiration. She was obliged to confess the power of his ability and the charm of his conversation, and yet she persisted in the use of that unamiable refrain to every interview. "The disagreeable fellow!"

Quite weary of the stale platitudes of her cavalier, she was glad at heart on seeing Richard

ling toward them. He took his place at her side quite as a matter of course, and assisted Jones, they conducted an animated conversation. Unluckily for the maintenance of projected quiet, Miss Sheldon advanced an opinion, in which Richard totally dissented. With the most candor and gentleness, he advocated the rectness of his own views against the Parthian warfare of her womanly dialectics. Miss Sheldon was so determined to gain the victory, that she next thought to withdraw her forces from the field until they were suddenly destroyed, and she was once more to acknowledge herself beaten. She was too wilful to remain undisturbed by his frankness, and as much dissatisfied with herself as with Richard, she raised Jones to the third heaven by giving him her undivided attention. The cavalcade descended into a low, marshy valley, covered with bushes and intersecting rivulets. The observant eye of Harriet detected the road-side, a single magnificent clump of cardinal flower in its proud glory of scarlet. She clapped her hands.

"How perfectly, gorgeously beautiful!"
 "You shall have them directly," replied Richard, checking his horse.
 "It isn't worth while to be at the trouble," returned she, with an affronting indifference, which had all the meaning of a direct refusal. The next moment she invited Jones to gather for her the delicate, airy blossom of the Virgin's garter, which could be plucked without disarranging, and thereby set an example which resulted in the spoliation of the beautifully trimmed hedge. Meanwhile, Richard had collected the cardinal flower, apparently for his own independent gratification, and leisurely employed himself in an effective arrangement of brilliant stalks. Before this had been satisfactorily accomplished they arrived in front of the humble cottage, with a garden plot before it, the chief ornament of which was a bunch of fragrant white waxen lilies. The owner was on the door-stone, and Dayton, once more alighting, purchased the flowers for his *bouquet*. He obtained a bit of ribbon also, and rejoining the party, continued his former occupation. The ladies clustered about him in eager, excited admiration; and there was no end of the insinuating guesses respecting the ultimate destination of his bouquet: no cessation to the sportive, voluble clamor for so desirable a possession.
 "If we might only know whose the flowers will be. That would be some comfort, even if we could not have them ourselves. Oh! do tell us, Mr. Dayton," besought a coaxing, black-eyed little girl.

"They are doomed to grace bachelor lodgings," said another, in affected resentment.

"There is no doubt in my mind, respecting their destination; there *can* be doubt. They must be for the peerless queen of beauty," enthusiastically declaimed Mr. Jones.

"Oh! Mr. Jones, you'll kill me some day," shouted the black-eyed, merry girl.

Miss Sheldon would then have received the *bouquet* had it been offered. It would have been a triumph to which her condescension could stoop, and she involuntarily considered in her mind a graceful form of acceptance. But Dayton held his flowers with most imperturbable sedateness, and favored his friends with only ambiguous replies and grave smiles. As they entered the city, he calmly remarked that he had an engagement, and taking out his watch, made a courteous salutation to the company and galloped down a narrow street, bearing away the coveted flowers.

"If that's not too, too bad!" exclaimed the little black-eyed girl, tragically clasping her hands.

"I thought Miss Sheldon was certain of them," said an envious lady, in a sarcastic voice.

"Had I been their fortunate owner, they would ere this have been laid at her feet," remarked Mr. Jones, with exceeding devotion.

"A terribly uncertain and unsuitable place for them, Mr. Jones! It is better by far that they remain in somebody's hands," exclaimed black eyes.

When Miss Sheldon reached home, the mystery was explained. The *bouquet* lay upon her table. For once she was satisfied with Dayton, if not with herself, and did not wish to say, "the insolent fellow!" She carried the flowers down stairs, and displayed them conspicuously in the drawing-room. In less than twenty-four hours, accordingly, everybody in town knew of her gift.

It was difficult for Miss Sheldon to thank Dayton, when he next called at the house; but she accomplished the dreaded duty gracefully. The expression of her gratitude seemed to serve as a kind of confession; and left her happier, as after a reconciliation.

Matters went on so quietly and propitiously after this, that even Miss Ware began to hope. Dayton and Harriet were on the best, nay! on familiar, terms. Two or three months passed, and in consequence of some unusual demonstration of evident mutual regard, Mrs. Woodworth considered herself authorized to rally her guest somewhat unmercifully, and wound up with, "Take care, my dear Harriet. Richard said, to begin with, that he should marry you in less

than a year, and I verily believe he will carry the day."

The repetition of that almost forgotten boast challenged Harriet's pride, and excited all her old waywardness which had slumbered so long. She made an animated reply, assuring Mrs. Woodworth that she knew perfectly well what she was about, and that a little flirting would be a beneficial medicine for an unromantic, matter-of-fact personage.

While Harriet was in the height of an access of spleen, Richard appeared in exulting spirits, and not doubting that the way was fully prepared for so important a step, made his momentous declaration.

Miss Sheldon listened with a disdainful sneer, and begged permission to inform Mr. Dayton, that her hand could not be at the disposal of one who had prematurely preferred an unadvised and arbitrary claim to it.

Richard, for once, was discomposed; but he made no attempt to plead his cause, and without further ceremony left the house.

Harriet, when she saw his distress and his proud departure, when she was convinced that he was really gone, threw herself miserably down on the nearest couch and sobbed convulsively. "Fool that I am," she bitterly thought, "to reject a man of whom I was not worthy, one who could see my faults and love me in spite of them, one who could make me stronger and better, who could rescue my life from vanity and utter failure, one who would have been my joy and pride, the only one I ever loved, or, having seen him, can love." In the midst of her uncontrollable weeping Miss Ware entered.

"What has occurred?" she inquired. "I have just met Richard, pallid and disordered. He would scarcely stop to bid me a 'good morning,' and I find you overcome with grief."

Harriet, in the depth of her hopelessness told all. She did not attempt to justify her foolish pique, and only scarcely said, "Oh, that he had not uttered that needless boast. We might have been happy now."

"And you have scornfully cast away a deserving young man, whose single fault has been a thoughtless jest, when he had but once seen you. You have allowed a defiant *bagatelle* to out-balance months of earnest friendliness and every evidence of sincere attachment. I am astonished," and Miss Ware unconsciously put on her spectacles to observe the girl.

"Oh! in mercy do not reproach me," said Harriet, pitifully.

"No, I will not," returned Miss Ware, solemnly.

"I am sorry for him, and sorry for you, since he never will humiliate himself."

Whatever Miss Ware meant by this it did not sound very consoling: and she left Harriet filled with regret and distress.

On the third day after this, Miss Sheldon ventured to visit Miss Ware, hoping to hear something of Richard—it mattered little what. She was spared the embarrassment of making any inquiries, by the immediate remark of Miss Ware.

"I wonder what can have become of Richard. I have not seen him since the other morning, and he never remains away from me so long without sending an apology or message. I am really concerned. If you will please lay aside your bonnet and read to me the morning paper, while I am putting the lace on this cap, I will then go down to his rooms and have the mystery of his absence solved."

Harriet, with a guilty consciousness that if any misfortune had occurred, the blame must rest on her, read one after another the fragmentary items which compose the *melange* of a daily newspaper. At last she paused abruptly, was silent a moment, and then, uttering a faint cry, fell back senseless. Miss Ware, with a bottle of hartshorn and a jug of water, soon restored her.

"The paper, the paper!" gasped Harriet, as she opened her eyes.

Miss Ware caught up the sheet, and presently found the following editorial paragraph, which nearly overcame her in her turn.

"We regret to learn that our highly respected and talented townsman, Richard Dayton, Esq., who, though still young, is already more than creditably known in the literary and business circles of our vicinity and state, has been recently attacked by severe and dangerous illness. Grave doubts of his recovery are entertained by our most experienced and reliable physicians."

As soon as Miss Ware could trust herself on her feet, she was walking fast toward Richard's boarding-house. She found him alive, with a feverish cold, and really getting better, notwithstanding the croaking editorial.

"Why do they print such horrible things?" inquired Miss Ware.

"Only to correct their statement in a few days with a flourish of trumpets," returned Richard.

Miss Ware remained with Dayton a long time. They had a friendly and confidential interview. It appeared that when Dayton was surprised by his rejection, he was too much disturbed to go at once to his office, but took instead a short route into the open country, and while heated by a rapid walk, reclined several hours upon a

grassy slope, till he was thoroughly chilled by a damp wind.

"What imprudence!" exclaimed Miss Ware. "It is wonderful that you are alive." Then she continued to relate various incidents that seemed to exert a decidedly inspiring influence upon Dayton, and were more beneficial than medicine."

In a few days there was another editorial, congratulating Mendelburg on the restoration to health of its ornament and principal dependence, and recommending Dayton as a proper candidate for a certain high office.

Richard's illness and the editorials proved to be good fortune. Winter was approaching, and having reaped such honors as the political field afforded at that time, he was solicited to deliver lectures before lyceums and literary societies, and had so many incongruous engagements thrust upon him by his new popularity, that he was almost lost to his private acquaintance. Nevertheless, he found occasional opportunities for calling upon Miss Ware and at Major Woodworth's. Though Harriet received from him all the civility and kindness which a guest of Mrs. Woodworth's could claim. Still there was an end of the music, of entire mornings or evenings spent in reading, or better still, in delicious conversations. Richard did not seem to regret the past, but Harriet grew thin, withdrew as much as possible from society, and had difficulty in maintaining her equanimity of spirits.

She anticipated his first lecture with painful delight. It had been deferred till mid-winter. She thought the evening would never come, when it would be no fault to look at him a whole joyous hour. It came at length, and surpassed all which she had anticipated. When the lecture was concluded, Richard joined the Woodworths and their party. He was greatly excited by his recent effort, and by the storm of approbation with which the conclusion of his address had been received.

Harriet tried to join in the congratulations of others, but unable to control her voice, she was forced to be silent. When they left the hall, Dayton surprised her by the offer of his arm. Then she determined to say what she had wished as soon as they had gained the open air. But Richard did not speak, she was continually less and less able to decide on a commencement, and thus it happened that not a word was uttered by either until they bid each other a good night.

Harriet flew to her room and indulged her tears and self-chidings. "Oh! he will think me so stupid, so unkind, so ill-natured still; and yet of what value can be my approval or

sympathy to him? What have I done to cause him to desire it?"

In a week Dayton delivered another lecture, in all respects more successful than the first. Again he joined the Woodworths at its conclusion. Animation made him really handsome, as he received congratulations and lavished *bon mots* on every side. But he did not stay to walk home with Harriet. How could she have expected it, was her sad thought.

The next day brought such dismal, chilly, rainy weather as only winter and the east wind can produce. The clouds, heavy with unceasing rain, drooped to the very earth; the furious gusts shook the casements and drenched them with the icy showers.

Harriet, weary of the day, more weary of life, wandered listlessly about the house, and at last took refuge in the library. Drawing from her pocket the morning paper, she read again the report of the last lecture of Dayton. It filled a column with an appendage of laudatory remarks, and though the address was spoiled by condensation into cramped and awkward sentences, her own lively memory supplied all which the reporter had failed to produce.

When she had concluded a second perusal of the review, she dropped the paper upon her lap, and pressing her burning hands against her face, wept long and painfully. The tempest was furious without; another raged in her own breast, so that she did not hear the door gently open and close, did not note a footfall on the soft carpet which paused by her chair, and did not perceive a clear, penetrating eye looking from her to the contents of the open paper, and from the paper to her again.

"Harriet, dear Harriet, do not weep so," said a gentle voice, which seemed to her to exist in her imagination rather than in reality. She, however, looked up and beheld Richard by her side. One thought of the paper, one tumultuous effort to fold and conceal it, and she hid her crimsoned face in her hands again.

"Say, dear Harriet, has not my foolish boast been sufficiently revenged, and can we not be friends once more?"

She held out her hand. Richard took it between his own. He presently drew a chair close to hers, and sitting down talked of indifferent matters till she was calm.

At last he paused, and commenced again in a softer tone, "I came hither to-day, because I must once more learn my destiny from your lips, because I would know if life, henceforth, like the last few months, must be without happiness."

"Are you not happy, you who do right, whom

all men praise and honor, who can accomplish what you will?"

"My heart has no earthly home. It came to you once for sympathy and repose, and you cast it from you; and now it comes again, not because it has any claim upon you, not because it has wealth enough to reward you, though it yields up its whole treasure. Must it again be rejected and spurned as a worthless thing?"

"Oh! do not remind me of my cruel fault, more merciless to me than to you. Teach me how to become good, how to deserve such companionship."

The tempest raged furiously without, the mad

winds careered among the clouds and drove them rushing downward in impetuous torrents; but there was sunshine in the library, irradiating the gloom of the fast coming twilight, the sunlight of happy hearts shining through glad, joyful eyes, and glancing in dimpled smiles.

The very next morning Richard went to Miss Ware, and told her something which made her almost giddy with delight.

"You must make haste," said she, "if you would keep your word and be married before the year is ended."

"That I shall do," replied Richard

GENTLE MAIDEN.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

GENTLE Maiden! dreamest thou
With the moonbeams on thy brow,
And a happy, hopeful light
In thy liquid blue eye bright,
Resting its mild gaze afar
On some brightly beaming star,
Of a future bright and fair
As starry skies of evening are?

Gentle Maiden! dreamest thou
With the moonbeams on thy brow,
Of a sweet, secluded spot,
Worldly cares may enter not,
Shared with one thou lov'st, how well
Words of thine can never tell;
One whose fond protecting arm
Shall be thy shield from every harm?

Gentle Maiden! even now
While the moonbeams gild thy brow,
He whose image is enwrought
With thine every guileless thought,
In a pearly ocean cave,
Lies beneath the sounding wave,
And the sea-birds' wailing note,
And the storm dirge o'er him float.

Gentle Maiden! dreaming now
With the moonbeams on thy brow,
Ere another year is old
Pulses stilled, and warm hearts cold,
Where the Autumn breezes sigh
Wafts the lone sea's requiem by,
Hopes and fears, and doubtings o'er,
Thou wilt sleep and dream no more.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

SHE bends her head at her weary task,
With patient trust she smiles,
And her toil seems light as a ray of hope
Her saddened heart beguiles.

She lifts her hair from her broad, fair brow,
When the Summer sun shines warm,
Then gently chides her restless group,
And her words fall like a charm.

And they mistily pore their eyes on books,
And look their lessons through;
But they silently dream of the flowers they saw
That morn in the sparkling dew.

She moves from her seat and the scholars smile,
As she noiseless treads the floor

A child leans forward to touch her dress,
While another looks out the door,
And longs to be with the birds and flowers,
And beautiful things and bright,
But a smile from the gentle face hard by
Changes his musings quite.

Her task is done, and she stands alone
In the shade of the school-house door;
The little, restless, pattering feet
Have pressed its threshold o'er.

And her heart is out with the beautiful things,
Her soul looks through to God,
And she gives no thought to to-morrow's task,
Nor sighs at the chastening rod.

KATE BARRY.

BY ANNA TAYLOR.

"WHERE are you going now, girls?" The scent of a cigar floated in from the piazza. Lancing in that direction, I caught a glimpse of handsome face, surrounded by light, curling wreaths of smoke, that reminded me of the creamy faces I have seen in some old picture, looking out from amid the fleecy clouds. But it was only cousin Philip smoking amid the roses.

"We are going out for a walk," replied cousin Kate, as she arranged her black curls before the mirror, and knotted the blue ribbons of a gipsy hat beneath her dimpled chin.

"Well," said Phil, laughingly, "I presume you would like to have a certain handsome young gentleman accompany you, but are probably too diffident to make your wishes known. However, I am at your service, ladies."

"No! no! Phil," replied Kate, quickly, "it would be cruel to take you from your book and cigar. Besides we shall go strolling about wherever the fancy of the moment takes us, and you gentlemen don't like this style of rambling, but always propose returning after walking a short distance. So I think we'll not trouble you to-night." But notwithstanding this ungracious answer, I knew Philip would like to have accompanied us.

Kate Barry was a wilful girl of sixteen, with her beautiful head filled with all sorts of romantic notions, and unfortunately, she had no mother to counsel and sustain her; yet I must own, her will was law to me. We had many a strange adventure. Sometimes she would take me out into the night, when the rest of the household were asleep, to watch the stars, and the outlines of the hills and vallies as they lay shadowy and indistinct in the spectral moonlight, and would enthusiastically repeat to me the lines of some poet, while I stood shivering in the night dew and trembling with fear; but Kate was proud of her courage she possessed, and her freedom from superstitious notions. We had walked in a deserted grave-yard when the neglected graves, overgrown with rank weeds and tangled briars, looked still gloomier with the night shadows resting upon them; and Kate had often boasted of Phil of having visited a locality in the neighborhood, where a man had once been murdered, and which still had the reputation of being

haunted; but she did not tell him that some half dozen young lady friends accompanied her. The old housekeeper often strove to detain us by talking of the miasma afloat on the evening air, and the danger of fevers, but she dared not expostulate with us, for Kate was proud, and brooked no interference with her projects from inferiors.

The sun was sinking gloriously in the west amid a sea of clouds, purple and golden and rose-hued. As we walked lightly down the gravel path, I could not help casting a regretful glance back at Philip, who still sat reading in the piazza, enveloped in clouds of smoke, with the tips of the slippers I had embroidered for him resting on the window-sill.

Kate and I gathered meadow lilies and wild roses; we filled our little willow baskets with the luscious blackberries that weighed the bushes down into the rank grass beneath; we stood on the hill-tops and looked with delighted eyes at the winding river, the pretty village, and the windows of the farm-houses far away on the hills that sparkled in the red light of the sunset; we listened to the musical tinkling of the sheep-bells, and passed a moment beside the Black Pond, where the frogs were holding such a grand concert; but the sun had not yet disappeared behind the hills when we entered the shady yard that surrounded the widow Deane's cottage. The sitting-room door was open, and the dear old lady was sleeping in her arm-chair, with the sunlight streaming over her rosy face, and her head resting heavily on one shoulder. We could not help wondering how she had ever contrived to crowd her short, corpulent figure into the narrow limits of that chair; but a mosquito had long been buzzing about her face, and at last the unmerciful little insect aroused her, so that she gave him a hearty slap with her plump fingers, and opening her eyes caught a glimpse of our laughing faces.

"Ah! girls, you're amusing yourselves at my expense," she said, tying her cap-strings and adjusting her spectacles.

Kate apologized for our unceremonious entrance.

"Miss Anna," said the good lady, with pardonable vanity, for she had once been a rustic

beauty, "my figure was once as slight and elegant as Kate's, and I think she will be as stout as any old lady in the village by the time she is sixty years old."

"How can you be so cruel, Mrs. Deane?" said Kate, "I am sure I hope I shall never survive it. It is too shocking to think of for a moment."

"I entertained the same opinions when I was a girl, and you see the result," said Mrs. Deane. "I believed then, as doubtless you do now, in broken hearts, undying attachments, falling in love at first sight, and all such sentimental nonsense. My first lover was a handsome, good-hearted fellow, but his principles were somewhat loose, and there was so little energy in his character that my parents would not consent to our marriage. Dick proposed an elopement, protested he should die if I persisted in my cruel determination, and said I would relent when he should be lying in his cold grave; and I, silly little goose that I was, believed every word he said. The day after this interview, I was standing at the window in melancholy mood, with Helen Morny at my side, when who should I see passing the house but Dick. He cast one wild, desperate glance at me, and then I saw him rushing toward the river, his long hair floating on the wind, and his coat-skirts streaming behind him. 'Oh! he will be killed, he is going to throw himself into the water.' I shrieked and fell back fainting."

Here the old lady paused, evidently agitated by some deep emotion, though of what nature we could not determine in the uncertain twilight.

"Well," asked Kate, after a moment's silence, "was he drowned?"

"Oh! no," replied Mrs. Deane, and we now saw she was laughing heartily. "He was only in pursuit of his hat, which a high wind had just lifted from his head and carried in that direction. The very next week he was married to my rival, Jenny White; and my faith in the constancy of lovers was decidedly dampened."

We sat long in the pleasant twilight, listening to the stories Mrs. Deane related. We led her at last to speak of her only son, a wild boy, who had left her many years before, and gone off to sea. She once cherished hopes that he would return, but she told us now with a faltering voice and eyes misty with tears, that the vessel in which he sailed had been wrecked on the coast, and that all the crew had perished except two sailors who escaped to tell the fearful tale. We were sad and silent now, for Willie Deane had been a playmate of ours. But Mrs. Deane was a lively, cheerful woman, and soon wiping away the traces of her emotion, she recovered her usual

animation, and bustled out of the room to procure lights as it was becoming quite dark. While I sat watching the fire-flies flashing about in the darkness, the vine-leaves were put cautiously aside, and the shadow of a face, for a moment, darkened the window. Nor was I dreaming, for turning toward Kate, I saw her glance riveted in the same direction. The face disappeared, and almost immediately Mrs. Deane entered, bearing two flaming tallow candles in brightly polished brass candlesticks. Simultaneously there was a rap at the door, and opening it Mrs. Deane admitted a stranger.

A large cloak shrouded his person. The face was so shaded by an odd-looking hat slouched over it, that little was visible except the wild-looking black eyes and a fierce moustache; but the cheeks were white and livid as those of a corpse. A stiff bow was his only salutation, and seating himself, he expressed a wish to see Mr. Deane.

I felt the blood run chill to my heart, for good uncle Jerry had long slept in the narrow house assigned to all the living.

"My husband is dead, sir," replied Mrs. Deane, composedly.

An ominous silence succeeded, and as the old clock tolled the hour of eight, I saw the stranger press his hand to his side as though seized by some sudden spasm. It was a very white hand, but there was a large, red stain upon it, and I saw a jewel flash brilliantly in the light.

Then the stillness was again broken by his deep, sepulchral voice. "Can you tell me, madam, how far it is hence to the blasted pine near the four corners, on the road to Welby?"

Even Mrs. Deane started, as she answered this question, for it was the very spot where Ned Miller had been murdered, five years ago that very night.

I expected the old house dog would commence howling, and I must confess too that I glanced at the candles, to see whether the light they emitted was in the slightest degree tinged with blue. But Kate thought only of our lonely walk homeward, and rising she bade our friend a cheerful good night, saying she thought we must go as it was getting late.

"Wait a moment, girls," said Mrs. Deane, "Michael will be in from the meadow and he shall go home with you." But Kate was too proud to accept this offer, though her face was quite pallid with fear. So we stepped tremblingly out into the moonlight.

"Walk swiftly, Nan," said Kate, seizing my hand, "did you notice how white his face was, and that red spot on his hand?"

"Indeed I did," was my scarce audible reply, "who or what could he be?"

"I thought at first," whispered Kate, "that it might be Willie Deane come safely home from sea. Did you not observe that Lion, though he rose and snuffed around him, did not bark or growl as he usually does at strangers? What odd questions he asked."

We were walking rapidly; but thinking we heard steps, with a nervous feeling of apprehension we both turned our heads at the same moment and looked back toward the cottage.

Great heavens! the stranger had just left it and was coming in the same direction. We increased our speed; but the black shadow behind us advanced over the ground at a prodigious rate. Once I thought I heard a faint halloo; but Kate hurried me on.

"Let us cross the meadow," she said, "we shall reach the bridge sooner, and he may not take the same route."

"So we turned aside from the main road, and ran swiftly through the sweet-scented clover, glittering with the evening dew. Again I glanced back over my shoulder. The stranger had taken the same route. Almost exhausted, we crossed the low stile; I could hear his deep breathing and the heavy tramp! tramp! of his footsteps close behind us; nearer he came, and just as we reached the old bridge, an arm was thrown around each of us, a heavy moustache brushed my cheek, and I saw instantly that the mysterious stranger was cousin Philip. But Kate had broken away from him, and seizing the arm of a gentleman, who was crossing the bridge from the opposite direction, exclaimed,

"Oh! save me, sir!"

"With the greatest pleasure, madam, if you will inform me in what direction my efforts are needed," was the ready response.

"Bravo, Kate! what a heroine you are," shouted Phil, "running away from your brother as though the shade of Dr. Faustus, or the ghost of Ned Miller himself, was in pursuit." We both laughed now, thinking of our foolish fears and how easily we had been imposed upon.

"I fear, young ladies," said Phil, "that I shall have bronchitis after this night's exertions. I shouted your names, till I was fairly hoarse, to dispel your fears and make myself known; but you paused never a moment, and as I saw your white dresses flitting in the moonlight over the tall grass, hedges and ditches, I almost feared you were a couple of elves or fairies striving to lead me into some enchanted ground.

"Over hill, over dale,
Through brush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire."

As cousin Phil finished this quotation, he turned and formally introduced to us his old college friend and chum, Mr. Andrew Norton.

Mr. Norton said, as Miss Barry had appealed to him for protection, it would be the duty of a chivalrous knight to escort her safely home. So Kate took his offered arm, cousin Phil drew my hand within his own, and in mirthful mood we resumed our walk homeward.

"I did not think, Nan," said Phil, as we approached the house, "that my masquerade would prove so successful."

"Indeed," I replied, "I am almost afraid of your ghost-ship even now."

"Well, then," he said, roguishly, "I shall have to stop a moment at the fountain to wash away the traces of this white paint, pearl powder, or whatever you ladies call it, that I purloined from Kate's toilet. I think it must be lying in some very fanciful streaks on my countenance. I must remove the stain of this red stuff from my hand too, rouge, isn't that what they call it, Nan?"

The remainder of the evening we passed pleasantly in our own pretty parlor, with music and cheerful conversation, and when Mr. Norton departed, I saw in his hand the half-blown monthly rose, Kate had broken from Mrs. Deane's bush, and thrown carelessly on the centre-table when we came home.

Since that night Philip and I have decided to finish our life-walk together, and wild Kate Barry is now the dignified, lady-like Mrs. Norton.

K A T E.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

THE blushes on her lovely face
Like rose leaves dancing in the light,
But added to the artless grace
Of her, my darling, my delight!

What witchery in each dreamy glance,
In every smile what artless joy!
Like wavelets where the sunbeams dance
Was she, who loved me when a boy.

JENNY STOUGHTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 107.

Concord, September 13th.

YESTERDAY, Andrew Bell came flying through the yard, through the hall; I heard him talking hurriedly with mamma, and going hurriedly up stairs and along the passage to his room. On his way back he called out, at the head of the staircase, "Good-bye, good Jenny, I'm gone!"

"Gone? Where?"

"To New York; on business; by this train that is close at hand. Good-bye."

And, without waiting for my "good-bye," that, however, followed him down stairs, he was gone.

"Yes," thought I, drawing a long breath after having sat awhile looking at one finger-nail and another. "This is, after all, a hurrying, flurrying sort of world, where one can never be exactly at rest for one day; can never know what is coming, or in what shape things will come, or anything." I had got so far when mamma came up bringing a letter, a drop-letter. Andrew Bell brought it in, she said, with papers and letters for papa, from the post-office. She just stopped to look over my littered table, to smile and say that she really believed I was turning author, and then went on to her own chamber.

Here is my letter. See, Dick, see, little Nan, if it isn't pleasant to have such a letter.

"To Miss STOUGHTON—If a serpent, wily, beautiful, but full of venom, looked out to you from among the grass and the flowers at your feet, would you lend yourself to the attractions of its gaze, meeting its approach with your own? Would you lay your hand upon its gracefully coiling shape, needlessly risking the consequences? I don't think you would, Miss Stoughton; yet heaven knows you do something like it whenever you approach. I know that she is as false as corrupt and as corrupting as the devil. You'll know it some day, if you don't stop just where you are. YOUR FRIEND."

The hand was evidently constrained. But it is Andrew Bell's hand. It is not his style of writing; that one may know. But he is capable of assuming this, or any other style.

Well, I have only this one thing to say and feel about it. I am glad he will not be here to

dinner. I hope he may not come until I have had time to shape anew all my feeling toward him.

I haven't been to see Caroline. When I was in the hall, yesterday, ready to go, company came; and we were not alone a minute after the until bed-time. Mamma was well pleased. She was never really glad to see Miss Phipps before. To-day she was glad, because it kept me.

So I will finish my letter; for she will be here to-day early; and mamma has invited a half-dozen people to meet her. Mamma has dreamed ways about this time. I think she studies how she may keep me at home.

Papa's business has taken him to Portland. Andrew Bell has gone with Croly, mamma says, to see to some affairs that concern papa and Major Croly in common.

Good-bye. Mamma would have messages if she were here. I send love and heartiest wishes that I were with you. I don't think there is much comfort to be had here. Thine, JENNY.

CHAPTER VI.

Concord, October 10th, 1854.

I HAVE been sick almost unto death. I was taken with something that seemed akin to cholera, just after finishing my last to you and, for two weeks, was very low. But I was happy in the midst of my greatest pain; for I verily thought I was almost Home. I turned back at last as the crisis passed, loth, and with the tears running astream on my pillow. If I am not willing to live, I was not worthy and fit to die. This I know; and with humble and penitent heart, I ask that I may lie within the will, the love of God, as the babe lies in its mother's arms, never questioning, never afraid.

Dear papa came home hurrying, as soon as mamma wrote to him of my sickness. He was so kind, so tender toward me, that I shall love and honor him all the days of my life, as well as one could one's own father.

Wednesday, 11th.

I didn't know when Andrew Bell came. It was some time when I was so very sick that I did not notice what was said to me. When I

is better, mamma said, "You don't say a word out Andrew, darling."

"No, mamma."

"He thinks strange of it, I know. He has said me about it, several times. Lately he inquires how you are, looking in an anxious y in my face."

"Tell him I am better, and——"

"Tell him you are better, dear? Is that all?"

"Yes, mamma. Mamma please—there, that tight. Now I would like to sleep." I kissed her hand that made smooth and easy my pillow, and spread the counterpane anew, and settled her rest.

Thursday, 12th.

When I was strong enough to bear it, I asked mamma whether she had seen Caroline, or heard anything of her. She had not seen her; but she had heard that, why, for days and days, mamma said, nobody went near her. She invited Mrs. Elliott and Louisa Fleming to see her, but they gave excuses. When she came to go out, which she did as soon as Dr. White left, she met avoidances and incomprehensible glances. She spoke to her dressmaker about it, and her dressmaker helped her understand what it meant.

Poor Caroline! Awhile she was as pale and still as if she were dead; quite as pale; every day as still. Then she drew hard, sobbing, uttering breaths with both hands lying hard on her breast, and her eyes ghastly as if she would die.

When she did not have her work finished, mamma said, "Some one told mamma that she went to her room; that the dressmaker heard her walking it, now with hurried steps and then with pauses; and then, awhile, there would be no sound. The dressmaker was obliged at length to go up and give directions. Caroline did not turn toward me. She just told her that she might leave the work and go home."

The dressmaker had been in since, mamma said. She saw Caroline through an open door, at a window, with her elbow on the sash and her hand on her hand, looking out. The work lay on a table just as she left it, two days before. Caroline's mother came in with dull looks, and carrying herself as if the burden of a year, of many an ordinary sorrow had been laid on her shoulders in the last two days. She spoke with difficulty, when she said that Caroline was not ready yet to have her work finished. That was all she said. It was all mamma knew; only the dressmaker said that Caroline turned her ear sharply to listen, while her mother was speaking, as if she feared that she would ask something, or disclaim something.

Oh, it wrung my heart so to hear these things! I tried to plan something; tried to think how I would write a few words, ever so few, and get them to her. But my head whirled so that I was obliged to put it off. But many a quick shower of tears fell as I thought how the poor child needed me, and how helpless I was; as I murmured half-aloud, "If Andrew Bell were like Dick!" For, you see, I *knew* that if I had one willing to help me, I could have it all cleared up, and made bright and happy again for Caroline and for her poor old mother. I hope God will forgive me; for I could not help feeling hard toward mamma, when I saw her so unmoved toward them. She rocked and smiled; wore beautiful morning caps in my room, beautiful morning gowns and slippers. She brought my drink in a silver cup, my bits of toast and the like on gilded dishes. But I hated it all at times, and inwardly called it a mockery. I looked at mamma and inwardly said, "Oh, mamma, mamma! is it for this you live? Of all the wronged and oppressed who go on with us toward the grave, is there not one, near or remote, whom you will pity, whom you will strive to save?"

Tuesday, 17th.

By-and-bye, after several days, when I had got pencil and paper beside me to write to Caroline, this note came.

"JENNY DEAR—They tell me you are very, very ill. But some time this will reach you, will come into the hands that I long to touch, long to lay my cheek, my lips upon, and then you will understand what I feel toward you."

"If I knew, without a shadow of fear, that you love me—*better* for what I suffer, I should not go, I could think of you, could bear all the rest, waiting for what time and the goodness there is somewhere in every heart, would do; staying here with my father and my mother, in the home that a little while ago was so fair and peaceful! Not knowing, not daring to try you, I go to-morrow, inwardly believing that you love me, taking this belief with me as my only comforter. For I could not live if repulsed by you. I should go, something tells me, and lay my distracted head to rest beneath the water that ripples and tempts me below the garden."

"God help me! He knows how sore is my need of Him."

"If you can love me still and believe me innocent, (as innocent as you or any one can be, Jenny,) oh, do! Love me on and on, year after year. I shall be very far away. I shall neither see your face nor hear your voice; but oh, love me! Let me love you."

CAROLINE."

Well, she was gone. Nobody had asked her parents where; they had told no one; at least, so far as Miss Croly knew, mamma said. But it was supposed that she had gone back to Illinois. She went with a thick veil over her face to the depot, mamma said, speaking of her now, for the first time, with some concern on her features. Her father carried her. She didn't go into the ladies saloon to wait until the train was ready; but went down deep steps and across one track to take her seat directly in a car.

But my head is so dizzy with writing and thinking!

Wednesday 18th.

Said mamma to me this morning, when I was sitting in my dressing-gown, "You are much better this morning, dear?"

"Yes, mamma."

"You have a little freshness in your cheeks for the first time. This dressing-gown does something toward it, I suppose. It is very becoming. You are thoughtless, this morning," finding that I did not speak.

"I think of Caroline all the time, mamma!" said I, tears rising and choking me. "I don't know how to bear it!" I am so weak yet, that I grow hysterical and feel as if I must die when I think or speak long of her. I said no more, therefore. Loosening my wrapper at the throat and taking long breaths, I put the thoughts away, saying within myself, "I must wait. But God has brought me back from the very gate of death unto life; and now shall my strength, when it comes, be consecrated unto Christ-like deeds of love and mercy. And, first of all, will I find her and restore her."

"When will you see Andrew Bell, child?" asked mamma, working upon my hair. And a strange sound the words had to me; my thoughts were so different, so far away!

"I don't know, mamma."

"I wish you would let him come up now. He hasn't seen you at all, you know; and it is too bad! He feels it; and even his father begins to think it strange that you don't let him come up, or speak of him at all. Won't you let him come? He's down stairs; waiting, I know, thinking that he will be called."

But you see I couldn't see him. If I could go back to the old feeling that I had for him before that letter came, God knows how welcome his face would be; and his voice. I long now to hear his voice and to see his face. But every sentiment of open-hearted, open-handed candor and justice in me, arrays itself against the soul within him that conceived and wrought out deliberately so poor, so cowardly a measure.

"You will see him, won't you?" persisted mamma, coaxingly.

"No, mamma, I can't."

"What can I say to him then?" drawing herself back from me. "To tell you the truth, *she* begged me to persuade you to see him, or to tell me why you won't see him. What can I say to him?"

"Say that I am tired; that I am not strong yet."

"The very thing I have been saying to him this fortnight! He will be angry this time, I know, if I say anything of the kind; and I shan't blame him. You see his father and the doctor any time."

I did not speak, and she re-urged the matter in a new shape. "He will be married to Josephine Clement, in less than a year, probably." This made my heart fly a little, as I will confess. I stilled it, however, thinking to myself that I was a fool to feel thus, after all the struggle and self-discipline I had had in that sick chamber.

"He goes there *very* often, as I know," pursued mamma. "And they say Miss Croly speaks of it as if it were a settled affair. His father will feel bad, as I am sure I shall; for we both had other hopes. So you don't intend to see him?"

"Please don't urge me, mamma. I can't now. Wait until I feel better."

Hearing that my voice was unsteady, *she* kissed me, called me "a dear, good girl," promised to say no more about it, but to let me take my own time; and then went down to say something to Andrew Bell; I am sure I don't know what it could be, that would not offend him. But this must take its chance.

Cochran comes in occasionally. Mamma says he seems in bad spirits and talks sometimes of leaving Concord. Andrew Bell, who has nothing to boast of himself in the way of liveliness, as mamma says, dissuades him from it, telling him that soon they two will go off New London way, where the brooks and ponds are glistening in every direction, to see what pleasures they can find hunting in the woods, taking trout and perch in the waters.

CHAPTER VII.

Concord, October 31st, 1854.

You see, I've got her here, her good name and her tranquillity restored unto her. Only she says she has so little courage now to go forth in life! This is in part because she has been really ill and is not yet strong; in part because she can never forget the hard visage the world has lately been showing her.

As soon as I could see Caroline's mother, I learned that Caroline's destination was Illinois. At that she was, as yet, at Worcester, being so weak to go any farther. She was stopping for a week or two with her near relatives there, or grandparents on her mother's side.

I took dear little Louise Fleming into my confidence; and, after having despatched a note to Caroline telling her that I was coming, we started, first for Boston, where the Whites were; the doctor and his wife, I mean. Oh! but let me tell you that mamma disapproved and opposed the entire proceeding. If Caroline came back, Andrew Bell would be again attached to her, and would, ten to one, marry her. She was sure he was very far from being desirous of any such family connexion. She would rather it should be Jose Clement than she. She brought the doctor and papa to oppose me; but it ended by the doctor's saying, "Well, well! never mind! let her go. The women will have their own way;" and by papa's looking me and then mamma kindly in the face, saying, "If you do, daughter, be careful. I am afraid you are hardly strong enough. But of this you yourself are the best judge. If she goes, mother," speaking to mamma, "it will all come out right. I would never mind."

Mamma "hoped it would, she was sure; but—"

We found the Whites. I wonder, by-the-way, if I have told you that Mrs. White was with the doctor in his late visit to Caroline. I don't believe I have; or that Mrs. White, the doctor's wife that is, was sick while they were here. She was. They came up by the evening train. On account of her sickness, the doctor returned home without her. She did not go out while he was here; and, as soon as she was able to be taken to the cars, she went home; accompanied by Caroline's father to the depot, where he was met by her husband's brother, so it happened that no one knew, at first, of her having been here. So much we learned here before starting, by consultations with Caroline's mother.

The Whites laughed at the consummate stupidity and foolishness of the whole affair. They had such indignation, withal, as they had no words to express. They would come up with us, when we returned, with Caroline, it was settled.

We reached Worcester. Caroline sat down at my feet to thank me, to tell me over and over again how she loved me; what comfort she had found by day and by night, in the thought of me; and to sob in the midst of her words like a little child.

But let me make haste with my story.

To Mrs. Baderly and every one I met, after we came back, I said, out of a heart so glad so very thankful, that it felt love toward everybody, "Caroline has come back! aren't you glad?" I really felt that they must be and were glad. And, as I talked with them, with my face (full of cordiality, as I know,) close before theirs, the clouds went off their features; the light of kindness broke forth, so that they said at length, heartily, "I am glad!" Don't you think I could have knelt, anywhere, wherever we were, standing or sitting, to bless God, and to weep grateful tears? I was never so thankful; it seems to me that I never can be again.

Not a word was said by any of us, in the way of directly clearing anything up. Incidentally we let it be known how Mrs. White was sick there; how good, faithful Caroline attended her day and night; and how old Dr. Campbell (who left town the next day and has but just returned) came in while she was there, found her blue and home-sick—because her husband had gone, because she was still so weak—but left her laughing and in good spirits from a large dose of his best medicine, joking.

Dr. Campbell's wife has given a large party to the Whites, who are old friends of her husband. We had a dozen, or so, to dine at our house one day, upon some trout and birds sent to mamma by Andrew Bell and Cochran from New London. We had a sail, a large company of us, at night, upon the river in Caroline's boat, in Governor Butler's and two or three others. Mrs. Fitz, a distinguished vocalist of Boston, at present visiting the Hapworths, together with Mrs. Hubbard, wife of our new Adjutant General, were of the company. Mr. Dodd, with his wonderful flute, his wonderfully sweet voice, was there; and the three gave us long passages from "Norma" and "Lucrezia Borgia." Heard there on the still, broad, deeply-shaded river, in the holy calm of twilight, with a company abundantly able to appreciate the music and the entire scene and occasion, with Caroline close, *close* to my side—where she almost always is, of late—looking, listening; marking what a chastened but happy light was in Caroline's eye and upon her whole being, I gave thanks. Again and again I said, inwardly, "Thou good Father! thou who didst create all this beauty of river, wooded bank and blue sky, who dost put kindness, love, worthy and beautiful thoughts into the minds of Thy children, help us to be always kind and worthy of Thee, and of this beautiful earth. For without Thee and Thy help, we have nothing, we are nothing."

November 1st.

While we were sailing, a row-boat struck gracefully out from the shore, with two gentlemen aboard, and two rowers. My heart beat quick at the first sight of them. Mamma did not expect Andrew Bell and Cochran so soon; but something told me that it was they.

The boat came like an arrow; and soon it was so near that they were recognized by all the company. "Chase and Cochran!" "Good! there are Chase and Cochran!" and "now if they aren't good fellows, I wonder who are!" and the like expressions of surprise and pleasure, were heard from every quarter.

I tried not to mind it any more than if two of Norcross & Co's logs were coming. I said to myself, "Now, Jenny Stoughton, this is nothing to you; so don't go to trembling and making a fool of yourself. Think what a cruel, dastardly letter one of them favored you with, and keep a proper mastery over yourself."

I didn't, however. I was still trembling, when they came alongside, hats off, exchanging salutations right and left, right and left bowing recognitions and thanks for the welcome they met.

Without speaking, but with a searching glance in every face, Andrew Bell put out his hand to me as soon as they brought the boat near enough. His look, at first half-deprecative, half-friendly, rapidly, by degrees, came to be nearly altogether friendly. But he said in low tones, shaking his head slowly, "Oh! Jenny Stoughton! what made you so cruel to your brother?"

"What made my brother send me so miserable a note then? Why didn't he speak openly with me as a brother ought?"

He didn't know what I meant. His features expressed this clearly enough, even before he said, after a moment of puzzled thinking, "I don't know, I am sure, what you mean."

Then somebody else sent it, I told him. But it was like his hand, was without a signature.

"Would I let him see it?"

"Yes."

"The moment we reached the house?"

"Yes."

Well, he thanked me; far more with his eyes, (so changed in so short a space) with the tones of his voice, than with his words.

I had not observed, in the meanwhile, how it was between Cochran and Caroline. But Caroline told me afterward that they only bowed, saying, "Good evening, Mrs. White," "Good evening, Mr. Cochran;" but each felt it that the other was a friend. There was no need of more words.

November, 2nd

"Now for that note, Jenny!" said Andrew Bell, as we drew off our gloves in the hall.

He was so vexed that he threw it on the fire and with his foot put it further from him.

"Poh! I am vexed with you, for believing that I would do such a creeping, cowardly thing. You don't half know me, Jenny," he added, thoughtfully, after a pause, "if you think I would do so mean an act."

I begged his pardon, holding out my hand. He said he forgave me; but I don't think he did, quite. He was stiller and graver than he won't, to the time when we parted for the night.

It came out in our conversation at table this morning, that he all along approved my defence of Caroline. Mamma had known that he did all along; but she forebore making his sentiments known to me, lest I should be led by them into sacrifices and attempts for Caroline, still more extravagant than any I as yet contemplated.

"The daughter, it seems, was wiser, more humane than the mother," said mamma, in conclusion, with her eyes bent on her plate.

"The good mother has lived longer and had more of the world's hard lessons in distress; that is all," said papa, his kind eyes on mamma.

Mamma lifted her eyes to him with tears in them, as if she thanked him. But she shook her head a little, saying, "Oh, well, I have always been different from Jenny about such things. Always, from a little child, she has been most inclined to attend to those poor creatures who had nobody else to attend to them. As a child, I had none of this. I couldn't bear to have a dirty, sobbing child come near me. I remember the feeling; and I remember too, my mother's saying, as if she felt it praise, 'She's a haughty little thing!' Now, in spite of all I can do, of all I can think about how it used to be with the Saviour, when He was here, I am what I so despise, an aristocrat."

"Oh! you aren't, mamma!" said I, cuddling closer to her and kissing her hand. "You're the dearest, best mamma there is anywhere. Isn't she, papa? Isn't she, Andrew Bell?"

They both said she is, laughing, but with moist eyes. Mamma laughed too, and kissed my fingers again and again. But if she had been alone she would have had some penitential tears to shed, some penitential resolutions to take up having reference—not to the world's opinions and prejudices, but to her and all the world's Sovereign and to her own soul.

November, 1844

Poor Jose Clement hangs her head in these

days. To her, as to the rest, I felt, when I came back with Caroline, the utmost friendliness, and said, "Aren't you glad, Jose?" She said, "Yes, I am," but without spirit. She comes near me and Caroline often, when we are in the same company, and seems not unfriendly. I think her conscience deals rigorously with her for her late unwonted offence against charity. Jose has never been in the least brilliant or strong; but a dear little girl she has been from her good-nature. I shall see her and talk with her about it. I shall tell her that she is by no means to "hang her head like a bulrush," all the rest of the days of her life, for this one offence. I shall show her some lives (claiming to be Christian too) are crowded nearly full of such offences. For instance, Mrs. Baderly and Miss Croly, who, as I have no doubt, led her. But neither shall she condemn them. She shall reflect as I do, that if we had poor Mrs. Baderly's bad-health, we would, perhaps, be bitter and sour by turns, as she is; that, if we were away along in years as Miss Croly is, with no good husband, no little children to sweeten our life, with no near relative save one very selfish brother, we would perhaps, in spite of hard struggles against it, grow cold, harsh and censorious like Miss Croly.

The 17th.

I put my bonnet and shawl on and went in to see Jose; went up to her chamber just as I used to. Bless her! she owned it all. She *would*, she said, that she might be at ease. She says she never indulged such feelings toward anybody before; never before talked about one with bitterness, wishing to put one down. She shall tell Caroline all, she says, and ask her pardon. Ever so humbly! she doesn't care how low she comes in trying to make up for what she has said and felt. She sobbed as if her heart would break, when she said that she does not believe she can ever be back just where she was before the wicked indulgence; that she fears her heart will always have an unclean place in it after this, to the day of her death. This seems so sad! There are, however, far sadder things which affect us less perhaps. Jose's offence is, as it were, the first spot upon a vestal garment; and she and we would, oh! so gladly, wipe it out. Still it is so much sadder when the robe is utterly bespattered and be draggled, and the wearer grown reckless of all that has befallen it, of all that will befall it. There are many such robes, many such wearers in society, so-called.

Andrew Bell calls me at the foot of the stairs.

"Come down," he says, "I want to read something to you. Something excellent, that you will like."

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"In a minute. As soon as I have finished off this letter."

"Never mind your letter. I'm all alone; I want you here."

Later.

"You are always writing letters," said he, looking in my face, when I joined him. "Always writing to the brother who is away. The brother who is here can never keep you near him five minutes at a time." He drew his chair close to mine. "It is clear that you care a great deal for the brother who is away; very little for the brother who is here. Don't you see?"

I kept very still and did not answer his question, until he pressed it close, with my hand in his, with his eyes on my face, and assurances of his own that made it easy and natural for me to say, "No. Dick is a *dear* brother; but you are——"

"Dearer?" he asked, waiting to take me to him.

"Yes." And then he held me fast, calling me "his blessed girl."

"What would you read to me?" asked I, after a long time. Seeing his newspaper lie on the floor made me think of it.

"Nothing now," drawing my hand closer, as if all he would know and feel at present, was that I was near him and that I was his. I read the feeling, my own helping me, before his lips expressed it.

"But," said he, after having sat a few minutes silent, "I have the impression that you would rather have me making great speeches myself in Congress, than reading those of others to you. I remember what you said once of Josephine Clement's ideal of a pattern husband. I have always thought that you helped her conceive it; that it was, in fact, far more yours than hers. Now confess."

"No."

"Wasn't it?"

"No. I don't care to have you go to Congress. If one is great and good in his own soul and in all his every day action, honest and self-possessed before God and before me—do you think I would want him sent off to Jericho, or even to Washington, to say all his beautiful things and live all his beautiful life there?"

He was touched to hear me say this. He felt that he is not yet worthy of me, he said. (But Dick and Nanny, dear, there was never a greater mistake. On the contrary, I am not calm enough to make me worthy of him.) But it will be good, he said, to go on improving by my side. God knows how happy it will make me!

He will be in in a few minutes; and then we are going to ride.

Pappa and mamma have gone to Boston to-day; will be gone two days. They will not be surprised by what has taken place. I think they have some time felt secure of it. Far more secure than she, who, under all the shifting circumstances of life and of death, is your faithful sister.

P. S.—Croly wrote that anonymous note; have I told you?

CHAPTER VIII.

December 9th, 1854.

No, bless you. On the contrary, hear what a quarrel we have had, this very evening.

"I shall pinch your ear if you say no." He pretended to be using his might, but his touch was of velvet. "Now you will do as I wish?"

"No."

"No? I wonder what can be done with such a girl! I am the stronger, though. I can hold you like this," imprisoning both my hands, and holding them fast, first to his lips, then to his heart.

Hereupon I bowed my head; and my heart bowed too in acquiescence, until reason said, "No; don't listen to it. You know what is right. Do it; else are you the weak follower of an idol, not the worthy mate of a man of sense."

Letting him keep my hands, therefore, I lifted my head, looked in his face and said, "Not until I am well prepared. See my cabinet then;" we were in the library. "The best private cabinet in the state, except Dr. Prescott's, you know people say."

"Yes," still playing with my fingers and kissing their tips now and then.

"Well, I studied and experimented in arrangement a whole year to make it the excellent collection it is. You think my piano is a wonderfully good one now. And so perhaps it is; but I can assure you that it was a wonderfully bad one, once. And what if then I had undertaken intricate solos for the edification of my friends?"

He didn't say anything. He was done playing with my fingers; but he looked steadily in my face and listened.

"I would do as foolish a thing now, unqualified as I am, if I were to undertake housekeeping."

"What will you do then?"

"I will study with my might, and practice until I have learned how to make our home orderly and beautiful."

"Darling!" he murmured; and I knew by the

sound of his voice how heartily he approved and loved me for my plan.

"If I could ever find you: that is, if I could always find you when I come home at night!" said he, after a pause. "I always come feeling in a hurry to be where you are, to look into your face and hear your voice in speaking. I always have something that I want to say to you at once. But when I get here, you are so often in your chamber, or somewhere where I can't come near you! You will be here, Jenny, when I come? or I may call you?"

"Yes!"

"For, you see, there never was one so dear to another as you are to me. I can't understand it now, how I ever had any comfort without you."

December 10th.

So you see, good Dick, darling Nan, I am not blindly subservient even unto him. I would die for him though, if it were necessary. There never was a martyr who went to the stake with such willingness in him, who died with so little pain and shrinking, as I could, if I were dying for him. This I feel every moment, when we are together and when we are apart. Oh, and my life grows so calm, so dear to me!

Mamma blesses me, blesses Andrew Bell; and sighs, in her old patient way, only when she "wishes that Richard and his little Nanny were here."

Papa relaxes his business operations as the year declines and attends to us; reading to us and talking with us as we sit with our sewing. He sits close by me now, reading, his face beaming as if he were an angel.

Later.

"Papa!" I said, interrupting myself.

"What, my daughter?"

"I am telling Dick and Nan that you look like a good angel. And you do. I never saw any body so happy as you are, always." He smiled quietly, still holding his paper and covering my hand that lay on the arm of his chair, with his own.

"It makes me happy," I added, "that I have such a papa."

"And me that I have so great, so good a daughter."

I bowed my head to kiss his hand. My whole soul bowed and did him reverence; glad to do him reverence; counting it unspeakably better than the old erect, but, after all, rather lonely, rather heavy self-reliance.

Caroline White rides, takes long walks, rows her own boat, has her favorites, is as spirited and radiant as ever. But the old qualities of harshness, of defiance, are gone out of her. Her

head is no longer "a high head; her laugh is no longer harsh and obtrusive, as it used sometimes to be. She has on the contrary, delicacy, self-respect; respect toward others, women as well as men, in the midst of whatever she says and does. She blames her own part in the past; and says, that, in her old impromptu course, she acted out of a headlong, determined will, as often, to say the least, as out of the natural, spontaneous impulses of her heart. My love and delicate treatment cured her, she says; did what love and delicate treatment could have done any time along; what repulsion and blame could not do in a thousand years. She and Cochran drew more toward each other. They will be happy together, each strengthening each.

Jose Clement has gone a long journey; to Philadelphia and Pittsburg, where she will spend the winter with two old New Hampton schoolmates. We went to the cars with her, Andrew Bell and I. She wept and was a good deal shaken in parting; murmuring, in the midst of her kisses and tears, that "She did not deserve it of us; that she did not deserve anything of us, or of anybody." She has sent me a letter blotted with her tears, in which she says, "Oh, to go back where I was six months ago and live this

time over once more! Now would I guard my heart, my tongue, so that I might go through this whole life-time, not once cherishing malicious thoughts, not once speaking malicious words. You, dear, Caroline and others say, 'Never mind, it is all over now.' But it is not, Jenny! No wrong is, I am convinced, that we ever do. There it is, there is its stain upon the soul, and not all the waters of repentance can ever wash it away, making it just the same with us as if it had never been there. I long to say this to every woman in our land." I shall write to her and try to show her that even sin becomes a sublime agent of good, when it makes us look up to heaven, striving after a higher worth and blessedness than any we have known; when it makes us look round with sympathy among men and women, longing, striving to bring them to a true appreciation of what is really great and excellent in life.

Andrew Bell, ("Old Precious" I call him oftener than anything else) will come in five minutes. I am going down. He shall see that he does not interrupt my proceedings; that, on the contrary, I sit rocking, using my needle and expecting him. So good-bye, darlings,

JENNY STOUTON.

TIME.

BY CARRIE BARRETT.

Time's mystic fingers played amid the curls,
That youth's fair temples graced,
Decked that inceptive mind with Wisdom's pearls,
And bonds of virtue placed
Upon that heart, to shield those gems encased
Which make a joy of truth;
Time touched but lightly then as on he paced
Amid the dews of youth.

The changing breath of youthful fancies passed;
Realities' calm air
In clearness stared, Time then a furrow cast
And silvered o'er his hair—
He sighed that thus his youth, so rich and fair,
Had been an erring stage,
In gilding vanities whereon would glare
Infirmities of age.

Another came, and Time was faithful yet;
And others followed; all
Were like obedient as they rose and set
To His unfailing call.
He hailed alike their advent and their fall,
Their youth, their prime, their age;
The christening and the bridal robe, the pall,
Were single to each stage.

Amid the wreck of Winter storms he passed,
And o'er the frost-bound grave
Of Nature, trod with lightsome step, and cast
From out his soul a wave
Of vitalizing verdure, and it gave
To earth a genial breath;
But from this life and beauty none could save
The vital spark of death.

He bid the strength of nations wane and fade,
Their marbled urns turn grey
As memory's record paled; ev'n life he made
A subject of decay.
He held to all but one unchanging ray,
One changeless, fadeless bloom:
He knew no power, no space to dim the day
That circled o'er the tomb.

Tho' cities proudly moulder into dust,
And hills and rocks with age
Grow thin; tho' mausoleal towers from rust
Bear each an unmarked page,
And stand death's trophies while the monarch sage
In calm oblivion lie—
Those virtues born for an immortal stage,
Shall, living, see Time die.

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128.

CHAPTER XVI.

"SOMETHING to eat?" cried Madame De Mark, "what! my crucifix! Where are you going?"
"To my uncle's!"

"You have no uncle. It will be lost, bring it back. I have a shilling in the pocket of my dress—you shall have that, only give back the holy crucifix," pleaded madame.

"A shilling indeed. My uncle will give me ten times the money if I spout it handsomely—but don't fret, I'll bring you the ticket, on honor, and you can buy back your religion with some of the gold when it comes from the bank. Keep cool, old lady, it's my turn now."

"But you will not carry off my crucifix!" screamed the old woman.

"Won't I?" replied Jane, with a taunting laugh, "won't I? It may save you, but you can't save it: here goes, my fine old lady."

Jane Kelly turned back to utter the last tormenting words, and left the old woman in a pitiable state of distress.

"My crucifix, my crucifix, oh! she has carried off my soul. My strength is gone. The blessed mother of God has seen them carry off her son. I am nothing, I am crushed here in my own bed. She has given me over to purgatory, while there is breath in my body. I cannot live, and without the blessed crucifix I cannot die! Woe, woe, they have left me at last, a poor, miserable, weak old woman."

Here the cracked voice broke into moans and unequal sobs, between which came forth the plaint of "my crucifix—my crucifix!"

In about half an hour, Jane Kelly returned with a basket of food upon her arm, and restores of malicious cheerfulness.

"There, old woman, do you see this? plenty to eat and a sharp appetite. When would that miserable old image have brought so much in your hands, I should like to know?"

"But where is my crucifix? You have not sold it?"

"No—no—spouted it, that's all?"

"What do you mean? Who has got my

crucifix?" shouted madame, wild with terror and grief.

"A nice old Jew, who turned up his nose at your image, as if it had been a leg of pork: wouldn't believe it was genuine gold at first and made a reduction of twenty-five per cent extra on the value, because of the insult I had offered in bringing the image to him. I told him you would redeem it with a thousand dollars, rather than lose it. A thousand dollars you have, old lady!"

"A thousand dollars," muttered Madame De Mark, turning to the wall with a stifled moan "a thousand dollars. This wicked wretch has ruined me!"

"Why, you old hypocrite, I couldn't take less. Did you expect me to make a Judas Iscariot of myself, and ask only thirty pieces of silver. I ain't so irreverent a creature as that, anyhow."

"A thousand dollars!" moaned the old woman.

"Don't fret about that, mother. The Jews ain't going to give more now than they did in old times; the ticket says ten dollars; the heathens wouldn't raise another sixpence."

"Ten dollars—ten dollars—and all in her hands," muttered the old woman, "why ten dollars will last me two months, and she'll use it up in a meal almost. Oh! if I were but strong and well!"

"But you ain't strong nor well either, so just make the best of it and stop whining. I'm tired of it, let me tell you!" said Jane, peremptorily. "Hush up now and not another whisper!"

The old woman turned her face upon the pillow, and wept out her grief in silence; she dared not disobey her hard task mistress.

With a good deal of clatter and noise, Jane went about the room, kindling a fire from some charcoal she had brought in her basket, and setting out the broken dishes on the bottom of an old chair that had lost its back. An expression of almost fiendish satisfaction was on her face, adding to the repulsion which hardship and wickedness had already left there. She was evidently planning some new torture for the woman who had so justly earned her vengeance.

Directly the charcoal began to crackle in a broken furnace, that stood within the fire-place, and the fumes of a fine beef-steak filled the chamber with an odor that had probably never issued it before.

The famished old woman grew restless under this rich perfume. Her eyes gleamed, her fingers worked eagerly among the bed clothes. At last she forgot the loss of her crucifix and every other pain, in the animal want thus keenly aroused.

"Oh!" she said, snuffing up the fragrant smoke, as it floated over her, "how delicious it is! How I long for a mouthful. Jane Kelly, dear Jane Kelly, make haste. No matter if it is underdone—I like beef-steak any way. Just one mouthful, on a fork, Jane, while you cook the rest!"

Jane Kelly laughed, and turned over the steak, pressing it beneath her knife till the juice ran out upon the coals, filling the room afresh with its appetizing fumes.

"What are you laughing at?" cried the old woman, breaking into hysterical muttering. "I ask for a mouthful of steak and you laugh!"

"I laugh, of course I do. Is there any law against laughing, let me ask?—anything immoral in it? because I'm getting rather particular on that point, since I handled the crucifix. Why shouldn't I laugh, Madame De Mark?"

"Oh! you should. Why not? I could laugh myself at the thoughts of our supper. I could. I, I'm laughing. Come, come, be quick. I want something to eat. I am dying for something to eat!" Here the old woman struggled up in bed, and held out her arms, working her lean fingers eagerly like the claws of a hungry parrot.

"Well, I hope you may get it!" said Jane, cruelly, "I hope you may get it!"

"What, what do you mean?" faltered the poor woman, falling helplessly back on her pillow, with a look of pale horror. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. That I hope you may get something to eat, for if you have one mouthful from me, it'll be paid for, I tell you!" answered Jane, with brutal satisfaction.

The poor woman uttered a faint moan, and the gleam of her hungry eyes was quenched in tears of cruel disappointment.

"Oh! this is too wicked—you will not be so fiendish, Jane Kelly. If a mad dog, who had bitten you were as hungry as I am, you would give him something to eat!"

"Yes, of course I should. One cannot hate a brute beast enough to starve it to death. Besides they do not lock each other up for false swearing. Oh! yes, I would give a piece of this

steak to a hungry dog—or a hungry cat either. Here, Peg, Peg, come here, Peg!"

As she spoke, Jane cast off a fragment of the steak, and held it up at a tantalizing height above the eager cat, who mewed, and leaped, and quivered all over with impatience, to seize upon it.

Madame De Mark watched the contest with gleaming eyes. When she saw the fragment fall, to be pounced upon by the voracious cat, a sharp yell broke from her and she cried out, with the pang of a mother over her ungrateful child, "Oh! oh! how she devours it, while I am starving. Peg, oh! misery, Peg, how can you?" Again Jane Kelly burst into an unfeeling laugh.

"How much will you give now, old lady," she said, "for a piece of steak, like that which poor, dear, grateful Peg is tearing with her claws?"

"How much will I give? Oh! if I had thousands here, you should have them, only for the least mouthful. But you have taken my all!" cried the old woman, piteously.

"Tell me where the box of gold and jewels is, and I'll give you some," replied Jane, flinging another piece of steak to the cat, and preparing to seat herself before the broken platter, on which she had placed the larger portion.

"The box? The box? oh! I have told you. In the bank. I sent them there!" was the affrighted answer.

Jane divided the steak before her, and tearing out the heart of a white loaf with her hand, began to eat.

"Oh! Jane Kelly, how can you? Have pity, have pity. I am so hungry, Jane Kelly!"

"Of course you are, so is Peg, so am I and the poor chickens too!" answered Jane, rising with her mouth full, and playfully aiming fragments of bread at the open bars of the hen-coop. "It's human nature to be hungry!"

"Oh! it's against nature. I shall perish with hunger, with enough to eat all around me, every living thing mocks my want. See them eat—see them eat, the greedy, ungrateful wretches, see them, and I starving, starving, starving!"

The poor woman made a desperate effort to spring up and seize the food before her; but her head reeled, her limbs quivered, and darkness filled her eyes instead of tears. She fell back upon the bed with an impatient cry of anguish, which was rendered hideous by the eager munching of the cat and the satisfied chuckle of the hens, all too busy with their own wants for any thought of her.

"Come, come!" said Jane, more feelingly, "tell me where the box is, and you shall have a beautiful meal!"

"I cannot, I cannot!" moaned the old lady, "ask anything else, and I will. Do!"

"That box, with the iron clamps. Nothing more, nothing less, tell me where it is!"

"In the bank. I have told you?"

"It is here. I will have it within an hour, whether you tell me or not. But if I am obliged to search for it, the fiends may feed you if they will—not a mouthful shall you have from me!"

"Oh! cruel, cruel. What can I say? how shall I move you?"

"Tell where the box is!"

"I cannot—I do not know. It is at the bank—in the bank."

Jane sat down resolutely and went on with her supper. The old woman watched each mouthful that she swallowed, with working lips and eyes that grew fiercer and larger each moment.

"Oh, mother of heaven, I shall die!" she sobbed out at last, throwing her flail-like arms over her head. "Give me something to eat—give me something to eat, or I will tear you, tear you in pieces!"

Jane lifted her face and looked composedly on this burst of agony. Then without a word she went on with her meal. When she saw this tears began to stream over the old woman's face, when she heard Madame De Mark pleading piteously for a single crumb of the bread, or one little mouthful of the steak—"One crumb, one mouthful, she would be content with that—"

Jane still never spoke, but enjoyed her meal in stubborn silence.

"Do you hear?—oh! Jane, do you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear!"

"One mouthful, only one mouthful, dear, good Jane!"

"The box, only the box, dear, good madame!" was the mocking answer.

"Oh! will nothing but the box answer? Am I to starve?"

"If I am obliged to find it for myself, you certainly will!" said Jane, resolutely pushing back the chair from which she had been eating. "Now for a grand search!"

Her eyes accidentally fell on the hen-coop, as she spoke, and Madame De Mark, struck with terror, called out,

"No, no, do not disturb the poor things, they have done nothing!"

A suspicion instantly seized upon Jane. She advanced toward the coop, and stooping down was about to remove it from its place.

"No, no, stop, I will tell you, Jane. Give me something to eat first, and I will tell you about it."

"Tell me first!" persisted Jane, with her

eyes on the hen-coop, "tell me where the box is, first!"

"Will you give me food if I do?"

"Yes, as much as you can eat."

"Now? At once?"

"Yes, this minute!"

"But what do you want of my gold?"

"No matter!"

"You will not take much, enough to redeem the crucifix—no more than that?"

"Speak, or I will find it without your help."

It seemed as if the struggle, between habitual parsimony and the sharp demands of hunger, would never cease to rend that poor skeleton form. The old woman writhed upon her bed, in absolute torture, and yet her mercenary soul clung to its gold against the very pangs of hunger. At last she shrieked out,

"Give me food. Give me life, but do not take all!"

"Where is the box?" persisted Jane, steady to her point.

"There, there!" cried her victim, "remove the coop. Under it is a loose board. Beneath that you will find the box." As she ceased, the old woman fell to weeping and moaning over her losses.

Jane removed the coop, thrust aside a loose board, and found the box between the floor and ceiling.

"All right. Give up the key, old lady."

Madame held out a key, which had been concealed in her bosom, weeping bitterly all the time.

Jane opened the box, pushed aside the gold with her hand, and took out the tarnished jewel-case.

"I will not rob you, these are mine," she said, thrusting the case into her bosom, "and this," she continued, taking out a slip of paper, "this belongs to one we have both wronged, take your money, I have got all that is mine."

"Give me the gold—here, here, on the bed. Give it up, my gold—my gold!"

The old creature forgot even the pangs of hunger, in the sudden relief produced by the words of her enemy. She grasped out handful of the gold, and hugging it between her thin palms, kissed it eagerly before she would trust it back to the box again. A moment before she had thought it all lost, now she was laughing hysterically, and shedding feeble tears over what had been saved.

"Here is your supper!" said Jane, drawing the broken chair forward, and holding up the plate of food, "here is your supper!"

The gold dropped from her shriveled hands. For one moment hunger grew strong over avarice.

she seized the offered food with one hand, and direfully began groping after the gold with the other.

While she was thus employed Jane Kelly left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CARRIE.

BY ENNA EAGLESWOOD

We number just seven, their mother and I,
And five little blossoms, a gift from on high;
We have many sweet children to come at our call,
But our little Carrie is fairest of all.

Oh, like a young rose blossom gleaming with dew
Was she, when first opened her eyes of dark blue,
And over her face, 'mid the dimples, were playing
Bright smiles, that like her from her Heaven were
straying.

And as she unfolded a white lily sweet,
We chose for her flower, and oh, it was meet
A thing so exquisite her emblem should be,
So pure, and so fair, and so fragile was she.

A few light-winged Summers she gathered earth's
flowers,

Then faded like them from this cold world of ours:
She twined round our heart-strings, though severed
the chain,

What bliss to remember He'll bind it again.

She loved the soft strains that her young mother
sung,

When twilight around us its pale mantle flung,
She would toss back the waves of her clustering hair,
And glide to her arms as though Heaven were there.

She lay on her bosom one still Autumn day,
When the rich golden daylight was floating away,
'Mid the pomp of the brilliant clouds purpling afar,
Glanced out in its beauty the evening star.

And our voices murmur'd the sunset hymn
As the star waxed brighter, and earth grew more
dim,

And our child, like a snow-wreath pale and fair,
With her dark eyes uplifted soft murmur'd a prayer.

And we knew not the Death angel hovered near by,
Till his wings were o'ershading our evening sky,
And her voice, like a wind-harp's faint echo, was
heard,
And our hearts never more by its music were stirred.

How sweet was the promise that evening she gave,
With her tranquil "Farewell" from the Death river
wave,

"I go to the home of the angels afar,
To smile out of Heaven your own little star."

As the dew exhales from a newly-born flower,
As a star paleth out at the daylight hour,
As a snow-flake melts on a river's breast,
So passed she away to her early rest.

We bathed her pale hands with the tears that we
shed,
And we kissed the sealed eyes of our soft sleeping
dead,
And we folded her arms o'er her white marble breast,
She had gone with the star that look'd out of the
West.

Yet we deem that her spirit lingers near ours,
A link to that home that is fairer than ours,
She is here, our sweet angel, to cheer us in gloom,
To strew o'er life's pathway perennial bloom.

She comes when we gather our darlings around,
Ere slumber our eyes for the night hath bound,
With her smile like the gleam on a moonlight wave,
Our star 'mid the gems on the brow of eve.

And when on the wings of the soft chanted prayer,
Our souls float to meet her amid the blue air;
We would follow her flight to that evergreen shore,
And part with our Carrie in Heaven no more.

TO MEET MY BONNIE LASSIE.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

I'm waiting for the evening
To ope its dusky eye,
I'm waiting for the planets
To gem the smiling sky,

For then my bonnie lassie,
The one I love so well,
Will bound away to meet me
A-coming up the dell.

How wild my heart is beating,
 How swift its pulses play
 When zephyrus is sighing
 A soft farewell to day;
 For then I hie to meet her
 Along the happy dell,
 The bonnie, bonnie lassie,
 The lass I love so well.

Though care would rob existence
 Of half its smiling charms,
 'Tis all forgot whenever
 I clasp her in my arms—
 Forgotten when I meet her
 In yonder smiling dell,
 The bonnie, bonnie lassie,
 The lass I love so well.

The king may love the scepter,
 His jewelled fingers hold,
 The bard may love the muses,
 The miser love his gold,
 But all their love is nothing,
 Though love they ne'er so well,
 To mine for my sweet lassie,
 Who meets me in the dell.

I envy not the noble,
 They're not so richly blest
 As I when she is lying
 Upon my happy breast.
 Away with wealth and fortune!
 Their honors heavy prove—
 I only ask the riches
 Of my dear lassie's love.

Oh, happiness the dearest
 To me is richly given,
 Until I almost fancy
 That earth has changed to Heaven,
 Whene'er I meet my lassie
 In yonder silent dell,
 The bonnie, bonnie lassie,
 The lass I love so well.

To meet my bonnie lassie
 When labor's hours are o'er,
 And evening songs are blending
 In unison once more,
 Is aye the only pleasure
 My rustic heart requires
 To keep alive its feelings,
 And feed its hidden fires.

Then haste, ye wingless moments,
 I'm weary waiting here,
 My bosom burns to meet her,
 The lass I love so dear;
 Ay, burns with love to meet her
 In yonder smiling dell,
 The bonnie, bonnie lassie,
 The lass I love so well.

Bedecked with starry beauty
 Let evening come again,
 Smiling as she advances
 Across the dusky plain,
 For then a world of rapture
 Awaits me in the dell,
 With her, the bonnie lassie,
 The lass I love so well.

H E A V E N .

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

'Tis safe to walk the woods in Heaven,
 For there no evil beasts are found,
 No poisonous wind hath leave to blow,
 No serpents crawl on holy ground.

Nor lightnings blast the tree of life,
 That blooms beside that sacred river,
 Whose waters have the power to quench
 The thirst of those that drink forever.

No robber walks the golden streets
 In the blessed city of the Lord;
 Only their feet shall tread that place
 Who worship Him with one accord.

No sun upon that city shines,
 And no pale moon her lustre giveth,
 For He alone shall be its light,
 Who is, Who was, Who ever liveth.

Nor war's dread trumpet there doth sound
 The holy quietude to break;

No storms arise, no thunders loud
 The eternal hills of Zion shake.

When shall we reach those holy hills?
 When stand within His holy place?
 When shall we put the immortal on?
 When view our Father face to face?

From glory into glory changed;
 And in his image formed anew,
 Sealed with His seal, the heirs declared
 Of Him the only God and true.

Oh! then our ransomed spirit's free
 From sin's foul thralldom evermore:
 From death, from change, from every ill
 We feared upon this earthly shore.

Shall praise the All-creating Sire—
 Shall praise the All-redeeming Son,
 Forever as we lowly bend
 In worship at the Sapphire Throne.

MARRYING A "BLUE."

BY MISS CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

"MARRY a literary woman! No, not were it Madame de Staël herself. I detest the whole tribe of them."

"Pray, did you ever see an authoress? a real live 'blue?'"

"No, madam; and may it be long till I do."

"Some repugnance to that unfortunate class seems to be deadly seated. May I venture to inquire the precise nature of your objections to them?"

"A literary woman, madam is a monstrosity: a perversion of nature; a pullet aspiring to be party to a cock-fight: a hen turkey attempting to gobble."

"Major, such comparisons are hardly worthy of your gallantry. Certainly you might draw your similes from a more honorable source than the poultry yard."

"Madam, I trust I am not wanting in due appreciation of the sex. Bachelor as I am, I am not quite a barbarian. Women are decidedly useful in the world; I may say indispensable, when they remain in their own sphere; I repeat it, madam, *when they remain in their own sphere*," and the inflection of the major's voice was one of unmistakable emphasis.

A wonderful man was the major; portly in person, pompous in manner, positive in speech, and powerful not to say overpowering in argument. What, for instance, was the delicate, brown-haired, soft-eyed little individual before him to offer in controversion of his last position? Obviously nothing, and she wisely did not attempt it.

"The term 'woman's sphere' is variously used," was the meek reply. "Would you be kind enough to signify more definitely the meaning which you attach to it?"

"Certainly; your request is manifestly a proper one. A man should never use terms which he cannot satisfactorily explain. By woman's sphere I mean—ah—I intended to be understood as—of course I referred to—the usual employments of woman."

"Very satisfactory, sir; by the usual employments of women, you doubtless mean those in which most women are occupied."

"Certainly, madam: I think that is obvious."

"First then there is the kitchen round of duties: baking, boiling, stewing, washing, ironing and scrubbing."

"These of course in polite society devolve upon the servants."

"In many instances yes; but there is more than polite society in the world. Many a man marries a wife solely that she may cook his food, darn his hose, and keep his house. These duties then constitute *her* sphere."

"Certainly a woman of domestic habits is an invaluable treasure."

"There are women who by their position are exempted, in a great degree, from these servile duties. These give their time to music, embroidery, novel-reading and the like. They too never transgress the bounds of a woman's sphere, I suppose."

Major Boynton had an instinctive and invincible repugnance to pianos, worsted work and sentimentality, with which fact possibly Miss Fanny Buresford was acquainted. I admit this possibility in order to account for the very calm manner in which she received the rather sarcastic reply.

"No; these are all truly *feminine* employments; I presume none of the masculine species will ever invade the rights of the sex in that direction."

"Kitchen drudgery and parlor accomplishments considered; the peculiar prerogatives of the sex remain to be enumerated. Scolding domestics, scandalizing neighbors, and slandering professed friends."

"Surely, Miss Fanny, you would not ask a place for these vices among the privileges of women?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. Some definition of woman's sphere was, if I recollect, 'the ordinary employment of women;' and I confess what I presume you will not deny, that these things occupy a far greater share of most women's time and thoughts than do literary pursuits."

"Still, madam, I cannot but consider them foreign to the true sphere of woman."

"As foreign as scrubbing?" asked Fanny, innocently.

"Ah—ahem! Well, yes, properly speaking, I think they are."

"I think then we shall be obliged to alter a word in our definition, and instead of the usual employments, say——"

"The *useful* employments," suggested the major. "Useful is a good word, Miss Fanny, a very good word."

"Undoubtedly, 'the useful employments;' that reads excellently well. And now having expunged from our list of womanly duties and privileges these objectionable intruders, it will be well to find a substitute for them. You would not object to reading?—standard works I mean, not romances."

"Certainly not; woman is undoubtedly an intellectual being; she should improve her talents and capacities within certain limits."

"We will not stop to inquire how far such culture should be carried. Some might think it unnecessary to prescribe any bounds; but from receiving the ideas of others to imparting our own, the transition is easy and natural. And if a woman should become the originator of ideas, which if diffused might benefit others, you surely would not deprive the world of her tribute to the common good, simply because it emanated from a woman?"

The major began to see to what all this was leading; and with a "hem" and a "haw," and an uneasy and yet portentous look, he answered,

"Your remarks *sound* very well. The *theory* is all plausible enough, but we all know that theory and practice don't always go hand-in-hand. Just reduce all this nonsense about woman's rights to practice, and you see at once that it don't answer. There's nothing like the hard rubs of every day life to try these fine abstractions, Miss Fanny."

"Oh! I was not advancing any theory of my own, sir, I was only desirous of learning your ideas. Doubtless you are correct; you are so much more experienced than I. I confess that to my simplicity, the idea of a woman turning authoress has never seemed so *very* shocking."

"My dear Miss Fanny—I beg your pardon, but my friendship for your family must be my warrant for a little freedom of manner—I do hope you are not becoming tainted with ultra notions in regard to Woman's Rights." He bent a keen and searching look upon her. "If you were not so perfectly lady-like in your manners, if I could detect an ink stain upon your dress, or in short, if you were not so scrupulously neat in your attire and amiable in your temper, I should certainly suspect you of—being a blue."

At the beginning of this catalogue of her graces and virtues, Fanny had, unconsciously perhaps, protruded a little foot from beneath

the skirt of her dress, displaying thereupon a dainty, well fitting slipper, and a peep of something else which was certainly not *un bas bleu*, but sunny white instead, and upon this the major's eyes were now resting with an air of comfortable reassurance, while Miss Fanny replied laughingly,

"Thank you for your compliments, major, all the more welcome because so evidently sincere. I am not sure, however, that I ought not rather to scold you for entertaining any such terrible suspicions of me."

"Forgive me, Miss Fanny, my apprehensions were only momentary. Although, as I said, I have never seen any of these female ogres. I am certain I should recognize one at first glance. And you, I am very happy to say, haven't a mark of the tribe upon you;" and he surveyed very approvingly the sweet, pale face, with its clusters of brown curls, and the neat, white wrapper fastened at the throat by the simple band of jet and pearls.

She looked up into his face with a pleasant, but half quizzical smile, and answered, "I know one or two of these terrible creatures, these *femmes savantes*, and maybe I shall wish to introduce them to you some time; you must promise to treat them kindly, and try to overlook their peculiarities, won't you, major?"

"Your friends, Miss Fanny, will always be sure of respect from me; as for anything more, I can make no promises in regard to 'blue stockings.' And I warn you, my dear young lady, that the less you have to do with them the better," and bowing and courteously wishing Miss Fanny good morning, he left her.

When he was gone, the young lady seated herself in a great arm-chair by the window, and looking out through the leafy screen of roses and honeysuckles, watched the gallant major as he passed down the broad street toward his handsome mansion; and when he was out of sight, she rested her head upon her white hand, and with a smile and a little half sigh sat quietly musing

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. BURNSFORD, the mother of Miss Fanny, was a widow; her husband, Dr. Buresford, having died some ten years before the opening of our story, of disease of the heart. Afflicting as was this sudden removal of a beloved husband and parent, the blow was farther enhanced by the discovery that his affairs, instead of being, as was supposed, in a prosperous condition, was seriously involved: and a few months sufficed to show that from the wreck of his fortune, only a

Very small sum could be secured for the maintenance of his wife and daughter. Mrs. Buresford's health was too delicate to admit of any active exertion upon her own part for the increase of their little income; and Fanny, unable to leave her mother, to enter upon that sole resource of the educated woman, teaching, labored as best she might to eke out their scanty resources. Becoming at last desirous to leave the city, they had written to Major Boynton, who had been an old and valued friend of Dr. Buresford, and who had frequently, since their bereavement, placed his services at their disposal, desiring him to procure for them, if possible, some quiet, secluded cottage in his vicinity, where they might live in the retirement best suited to their means. The major, who, despite his pragmatical and sometimes domineering ways, possessed a heart full of kind feeling, generously offered them a pretty little house of his own, one of the pleasantest situations in Meadow Brook, rent free; and when his friend expressed some scruples in the matter, he urged his proposal with an air of determination and authority, which seemed to the gentle widow utterly irresistible. They had been scarcely a month domiciled at Brookside, when the conversation above related occurred.

Mrs. Buresford and her daughter were comfortably settled at Brookside, and had had some opportunity of growing familiar with the odd ways of their benefactor, when one day in June he knocked at their cottage door and desired to see Mrs. Buresford.

"He wants to see you alone, mamma," said Fanny, who had answered his summons, "he expressly said *alone*; what can be his object? I think he must be going to propose to you, mamma, for he looked more than usually imposing."

"For my daughter, maybe," said Mrs. Buresford, with a smile. "But really I almost dread to meet him, his very presence is so overpowering, and then his civilities actually crush one with a sense of one's own unworthiness. He never so much as says, 'How d'y'e do,' but I at once feel that I ought to be devoutly grateful that he troubled himself to ask. And yet he is really very generous."

"So he is, mamma, and I shall not allow even you the luxury of abusing him. But I do wonder what his errand is to-day."

"Oh! I suspect it is a business call. He told me the other day that 'if I would honor him with my confidence, and give him an insight into our pecuniary affairs, he did not doubt but he might be able to aid me materially in their manage-

ment.' He had the grace to add that women had so little comprehension of money matters, that he didn't doubt but our accounts needed looking over by some careful eye."

"The meddlesome, interfering man," laughed Fanny. "Why didn't you tell him at once that we hadn't the slightest need of his assistance. As if you and I, mamma, weren't competent to look after our little income. You really should have checked him there, mamma."

"He seemed so certain that there was an inextricable tangle somewhere, which no hand but his own was competent to unravel, and was so evidently bent on doing us a service, that I really could not well refuse to accede to his request."

"Well, thank fortune, he will be disappointed for once; and mind, mamma, you are not to hint anything about my affairs; he is only to give me credit for spending just what is charged against me on the books."

"As you please, my dear, but I really would like to let him know that you at least are not the imbecile which he set all women down to be. I really think a lesson would do him good."

"At your peril, mamma. All in good time it shall be done, but not now. There, you are looking very sweetly, and you must go down now, or the dear, important, punctilious old gallant will think we don't treat him with proper deference. He is not the man to be kept waiting, with impunity." And with an approving glance at her mother's smooth, silvery curls and black dress, Fanny opened the door, whispering as she did so, "Remember, mamma, you are not to betray me."

"If I can help it."

"Oh! it is the easiest thing in the world to evade him. It is a pity but I was his wife, I can manage him so capitally."

"Well, madam," said the major, deliberately, as he closed the little account book which contained the inventory of all Mrs. Buresford's worldly possessions, and the annual appropriations of her income; "well, madam, I see here little to correct. The precision with which you manage matters is truly creditable. Still I must say that the way you manage to live so comfortably upon your present income is still a mystery to me. I was confident that you were overrunning it daily, but things seem quite straight. I notice, however, that Miss Fanny's allowance, I beg your pardon, I speak as a friend, is somewhat less than I had imagined. She must add prudence and economy to her other virtues."

"She does indeed, sir. Fanny regulates all our expenditures, and herself keeps the account of them. You must excuse a mother's fondness,

sir, but Fanny is, I think, a remarkable girl. She has been a treasure to me."

"She would be a treasure to any man; that is, I meant to say, that whoever was so fortunate as to be—to get—to claim her as his wife, might consider himself—fortunate."

That the major should blush and stammer so over a very common-place speech was ominous. Mrs. Buresford thought so, and with a blushing cheek and a tongue which clove to the roof of her mouth, she sat in silence.

"I trust, my dear madam, that you have no doubts of the sincerity of my friendship," resumed the major, valiantly, his courage evidently returning, "and if—if an arrangement what I have to propose should not meet your approbation—or—your, or Miss Fanny's, I trust, madam, that you would—would place no misconception upon my motives."

"We have too many reasons to consider you our friend, sir, to doubt you without good cause."

"So I should think—should hope, madam. You are aware, madam, that I am—a—bachelor." The fact was notorious, and Mrs. Buresford only bowed and said, "Certainly."

"A single life has many inconveniences; and I propose abandoning it."

"Indeed," thought Mrs. Buresford, "he's going to marry a widow, perhaps, with a little girl, for whom he wants Fanny as a governess. She shall not go." Perhaps the thought threw a faint cloud over her countenance, which didn't reassure the major.

With a visible increase of embarrassment he continued, "As I was saying, madam, I intend to marry. It is my desire to consummate the affair as soon as may be—and—I have a proposal to make to Miss Fanny. I consider her a person of—of superior abilities as a housekeeper—and—and I desire you to ask—to present my compliments to her, and say——"

"What does the man mean?" thought Mrs. Buresford; "he is going to marry some young inexperienced girl, I suppose, and he wants Fanny for a housekeeper. I wonder how he dare think of the thing."

"Major Boynton!" she exclaimed, with some dignity, "my daughter, despite her poverty, is a lady."

"I am aware of the fact," said the major, perspiration breaking out in great drops upon his forehead. "I am perfectly aware, madam, that Miss Fanny is, as I said, as I always thought, a very superior person, a lady of distinguished abilities—in short, a prudent, economical, and every way admirable woman—and that, madam, that is the very reason why I wish her—why I

should desire—should desire, that she should favor my—my proposal."

"If I understand you, sir, you consider my daughter a prudent, practical sort of person, who would superintend your household affairs with discretion, and intending perhaps to take to yourself a wife incompetent to these things, you desire to engage my daughter as a housekeeper. Allow me to say, Major Boynton, that you have mistaken my daughter's position," and Mrs. Buresford rose with some dignity to leave the room.

"I beg your pardon, madam," gasped the major, with a very red face, "I implore your forgiveness."

"It is granted," said Mrs. Buresford, rather coldly.

"But you misunderstand me, madam, I am confident you do," and he extended his hand pleadingly toward her. "I desire to engage your daughter, not as a housekeeper, but as—a wife!"

It was Mrs. Buresford's turn to blush. She was vexed with herself and with the major, yet still secretly pleased, for Mrs. Major Boynton was a title to be coveted. "Why couldn't he have said it an hour ago!" she said to herself. And then more benignantly she replied to the nearly distracted suitor,

"I beg your pardon, sir, I fear I greatly misunderstood you. If you intend to honor my daughter with the offer of your hand."

"I do," parenthesized the major.

"You must allow me to entreat your forgiveness for my stupidity, and to refer you to herself for your answer. Excuse me one moment, sir, and I will send her to you," and Mrs. Buresford, glad of any pretext of escaping from the room, hastily sought her daughter's apartment, to give vent to her mingled mirth and vexation, and announce the major's proposed "arrangement."

Meantime that individual had wiped his forehead about twenty times to allay the perspiration, had newly settled his dickey, which was beginning to give disagreeable evidence of the warmth of his sensations, and by the time Miss Fanny made her appearance, he was really in quite a presentable condition; and inspired perhaps by her pleasant smile and the ease and cordiality of her manner, he succeeded in acquainting her with the state of his affections in a creditably brief and succinct manner. The lady listened with evident satisfaction, and with a blush which the major thought exceedingly captivating, the replied,

"It would be very strange, sir, if your generous

conduct toward my mother and myself, and the high sense of honor and right principles which are well known to regulate your life, had not impressed me with a due sense of the worth of your character. Under these circumstances it is impossible that I should not rightly appreciate the honor which you have conferred upon me. And I may add that mingled gratitude and esteem, to say nothing of love," and the smile, and the blush, and the happy glance which she raised to his face spoke volumes, "would induce me to consider your proposition very favorably, did it not exist an inseparable obstacle to our union."

The major, who, when he had met the look of that upturned face, had drawn a long sigh of relief, and actually ventured to clasp the little white fingers which lay in such tempting proximity to his—now looked aghast.

"May I inquire what that obstacle may be, Miss Fanny?"

"I regret to say that I cannot inform you of its nature at present. I can only assure you that it does not exist in my own mind or heart, but in your judgment. Had you known, sir, all that I shall now feel called upon at no distant day to disclose to you, you could probably never have honored me by this proposal."

The major begged and plead and protested all in vain. Fanny wouldn't listen to his declarations that there *could* be nothing in her to which he should object. She herself regretted it exceedingly, but she was confident it was so. If he would call on the day after to-morrow, she should be able to satisfy him.

The state of the major's mind in the interim the reader must imagine. As Mrs. Buresford saw him walking past the house at ten o'clock that night, an unheard of thing for the major, for he was always in bed at nine, she exclaimed, "Indeed, Fanny, you are too cruel, to torture the poor man so, I think he actually suffers."

"I hope he does," said unsympathizing Fanny. After a pause, she added, "to tell the truth, mother, I do think the dear, good creature has only one fault, all the rest are mere foibles. But he certainly does undervalue women, and it is my duty to rectify that while I have it in my power; I must teach him a lesson."

Early on the morning of the appointed day, the major, with a palpitating heart, repaired to the cottage. Fanny met him promptly in the parlor, and seated herself in a friendly way upon the sofa by his side. She held a book in her hand, and before he had time to make any allusions to the subject next his heart, she said, "I was just looking over a new book which was

sent me from town yesterday. It promises to be rather interesting. Shall I read some of it to you?"

The major was not altogether pleased with the proposition, but he answered amiably, "If you please, Miss Fanny." The truth was she sat so near him, without seeming in the least afraid of him, and looked up into his face with such a pleasant, winning smile, that he could not have refused her his eyes, if she had asked them.

Fanny commenced the story, and her clear, soft voice was music to the major. Gradually he became interested in the book, and stealing his arm around Fanny's waist, that he might the more conveniently look over her shoulder upon the fascinating page, and holding her little white hand in his, in order occasionally to express a silent but emphatic recognition of the force and beauty of the more striking passages, he became at last so absorbed in the narrative, (it was a novel, reader!) as to forget entirely that inseparable barrier to his happiness, which had risen so like a mountain before him during the last day and a half. Two hours they read thus before Fanny laid down the book.

"My dear Miss Fanny, you are getting tired, I see; how inconsiderate of me not to think of it before. But that is a wonderful work, a most extraordinary work, madam; undoubtedly the production of a genius. Do you know who wrote it, Fanny, I see there is no name on the title-page?"

"Yes, sir, I am acquainted with the author."

"Who can he be?"

"It is a woman, sir."

"A woman! marvellous. Who is she, Miss Fanny?"

"I, sir. I wrote that book."

"*You!* Fanny Buresford, my Fanny."

"Fanny Buresford, sir."

"Well, I'm not at all surprised, (of course he wasn't!) I always knew you were a most remarkable creature; a very extraordinary creature, indeed. But that book, why it is the greatest book I ever read. I'm proud of you, Miss Fanny; I am proud to be your friend," the major reddened suddenly with the recollection of the delicate position in which he stood, and added with a bow, "your lover, madam."

"Then you do not think it was so very improper for me to write a book?"

"Improper!" the one word was a sufficient reply.

"It was to eke out our scanty income that I commenced writing, you know, not from any thirst for fame," she said, apologetically.

"Most admirable woman, but I always knew

you were an angel. Fanny, I am aware that I am presumptuous; but you must forgive me if I renew our conversation of the other day, and beg to know what is that insuperable obstacle to our—to my happiness."

Fanny placed her hands within those of the major, and looking up with a tender, but a merry glance, she said, "What, Major Boynton, would you marry a literary woman?"

It was about a minute before the astonished man could recover his senses, after this unexpected question, and when he did, his first demonstration was of such a crushing nature that Fanny afterward declared, when Major Boynton, that just at that moment he had no expectation of ever breathing again. "Why, a Polar bear was nothing to him," she averred.

THE YEARNING.

BY N. F. CARTER.

ONCE a sunny-hearted maiden
With an eye undimmed by care,
And a noble spirit laden
With the beautiful and rare,
Of full many a radiant vision
Thronging o'er her inmost soul,
Yet regarding with derision
All her yearnings for the goal,
She would reach in all the gladness
Of her young and bounding heart,
There to banish secret sadness,
And the gloom its hours impart.

Such a maiden, though possessing
Gifts to bless life's pilgrim throng,
Loug'd to win the poet's blessing,
Tuning his immortal song.
Yet a melancholy feeling
Was the only good she won,
For she had no world-revealing
Of the glories one by one,
Which if painted for the wooing
Of some other heart or eye,
Might inspire some noble doing,
As a gift brought from the sky!

Yet she had his spirit hidden
In her inmost heart-recess,
Though it never spoke when bidden,
Never in its blessedness!
Language pictures not the shining
Imagery of angel-dreams,
Blesses not with silver-lining
Clouds that dim its shadow-gleams!
Therefore with all kindly yearning
Thus to bless with Heavenly art,
Saw she but its watch-fires burning
On the altars of the heart!

Yet in spirit-dreams an ever
Radiant day I seemed to see,
Blessing every heart-endue'd
To unlock life's treasury,
Gladly pouring forth unbidden
All its wealth of love and song,
All the glowing pictures hidden
In the yearning soul so long;
'Till I thought she caught the burning
Song by guardian-angels sung,
Was the real of her yearning
Where the soul is ever young!

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY MRS. D. PIDSLEY.

DRIVEN before the furious gale,
A bark was seen with riven sail;
On, on she sped, "a thing of life"
Amid the surging ocean's strife.

And booming o'er the stormy main
The signal-gun is heard again;
But none could breast the foaming wave,
That tempest-stricken crew to save.

The storm is hushed—the wild winds roar,
The ocean's surge are heard no more;

No longer peals the thunders crash,
Or glares the lightnings lurid flash.

And out upon the dark blue sea
The sun is shining cheerily;
No bark is there, no sail in sight,
The rippling waves are calm and bright.

But down beneath the treach'rous wave,
That gallant bark has found a grave;
Yet watching for the homeward bound
Still many a weary heart is found.

BESSIE KING'S ADVENTURE.

BY A. L. OTIS

Miss ELIZABETH KING, better known as Bessie King, a young Philadelphia damsel of sixteen, went to New Hampshire to spend the month of July with her Aunt Priscilla S——. Having never, in all her life, seen anything higher than Fairmount, or Laurel Hill, or the light-house at Cape May, she was blank with amazement when she found herself, one morning, after a journey in a misty rain, under an impending continent, nay! whole hemisphere—Mount Washington!

But her girlish sensations of wonder are, as Toots says, of "no consequence," and we proceeded to describe her "location."

Her uncle's house was in real New Hampshire style, and looked like a huge square wooden box, without porch or portico, or foundations, or anything to connect it with earth, set down on a field full of rocks and stones. In the dark you would have imagined it to be a barn in the midst of a very populous barn-yard, the boulders representing cattle, sheep, pigs, and innumerable chickens. A Pennsylvania mind cannot imagine it.

A few fir trees grew in this enclosure—tall, ragged-looking specimens, with their upper leaves and twigs whipped off, by the severe winds, and the bare ends of their boughs sticking out. But under their dense lower branches the greenest grass grew, happy in having a little shelter from the cutting mountain blasts. Standing close around the house like a body-guard from the invading storms, stood an orchard of veteran apple-trees, twisted, gnarled and broken, in a uniform of grey moss, and boasting only enough leaves to give a twinkling half shade on a sunny day. Enclosing this twenty-acre field, in which the house stood, there was a deep, dry gully, filled with stones, worn round like paving stones with rolling down the mountain side in spring freshets. They thus lived on an island with the dry bed of a stream around it.

Mr S——, a gentleman of wealth and taste, choose this residence for the summer, because looking up a ravine, it commanded a fine view of the summit in all its varied aspects.

He had been domiciled but one week when Bessie arrived, with such a store of wonder and admiration and enthusiasm to bestow, that her uncle was delighted to show her everything,

and excursions were the order of the day. The ascent of Mount Washington was made under the most favorable circumstances, and as they sat at the tea-table afterward, aunt Priscilla smiled with satisfaction.

"Now *that* is done for the season, and I'm glad it is well over," she said.

"Yes, it was delightful," Bessie replied, but with a tone of reservation in her voice.

"What more would you have had it, Bessie?" asked her uncle, much surprised at her first discontent.

"We didn't meet with any adventure," she replied, with a sigh. "Ah! I hoped so much from that ascent of Mount Washington."

"I am glad we didn't," said aunt Priscilla. "I dislike adventures, either you have to suffer, or come out loser or a coward, which is not dignified, or else you have to be a heroine, which I don't think any very modest woman would wish to be."

Bessie gave a hearty laugh; and she still, spite of the immodesty, could not help hoping to distinguish herself as a heroine in the eyes of her uncle and aunt.

Aunt Priscilla was a botanical zealot—or rather, a zealous botanist. She possessed, stowed away in herbariums, almost every flower under the sun, but the *Linnaea borealis*. This, she had heard, grew in these mountains, and she was eager to find it. But Mr. S—— hated botanizing, and when he was of the party, would by no means permit it. So once, when he was called to Boston on business, Aunt Priscilla and Bessie equipped themselves for a search after the wished for plant. It was a sultry day, Bessie wore stout boots, a skirt of brown linen, a basque of white lawn, and a large straw hat, one of those sea-side flats, excellent things for sheltering the shoulders, and keeping the whole person cool; aunt Priscilla took a tin box for specimens.

They had some miles to walk before they could hope to find the little mountain flower, and they set off early in the morning, taking crackers for dinner. Up hill and down they went cheerily, enjoying the fresh wood perfumes and admiring the wonderfully clear little gladsome brooks. Mid-day saw them sitting

on a breezy knoll, looking down at the swelling hills below, crunching crackers, and debating the chances of finding what they sought. They both refused to think of giving up the search before it was time to return home, which time they calculated to a nicety, allowing themselves, as was natural, much less time to descend the mountain, than they had taken in the ascent.

"What are those, aunt?" said Bessie, ever making the best use of her bright young eyes, and pointing to a meadow below them.

"Where, my dear."

"Down there, white things like toad-stools in a row."

"Those, my dear, are—they are—why do let me see—they can't be mammoth fungi, can they?" Aunt Priscilla peered and conjectured for a long time. "I have read of such, but only in tropical countries, grey-white, round, lifted above the grass a little, in a low situation, a meadow or swamp. I will write to Professor Bigelow about it. I am delighted, my dear, this pays me for not finding the Linnea. Let me note the place well, that I may go and secure a specimen. I hope we shall see them in perfection. These things spring up in a night, and are gone in a day."

"One of them is springing up now!" cried Bessie, standing up, and looking eagerly at them. Aunt Priscilla stretched her neck to see. "Why, aunt, it is moving about! there—it is shutting up. It shuts just like an umbrella, and what is that under it? Aunt, that's a *man*! yes, he opens his umbrella again, and sits down under the shade of that tree. That is very queer! I begin to suspect gnomes or something."

She looked at Mrs. S——, who seemed ashamed and disappointed, but burst into a laugh. "They are artists," she said. "I might have known it before, I see them so often pass our house with their grey umbrellas and paint-boxes. Ah, well! those fungi were, I thought, too gigantic for this climate. Come, let us look for Linnea again."

"But why do they hoist their umbrellas in the shade, and have them of that queer color?" Bessie asked.

"Oh, to keep the green reflections from their paper. Come, come, Bessie, since they are not fungi, I don't care to look at them any longer. They must be sketching the mountain, that's all."

The search was prolonged until the last moment, and then they turned reluctantly to go home, often stopping by the way to explore some promising place. It began to grow late.

"Oh, aunt, do you see those glorious banks of clouds, and the golden pinnacle shooting up there? How fast it rises! and why—where's

the mountain gone? I think we are in enchanted land, aunt, for the mountain behind us has disappeared in the sky!"

Her aunt looked back with a face worthy of Lot's wife, horror and dismay so covered it.

"That—that golden pinnacle is a thunder-cloud, and another hides the mountain! They will meet soon, and we shall be in the midst of it. Oh, Bessie, what shall we do? The very sound of the thunder in these rocks will frighten me to death. Let us run."

Bessie was as pleased as could be. She saw that the cloud flew faster than they could run, and they were sure to be caught. This looked like an adventure! Perhaps they would have to spend the night in the rocks and caves! They thought of forever after. Perhaps they would come to some old witches hut, and find her boiling her cauldron. Perhaps they might meet some fearful Kuhlborn, or some gallant knight. Here were a thousand chances for her to bewilder herself with. Meanwhile her poor aunt, pale and in the greatest anxiety, stumbled over the rolling stones, caught at the shrubs on the steep descent, and hurried desperately on. Every mutter of the distant thunder made her start and exclaim. At last the squall came—first a whirlwind, which sent the leaves flying like hail, and twisted twigs from the trees, snapped the ribbons by which the flats were held in front, and almost strangled the wearers with their own hat-strings. They could not advance a step: they held on by the trees, crouching down with their backs to the wind like poor, frightened sheep. The gust passed, and they stood up and looked into the blackness before and beneath them. Then came a blaze, and clap, simultaneously, like a cannon at their elbow, and aunt Priscilla fell backward against the hill. I will not say that Bessie's cheeks kept their color, or regained it when the roaring reverberations ceased, for another, and another clap made Mrs. S—— fear instant annihilation. She ejaculated prayer—expressed joy that she left no children to mourn for her, and burst into tears, saying, "What will poor Henry do without me?"

Bessie thought rather of the present, and begged her aunt to come from under the trees. They fought against the wind until they regained a bare rock they had passed. There perched like doves on an eagle's cliff, closely holding together, they endured the storm, raging wind, unceasing thunder, and rain in a perfect *donche-bath*. They almost thought they had by mistake got under some waterfall. But Bessie still, at the end of an hour, had a brave heart, and when the tempest lulled, declared she would

not have missed seeing the grandeur of it for twenty drenchings.

They began to descend again, but what toil it was! The mossy stones were so slippery they could hardly stand, brawling rivulets crossed their path at every step, boughs of trees lay in their way, and an eagle kept screaming over their heads. Aunt Priscilla imagined it waiting to devour them as soon as they should fall. Bessie suggested that perhaps its young had been blown out of the nest by the storm.

Now the clouds had entirely passed over, and the sun beamed on our dripping heroines. Their drapery was just in a state to suit a sculptor, and clung in embarrassing tightness to their limbs—all the starch being washed out of course. Bessie's face looked bright and rosy, her chesnut hair began to curl up into little frizzled ringlets, and the delicate contour of her arms and neck looked charming through the wet, clinging lawn. Aunt Priscilla's appearance was that of a half resuscitated drowned person.

Bessie pinned their flapping hats up in front like a palmer's, and they hurried on in quietness, only hearing the splashing, gurgling, and dripping of the innumerable rills caused by the shower.

They gained the last hill. They surmounted it. Why did they glance with such renewed terror below them? They saw that the deep, dry bed of the gully had become the channel of a roaring, foaming torrent, and they could hear the rolling of the round stones at the bottom like muttering thunder!

They were cut off from home, and very, very disconsolately ruminated on their situation as they walked. Even Bessie felt no pleasure in this circumstance, because she was not hard-hearted, and her aunt's despair was enough to spoil her sport.

When about half way down the hill, they heard behind them a strange noise—rattling of stones, plunging through bushes, rushing, shouting and laughing. Bessie, her young mind more familiar with romance than reality, thought it Kuhlborn and his crew of water spirits, viewless but not inaudible, pursuing their sports amid this riot of waters. Mrs. S— was in a fearful perplexity of terror, and did not know which way to turn. As it drew near, she plunged into the brake and pulled Bessie down with her, so that they lay hid. They soon found out the cause of the noise—the dozen artists they had seen sketching in the meadow, far distant on the other side of the hill. They had waited under the trees for the cessation of the rain, and now swept past in high glee, laughing, playing

pranks, shouting, jesting, in full enjoyment of everything. I suppose Mrs. S— wondered how such mirth was possible. In the very same circumstances, she was "sae weary fu' o' care."

She kept quiet until they had passed to some distance, and then she emerged. Bessie heard one of the artists exclaim, "Hurrah, boys, push on for that house, for there is the return storm looming over the mountain, and we'll catch it again!"

They looked back, those two forlorn women. Yes, the mountain stood out of blackness, and heavy clouds were rolling around one side of it, and rushing back to overwhelm them.

"Let us run, let us overtake those gentlemen. I cannot stand another storm alone," panted Mrs. S—, and they began the chase. But the artists were running also, and they did not reach the field near the gully until just as the last man, with the help of a long pole and running leap, sprang across it.

"Oh, save us, save us, gentlemen!" Mrs. S— cried, but not a sound of her voice reached them above the roaring of the water. They all moved on, but one luckily turning around, saw the ladies frantically gesticulating for aid. In a minute more they were all standing in the dusk on one side of the torrent, gaping in blank dismay at the helpless creatures on the other. It was a grave matter. No man could possibly stand in that deep, rushing water on the rolling stones—the women could not spring across. It was growing pitch dark with the storm and the late hour. They drew up into a knot, and debated among themselves. Bessie and her aunt stood patient and secure, never fearing in the least that they would be aided immediately. At last the whole body of artists moved away, just as the first lightning came and the rain began to fall. To be left alone again was more than Mrs. S— could bear, and she sank down almost fainting. "This adventure," thought Bessie, "is a great deal too long, and too terrible. Aunt, dear aunt, don't give up. Something will happen to help us." She was stooping to comfort Mrs. S—, who sat on the ground weeping very dolefully, when she heard a shout. There were the artists again, standing on the high bank opposite. They threw her a rope, but she could not catch it. The incessant lightning was the only light now, and it always seemed to fail at the right moment. Ah, now she had it. No. It slipped through her fingers. Now she had it firmly, and with help from those opposite pushing, she pulled across the high bank a long ladder. As soon as it was firm she said to her aunt, "I will try it first, auntie," and stepped

upon it. It was dark for a moment, and then a lightning glare showed her to the horror-struck men, and her terrified aunt, balancing herself over the torrent, her pretty arms raised in air, and her lithe figure bending on the swaying bridge. The flash was gone, and then ensued at least sixty seconds of darkness and intense suspense. Then a blessed gleam revealed her close at hand, and safe! That same gleam showed to her, standing on the bank, and held back by others, hiding his eyes with his hand, a person she knew well, and loved—how dearly! A moment more, and she felt herself clasped in strong arms, and heard a deep, fervent, "Thank God."

Her lover, Falkland, continued to clasp her to him, through the hurried question and answer of how each came there. He could not let her go, and the darkness concealed his foolishness as well as her blushes.

"I was searching for your uncle's house when I met those artists sketching in a meadow. Ah, I little thought for whom I was bringing that ladder! The instant of recognition, when you stood balancing yourself on it, was frightful. I can't bear to think of it."

In the meantime, aunt Priscilla was wringing her hands on the other side of the water, and the artists were shouting encouragement, and going on all-fours to intimate the way she should do it. She ventured; and when she arrived was picked up by a tall German and set upon her feet, which she could hardly keep so much did she tremble. All proceeded to the house, and around a huge fire the artists dried their wet clothes, drank hot coffee and had a hearty supper. They could not leave the house that night, but the next morning, with thanks and good wishes to the ladies, the jolly crew went on their way. Falkland remained, of course, and he enjoyed an after-breakfast walk with Bessie, who listened blushing and willingly to his "soft nonsense."

Her uncle arrived the same day, and when Bessie's adventure was related to him he laughed heartily.

"Is that enough?" he asked, "or do you want more?"

"Oh. It was a delightful adventure," she replied, "a delightful day altogether."

"But you didn't find the Linnea, only some ugly toad-stools."

"I will never go out with Bessie again," said her aunt. "I do believe she is an Undine, and yesterday's work some of her kinsmans' prank. No one but a water-spirit would have dared to cross that ladder as the rash girl did. It would have been the death of me if I had tried it. I dislike adventures more than ever."

"No wonder, Priscy," said her husband, "when you crawl out of them in that undignified way."

"I never thought of how I was going, I only thought of getting there," said Bessie.

"Yes, you fairy, you were anxious to take shelter under a toad-stool, I fancy."

"I thought those were strange fungi for this climate," said Mrs. S——, "but I didn't know what might grow in these mountains."

"Never mind the disappointment, Priscy," Mr. S—— said, "the next time you go botanizing, your husband will go with you to take care of you, and while we are searching for Linnea Bessie, no doubt, will keep a sharp look-out for toad-stools, or amuse herself with one of the mushroom aristocracy."

"What does he mean by harping on toad-stools?" asked Falkland.

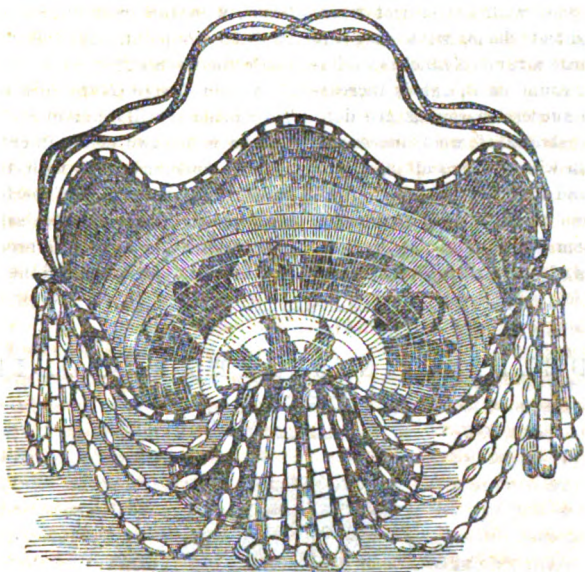
"Come, Priscy," continued the pertinacious man, "let us leave Falkland and Bessie to a botanical disquisition. I must tell you that I think her botanizing is better than yours, for what have you in your herbariums and hortus-sicenses worth comparing with her specimen of Fungus Falkland?"

EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



STRAWBERRY CARD-BASKET.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—Four shades of scarlet wool; four shades of green, white, and black; pale yellow crochet silk; crochet cord; wire; long white satin bugles; plain green ditto; and clear white O. P. beads.

Cover the end of the crochet cord with black wool, and form it into as small a round as possible. Do one round on it in black, covering the cord very closely. Join on the darkest scarlet, and do a round having in it 40 stitches.

1st Pattern Round.—Join on white and next scarlet, † 4 scarlet, 2 white on 1, † 8 times in the round.

2nd.—(Lightest scarlet and white.) † 5 scarlet on 4; 3 white on 2, † 8 times.

3rd.—(Lightest scarlet and white.) † 1 white on 1 scarlet, 3 scarlet on centre 3 of 5, 4 more white, † 8 times.

4th.—(Same colors.) † 2 white, 1 scarlet on centre of 3, 6 more white, † 8 times.

5th.—All white, increasing 8 stitches in the round.

6th.—(White, lightest scarlet, darkest green on one.) † 2 white, 3½ scarlet, 2½ white, 5½ green, (over 4) 3½ white, † 6 times.

7th.—(White, same green, next scarlet.) † 1 white, 1 green, 4 scarlet on 4, 1 green, 1 white, 1 green, one white, † 6 times.

8th.—White, next green, next scarlet.) † 1 white, 1 green on green, 2 scarlet on 1, 1½ green, 1½ scarlet, 1 green on green, 1 white on white, 7½ green, 3½ white, † 6 times.

9th.—(Same green and white.) 2 white, 3 green and white, which must be worked by covering the cord with the green, and doing the upper or finishing part of each stitch with white; 1 green, 1 green and white as before, 1 white, 1 green, 1 white, 3 green, 1 green and white, 4½ green, ½ white, † 6 times.

10th.—(Lightest green and white.) † 5½ white, 2½ green, 3½ white, 1½ green, 2½ white, (over 1) 5½ green, † 6 times.

The next round is white only, after which the greens are used in succession, from the lightest to the darkest.

11th.—(Green and white.) 2 white, 2 green, alternately all round, increasing eight stitches.

12th.—With this round begin to form the points. It is all in the next green, and one point is to be formed over every strawberry pattern, therefore there will be six in the round. Do six double stitches, holding the cord rather loosely; then sc until you come to the same part over another strawberry, and so repeat all round.

With the following shades of green enlarge

the scallops gradually, holding the cord loosely, and working in dc, two stitches in one, until perfect scallops are formed. Then one round of black and yellow crochet silk, two stitches of each alternately.

The upper part of the basket being formed, the stand is now done with the scarlet work. Begin with the lightest shade, work over the cord, and form it into a round $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Do another round on it, lightly increasing it. The three successive rounds are done with the following shades of wool, increasing each slightly; finish with a round of black and yellow, to correspond with the top.

Take a long stitch of black wool across each of the leaves, to form the veining.

Take three pieces of round wire, and, crossing

them in the centre, at the bottom of the basket, carry them along to each point, sewing them down. Then fasten on the stand.

Wind some of the silk round three wires, which plait into the form of the handle, and sew them on. Form twelve tassels of the O. P. beads, with the green bugles for drops, and put two at each point. Add three chains of white bugles between every two points.

In this design *half stitches* are mentioned. They are worked thus: our readers are aware that in using two colors in crochet, it is necessary to finish a stitch with the new color, to present the appearance of perfect stitches. By finishing the stitch with the same color, the appearance of a half stitch is produced, the upper half being in one color, and the lower in another.

MODELLING IN LEATHER.—NO. III.

BY MRS. GILBERT.

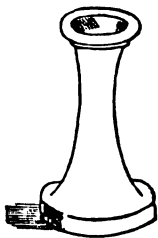


CABINET IN LEATHER-WORK.

THE Convolvus moulds are of three sizes, to suit the character of the work. The mode of using the moulds is simple; cut a piece of leather of ordinary thickness and due proportion, damp

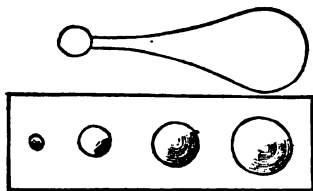
it, and place it on the orifice of the mould; take the pestle and well work it in with the right hand, keeping the thumb and forefinger of the left hand pressed against the edges of the orifice,

and occasionally strain the leather so as to have as few folds as possible; cut off the superabundant leather close to the outer edge of the mould,

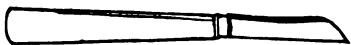


and remove the cast; a slight manipulation to form it into the natural shape will complete the process; when dry, it may be attached to the spray by gluing it to a stem left for that purpose.

GRAPE MOULDS.—Moulding the half grapes is an operation similar to the last; the mould consists of a piece of wood containing three holes of different sizes, and pestles to fit. Cut circles of leather of the required dimensions, damp them, and place them on the holes of the mould; then, with the pestle, work them in it for a short time; when taken out, place the cup thus formed



on the pestle, and model it more regularly with the finger and thumb; this done, take it off and proceed with others, and leave them to dry. The next process is to cut the edges evenly, and just brush the inside with glue; they are ready for use when required. This is the simple method employed for the purposes mentioned, and will serve for examples in moulding generally.



The Knife represented in the drawing is a very simple tool for trimming the edges of leaves and the petals of flowers. I use a cutting-board made of sycamore or pear-tree wood, about 12 in. by 8 in., and one inch thick. After the leaves and petals are cut out, place them on the board, and shave the edges on the wrong side of the leather as finely as possible; by this means the natural curl can be given, which adds so much to the beauty of the work.

The Scissors should be of the shape of the nail-scissors, but larger, and kept particularly sharp, or they will not cut the leather smoothly. The small Bradawl will be found requisite in many instances, the use of which will be apparent. The Nippers are adapted for cutting the pins used in the application of the work; these pins are manufactured for the purpose, as others will not bear the blow of the hammer. Having glued the backs of the leaves and applied them to the frame-work, drive in the pins to keep them in position: when the glue is set, the pins may be withdrawn, excepting at the extreme points of the work, where they may be cut off as an additional security.

The stems of the smaller description of flowers and sprays are only tightly rolled leather; but the larger stems, as the Thorn, Vine, &c., have wire of a suitable thickness inserted. The flowers composing the groups in the Cabinet (see engraving) are Roses and buds, a Dahlia, Chrysanthemum, Poppy and Wheat, Convolvulus and spray, Tulip, Brugmansia, and Jonquille. Roses of various kinds are, perhaps, used more frequently in the work than any other flower; indeed, a frame of Roses and Thorns is one of the prettiest designs. All flowers of circular form should have the petals cut as the pattern united in the centre; the petals to be many or few in each circle, as the flower may require. The petals are moulded in the palm of the hand with the large size grape-mould, and the whole flower is composed of several circles of leather decreasing in size as the cup is formed; the leaves and stem of the rose to be cut out of one piece of leather, and the flower attached in the same manner as the Convolvulus.

The best mode to obtain proficiency is to procure a good model of the flower, which, if necessary, may be taken in pieces, and by this means it would be almost impossible to err, and the object would be gained much more readily than by any other means. The Dahlia and Chrysanthemum are formed, as in the case of the Rose, with a succession of circles, but requiring more care and practice in the formation, as they are more difficult to procure. I shall reserve the explanation of the mode of modelling them to the next number, as it will require very minute directions, and will occupy more space than this notice will admit of; particularly as I should wish to give illustrations of the forms of the petals in the course of manipulation. I shall also endeavor to give careful directions respecting the mode of coloring, which process I intended to have left to a later stage; but I am induced to alter my views, in consequence of seeing so much work spoilt in this operation.

LITTLE BOY'S SACQUE COAT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

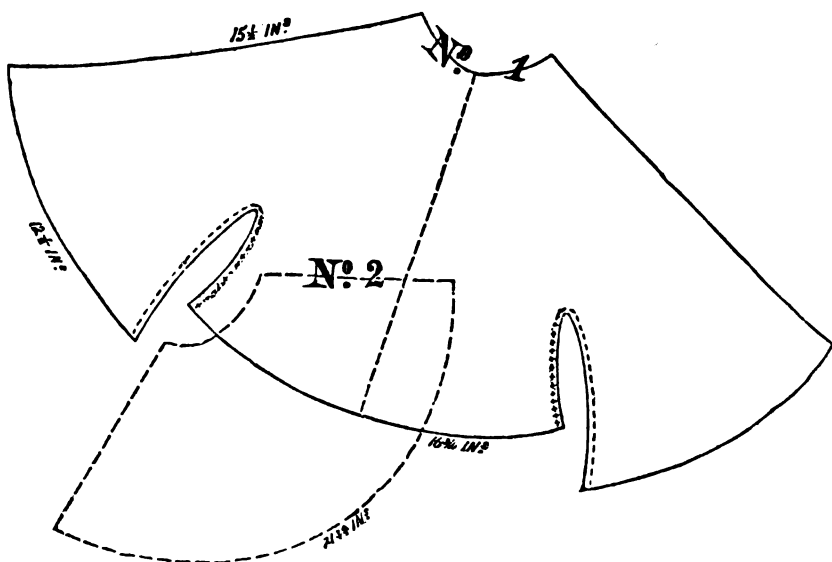
We give, this month, a diagram for cutting a little Boy's Sacque Coat, suitable for fall wear. It is exceedingly simple, so that any mother can make it, with the aid of our pattern; yet it is neat, and even pretty, as may be seen from the cut.

This little garment is made of white quilting and trimmed with several rows of fringes and buttons.

No. 1. Half the cloak; it being formed of two parts just alike, joined together by a seam down the back. The bent line shows the fold of the shoulder and of the sleeve.

No. 2. Collar of the cloak.

This mantelet is to be made of either embroidered muslin or silk. It is trimmed with a deep flounce of the same material as the mantle itself. The flounce should be about three yards and a quarter long to go round the mantle, ten inches deep from the point to the shoulder seam, and diminishing in front to six inches.



ART IN SPORT.—NO. II.

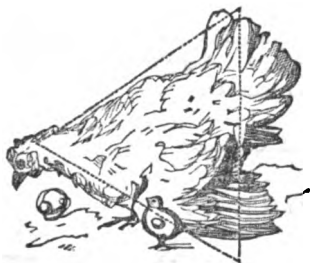
BY H. J. VERNON.

We gave, in our last, directions, with accompanying diagrams, for drawing within the oval. We now give similar guides for drawing within a triangle, another of the standard forms in which Nature moulds all objects.

Observe in the annexed cut how naturally, though unconsciously, the girl seats herself within the triangle.



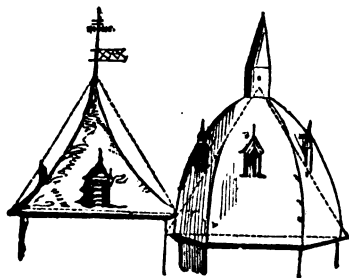
Also here, how the hen, with her brood, comes within the same figure.



A moment's reflection will show, that from the little nymph in the cut to the great pyramid,

everything that rests solidly upon the earth must take the form, more or less, of this broad-based tapering figure. Roofs of houses, churches, and towers, are all triangular in their form, as are all great trees, differing from each other only in the width of their angles.

First, construct a triangle. This is done easily enough, but the following directions may not be needless for some. Draw a straight line for a base of any length. If you wish to form a rectangular triangle, i. e. one of which the three sides are equal, divide this base line by two, and at the point of division set up an upright line; then from each end of the base line slant against



the central upright line one the length of the base. These, of course, will meet at the top, and the triangle is formed. Any other triangle may be formed in a similar manner, the length of the sides being entirely at the choice of the artist.

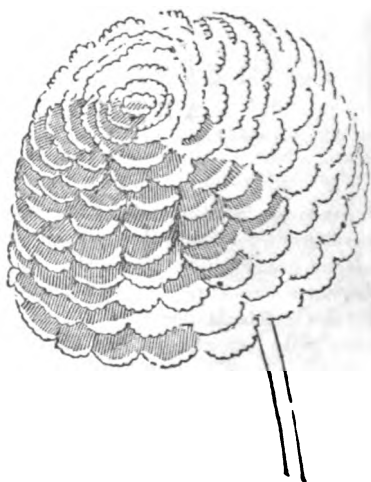
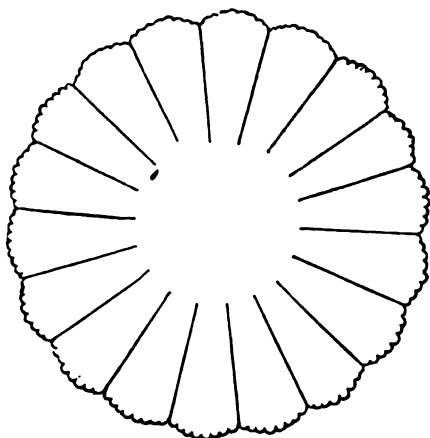
Having made your triangle, trace it according to former directions, and from the examples, look around you for others, and make various exercises upon this foundation.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING RANUNCULUS.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

MATERIALS.—Yellow tissue paper, wire, wax, sprays, &c. Cut ten of fig. 1, crimp each leaf of the petals with pincers: cut a piece of wire of sufficient length for the stem, bend down one end and fasten a small piece of wax to it: then string each petal on to this, the first two or

three should be pressed closely to the wax to prevent it from showing. For the Shaded Ranunculus cut out the petals a number of them together, dip the edges first in spirits of wine, and then in liquid carmine of the desired shade.



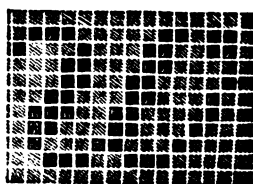
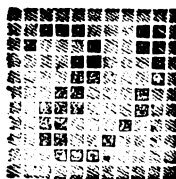
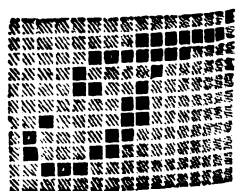
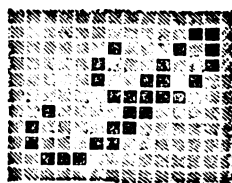
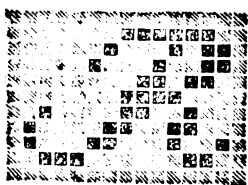
* **MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 32 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

BRAIDED SLIPPER.

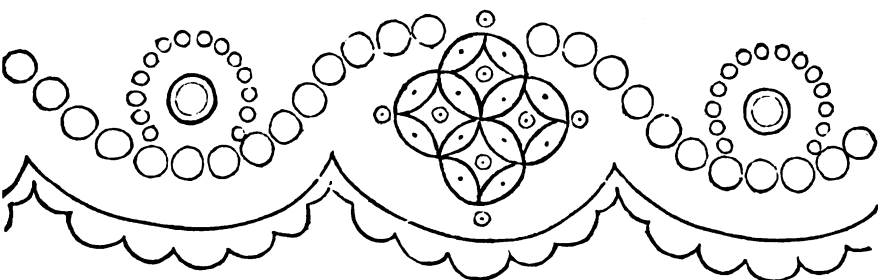
BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—Black, dark blue, or green velvet; gold, black, green, blue, or red braid. It is worked on the velvet with braid of the same color, or with gold braid. On black velvet, blue, green, or red braid might also be used. Pattern in front of number.

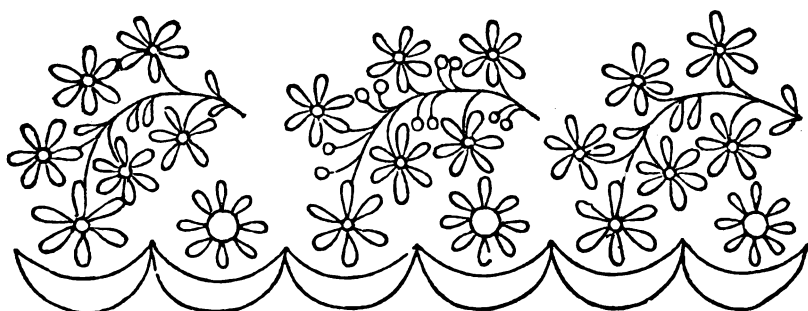
LETTERS IN CROCHET.



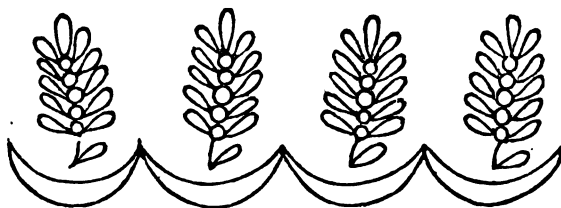
PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



EDGING FOR PETTICOAT.



EDGING FOR PETTICOAT.



EDGING FOR PANTALETTES.



SPRIGS FOR FLANNEL.



BAND FOR CHEMISE.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHAT ABOUT HOOPS?—Some of the newspapers are making themselves very merry on the subject of hoops. They say that a gentleman can no longer give a "ladye-fair" his arm, or walk the streets without having his limbs skinned by running against ladies' hoops. Doggrel verses and would-be satirical paragraphs crowd the press, the subject being always the eternal hoop. In fact, the hoop monopolizes, with the Presidential election, the attention of every body.

On the abstract question of voluminous skirts we have nothing to say, except that it seems to us altogether a matter of taste, whether women shall wear the scanty, gored skirt, which our grandmothers did at the beginning of the century, or the bell-like one which was in fashion a century ago and has now come again into vogue. But there can be no doubt, that, so long as wide and expanded skirts are to be worn, it is altogether healthier to puff them out with a light hoop than with half-a-dozen starched cambrie petticoats, as has been the habit until lately. Physicians are now agreed that a fertile source of bad health with females is the enormous weight of the skirts formerly worn. The hoop avoids this evil entirely. It also, if properly adjusted, gives a lighter and more graceful appearance to the skirt.

Probably the most sensible fashion would be a skirt, moderately expanded, to be worn with a hoop. When ladies wear a skirt of such amplitude, that they can neither get into a carriage, nor enter a pew-door, there is, it must be conceded, some ground for the witticisms of the press. Ladies of the best taste neither *exaggerate*, nor *avoid*, the fashion. They follow it, because not to do so would make them look odd; but they never go beyond it, because that creates too much notoriety, a thing every well-bred woman wishes to avoid.

FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCE.—The Baltimore Weekly Sun, one of the very best papers published south of Mason and Dixon's line, defends the ladies, in a late editorial, against the accusation of being more selfish and extravagant than the men. It does not deny that many women are needlessly extravagant; but it contends that fewer are so than is generally supposed:—and then it proceeds in the following strain, which expresses precisely what we have often thought on the same subject.

Yet the fault is not all on one side. If ladies love choice laces, gentlemen like fine cigars. From the day laborer, who will have his beer and tobacco, up to the rich citizen, who drinks costly wines or drives fast trotters, self-gratification is the rule with men rather than the exception. Many a husband, who swears when he receives his wife's bill for gloves, spends twice as much on oysters for himself. Bil-

liards, suppers and sporting excursions consume their proportion, at least, of the family income. In justice to woman, too, it must be admitted, that, while her prodigality arises from the desire to look lovelier, *which is but the instinct of her sex, to render herself more pleasing to man*, the extravagance of man, on the other hand, springs generally from a selfish desire to gratify his appetite or pander to a morbid love of excitement. At most, vanity is more pardonable than gluttony or drunkenness. Women squander money on show; man wastes it on wine or horses. We rarely hear the stronger sex denouncing the weaker as spendthrifts without saying to ourselves, "take first the beam from thine own eye."

To what do these words tend? Not to increase recriminations between man and wife, but to foster mutual forbearance and self-denial. We wish to impress on our readers that there is no station, however exalted, no condition, however poor, in which one sex does not often gratify its vanity or appetite at the expense of the other. Sometimes it is the wife who is selfish and spends more than her share; but quite as often it is the husband. Custom, however, has warranted the latter in complaining of extravagance, while the same custom has closed the mouth of the former, till half the world thinks woman has no cause to complain at all. We justify neither. We say both, as a general rule, squander too much. But we maintain that if husbands, instead of swearing at their wives' bills, would show the example of economy by reducing their own selfish expenses, the female sex would not be long in being shamed into retrenchment. The last vices a man sees are his own. If some of us would look at home, instead of abroad, we would prate less about extravagance.

A NEW STYLE OF A "BAS BLUE."—A weekly cotemporary tells a good story of some fashionable ladies, in Berlin, who lately attended a lecture on chemistry. When the lecture was over, a gentleman, going out with his wife, exclaimed, "Mary, do look at yourself, you are—" He broke off laughing. "What, sir?" the wife asked, impatiently. "Quite blue," said he, leading her to a mirror, which stood in the entrance hall. The rouge upon her cheeks had been turned to blue, by the chemical decomposition which had taken place under the influence of the gases, generated during the lecture. With a pocket-handkerchief she removed all trace of the accident, and then took up her place at the door to observe the appearance of the rest of the visitors. Such a sight! Many of the ladies came out all sorts of colors—yellow, blue, violet and black; and one or two of them, whose vanity induced them to carry at once ivory on the skin, red on the cheeks, coral on the lips, and black on the eyebrows, were transformed in such an extraordinary manner that a parrot might have been jealous of them. Next morning the *Atad-derdatch*, a satirical journal of the city, published an article with the curious title of *The Berlin ladies painted by themselves*. "We are assured," adds our cotemporary, "that chemistry has been known to produce such results as these in other places than Berlin."

"I WAS YOUNG ONCE, CHIL'LEN."—The following is so inexpressible, when we first read it. Many of our fair readers, perhaps, will be equally touched by its simple pathos.

A beggar's tottering form,
With locks as grey as dust,
Moved down the city street,
Munching a mouldy crust.
Some children followed her,
Mocking her lagging tread;
"I was young once, chil'len,"
Was all she said.

They laughed her hood to scorn,
They plucked the tattered skirt,
And in her broken basket
Threw stones and dirt;
Tears dimmed her faded eyes,
She bowed her aged head;
"I was young once, chil'len,"
'Twas all she said.

She sinks upon the curb,
And down her skinny hand
The tears fall blindly,
The curious children stand;
Had these grey locks been brown?
Those seamed cheeks white and red?
"I was young once, chil'len,"
She sobbed and said.

"I was young once, chil'len,"
How time means through that tide!
A cradle and a coffin,
Bringing side by side;
A mother's white bosom,
And the edges of a tomb—
The sunlight of morning,
The midnight of gloom.

The crone raised her basket,
And tottered as before—
The children, hushed to silence,
Troubled her no more;
But they whispered in the household,
"How sadly she said,
'I was young once, chil'len,'"
And crept to bed.

EDITOR'S SWEETHEARTS.—The editor of the *New-York (Ind.) Tribune* has the following:—

We notice an article in it about editors receiving *Peterson's Magazine*, in which it is said that those individuals acquire much of their popularity among the gentler portion of creation, from the fact that they loan their Magazine. Now, we respectfully beg to demur. We have suddenly become unpopular among the ladies, and that because we could not loan our "*Peterson*" to them all at the same time. So such as have been disappointed this time, we say, subscribe for this excellent Magazine, or make your ears do so. It only costs \$2 per annum in advance, and is the best Lady's Book extant.

A happy man is that editor! Crowds of ladies besieging his office, and pouting because he can't lend "*Peterson*" to all. If he is unmarried, he has the pick of the town. We wish—but it won't do to wish.

"CHILDREN IN A STORM."—Our line and steel engraving, in the August number, was universally popular. The one in this number, "*Children in a Storm*," a mezzotint, will be even better liked.

BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS.—Few appliances for the toilet have become so popular, in so short a time, as the "*Balm Of A Thousand Flowers*." Part of this is due to the merits of the cosmetic itself, but part also to the energy of Col. W. P. Petridge, the proprietor. This gentleman, we understand from a cotemporary, has expended nearly sixty thousand dollars, during the current year, for advertising. That's the way: find out a good thing, and then let people know about its virtues and where it may be had: and a fortune is certain. Col. Petridge, already, as the "first fruits" of this advertising, is selling ten thousand bottles daily. Yet, considering that there are seven or eight millions of women, in the United States, this is but a tithe of what he will sell in time; for no sale, however enormous, can exceed the merits of "*The Balm*."

TO THE POINT.—There is no waste of words in what the *Chataouque* (N. Y.) Democrat says of our July number. "*Peterson for July*," it writes, "rich and sparkling is before us. This is the cheapest Magazine in America. It gives more thrilling tales, excellent poetry, good music, and splendid engravings than any other monthly, with which we exchange."

WHAT IS A COQUETTE?—A young lady of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than grace of mind; more admirers than friends; more fools than wise men for attendants.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan, in the years 1852, 1853, and 1854. Under the command of Commodore M. C. Perry, U. S. Navy. By order of the Government of the United States. Compiled from the original notes and journals of Commodore Perry and his officers, at his request and under his supervision. By Francis L. Hawks, D. D., L. L. D. With numerous illustrations. 1 vol., royal 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is the long expected history of the Japan expedition, which Congress ordered to be prepared shortly after Commodore Perry's return. It has been compiled by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, assisted by Robert Tomes, Esq., M. D., principally from the journal of the commodore, though use has also been made of the journals and reports of Bayard Taylor, Mr. Jones, Captain Abbott, and others connected with the expedition. It makes a handsome volume of more than six hundred pages, is printed on superior paper, and contains several fine steel plates, besides a vast number of graphic wood engravings. Thus, its literary, typographical and pictorial merits are first-rate. Moreover, as nobody was allowed to accompany the expedition, who did not agree to withhold the publication of any journal he might keep, until

after the government work should be issued, this is consequently the first full and authentic account of the visit to Japan, the transactions there, and the manners of the people, which has yet appeared. Nor is it probable that any book equally elaborate, narrating these events, will ever appear. The present work is, therefore, indispensable to all persons, who pretend to have libraries, or even wish to obtain information from original sources. The volume also contains a large amount of information respecting the *Lew Chew* islands, which, until Commodore Perry visited them, were comparatively unknown. Every line of the work was read, by the Commodore, after it had been compiled, and subsequently in the proof-sheets; and he has authenticated it, in a preliminary note, in which he makes himself responsible for every statement of fact it contains. Price, in cloth, \$5.00.

Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. 2 vols., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—This is another of Peterson's "Illustrated duodecimo edition of Dickens." It is printed with new type, on fine white paper, on a page of the same size as the "Pickwick," which was noticed in our last; and contains more than forty illustrations on steel, after designs by the inimitable Cruikshank. "Nicholas Nickleby" has always been ranked, by the best critics, as one of the ablest novels by "Boz." The characters of Ralph Nickleby, Smike, the Crummelses, Mrs. Nickleby, and Quilp, though all different, and though running over nearly the whole gamut of human nature, are all drawn with the nicest discrimination and truth. Even those, who do not desire the whole series, will find this the really cheapest edition of "Nickleby;" for the old adage is right after all, that says it is always cheapest to buy the best article. But we advise everybody, who is an admirer of Dickens, to purchase the whole of this duodecimo series, especially as the separate fictions come out, at intervals of a month or two apart, so as to distribute the expense over a greater period of time. Price, in cloth, \$1.25 per volume.

Clara; or, Slave Life in Europe. From the German of Haklander. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This novel comes to us highly recommended by Sir Archibald Alison, the well-known British essayist and historian. It is a work of considerable merit, though over-rated, we think, by Alison. Perhaps, the reason for this is that there are few good novelists in Germany, and that Alison has compared Haklander with his countrymen rather than with novelists generally. Apart from its literary merit, "Clara" is interesting for the picture it gives, which we are assured is reliable, of the social degradation of the masses in many parts of Europe. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

The Orphan Sisters. Edited by Mrs. Marsh. 1 vol. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—An agreeable novel for summer reading, printed in double column octavo, cheap style, paper cover. Price thirty-eight cents.

Memorials of his Time. By Henry Cockburn. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—The author of these interesting reminiscences is Henry Lord Cockburn, favorably known, in literary circles, as the biographer of Lord Jeffery. The reminiscences extend back for nearly seventy years. As a picture of manners in the Scotch capital, as a repository of capital anecdotes, and as a store-house of facts concerning the author's many eminent contemporaries, they are of great value. The book has had a remarkable success in England. In fact, it combines useful information with agreeable reading, in a way to make it permanently popular. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

John Halifax: Gentleman. By the author of "Olive," &c. 1 vol. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A novel of unusual ability. The hero is a poor orphan, who rises, by the force of his own ability, from positive indigence to wealth and position. Ursula, his wife, though a gentlewoman, marries him, in spite of the prejudices of caste, which are so strong in England: and is a noble delineation. Of all living female novelists, the author of this fiction is, perhaps, the best, and "John Halifax" of all her novels is one of the most intensely absorbing. The volume is an octavo, double column, paper cover. Price fifty cents.

Western Africa: Its History, Condition, and Prospects. By Rev. J. Leighton Wilson. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this work labored, for eighteen years, as a missionary in Western Africa. He is, therefore, peculiarly competent to describe that country. We find the book to be one of extraordinary interest. The philanthropist, the Christian, the ethnologist, the geographer, and the man seeking general information, will each all discover more or less of value in the work. Numerous illustrations embellish the volume. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

The White Chief. A Legend of North Mexico. By Capt. Mayne Reid. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Dewitt & Davenport.*—This is one of those stirring tales of frontier life, which no man living writes as well as Capt. Reid. From the first chapter to the last, the most breathless interest is kept up, so that the reader is hurried along resistlessly as if borne on some rapid river. The characters come boldly out. Carlos especially, as well as Catalina, being drawn with a free, vigorous hand. Several graphic illustrations adorn the volume. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

The Martins of Cro' Martin. By Charles Lee. 1 vol., 8 vo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A new novel, by that felicitous delineator of Irish life the author of "O'Malley." The time chosen is immediately after the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Bill in 1828. The work is equal to the best of his former fictions, if we except "O'Malley" as the "Dodd Family Abroad." The Harpers publish it in cheap style, in a double column octavo. Price in paper, sixty-two-and-a-half cents.

the Humorous Poetry of the English Language, as Chaucer to Saxe. With Notes Explanatory Biographical. By J. Parton. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Mason & Brothers.—The design of this publication, as stated in the preface, is to give the of the shorter humorous poems of England America, except such as are too local a character or too free in expression, or too familiarly known. The task has been executed with industry and taste. The work is extant, in the language, which gives so comprehensive a view of its humorous poetry. The volume contains nearly seven hundred pages. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

Robert Graham. A Sequel to "Linda." By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.—All who have read "Linda" will be naturally eager to get this book, which is not less interesting and gracefully written than its predecessor. The edition is a very handsome one, the handsomest that has ever been issued, and does great credit to the publisher. On our cover, this month, will be found an advertisement, by Mr. T. B. Peterson, of the whole series of the late Mrs. Hentz's novels, to which we call attention. The price of "Robert Graham," bound in cloth, is \$1.25.

11 New Chapter in the Early Life of Washington. In connection with the Narrative History of the Tomac Company. By James Pickall. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The services of Washington, as one of the pioneers of inland navigation, are not recognized as they ought to be. It is the purpose of the present volume to set public opinion right on this subject. The author has executed his task with skill and industry. Price, cloth, \$1.25.

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PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

DUMB MOTIONS.—One person leaves the room, while the others fix on some trade, which they intend to represent by their actions when the absentee returns. Perhaps the dry-goods business is the one chosen; one measures off yards of ribbon, another is a customer, purchasing gloves, a third displays a variety of shawls, and seems to be recommending them to customers; and others can pretend to lift boxes of goods from a shelf behind them and throw them on the table, which serves as a counter.

Or suppose farmers are to be represented; some turn down the chairs and push them before them as if they were ploughing, others might swing their arms as if swinging scythes, and others with a stick can pretend to be toeing hay.

Or masons; some can be mixing mortar in the centre of the room; while on one side there are some

trying to climb ladders, and on the other side, each have a book in their hands as a trowel, spreading mortar, &c. Or if a carpenter is chosen; some can be driving nails, others with one knee on a chair, are moving their arms as if sawing and some planing the tables. If all sit cross-legged and are busy sewing they are meant for tailors; or if mixing bread and one with a shovel is putting the loaves in an imaginary oven, they may be known as bakers.

There are many other trades which could be acted out, such as cabinet-makers, cobblers, painters, grocers, dressmakers, &c.

When the one who has withdrawn returns, it will be his, or her, duty to name the trade represented in this dumb manner by her companions. No word must be spoken during the representation of the trade, and when it is guessed another person leaves the room.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

French Way of Making Coffee.—Let your coffee be dry, not in the least mouldy or damaged; divide the quantity that is to be roasted into two parts; roast the first part in a coffee-roaster, the handle must be constantly turning until the coffee becomes of a dried almond color or bread raspings, and has lost one-eighth of its weight; roast the second part until it becomes the brown color of chestnuts, and has lost one-fifth of its weight; mix the two parts together, and grind them in a coffee-mill; do not roast or make your coffee until the day it is wanted. To two ounces of ground coffee put four cups of cold water, and then drain off this infusion and put it aside; put to the coffee which remains in the biggin three cups of boiling water, then drain it off and add it to that which has been put on one side; by this method you obtain three cups more; when your coffee is wanted, heat it quickly in a silver coffee-pot, taking care not to let it boil, that the perfume may not be lost by undergoing any evaporation.

Gravies.—The skirts of beef and the kidney will make quite as good a gravy as any other meat, if prepared in the same manner. The kidney of an ox, or the milt, makes excellent gravy, cut all to pieces and prepared as other meat, and so with the shank end of mutton that has been dressed, if much gravy is not required. The shank-bones of mutton add greatly to the richness of gravies, but they should be first well soaked and scoured clean. The taste of gravies is improved by tarragon, but it should be sparingly used, immediately before serving.

Banbury Cakes.—Press in a little dough, (with a pound of flower) two tablespoonfuls of thick yeast, and a gill of warm milk; let it work a little, then add half a pound of currants washed and picked, half a pound of candied orange and lemon peel cut small, and a quarter of an ounce each of nutmeg, ginger, and allspice; mix the whole together with half a pound of honey, and put into puff paste, cut in an oval shape; cover, and sift sugar over. Bake them fifteen minutes in a moderate oven.

Tomato Figs are made in the following manner: "Pour boiling water over the tomatoes to remove the skins; then weigh them and put into stone jars, with as much sugar as tomatoes; let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup and boil and skim till no scum rises; then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days, as before; then boil and skim again. After a third boiling and skimming, let them stand in their syrup until drying weather; then place them on earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry—that takes about a week; then pack them in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer. They will keep for years." These figs, made by this recipe, were exhibited at the Massachusetts Agricultural Show, and pronounced superior to two-thirds of the figs imported. It is a matter worth the attention of all farmers.

To Boil Potatoes.—In Ireland potatoes are boiled to perfection; the humblest peasant places his potatoes on his table better cooked than could half the cooks in London, trying their best. Potatoes should always be boiled in their "jackets;" peeling a potato before boiling is offering a premium for water to run through it, and making them waxy and unpalatable; they should be thoroughly washed and put into cold water. In Ireland they always nick a piece of the skin off before they place them in the pot; the water is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil; cold water should be added as soon as the water commences boiling, and it should thus be checked until the potatoes are done, the skins will not then be broken or cracked until the potato is thoroughly done; pour the water off completely, and let the skins be thoroughly dry before peeling.

To Boil New Potatoes.—The sooner the new potatoes are cooked after being dug, the better they will eat; clear off all the loose skins with a coarse towel and cold water; when they are thoroughly clean, put them into scalding water; a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes will be found sufficient to cook them; strain off the water dry, sprinkle a little salt over the potatoes, and send them to table. If very young, melted butter should accompany them.

To Preserve Cheese Sound.—Wash it in warm whey once a month, wipe it, and keep it on a rack; if you wish it to ripen, keep it in a damp cellar, which will bring it forward; when a whole cheese is cut, the largest piece should be spread inside with butter, and the outside should be wiped to preserve it; to keep that which is in daily use moist, let a clean cloth be wetted and wrapped round the cheese, when carried from table.

Cauliflower requires to be very well done, there is little occasion to fear doing it too much; tie in bundles after washing and trimming, boil it in equal parts of milk and water; serve it with melted butter. It may be laid on toast or not according to taste. After being well boiled, it must be thoroughly drained before laying upon the toast; five and twenty minutes will be found sufficient to boil it.

Gooseberry Wine.—Bruise the gooseberries with the hands, in a tub; to every six pounds of fruit add a quart of cold spring water, stirring it thoroughly; let it stand twenty hours, then strain them; dissolve two pounds of sugar to every quart of water employed, let them remain another day, remove the scum very clearly, and pour it into the utensil or cask in which it is to remain previous to being bottled. The scum removed must be kept in a dish, and the drainings caught in a vessel; they must be added to the other liquor. Let it work about eight hours, not more, and then cover down close. In four months it will be ready for bottling.

To Clarify Butter.—Scrape off the outsides of the butter you may require, and then put it into a spoon by the side of a slow fire, where it must remain till the scum rises to the top and the milk settles to the bottom; with a spoon carefully take off the scum when clear, it is fit for use.

Fried Potatoes.—Remove the peel from an uncooked potato. After it has been thoroughly washed, cut the potato into thin slices, and lay them in a pan with some fresh butter; fry gently a clear brown, then lay them one upon the other in a small dish, and send to table.

Lard should be carefully melted in a jar put in a kettle of water and boiled, and run into bladders that have been strictly cleaned; the bladders should not be too large, as the lard will become rancid if the air gets to it. While melting it, put in a sprig of rosemary.

Roasted Potatoes.—Clean thoroughly; nick a small piece out of the skin, and roast in the oven of the range; a little butter is sometimes rubbed over the skin to make them crisp.

To Dress Veal Kidneys.—Take a veal kidney, clean it up with some of the fat, a little onion, pepper and salt. Roll it up with an egg into balls and fry them.

Sago should soak for an hour in water previous to using, to take off the earthy taste.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Prepare Sea-weed for Baskets, &c.—Float the sea-weed in a basin of water; then slip a piece of white paper under it and take it out in as good order as possible. Arrange the branches neatly with a pin or knitting-needle. To remove the moisture, place a sheet of blotting-paper over the sea-weed, and another under the white paper, and a weight above all. Change the blotting-paper in about an hour, placing several dry folds of blotting-paper over the sea-weed; then put a heavier weight on it, and in about twelve hours it will be ready to be removed and to be applied to the card-board, or basket. Small baskets, we are informed, are made for the purpose, and to these the card-board is glued, the sea-weed being fixed by gum to the inside, round the handle and edges. A few small shells intermingled with the weed, (which may be made to adhere with very strong gum) has a very pretty effect.

weed should be put into wide-mouthed bottles, if filled with sea-water, as soon as it is gathered, and the different kinds should be kept separate, as quickly possible after it has been collected. Frequently one fine specimen is spoiled by another quickly decomposing. Baskets with bottles fitting to them are now, we believe, made expressly for collecting sea-weed. Sea-weed should be pressed as quickly possible after it has been collected.

Oil of Jessamine.—To make oil of jessamine, bruise flowers in a marble mortar with a wooden pestle, and mix them with a sufficient quantity of salad oil into emulsion. Let the vessel be closely stopped and set in the sun for twelve or fifteen days. At the expiration of that time, squeeze the oil from the flowers. Let the oil stand in the sun to settle, then pour it clear off the dregs, and separate its humidities. This oil is very fragrant and well impregnated with the essential oil of the flowers. Infuse a small parcel of flowers in the same oil and proceed as before. Repeat this operation twelve or fourteen times, or even oftener if necessary, till the oil is well impregnated with the odor of the flowers. Sometimes oil of ben is used instead of salad oil, being less apt to grow rancid.

Cream of Roses.—Take one pound of oil of sweet almonds, one ounce each of spermaceti and white wax, and one pint of essence of neroli. Put the oil, wax, and spermaceti, into a well-glazed pipkin; set the pipkin over a clear fire, and when the contents are completely melted, remove it and pour in a little rose-water by degrees, beating the compound till it becomes like pomatum. Then add the essence of neroli, and the process is completed. Put the cream into pots, and cover them with leather.

To Destroy Flies.—Half a pint of boiling water mixed upon a quarter of an ounce of quassia chips, when cold, strained and sweetened with sugar treacle, will destroy flies as effectually as the famous "fly water," and is harmless if drunk in small quantities.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—AN EVENING DRESS, suitable for the opera, of ash colored silk. The skirt is trimmed with three deep flounces, the figures brochaed in the material. The upper one is set in at the waist. The corsage is seen in the plate) is low. A very elegant Span-
mantilla of black lace, lined with green silk is worn on the shoulders, and made with a hood which can be thrown over the head. A deep frill of black lace finishes this mantilla. A band of scarlet velvet is worn on the front of the head in diadem form.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS OF PURPLE SILK, made with a double skirt. The corsage is *en basque*, with a double sleeve to correspond with the skirt. The corsage, sleeves and skirt, are ornamented with fringes of black velvet, each lozenge being surrounded with a row of narrow black lace. Bonnet of white crape, trimmed with tufts of marabout

feathers. The face trimming consists of caps of illusion, made very full, and ornamented with bows of pink ribbon.

FIG. III.—A NEW STYLE OF DRESS, and very beautiful. The corsage is closed up the front with agate buttons, and made nearly round at the waist, where it is confined by a belt with a gold buckle. A frill of rich black lace forms the braces. The sleeves are quite short:—the upper part is made of puffings, confined by bands running lengthwise. The lower part of the sleeve is a short but wide pagoda, and trimmed with black lace.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY FIVE YEARS OF AGE, made of dark blue poplin. The skirt is rather plain in front, but fuller behind. The front of the body of the dress is made very much like a gentleman's double-breasted coat, but it buttons over on one side. A fine cambrio bosom and collar, with a scarlet neck-tie complete this simple but boyish dress.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF GREEN CASHMERE, FOR A GIRL EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—The skirt is trimmed with a broad band of tartan silk cut bias. The basque is ornamented in the same way, but set on in full plaits, from the hips forward. The sleeves are full puffs, reaching nearly to the elbow, and trimmed with a frill. White silk bonnet.

FIG. VI.—BODY OF EMBROIDERED MUSLIN, with rounded bertha, trimmed with a flounce of embroidered muslin like the body, and narrow Valenciennes at the edge. Two bows of silk ribbon No. 16, are put on the front of the body; one on each sleeve also. The skirt is plain; the front is ornamented with two muslin puffings put on in the apron style. These puffings should be three inches wide toward the top of the skirt and eight inches at bottom. A muslin flounce set off with Valenciennes accompanies each of these puffings.

FIG. VII.—RICE-STRAW BONNET.—A deep blonde borders all the parts in straw. A branch of lemon-flowers is put on the front and another, smaller, inside.

FIG. VIII.—CRAPE BONNET, drawn in every part, and trimmed with white blonde. A large bow of crape is placed on each side of the front: on one side only there is a second bow of white blonde, accompanying the crape one. The inside is decorated with a branch of fuchsia.

FIG. IX.—BONNET OF RICE-STRAW, trimmed with crinoline-lace and chenelle.

FIG. X.—BONNET OF DARK GREEN STRAW, intermingled with chenelle and narrow velvet. This bonnet should be trimmed either with tufts of green and black feathers, or with sprays of crimson pomegranates or poppies. If only a ribbon is employed, it should be of the richest materials and gay colors.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Among the favorite materials for walking-dresses may be named a variety of silks, in dark hues, covered with narrow black stripes. A dress of this description of silk, which has just been made up, has three broad tucks on the skirt,

each tuck being nearly a quarter of a yard deep. The interval left between the tucks is about an inch and a half. The corsage, high, and without a basque, is trimmed in front with *revers* of the same silk as that composing the dress. These *revers* are bordered by six rows of very narrow black velvet; and quite at the edge are two rows of narrow silk fringe of a color corresponding with the dress. The front of the corsage is closed by buttons. Dresses of plain black or steel-color are very generally adopted in negligé costume. Many of these dresses are made with one broad flounce, covering about two-thirds of the skirt, the flounce being finished at the edge simply by a very broad hem. In lieu of a basque, a fall or frill of the silk, edged with a plain hem, is set in at the waist, and the sleeves are trimmed with three frills. The corsage is fastened by a row of buttons, formed of pink coral, malachite, or black enamel, encircled by a narrow rim of gold. The collars and under-sleeves most suitable for dresses of the style just mentioned are those of worked muslin with Valenciennes insertion, or they may consist entirely of Valenciennes lace. For a richer style of costume, *chenes* and Pompadour taffeta hold distinguished places. The patterns are large, and are frequently wide stripes, cameo lozenges, bouquets, or running sprays. The more elegant sort of flounced dresses are edged with fringes, wrought in the material.

JACKETS, canezeous, berthes of lace and muslin, are highly fashionable. They are very elegantly trimmed with colored ribbon. One of the new lace jackets, which is intended for very slight mourning, is composed entirely of rows of Valenciennes insertion. The

basque is trimmed with a frill of Valenciennes headed by a row of small rosettes of black velvet, having long ends falling over the frill of lace. The sleeves are plain at the upper part, and at the lower end are finished by a large puff and a frill of lace. The frill is fastened by rosettes with flowing ends of black velvet, and in the centre of each rosette is fixed a pearl. The dress to be worn with this jacket consists of pearl grey silk with three flounces, each ornamented with a wreath embroidered in grey silk, the design consisting of tulips, daisies and roses.

BRACES formed of three rows of black velvet interlacing before, and worn over a white muslin jacket have a pretty effect; and there is a jacket composed entirely of narrow black velvet interlacing and forming a sort of trellis, each square of the net being fastened with a jet bead. This jacket looks extremely pretty when worn over a tight-fitting body of any bright-colored silk.

MANTELETS have sometimes a rounded point behind and very long ends in front. These are trimmed with velvet *ruches* and lace. Others are entirely of the shawl form; that is, pointed behind as well as in front. There has been one made, for a carriage top of white China crape, ornamented with bands of broad black velvet. This is very elegant, but very fantastic. It is called the *Joconde*.

For **BONNETS**, nothing is more *distingue* than one of white crape, trimmed with frosted feather attached to the middle of the front, and the curtain trimmed with a wide blonde, disposed in such a manner as to give to the bonnet a round form.

LEGHORN BONNETS are much worn. They are made very round, and trimmed with corn and blue flowers.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

REMIT TO THE RIGHT PERSON.—Quite serious annoyances often occur, by persons remitting money, or sending complaints, to T. B. Peterson, as proprietor and editor of "Peterson's Magazine," instead of to ourself, *Charles J. Peterson*. Though we occupy the same building with Mr. T. B. Peterson, we have no business connexion with him, nor he with us. Editors, too, often confound us, when noticing the Magazine. It would prevent a good deal of confusion, and frequently avert serious mistakes, if the public would bear this difference in mind.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—"Why don't you state, when you notice a book," writes a subscriber, "what the price is? We, who live in the country, would often order a work, if the price suited." As this is not the first request of the kind, which we have received, we shall, hereafter, state the price of each book we review. We will add, that, on the price, thus stated, being remitted to us, (at the risk of the person sending) we will mail the book to any address, *postage free*.

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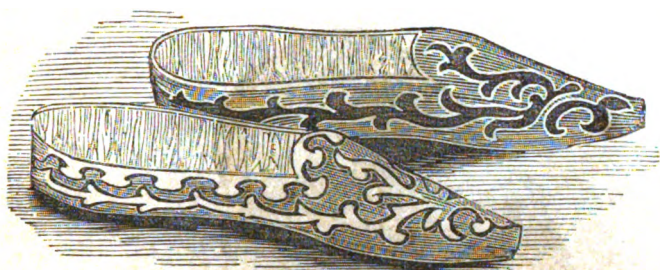
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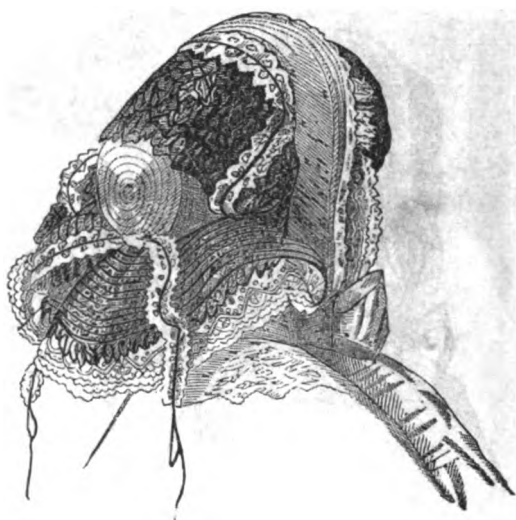
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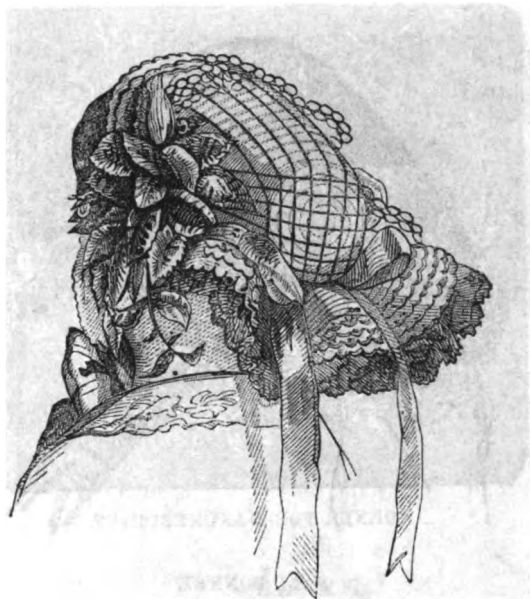
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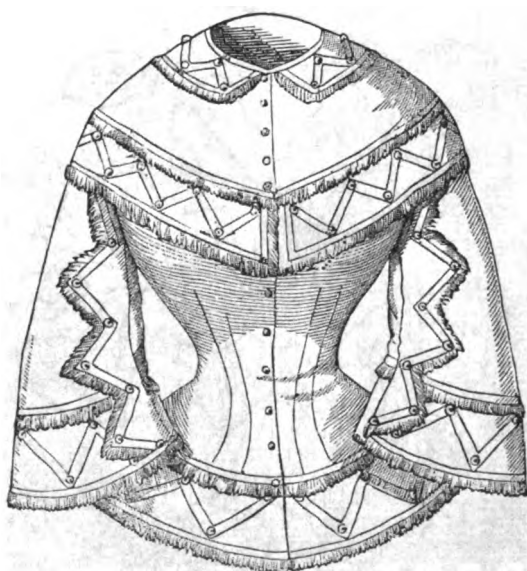
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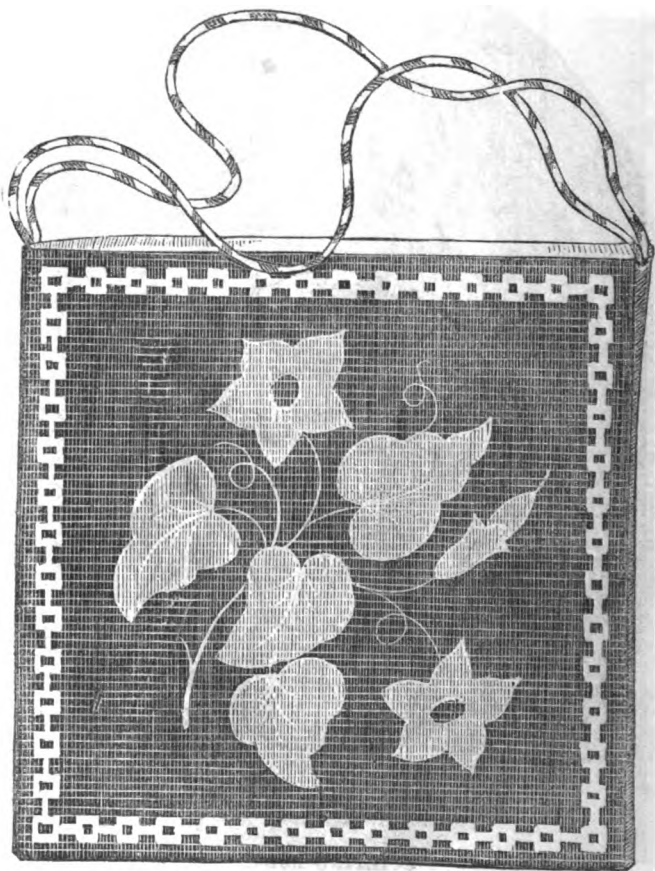
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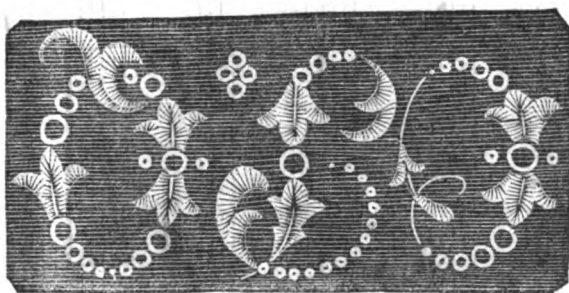
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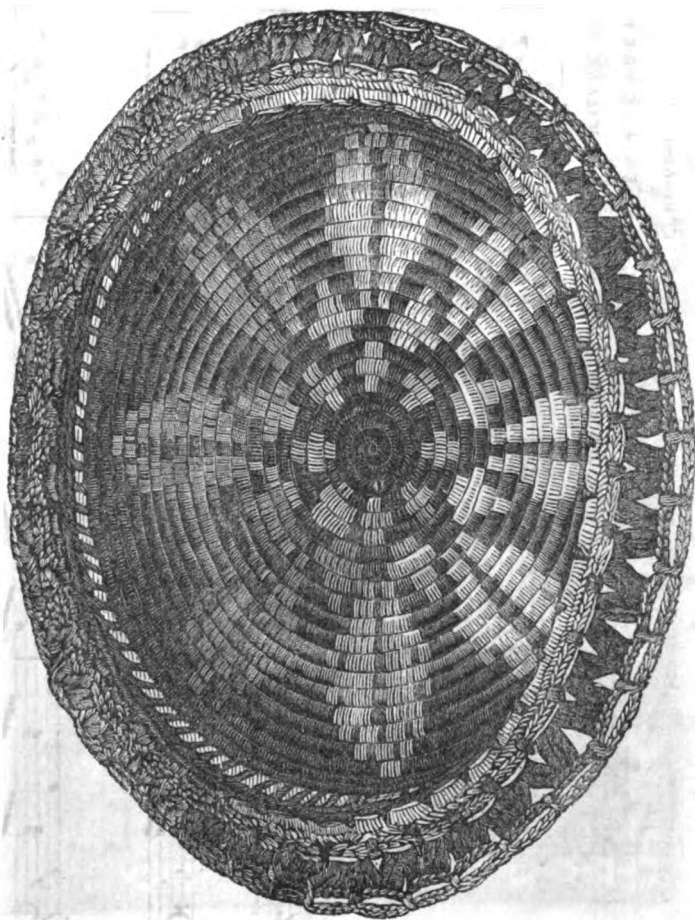
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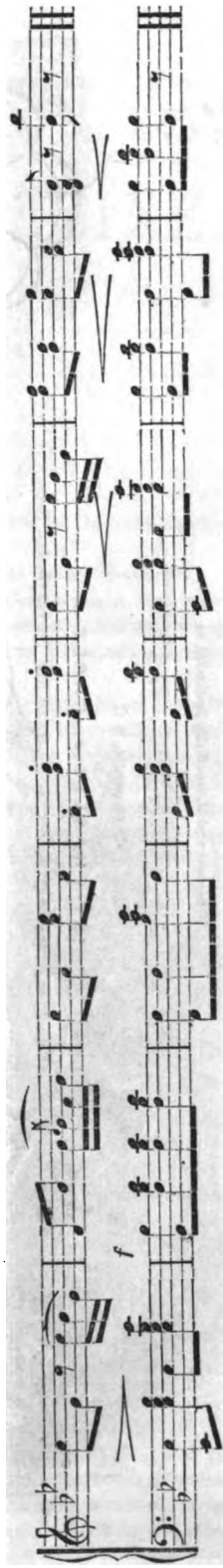
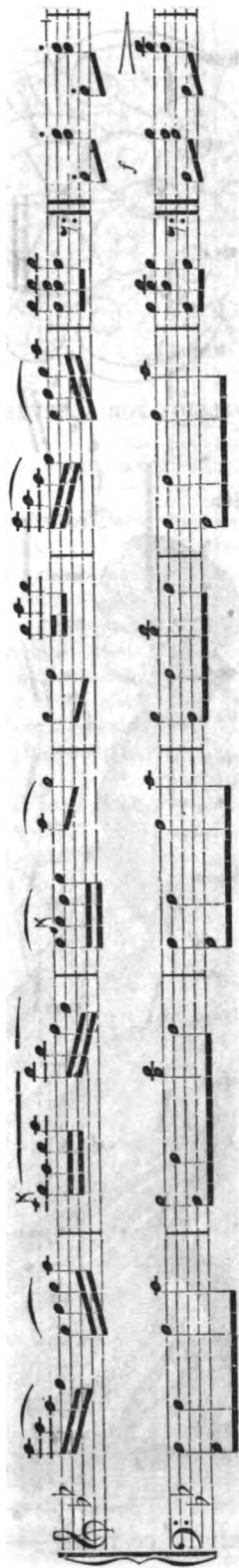
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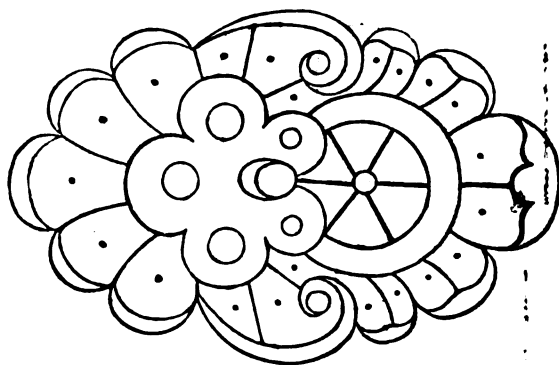
Of Charleston, S. C.

BY CHARLES J. CAREY

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The musical score is written for piano and features a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It is organized into three systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The score is presented in a clear, legible format with a light background.





MEDALLION FOR SLEEVES.



RIDING COSTUME.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXX.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1856.

No. 4.

OFF BARNEGAT.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"How does she head now?" cried the captain, in a deep, stentorian bass.

He was a tall, powerful man, who stood braced on the quarter-deck, while everybody else was lashed fast. Four men were at the wheel, and even they could hardly steer the ship. A hurricane, blowing dead on shore, had surprised them, just before day-break; and in the midst of it a look-out had cried, in those words that are never heard at such times without a thrill of horror, "Breakers ahead!"

Instantly the helm was ordered hard down, and it was then that the captain spoke.

"How does she head now?" he said.

The answer was undistinguishable except to the practised ears of the speaker, and it was far from satisfying him, for he thundered in reply,

"Harder—harder!"

The gallant ship, staggering under a close reefed mainsail and double-reefed fore-top-sail, with just enough of her jib set to give her steerage way, plunged heavily into a tremendous wave, throwing the water, crackling and hissing, far above the yard-arm: while the giant billow, rolling landward, broke into foam close under the lee.

The captain waited an instant, and then demanded again,

"How does she head?"

The answer was still unsatisfactory.

"Harder!"

"Ay! ay! sir."

"Harder yet."

"She is chock up, sir!"

"She'll never stand it," said the mate, looking up at the press of sail.

"She must stand it," replied the captain, "or we go ashore."

Close to the master's side, securely lashed, was his only son, a child about eight years old. The little fellow had been eagerly watching his

father's countenance in the grey twilight, and he now asked,

"Are we going to be lost, father?"

For a moment that bronzed face, which had hitherto gazed unmoved at the near prospect of death, quivered; but the stout seaman rallied immediately.

"I don't know, my son," he said. "But you must be a brave boy and be ready for the worst. It would be better for you, you know, to die now than grow up a bad man."

As he spoke, a wave, rushing over the deck, swept the child from his footing and away into the boiling sea to leeward. For a moment, the parent thought that his boy was gone forever. But the lashings, instead of having parted, had only become partially unwound, and, after letting out for some twenty feet, brought the child up. The returning surge bore him inward. It was all the work of a moment.

The father seized the lad, and casting loose the lashings, calmly stepped to the cabin gangway.

"Steward," he cried, "put dry clothes on the child, and bring him on deck again."

In a few minutes the boy re-appeared. The father re-lashed him, more securely than before: but had he been a woman, he could not have done it with more tenderness: and it was in this only that his great love for the child was shown. The little fellow caught manliness from the calm looks of his parent, and never again, through the trials that followed, felt, or at least exhibited alarm.

All this while, and for hours after, the gale raged. Continually the master thought his ship would go ashore in spite of all. The peril of wreck became the more imminent, because, after delaying it until the mast strained frightfully, he had to order the mainsail in and close-reef the fore-top-sail: and under this rag of canvass

it seemed almost impossible to claw off the treacherous coast.

What emotions agitated the captain's heart, as he gave the reluctant order, who shall tell? Doubtless, he thought of his wife, with her babe at the breast, praying in the cabin, and of his little son, whose silent heroism affected him more than noisy terrors would; but of himself we may be certain he did not think at all. He stood, all this time, bracing himself, his feet wide apart, while everybody was lashed, now scanning the mast that bent almost like a whip-stalk, now asking, with hand to mouth, "How does she head?" and now sternly gazing at the white breakers, that leaped, and snarled, and howled impatiently under the lee.

Overhead, the grey scud drifted swiftly westward: the hurricane shrieked and roared; and the fore-top-mast jerked and struggled in the wilder gusts of the gale, as if it would snap asunder. Now a gigantic wave, striking the ship on the weather bow, would make her, for an instant pause, while every timber in her would quiver, and the bulk-heads would groan as if she was a living creature in agony: then she would be swept sensibly to leeward; and next the fragments of the billow would pour in over her deck, rage its whole length like a pack of hungry wolves, and finally leap sullenly over the bulwarks or rush headlong through the scuppers, as the gallant craft, rising to windward,

shook off her foes. Now another wave would approach, towering and towering as if about to submerge the doomed ship, when suddenly the buoyant craft, meeting it with the helm, would shoot up its glistening side, and the spent surge would roll, in a sheet of foam, landward, disappearing, the next moment, in the breakers.

The morning dawned, but brought no relief. On the contrary, the bleak shore, the wild surf, and the wrecks strewed along the treacherous sands, increased the sad forebodings of all. The men, with ghastly faces, surveyed the prospect, and those, who had never prayed before, prayed now. Yet still the captain stood, calm and stern, giving his orders; and still, close beside him, his little son took courage from his countenance.

Suddenly the captain gave a deep breath of relief; his eye lit up; he struck his broad palms on his breast, with a gesture of instinctive exultation. At the same time the mate spoke, his voice agitated with joy,

"The gale breaks, sir."

"Ay!" answered the master, at last finding words. "Thank God!" And that was all he said. But he looked at his boy, and a big tear came into his eye, which he brushed away again with the cuff of his monkey jacket.

That evening the *Vernon* anchored safely in New York harbor, almost the only one, out of a fleet that dropped in, on that day and the next, which was not dismayed.

THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

I DREAM—oh, I dream of that glorious land,

Where the orange-blooms scent the soft gale;
And the long, bright Summer ne'er wanes or declines,

But gems with sweet flowers each vale.
Where music—soft music—floats over the waves
Of each smiling and gold-rippling stream,
And the eye-stars dance in the calm, azure sky,
And over all brilliantly gleam.

And I long to depart from this sad, cold clime,
To that land of sweet Summer and flowers;
Where the snows never fall on the green, laughing plains,

Or shadow the swift-winged hours.
But e'en in that land where the Bulbul sings,
And all is so bright and so free,
My heart would be lonely and sad, my sweet love,
Unless I could share it with thee.

Our home shall be made by some calm Summer sea,
And our cottage embosomed in vines;
Where the zephyrs grow faint with the breath of the flowers,

And the Spirit of Beauty reclines.
At night we will sit 'neath the pure, dancing stars,
That gem the blue dome far above,
And list to the notes of the lute or guitar,
That is waking some sad lay of love.

The pale queen of night, from her throne in the East,

Will silver o'er forest and stream;
And the hours will pass, with soft music and song,
Like a fleeting and beautiful dream.
But 'mid all the charms in that Auldenn afar,
My own one the fairest shall be—
Then fly, love—oh! fly from this sad, cold clime,
To that land of the Summer with me!

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY BETTY HOLYOKE.

Rosewood, May 20th.

So it is at length arranged that we are to correspond, my Bella, ah, you do not know the consolation which this arrangement will bring to my torn heart! It is strange that we should be required to begin life with so many anxieties and troubles; they say we need all that come to us, but for my part I should be willing to run the risk of becoming happy and prosperous, and doubt whether after all one of these resigned philosophers would neglect the same opportunity were it offered.

Oh, dear, with what a long sentence my letter commences, and Miss Peekin says it is such a sad fault in composition! But, dearest Bella, you who have been tried in this rough world, will feel how hard it is to wait and think of rules or precedents, when the heart once begins to pour forth all its flood of grief into the ear of a sympathizing friend.

I thought of you so much to-day, during our grammar recitation; we had for analysis a passage of Savage Landor's about friendship; how in joy or sorrow, mirth or tears, the lips long to utter that one sweetest word, "my friend;" let the air of evening breathe it to you now, beloved! let the voice of the whip-poor-will, whose music comes mournfully across the lake, by some magic influence reach your heart as well as mine, and tell of one removed from happiness and hope, and from the only friend who could understand, appreciate, pity and soothe her grief—yourself. But there goes the horrible study-bell, and I must flee to the crowd in which I am most alone. How vividly come back to me the evenings of last summer when we walked by the brook—poor Fred was with us then—how manly his voice would sound as he repeated those glorious lines of our dear Byron,

"But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along the world's tired denizen
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,"

and so forth; poor Fred! I could not help giving him up—though it half broke his heart—when Henry came.

To think I should have mentioned *this* name when I have but a second to spare! Oh, place yourself in my stead, dearest Bella, consider how

you would long for the minutest detail of intelligence about him whom you loved and were cruelly exiled from. I must desist—tears blot the page. Only tell just how he looks, and how many times he walks past the house, and if he ever glances up at my window as if thinking of me, and if he wears the white hat now and carries that dear little cane, and is just as splendid as ever in them both. How *can* I live until I meet you both again? Do not think this the mere raving of a school girl: you know, love, how much experience I have had, and how the continual troubles of my life must have matured the heart which ached under them. I am no child: we live as the poet says,

"In feelings, not in figures on a dial;"

and after the tears and struggles of sixteen weary years, it is a pity if I deserve not the title of *woman*, and my spirit grown so old under the wretchedness of a woman's destiny.

There is the bell again! *My* Bella, that rings out heavenly chimes of friendship amidst the selfish, sordid din of earth, send me such chimes ere long; give me your love and remembrance, as you would give water to a thirsty soul, as you would bind up the wounds of a bleeding, dying gazelle; for, Bella, though I seem so bright, and walk so bravely through my wearisome path, the sword is in my soul which shall release me, who can tell how soon! You at least will weep over the grave of your lost, but loving LEILA.

P. S.—Excuse the brevity of this letter; remember the tyrannous rules to which I am subject. The school is a pleasant place enough; has it not a pretty name?—Rosewood. Miss Peekin intends to have a hedge of wild roses around the front yard, but as yet it is quite bare of vegetation, save a few burdocks.

Does Henry walk as much as ever with that disagreeable Sarah Rice? Pray mention my name before him sometimes, and notice the effect; and tell me *all, all*, if he blushed, stammered, looked quilty—he is so sensitive! Adieu again.

L.

Rosewood, May 30th.

Such a home-feeling comes over me, sweetest Bella, when I take up my pen to arrest a few of the thoughts which are always flowing to

youward. I seem to see you standing at your cottage door, with the spray of syringa in your hair, and the calm, friendly face beneath. I awake, the illusion vanishes, I am alone, an unhappy exile.

You were a dear girl to write me that long, long letter; I have read it enough to fade the ink, if that were possible. How cruel though to start the walking-club and I not there; ah's me! you will have enchanting conversations with—well! no matter: only keep him away from Sarah Rice, and you may enjoy him to your heart's content: it is so beautiful to have a friend whom we can trust!

Rosewood is not so bad a place after all, albeit Miss Peekin is as genuine an ogre as if she had stepped out of a fairy-book. She watches us as a cat would so many mice, and has as hard a time to keep us in order. Do not tell Henry, he may think me frivolous, but I solace myself sometimes (the woe still aching at my inmost heart) by joining in the mad pranks of the other girls; for after all we are not women yet, and may as well cling to our youth. What do you think one of the children said about us the other day, a Miss who could boast nine years? (and as many beaux) that those *old* girls (meaning such as I) must stand aside soon, for in a few months longer it would be their turn to take the carpet; think of this, set by as antiquated at seventeen!

Well, to return. Very near our school is our University for young gentlemen collegians, rare spirits, many are said to be, but little I care for that, my own thoughts being fairly anchored at home! The same river that borders Rosewood runs through the seminary ground, so we fit up little crafts with silken sails like Cleopatra's barge, and freight them with notes and send them sailing down the stream. It is very amusing to say sweet things to we know not whom, to one who may never know us—only live our fancies in his heart, and draw pleasant things about the invisible one. Some of us have become acquainted through these notes, and often we receive small gifts in return of flowers, apples, and the like. We really have more pleasure in the young men than if Miss Peekin were less tyrannical, there is something so Platonic and romantic about cherishing an unknown love! We know all the students apart by fanciful names of our own historing; mine is not so sublime a title, but describes a glorious fellow. "Whiskers," we call him, he does have such a lovely pair!

But do not imagine that anything serious can result from this folly. No, I am Henry's alone and forever: it is a pity he did not propose before

I left home, it would be so pleasant to be able to correspond; and these "mutual understanding" are, to my thinking, less satisfactory than mutual contracts. Pray suggest these thoughts to him as your own, *of course*, and do not for the world betray the secret of my bosom: should he desert me I can die in silence, but I cannot bear his pity and scorn. Upon my life, here is a note from Whiskers! written upon the most delicate rose-colored paper you ever saw: he never has sent a syllable to the others. By-the-way, I must explain that there being five times as many girls as students, we are obliged to divide the latter in the only possible way, by sharing the interest of each among several of ourselves: another advantage of ideal over actual love.

"And love in this differs from gold or clay,
That to divide is not to take away."

Sweet Bella, do not withdraw the ministrations of your love because I *seem* consoled.

"The bird may breathe his sweetest note,
When bondage binds his wing."

These jubilant songs of my soul are like the sad ones, only swan-songs of a breaking heart. May destiny preserve thee from such a lot as that of thy

LEILA.

P. S.—Remember me to Henry, (as if I ever could *forget* him!) be on your guard against Sarah, how ingeniously you have foiled her thus far! And be sure that not only now, but long, long after I am dust, and even you have forgotten me, I shall still remain your own devoted L.

Rosewood, June 10th.

ISABELLA—I write not to reproach, *only* to tell that I forgive you; only to tell that the soul, steeled by sorrow, is proof against your treachery. I shall not die now, the heart is long in breaking I have found. No, I will live to pardon and forget as I renounce you both! May you be very happy with the love of which you have defrauded one who so implicitly and (ah, too late she has found it!) foolishly trusted you. May your confidence in Henry be surer that he has deserted me!

I return your letters; and beg to be spared the reception of any more; I wish for no apology, no promise, no pity, and am

No longer yours, ELIZA STUBBS.

P. S.—Of course you will betray all my past confidences to Henry, even my innocent manoeuvres to attract him. Very well! let him despise me if that can make you happier.

Rosewood, June 12th.

MISS LESLIE—I acknowledge the receipt of my letters, and return your note thanking, trusting

you will be persuaded to let me depart in peace. Be woman enough not to lacerate farther the heart which it is now past human power to heal.

Your former friend, ELIZA STUBBS.

Rosewood, July 12th.

DEAR BELLA—May I call you dear again? To confess the truth, I am weary of this quarrel: since we parted I have found no such friend as yourself, and now shall we forgive each other mutually, gathering up again the lost links in the golden chain of sympathy which has so long united us?

I hear your sweet voice saying, "Yes." I now you will forgive my impetuosity and take me back to your heart again; and once more I am happy.

Ah, Bella, think how much I have been called upon to endure since we parted, and not one saving word from you to help me bear the burden of calamity! My poor father dead, our home broken up, our furniture sold, my little garden in another's hands, and I an exile still. Of course we feel papa's loss, although during his life-time it was so hard to bear his downright and uncultivated manners; I am chiefly grateful that he has given his daughter opportunities which educate her to a position far higher than is own—but enough of this. Mourning is extremely becoming to me, more so than to mamma. Her face is hearty and florid; crape is so stylish! but how hard to keep it free from dust in summer!

I had half forgotten to tell you a pleasant surprise we had after losing poor papa: we awoke from our grief to find ourselves rich—I do not speak philosophically now, but refer to mere material wealth, houses, stocks, and all that. The pity is that the money has come too late, now the exuberance of youth is gone, and all life's pleasures are proved unsatisfying, wealth can only satiate where nothing shall satisfy; mamma is but a poor physician for a broken heart.

Dear Bella, we are going West to live. I shall enjoy the excitement of new scenes; and farther, let me tell you a secret, dear—first asking you not to betray me, and I am sure you never will—his horrid name of papa's, this Stubbs, it seems unnecessary to retain now he has gone, and therefore (mamma has consented) we shall enter our new home as Mrs. and Miss Desmond—think what an improvement from Eliza Stubbs to Leila Desmond! Such a sweet, romantic name, it sounds, as Willis said about some other, "like a rushing tear."

Give my love to Henry; and assure him that so far from cherishing any pique, I approve the wisdom of his choice in selecting my Bella for

the companion of his life. I find my own affection were less deeply imaged than it seemed at first. I am not certain but poor "Whiskers," whom I must leave so soon, is more to me now than Henry ever was; however, I cannot marry "Whisk," for he is studying theology; and the position of minister's wife never seemed to me a desirable one—how they always look with their dove-colored shawls and white silk gloves!

Adieu, dearest Bella! Thine own LEILA.

Frysville, Ohio, Sept. 1st.

I must again preface my letter with pleas for forgiveness, dear friend: we are but now established in our new home, and I have had such trouble with mamma.

Money has a sad influence upon persons who are not naturally refined, especially if it came into their possession suddenly, unexpectedly. Nothing will do but mamma must talk to every one about investments and position, and the cares incident to wealth; of course all must see through and ridicule her transparent and futile designs. Alas, Bella, I can repress the Stubbs name, but the vulgarity is no less conspicuous, call it Stubbs or Desmond.

Then this good mother of mine is so constantly quoting our old neighbors, that I doubt not we shall be traced back, and our new name lead to ridicule instead of honor. Two persons cannot dispute, in her presence, but she must try to quiet them with, "Honey will catch more flies than vinegar, as Mr. Brick used to say over in —," then at a look from me, "well, over in New England."

Only this morning at table, Mr. Corey, a charming young lawyer, who quite attaches himself to us, was conversing with me, when mamma broke in with her string of Old Town authorities and proverbs. After a playful quarrel, which she took in earnest, came the assertion, "Squire Jones used to say that two wrongs never made a right;" and when Mr. Corey apologized, "That's it, as Mr. St—," I touched her under the table. "Well, Lizzy, as your poor father used to say, 'it is best to keep near a kicking cow.'" Oh, I could have sunk into the cellar! Mr. Corey, ignoring all this folly of mamma's, asked why I blushed, which called her forth again. "You know there's a saying that when a woman ceases to blush, she—well, I forget—but the substance is: it's a great pity." She cannot see through a joke, and is always amusing others and torturing me by striving to conciliate where no offence has been given. I cannot teach her to listen to anything she knew before without, "Well, yes, yes, I was saying the same thing an hour ago; yes, I understand."

Mr. Corey pretends to admire her keen, country discernment, and what he calls her "manner of cutting across lots to the truth;" he says some of her simple proverbs contain as much wisdom as long and elaborate theories; but of course this is only politeness.

Do not, dear Bella, think me hard upon poor mamma, who is the best intentioned and most indulgent of mortals. I implore you to burn this letter, but let me pour my heart forth on its pages first, for your sympathy is my only consolation. Imagine us in a new home, with new and elegant surroundings, at a large hotel, encompassed by the elite of the western world. Enter mamma, looking only the rosier and more portly for her widow's weeds, in shockingly exuberant spirits. Enter my poor self shrinkingly, sad, alone: mamma dances into her seat, calls the waiter "Sir," and thanks him for his services, hopes she sees everybody well to whom she is introduced, unfolds liberally the opinions of all the Squires and Deacons she left in Old Town, and oh, in *what English!* Be, am, was, isn't, constantly twisted into the wrong sentences; she out-Partingtons Mrs. Partington sometimes, this very day spoke of some garden walks as radiating instead of radiating; and described Niagara as making an awful spatter, and Trenton Falls as guggling over the rocks!

Sorrow seemed hard enough to bear, but I begin to realize that mortification is worse. Console and counsel me, dear Bella, and believe that in my grief—alas! I have no joy!

I am still yours,

LEILA.

P. S.—Direct your answer not *precisely* like the date to my letter: the real name of this place is Frytown. I substitute ville as more euphonious, and less painfully suggestive of the inhabitants occupation; it may not be recognized in the post-office, so perhaps you had best write what is noted on the maps. Mamma *would* come here, because, forsooth, a portion of our property is invested in the town.

Frysville, Ohio, October 12th.

Thanks, dear Bella, for your vivid description of the wedding. I can see you with the white flowers in your hair, and the sweet, timid eyes so full of love and happiness; and I can imagine Henry so proud of you and fond of you, so handsome himself, so courteous and fascinating. Well, my dear, the romance of life is over for you now, you must, and will, I know, in your sweet way, take up with its bare prose.

I find in Frysville a perfect harvest of beaux, and notwithstanding mamma, am quite a belle myself; the only difficulty is to choose among so many— I was interrupted here by a call,

only Mr. Corey, to ask a question very timidly, which has trembled on his lips for weeks. I answered very gently, "No." I do not think Corey a pretty name, and then he has light eyes—dark eyes for me! To return. You cannot imagine anything more plenty than the widowers in one neighborhood; but many of these have children, or else have lost their teeth, and you know I am fastidious. I listen to a serenade every night, sometimes to several. Upon meeting rival parties, the late comers courteously retire for awhile, and return to make night musical only when the others have departed. There is no balm like music! I often think how little my suitors know that instead of winning, they are only building up a heart too sadly shattered to be won. Ah's me! I do not know how I live through so much; thanks, I suppose, to my religion and philosophy!

In some things mamma improves, though she is still hard to manage; if long endurance had not steeled me, I should have died with mortification the other day, when she must needs step on the most fashionable promenade and try to arouse an intoxicated man, who lay sleeping across the carriage-road! Not only that, she would not turn away until she had rung—think what a liberty!—at the door of our very first citizen, Judge Buel, and obtained from him a promise to have the creature removed to a safer place. Apropos, the Buels called that next day, though they have absolutely cut us hitherto; I suppose it was their high-bred manner of proving that they took no offence from poor mamma's intrusion.

Upon one thing I am quite resolved, to gain and preserve the position to which my own education entitles me. I hope also to do somewhat toward introducing the amenities of our more civilized Eastern life among the dwellers in the New World, kept down as they are by material interests. I have thought of private theatricals; can you suggest anything better to your faithful (and need I add sorrowing) LEILA?

P. S.—Pray tell me what sort of a husband Henry makes, and whether you do not weary of the quiet of domestic life, and if you would advise me? No! you might tell Henry, and I shall not expose myself this time.

Frysville, December 6th.

How I have wanted you, Bella dear, amid the endless perplexities of my projected scheme for civilizing this wretched country of swine-dealers. Ah, little they who envy the refined and gifted, know of the shocks and wounds which these delicate natures must continually receive, and bear in silence, from a rude, rough world.

So after leaving home and friends, leaving

What unlooked-for changes take place in our lives! It is exactly a year since our correspondence first commenced, and through what alternations of despair and hope, what weariness and suffering I have passed since then; and how strange that this dreary way should have led me to an earthly honor, one full of peace and happiness: for, *Bella*. I am married!

Possibly I have mentioned to you the name of Mr. Graves, a young farmer, who was an invaluable support to me during my theatrical trials. He was not handsome nor elegant, and shocked me often; I can never forget how once, as we walked in a romantic place alone, and I was quoting Byron's noble apostrophe to the stars, (you remember, "Our destinies overleap this mortal state and claim a kindred with you," and so forth) I detected Master John Graves gaping by my side! and in answer to my reproachful glance, he asked if I were fond of apples, and giving me one began to eat himself!

But John is a worthy man, full of good sense; and intelligent if not poetical, so I have married him. Looking over my shoulder now, he tells me to urge you, dear Bella, to come and witness with your own eyes whether we do not live quietly and happily. Pray, pray, come and let me thank you, face to face, for the gentle wisdom which converted me even while I rejected it; for the kindness and patience too with which you have so long borne my folly.

We do not live splendidly: John has a farmer's tastes, and has brought me to a farmer's home. The portion of my property which was not lost in stocks, he has invested in land. We keep no servants for the simple reason that we have in

our little abode neither room nor occupation for those trials of civilized life. It is a pleasure for me to perform the few household duties which our daily wants make essential; I am repaid by my husband's happy face, his evident enjoyment of home.

Pray come and visit us, Bella, you and Henry both. You will find me, possibly, washing dishes upon my piano, and drying towels on the harp for both stand in my kitchen, it being the only apartment sufficiently large to accommodate them here; but you will find me cheerful and contented, all my lack-a-daisy—for it was nothing better—gone; and will receive the warmest welcome from your true and grateful ELIZA.

P. S.—Whom do you think mamma is preparing to marry? No other than Judge Bad, whose wife died several months since; they only wait at my suggestion to complete the year of mourning. I shall be proud, after all, of poor mamma; and why should I say "poor," when she has such a rich, large heart, such study sense, such a consistent and worthy character? The judge esteems her a perfect jewel—foolish girl that I was, with all my fancied wisdom and philosophy, to need that another should point out virtues which have so long flourished in my own home!

E. G.

FOLLOW ME.

BY MRS. DEBORAH PIDSLEY.

FOLLOW, follow, follow me,
With a footstep light and free;
Bounding up the mountain side
Where the murmur'g streamlets glide.

Roaming through the woody glen,
Far from "busy haunts of men;"
Culling flowers, sweet and fair,
Twining wreaths to deck thy hair.

Gazing on the rippling stream,
Where the laughing sunbeams gleam;
Resting in the shady dell,
Where the fairies love to dwell.

Caring not for wealth or power,
Love will gild the passing hour;
Ne'er again our footsteps roam
From our happy mountain home.

MORTALITY.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD

GRAVEWARD tending, till our shadows
Will be lost amid the gloom
Of the night that surely gathers,
Round the stern, rapacious tomb.
Even though our footsteps falter,
As we near the future goal,
And a shrinking fear oppresses,
With its weight—the untried soul;

Still we journey on forever,
Never tarrying on our way,
And the flow of Time's swift river,
Will not let us pause nor stay.
Far beyond the grave's low darkness,
Or the gloom of life's short even,
Beams of fadeless light are shining,
Earth is merging into Heav'n.

A MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

Few people understand the perplexities of the young wife of a minister; the grave cares are easier seen. Let me contribute a mite of remembrance to "stir up your pure minds" to forbearance and sympathy.

I was a lively, impulsive girl of nineteen, when I was placed at the head of a large congregation, where my speaking and my not speaking, my down-sitting and my uprising, every tone, every look was subject to criticism. I had a constant sensation as if walking on eggshells, and I have never been able to overcome the guarded manner I then acquired. I recollect the Sunday I first stumbled over the bench into the large, square "minister's pew," caught the fringe of my bridal-shawl, seated myself most uncomfortably on a pile of hymn-books, and found all eyes fastened on me. People at forty-two don't color so easily as in their teens, but I doubt whether the like would not make my face as unbecomingly red now as it did then.

I read in my Bible, "Take no thought wherewithal ye shall be clothed," yet I had to take thought. Oh! what a puzzle my dress was! I remember a bonnet my mother sent me from New York. "It is very quiet-looking," she wrote, "for I know that clergymen's wives have to dress plainly." Mercy on me! how the congregation would have been scandalized at the sight of that bonnet! I took off a sweet little green spray, replaced the blush-roses inside by two Methodist-looking tabs, and so managed to wear it. But the air of the thing was ruined, it had no character whatever.

I had to have at my tongue's-end the histories and wants of all the poor of the parish, to visit everybody, to be always ready to see company, and yet to "look well to the ways of my household;" for "extravagance in a minister's wife, of all persons!" said our opposite neighbor, Miss Betsey Ann Clapp. Clergymen's wives are not usually extravagant. "Why wouldn't Jack eat his supper?" I was expected to attend every evening lecture, however tired I might be, to cut out all the work for all the sewing-circles, to open all the female prayer-meetings. This last duty was the most appalling. I had never been in a prayer-meeting of any kind till my marriage. At the first private one I attended,

the lady of the house requested me to "open the meeting," and then immediately rose and kneeled, imitated by all present. I remained seated, looking around with terror. As soon as I could command my voice, "Mrs. Longbotham!" I called. There was a general start. I suppose that was not exactly the way they expected me to commence. "I am sorry," I stammered, "I—you must excuse me—I—really—" and only by a strong mental grasping of my dignity, as "a married woman," I restrained my tears, and managed to get out that I preferred leaving that duty for some older lady. All scrambled up again. I heard a giggle smothered in a pocket-handkerchief. Several ladies were suddenly afflicted with coughs, and I met looks of amazement, reproof, and pious grief that the solemnity of the occasion should be so disturbed. I knew that the tone I had taken must be kept up, so I drew down the corners of my mouth, and looked as meek as possible.

"Ahem!" said Mrs. Longbotham. "It has always been our custom to look to our minister's wife," and she stopped. "We should hardly know who to turn to, if she declines," she continued.

"Won't you take the office yourself?" I said.

I hoped some one would "second the motion," but no one did, and Mrs. Longbotham's bow was one of refusal and displeasure.

"Now that you know our habit, Mrs. Middlebrook," said Mrs. Howell, "perhaps you will feel that diffidence is hardly proper."

I looked at the woman in astonishment. If I had been accustomed to "lead in prayer" all my life, I should hardly have been able after such a scene. Another long pause. The ladies looked at each other, and finally the meeting was "opened" by a young lady of thirty-five, with long ringlets, who had often declared she'd "just as lieve pray as not."

The next day I was visited by an intimate friend, who told me that considering my husband's position as a newly-settled pastor, and the many busy tongues of her towns-women, she did hope that I would not again refuse a like request. My husband told me I could have no guide but my own feelings. So the night before the next weekly meeting, I went up-stairs,

sat down in the starlight, and spent two hours trying to "take a view of my duty." Hours they were of pain and weeping, which I need not describe, for no one who has not been through a like trial would comprehend me—hours also of sincere prayer.

At last I resolved to write a prayer. Here again was a difficulty. I could not banish from my mind portions of the sublime and comprehensive collects of the beloved church of my childhood and youth; but I knew that such expressions, if recognized, would offend. I went to my husband, and he composed it for me. I found some very soft paper, and copied it. I would have learned it by heart, but I could not trust my voice or memory. The next day, after all had taken their places, I unfolded the paper as softly as a mouse. I had not pronounced many words before I became conscious that a lady near me was looking over her shoulder. A glance on the other side told me that two or three more were doing the same, very likely others were, also. How devotional they must have appeared! meekly on their knees before their chairs, with their heads turned over their shoulders, staring at me. I don't know that it was right to draw strength from such a reflection, but I thought then that whether the motive which prompted my conduct was proper or improper, there was little doubt about theirs.

The stray visitors, and the "exchanges" troubled me. Sometimes the reverend brethren entered upon theological topics with poor little me. One asked my opinion of the respective merits of Emmons and Hopkins. I had heard their names, and seen the backs of their books—but as for anything more! One catechized me about the orthodoxy of the neighboring clergymen. One asked me how often my husband preached old sermons, and how much his perquisites amounted to in a year. I could not keep Sunday, or the Sabbath, as they called it, strictly enough for some. If I laughed, they "made big eyes" at me. Sometimes they condescended so much that they frightened me. I thought what an awful height must be theirs if they had to stoop so far! One day one of them, after unfolding his napkin at the dinner-table, looked all over it slowly, winking hard with both eyes like an owl, and then said, "Where's the apple-sass?" I had not quite learned all the country-customs, and I had none. "*No apple-sass!*" he exclaimed, gazing at me, "What! got no apple-sass?" "No," I replied, with a quivering voice, for his manner made one feel really guilty. "Well!" said he, sitting back in his chair, "I never, I declare I never heard of such a thing in all of my whole life."

My husband had two other preaching-places, and often when I was alone, the stage would set down some curious old codger at the door of the "minister's house." They say the horses stopped there of themselves on Saturday night. One "dewy eve" there alighted a man with a bundle tied up in a yellow pocket-handkerchief. I did not like his looks. It was plain that both his clothes and himself needed clean water, and his personal habits as shown during the evening, were not agreeable. I had taken much pride in the arrangement of my "spare chamber," and every housekeeper will understand how I felt about making that man welcome to my snowy pillows and counterpane, pure white toilet-table, and new carpets. There was a very good room over the kitchen, though a very plain one, and to that I at last showed him. He found out in some way that he had not been treated to the best, and came down stairs the next morning in a furious rage. After storming awhile, he flung across the way to Mrs. Deacon Clapp with a terrible story of his night's accommodation. After breakfast, over came Miss Betsey Ann. I stated the truth of the matter, but it was of no effect. "To treat in that way a poor, afflicted brother," she said. "Such a good man! He was poor, to be sure, but then our Master was a poor man;" and something she said about "entertaining angels unawares," and went on in that strain.

"Angels wouldn't go about so dirty as that man, Miss Betsey Ann," said I.

It was an unfortunate speech, it seemed. It was repeated, but I have not time to tell you of the consequences.

One Saturday evening Mr. Middlebrook made up his little bag of shirts, razors, and sermons, and left me in preparations to receive a celebrated clergyman from Boston, who was to pass the night with a family two or three miles from the village, and drive in with them to church. I felt flustered, for I knew that Dr. ——— belonged to a very aristocratic family, and had a handsome establishment in the city, and I feared that the arrangements of a humble country-parsonage might strike him strangely. I was obliged to leave some things until Sunday morning, and was annoyed by a little, crooked, poor-looking old man coming about nine o'clock and inquiring for Mr. Middlebrook. On being told he was not at home, he asked what hour the morning-service commenced, and if he might stay then. "I supposed he might," I told him. "He could sit down in the stoop, if he liked."

So he seated himself, and good-naturedly watched the piles of plates and dishes walking

down stairs, for I kept my best china in a closet in the spare room.

"I don't want Dr. — to think I have made any extraordinary preparations," I said to my "hired girl," Thankful Ann, "for after I have done all I can, it will seem very plain to him. I shall ask him to a simple family dinner, and I am sure it is one. And I must hurry and get dressed, for he might call, and I wouldn't for the world have him see me so."

It was a very warm morning, and I had assumed the short-gown-and-petticoat fashion of my Dutch grandmothers, the Polkas of the present day had not danced along yet, and my calico sun-bonnet crowned all.

Presently there was a lacking of three eggs. The barn was a long and sunny way off. "My good man," said I, "couldn't you go for a few eggs?" and I directed him to the corner where he would probably find some.

"Miss Middlebrook," called Thankful Ann in a minute, "he can't open the little gate."

"Never mind, let him climb over then," answered I; and I stood in the door of the "stoop" and laughed at his awkward way of doing so.

The eggs were brought, and Thankful Ann "tossed up" the pudding with the speed and skill of a New England "help."

"Be sure you lock the door safely, Thankful Ann," I said, as I came down to go to church. "Is that old man gone?"

"Well! I guess as to how he is," she replied; "I don't see the critter nowhere."

Thankful Ann had also been up stairs beauti-

fying herself with a bright blue dress and pink ribbons.

The church-bell ceased tolling. The minister rose to prayer. It was the crooked, shabby old man, who had passed the morning in my stoop. I felt the perspiration start from every pore of my body. It was then the custom in Massachusetts for the congregation to stand during prayer, but my limbs refused to sustain me—I fell back on my seat. But this was nothing to what I felt when, almost sinking with confusion, I waited in the aisle to ask him to the plain family dinner, and he patted me on the shoulder with the soothing manner one uses to a child, saying, "Never mind! my dear, never mind! you'll know better next time. Never mind! Ah! don't feel so badly about it. Why, St. Paul himself might have been in my place. His 'bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible.' No one will ever know it."

This was my sole consolation, but I found Mrs. Longbotham waiting for me in the porch, to whisper that she'd "die of the French" if I didn't tell her what sent Dr. — climbing over my little red gate into the lane that morning. Close by, stood Thankful Ann, purple in the face with laughter. She got the secret out of her, for I couldn't tell it. I went home, and sat down to dinner with the little old man, and heard him ask me as he uncovered a dish of spinach, if I "was fond of the egg."

I could go on *ad libitum*, as could any "clergyman's wife; but I spare you, my good readers.

MY BROTHER

BY MARY H. LUCY.

THE Autumn winds are hurrying by,
And the mournful Autumn rain,
Like the wailing cry of a tired child,
Taps low at the window-pane.
My thoughts go back to the joyous past,
To the beautiful long ago,
To the dearest of our fireside band,
Who sleeps in the church-yard low!

I murmur again the old time words,
The words of hope and love;
And I half forget that he went away,
To dwell in the courts above.
I look with wistful eyes, adown
Life's mazes dim to see,
And hear a voice in accents mild,
"Thy God will be with thee!"

Oh, blessed thought! That tho' ^{no} way
Be dark—the sunshine be gone;
To the All-Father we may turn
And lean upon his arm!
Feeling he chasteneth whom ^{he} loves,
Praying—in spirit one,
For grace to say in every hour,
"Father, thy will be ^{done}!"

My brother! In that ^{other} home,
Where comes not sorrow's tear,
Look down upon our earthly way,
Meet us in spirit here!
And tho' we tread life's future path,
Mournfully and alone,
God grant we ^{all} at last may meet
Around the Great White Throne.

THE VACANT STORE IN BROAD STREET.

BY JOHN QUINCY TRUAX.

I TOOK a quiet stroll last Sunday afternoon, through the business part of the city. Selecting the shady sides of the hot streets, I walked slowly down Broadway, entered Wall, and turned down the western side of the wide and magnificently sweeping curve of Broad street. Stopping here and there to read up in the diversified sign-literature upon the silent, iron-bound warehouses, I espied, opposite me, a store with an unusual display of small tin signs upon the iron leaves of its heavily bolted door. They were of that small and unsubstantial variety which is very commonly used by several sorts of men; by physicians and lawyers, apparently from some consideration of etiquette or custom or professional pride; by artisans, tailors and bootmakers especially, whose slender capital delegates them to obscure streets, and to small exterior blazonry of their name and fame; and lastly, by men of business who depart to better or worse accommodations, leaving behind them one of these small notifications, as the utmost that is needful to announce so unimportant a circumstance as the mere negation of their presence.

"Altrovero & Son," I read, "removed to — William street; "V. B. Amlen," said another Memorial of departed worth, "removed to — Broadway."

A third legend was to the ill-omened effect that "the books of Messrs. Williams, Pride & Fall, may be seen at the store of Solidman & Co., — Maiden Lane." And there were one or two other inscriptions of similar purport. One of these, perhaps the oldest, was quite defaced, and hung only by a corner and one nail; rusty and soiled up by the malicious or careless mischief of some junior clerk, it was worth nobody's while to replace it, for the fact which it announced was long ago known to all the customers and correspondents of the house.

A very few blades of grass shot out from between the heavy stone of the basement—a rare fringe to the iron armor of a business street. A huge, dusty, ragged rock, formerly placed upon the side of the front step as a specimen of ore or building stone, from some quarry whose agent once kept open counting-house within, still lay there; gathering no moss, however, in that hot, dry, stirring business atmosphere, for all its not

having rolled, perhaps, for thirty years. Indeed, though the high, solid, red brick building stood with cross-barred window-blinds shut and unwinking, glaring and still in the open, hot sunlight, I fancied that in spite of all it looked cold and damp; that even (for I knew that it had been little occupied for a considerable time) the privation of human occupancy and living, active influences had imparted some deadening weight to the black air, so long shut closely up in the stores and offices within; and that this atmosphere, damp and unhealthy in itself, had gradually impressed a darker shade upon the very bricks of the wall, than belonged to the materials of the adjoining tenements. This is not improbably an actual fact; of which, however, any person may readily judge for himself by looking with unbiased eyes upon the store where it stands; I may possibly have been influenced by fancies accompanying the information in my possession respecting the premises. Of all these various unprosperous phenomena, however, that which was to me most noticeable was this multiplicity of small tin signs—this unusual accumulation of exuviae, as it were, of departed firms. It was altogether the most noticeable, I repeat, to me, for I believed that I knew a good reason for it.

The entry of a death, which I yesterday observed with sorrow in the register of one of the cities dailies, apprises me that I am now at liberty to state certain facts connected with an occurrence which happened quite a number of years ago, which caused some excitement and curious inquiry, legal and otherwise, at the time, and concentrated a temporary interest of considerable intensity about this building, then occupied by the gentleman just mentioned and his partner, under the name and firm of Argensen & Brother. Many of our older residents will doubtless remember the facts. The gentleman just deceased—I substitute for his real name that of Argensen—was long a wholesale merchant of reputation, influence and wealth in this city, and of very high character, not only as a solid, careful, reliable and successful business man, but as a man of the purest probity, and loftiest moral and religious qualities. In my situation as junior member of the law firm

which transacted his professional business, as long as he was actively occupied about mercantile matters, was so fortunate as to conciliate his esteem, and to be honored for a long time with a large share of his confidence; of which one consequence was the communication of the following facts, which were narrated to me at his own residence. As he had no relatives, and no acquaintances, so far as my observation has extended, (except mere business friends) nearly so intimate even as myself, I do not hazard any injury to the feelings of any person, in publishing this account; which I think not without interest in itself, as well as on some philosophical grounds.

The store in question had been included in that portion of Mr. Argensen's large property, which was usually leased and managed by our firm as his agents. And so far back even as the time of Mr. Argensen's narrative to me, above mentioned, the three or four tin signs already fixed upon the outer door of the tenement, and the fact that no concern or tenant ever remained long in it had attracted my attention.

The immediate occasion, indeed, of his communication of the circumstances to me, was a casual remark of mine upon the unstable returns from a piece of real estate evidently so valuable; and an accompanying suggestion that some expenditures for improvements, or even rebuilding, would not improbably be remunerated by the increased revenue and certainty of tenancy. His age, he said, even then, and disinclination for the responsibility and effort necessary in any new undertaking, were reasons sufficient to prevent him from an exertion, even of so little comparative extent; and he, moreover, dropped some slight hint of associations existing in his own mind and disinclining him to the proposed change, such as caused me, connecting it with certain dim and floating rumors which I had heard before, to ask him very bluntly for an account of them.

This he very readily and kindly gave, on condition that I should not repeat it during his lifetime, for obvious reasons. I shall now transcribe the statement as written down by me immediately after having heard it from him, and of course substantially in his words, and in the first person.

My firm (said Mr. Argensen to me) was Argenson & Brother. But I never actually had either brother or sister, to my recollection, and I think my parents died before I came away from Europe. It was when I was so young, however, that my only childish or home remembrance is a dim one of two beloved forms, and the impression—how made or retained I know not—that I was sent from Copenhagen to New York.

Nor could I ever find any traces of my family in that first city, although I have frequently made inquiries. The designation of Argensen & Brother was, therefore, not strictly true. It was a fancy of my own. Yet it was not without a very true significance; for it was chosen as an allowable embodiment of the peculiarly intimate and delightful character of the friendship which existed between myself and Adam Neal, my partner. We were both orphans, had been penniless errand boys, and subsequently junior clerks, together, and had always, both then and afterward, maintained a close and confidential relation and intercourse, such as seems, indeed, a necessary resource to persons of affectionate character and strong social instincts, in default of any family circle of God-given loved ones. We read, studied and sang together; walked, talked, argued, investigated, discussed, believed, planned and speculated in partnership; and were always called David and Jonathan by our clerkly friends. This evident sympathy of mind and soul, corroborated by so many years of intimate intercourse, rendered it the most natural thing in the world that when we had each, at about the same time, gained a position where, with our own little savings, and the assistance which certain friends among our elders felt justified in rendering us, we could venture into business in our own names, we should do so jointly as partners.

This we accordingly did, and being emboldened by a business connection uncommonly large from the start—which I believe was mainly gained by the winning and manly address of Adam Neal—we ventured to purchase these premises, which you seem inclined to have rebuilt instead of leasing a tenement; inasmuch as they were just then in the market on easy terms.

Here we did a successful business for two years, rapidly reducing our indebtedness to the friends who had aided us, and with every prospect of a most prosperous mercantile life. In the summer, however, of 18—, as you probably know, happened those painful circumstances which not only broke up the firm, and ruined me, for the time being, both in health and in purse, but of which the centre in fatal and sorrowful interest to me was the sudden disappearance and undoubted death—by whatever means—of Adam Neal.

The whole thing came upon me in one day—the loss of my life-long and beloved friend, and the conviction that I was again without a cent. I do not mean that I was afraid to be poor. It was the sudden revulsion which the circumstances made peculiarly overpowering, from an

independence toward which I had been mounting with such long and sinewy struggles, and such goading and longing aspirations for so many years—which I expected that three or four months would definitely assure—the sudden and surprising fall from this hopeful and bright elevation, down again into the place of the underling, the dependant, the debtor. That—that effect of sudden poverty should afflict a free-minded man is no wonder.

We had collected up as snugly as possibly, and had even borrowed on short time an amount considerably larger than we usually allowed ourselves so to obtain, for the sake of being in funds for the cash purchases necessary to an investment which our calculations demonstrated must be highly remunerative, and of which a friend had furnished early private advice. These advantages, however, must be used at once; for a very short delay would make others aware of facts now in our exclusive possession, and expose us to a competition fatal to our plans. Neal, therefore, with funds in hand, was to proceed directly South next morning for the completion of the business. Almost all of the twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars which we had determined to risk in the enterprise he had in his pocket-book; for various delays had rendered it impossible to get the several amounts into our hands until late that very afternoon. We remained together at the counting-room until almost dark, transacting business and arranging affairs in order to the least possible derangement from his absence; and at last, not without repeated kindly urging from him, I departed to dinner. He said he would sleep at the store, as there yet remained some correspondence in his department to be closed up, and that I could come down and see him off early in the morning.

Early, accordingly, next morning I was at the store, and finding the door and windows still fast closed, knocked vigorously for a long time without effect, except that to my surprise, the great half blood-hound, half bull-dog which we kept in the store, instead of the resounding, hoarse and savage baying with which, from his lair in the penetralia of the building, he had been accustomed to hail the first comer, was whining pitifully, and evidently from close behind the entrance door. This unusual circumstance caused me to apprehend that something was wrong; and I therefore redoubled my attack, making indeed so emphatic a clamor as speedily to waken the clerk who slept up stairs, and to bring him, all haggard and disordered, half-dressed and yawning in the undisputed drowse of a heavy morning slumber, to my assistance;

for the door was so adjusted as to prevent entrance from without; an arrangement considered safest and convenient enough under the circumstances. Of this clerk, who was a person of a somewhat rowdyish, blustering countenance, and of a like demeanor among his companions, but who had always been civil enough to us, his principals, and respectfully attentive to his duties, I anxiously and hurriedly inquired after Neal; hardly noticing, in my eagerness, that the great ill-favored bull-dog had sneaked through the door as soon as it was opened, his tail close between his legs and his head down, and crouched trembling close at my feet. "Mr. Neal?" replied the clerk, evidently startled, as indeed would naturally be the case to one so early and suddenly aroused and asked so hastily; startled, I say, and also by the same confusing mist of sleep, disenabled either from prompt recollection of things past, or prompt comprehension of things present—"Mr. Neal? Why, warn't he at home last night?"

"No," I answered. "He slept here, I suppose. He was to meet me here this morning."

"He left the store about an hour after you did," replied the clerk. "He said there was business which he must attend to up town, and that he would not come down again."

Here was some singular misapprehension. Thinking hastily over our business, I could remember no possible necessity for Neal's seeing anybody up town. No business matter, to the best of my knowledge and belief, remained unadjusted, nor had it ever happened to us to leave any such matter at any time at such loose ends in the afternoon, that we should need to pursue men into the repose of the evening for its adjustment. Any lady? I thought. But that was quite beyond supposition. If there were any such affair on hand (which I knew there was not) I should have known, step by step, of its progress, from Neal. Some unfortunate misunderstanding I concluded; but already I was within the penumbra of the gloomy sorrow which spreads darkening backward as well as forward, from the precise period when great misfortunes become fully known, and already the bodings which came from within me, exaggerated to a degree that I resolutely refused to admit in my reason, the significance of this slight circumstance of the breaking of so unimportant an appointment. In a very few moments, however, I concluded that Adam Neal must, as the clerk had said, have left the store last night, and slept either in some part of the city to me unknown, or on board of the packet which was to depart with the first of the ebb, within half an hour

from that present moment. Hastily, therefore, telling Mr. Simson, the clerk, to call in the dog and go to bed again, if he liked, I departed toward the wharf from which the brig was to unmoor. But the dog paid no attention either to Simson's whistling, to his explicit friendly appeals by name, to his angry orders, or finally to his sportsman-like cries of, "Here, Bose! Here, rat! rat!" He came sneakingly along as if thoroughly frightened, sticking close at my heels, inasmuch that I hit his nose more than once in lifting my feet; an indignity ordinarily quite sufficient to arouse the savage ferocity, which indeed had always required fierce discipline and great care for its restraint within safe bounds, and which had rendered him the terror of divers lounging clerks who had undertaken to beard him in his den. This brutish wrath of his seemed, however, now to have burnt so completely out, like a candle dying in the socket; or to be so utterly quenched by some stronger fear, as to drive him to seek protection near some friend of a higher order of existence. Hurrying on, however, in the perplexity of my thoughts and of the unaccountable apprehensions which beset me, I thought neither of dog nor of devil; but only of the new and unprecedented omission on Neal's part, and of the material disappointment and vexation which would ensue if he should lose his passage, and our speculation should thereby be blocked.

The captain of the brig stood on the house, aft, as I came down to the wharf, swearing, according to the tenure of his office, at the slowness of sundry seamen who were hauling a schooner away from outside of him, to allow his brig a free passage into the stream. She hung only by two slight fasts, which were ready to be cast off, and I had to scramble over the bulwarks as best I might to reach the potent commander. "Is Mr. Neal aboard, sir?" I asked, eagerly. "No, sir," was the brief response. "Hasn't been seen yet, sir. Can't wait for him, nor nobody else. Cut off that fast, for'ard!" And he fired off a great string of execrations at the "lubberly mousing sogers," who were singing out at the hawser of the heavy schooner. "There's something wrong, Captain Martin," I said. "He must be ill. But he can't go now. Won't you let me take his trunk ashore, however?" "Steward, set Mr. Neal's trunk ashore for this gentleman," hailed the gruff captain; and I regained the wharf in disappointment and vexation most extreme and overpowering, as the clumsy old brig began her long voyage with an imperceptible gliding progress, inch by inch, along the side of the pier.

Sending the trunk home, I hastened back to the store, thence to our boarding-house, thence to the shipping office of the line of packets, in one of which Neal had taken passage, and thence to the houses of several gentlemen who had been our most tried and efficient friends. No man had seen Neal since yesterday afternoon at the close of business hours, though up to that time several had seen him, and had loaned him on notes at short dates, as I have already stated, various sums of money—facts which rendered their memories quite accurate and reliable.

By this time I make no doubt that the unaccountable horror of mind, which, seemingly in so unnecessary a manner, yet so irresistibly, was accumulating upon me, began to diffuse a visible shadow of terrified anguish upon my countenance. The men whom I sought out were perceptibly started at meeting me; and were infected with a sympathetic and apprehensive tremor like my own, forthwith upon the putting of the one question, which I repeated over and over again with that fearful sinking sensation at the heart which attends sudden and surprising sorrows. Although they each agreed with me, in words, that it was doubtless a mere delay and misunderstanding, and that at business hours my partner must unquestionably appear at his desk, this was the hollow consent which always veils a catastrophe from sight until relentless demonstration tears it away, and forces us to look fairly into the face of the black fate which we already well knew was there grimly crouched behind it. The words were naught. Consciously or not, *I knew* that Neal was dead; and my knowledge, shadowed forth from my haggard visage, *must* have passed over into the souls of my interlocutors, and belied their own consoling assurances to themselves. So little faith had I in the appearance of my friend at the time predicted, that upon the failure to discover any traces of him at the points already indicated, I proceeded directly to the office of the chief of the city police, requested a private audience with him, and stating my suspicions that my partner had met with foul play, and all the circumstances of the case, requested him to cause as thorough and immediate an investigation of the matter as was possible. He readily agreed to this, but surprised me by saying that he had expected my visit, and still more by expressing his conviction that Simson, (whom I had not mentioned to him) the clerk, had made away with my partner for the sake of the money in his possession. These items of information were speedily accounted for, however, upon my accepting his offer to cause the night policeman upon whose

beat my store stood, to repeat to me the report which he had already made to his chief. Upon being summoned into our presence, the officer, apparently a man of shrewdness, sobriety and steadiness, proceeded to state substantially as follows:

That shortly after midnight of the night just passed, he had been going his usual rounds; that even before coming abreast of my store, his attention was called to it by the loud and terrified howling, mingled with occasional savage and vociferous baying, and also with whining of the large dog from within, which beast he knew well by sight and reputation as exceedingly savage, strong, faithful and wakeful; that having waited some minutes upon the supposition that some slight casual noise had excited the animal, and then having concluded that some person must be concealed in the building with evil intent, he resolved to arouse the clerk, (of whose name and usual nightly presence in the store he was aware) and with his assistance to make a thorough search through the interior. That although he knocked and pounded very violently upon the iron doors and shutters, which rattled and resounded with a great din, and although the terrible baying of the dog had already awakened one or two clerks sleeping in neighboring stores, who were aroused and in the street, but who were deterred by fear of the vicious brute from attempting an entrance, yet this united clamor failed, apparently, for many minutes, to arouse Simson; that this circumstance caused a suspicion to enter his (the officer's) mind that Simson must know something of the cause of the uproar, and be feigning sleep to avoid suspicion or prevent investigation; that his demeanor upon unbarring the outer door was not calculated to allay such suspicion; for that, upon being asked by the officer, whether he had not heard the barking of the dog? and also why he did not more quickly open the door? he had pretended (incredibly in the officer's opinion) first, that the dog always barked at night; (here I corroborated the officer's supposition, on the ground that the beast possessed in an uncommon degree the taciturnity both of the blood-hound and of the bulldog, of whose races his blood was mingled, and which rendered them almost invariably silent except upon urgent cause) and second, that he (Simson) had not heard either barking or knocking, having been asleep; although the former alone had sounded loudly even out into the street and into the adjoining tenements, to the awakening of the inmates of the latter; that further, upon the officer's stating his strong suspicions that some ill-intentioned person was

concealed within the store, and proposing a thorough search after him, Simson had ridiculed the idea, and had obstinately opposed it, even until the officer, his suspicions growing stronger, had intimated that he should otherwise take him into custody and make the search alone, when he very unwillingly and sullenly assented, attributing his reluctance altogether to his pretended deprivation of sleep by this (alleged) unnecessary disturbance; that thereupon entering and locking the outer door behind him, he (the officer) had caused Simson to procure a lighted candle, which he unwillingly did, and unwillingly and with officious and unnecessary repetitions of ridicule and denial of the imagined concealment of any person on the premises, followed the officer in his search; that he (Simson) carefully kept out of the candle-light and behind him as much as possible; that, however, he contrived to watch him sufficiently to note that his whole demeanor was that of a man startled in the midst of crime, and conscious and fearful about it; and altogether different from that of one merely awakened suddenly out of sound sleep, his discomposure lasting too long, and being too definite and evidently profoundly felt; that in the course of this search they came first to the door which opened from the small entry at the foot of the stairs, (in which entry was the hoist-way of the building) and behind the said stairs, into the main store on the floor nearly even with the street; that upon opening said door, the large dog, who had been fearfully and anxiously whining during the delay of entering and striking a light, jumped eagerly out into the entry, where he coiled himself up in great apparent fear, trembling, whining, and refusing utterly to accompany the search; that this circumstance confirming his suspicions, he had, followed by Simson, entered the store, closing and locking this inner door, and was passing through a long, narrow passage between high piles of bales and boxes, when something like a blast of chilly wind or fog, with a peculiar sighing murmur of smothered character, interrupted once (all this the officer distinctly, repeatedly and carefully specified) by something which reminded him of the sob of a choking man, had swept over and past them, extinguishing their light, and apparently frightening Simson almost out of his senses; inasmuch that he nearly fell, stumbling and only being saved by coming upon the officer, and with difficulty managed to articulate a swearing refusal to accompany him further; that thereupon being determined not to lose sight of him, he had colared him and grooved with him to the counting-

room, forced him to find matches and to re-light the candle, in the renewed light from which he then appeared to be fairly shaking and white with some emotion, undoubtedly fear; that they then proceeded, taking matches with them, to search the remainder of the building, from cellar to attic, the clerk being dragged along, throughout, by main force, apparently too frightened for resistance; that at three or four several other times, viz: once in the second and lower cellar of the store, again in the room even with the street, and again in the attic, the same peculiar sighing blast (which the officer always described is like wind or fog, and as being interrupted by the singular one sob) had extinguished their light, producing each time a repeated increase of Simson's agitation; that they found no person concealed, nor any signs of any such concealment, or of any disturbance or disorder in any part of the building, or of the goods stored within it; nor in the corner of the second story where Simson slept; there being only his own junk or bed place, with the clothes thrown back as he had left it upon proceeding to open the door, and another similar bed place undisturbed; that he (the officer) was well aware, and readily admitted, that it was not impossible for some one to have remained concealed on the premises during this investigation, but that it was not, in his opinion, probable, as he had had experience in such examinations; that he had discontinued when he did, partly because he found nothing wrong, partly from some slight discouragement at the threats and reproaches which his failure seemed to encourage Simson, to bestow plentifully upon him for his intrusion and personal violence, and also (at which the chief expressed surprise to me, from his experience of the man's cool and steady courage) in part from a very inexplicable sensation of fear and obscure nameless horror, which he confessed that this repeated extinguishment of the candle, and the attendant phenomena seemed to bring with it, and which became, as he declared, nearly insupportable; that accordingly, having spent fully an hour and a half in the search, he had departed, leaving the dog, who made violent efforts to flee into the street, yet in the entry, since he resisted, growling and grinning with some signs of his usual ferocity, all their efforts to shut him up again in the main store, his usual post of watchfulness.

To this long, but clear and connected statement, I listened with profound interest. I could not resist being convinced, as were the two police-officers, that Simson must somehow be cognizant of the key to this mystery, if not

actually the sole possessor of it, and that in fact the blood of my partner was upon his soul.

I will here state what remains to be said of this man, since he has very little more to do with the remainder of my narrative. He was of course arrested, and tried for the murder of Adam Neal. The popular conviction of his guilt was universal and undoubting; losing nothing of its force from the unfortunate aspect of the prisoner, who, as I partly described him, was a young man below middle height, black-browed, of sullen and repellant demeanor, or at best, when in a sportive mood, loud, uproarious, and harsh even almost to brutality in word and action. It also appeared on the trial that he was by no means a person of immaculate previous character, as indeed I had more than once seen reason to suspect. Nor was this popular opinion at all shaken, but rather stimulated and corroborated by a supernaturalizing interpretation very generally put upon the singular extinguishment of the light, and the fright of so savage a beast as the large and notoriously fearless dog. It was currently said that Simson had watched my unfortunate partner while he disposed of the large sum of money in his possession, and having cunningly waited until he was quite soundly asleep, had smothered him, and then concealed both the corpse and the booty by some means so diabolically ingenious as to evade not only the search made that same night, but all subsequent investigations; and that the ghost or spirit of the victim, as it were scarcely departing out of its material vehicle, and hovering near it, had made its fearful presence known to the dumb intelligence of the dog, cowering aim utterly, (according to the well known and anciently descended traditions that the nobler beasts, as dogs and horses, possess a quicker and clearer power of discerning spiritual presences than men) and striving by the faint bodiless manifestations which were the only means left to it, to communicate likewise with the only human beings near it, but only succeeding so far as to appear merely as a dim breath and intangible horror—diffusing cloud or blast, which in some sense, by the murmur interrupted by the sob, imitated and repeated the sounds of the recent death. And this same popular report, moreover, accounted easily enough for the terror-stricken demeanor of Simson, by saying that he staid within the dark, close precincts of the blood-stained store, from the promptings of the same diabolic cunning that had aided him to hide his guilt, on the supposition that thus he might brazenly assume a position of injured innocence, and defy all

circumstantial evidence, in the absence of any the remotest trace of the corpse or the money; and a fearful and most horrible additional feature of this conception, was the ideal delineation which it embodied of the solitary murderer, sitting or lying in the midst of the thick, tangible darkness that belongs within buildings thickly walled and closely shut—darkness that might be felt—and ever and anon receiving even in his very face and upon his murderous brow and eyes, the breath and spiritual sigh of the disembodied wraith whose warm body, scarcely still from throbbing, lay near—hearing the faint, airy imitation of the very sob and shivering, struggling effort, which as the last agonizing, but feeble and helpless resistance of the victim, must already be marked distinctly enough in his memory. These ghastly pictures were strongly drawn in the argument of the prosecuting attorney, whose powerful efforts would undoubtedly have sealed the fate of the prisoner, had it not been for the equal or greater strength with which the danger of circumstantial condemnations was urged on the other side, and the very skilful enforcement of the important significance of the utter failure to show any signs either of murder or robbery. This view was also strongly taken by the court. The court, as well as the counsel for defence, and the papers of the day, also commented with especial particularity upon the absurdity of these alleged supernatural phenomena. A draft of air, a stray bat, were enough, it was said, to scare a foolish clerk or a foolish policeman in the dark, thus, therefore, the candle was put out and the men frightened; and the stuff about a sob and a murmur was sickish folly. The jury, after long consultation, and repeated directions from the court on the force of circumstantial evidence, and the cogency of the existence or non-existence of various links thereof, acquitted Simson. He then volunteered to remain in the store until the settlement of my affairs, which this catastrophe necessitated, should be completed, and did actually for a time so remain. But his position was abundantly unpleasant, for nobody could resist a reluctance to have any intercourse with him. For he was regarded not as innocent, but only as not proven guilty. Within a week, indeed, after his acquittal he was sick, either from the horror of conscious guilt, operating upon the very scene where it was incurred, and the violent and exhausted efforts made to hide it, or from the mortification consequent upon such universal injustice. At all events he threw up his situation and left the city. I afterward heard of him as being at Baltimore, suspiciously supplied with funds.

Within a year he was back at New York, as figured for some time, becoming quite notorious as a pot-house politician. Then I long lost sight of him, and at last, to my painful surprise, recognized him—though I did not tell him of it, nor did he ever reveal himself to me—in a miserable, broken wretch, who begged along the pavements in Wall street near Broad, and to whom I gave many an alms. Then at last, while absent from the city, I saw in a newspaper an account of one Simson, who had died at the New York Hospital, after some confession made; but at my return, I found that this confession, whatever it was, was made only to some nurse or ignorant underling, who had subsequently been dismissed, and was gone. So I never knew what he confessed, or what he did. But—I hope I shall be forgiven if I am unjust—I just as implicitly believe that Adam Neal died within that store by the murdering hand of Thomas Simson, and that by the same hand, doubly guilty of murder and of robbery, the victim was despoiled of the large sum of money then in his possession, as if I had seen the deeds done with my own eyes.

I never knew or heard anything further of Adam Neal, nor of those funds: when a single occurrence, which I shall shortly mention, be excepted. The loss broke up my business. I went into liquidation, paid about half the liabilities of my house, began again at the beginning, and have since paid all the remainder with ample interest, and been, moreover, abundantly more prosperous than I can have deserved, in all respects of business and influence.

But I have never again had any such associate as he was. My feeling was not merely that of one who loves a friend. It was a sensation so tangible, so agonizing, so cruel, so intimate to my being, that I have long felt that it was the riving of some bond of physical, or half physical, and half spiritual affinity, altogether more close and vital than any mere friendship. I could no more hope to repair the loss than I could hope to regain, if I had lost a limb, any equivalent in an artificial substitute. I have, therefore, lived in fact alone, though I trust not so as to seem hateful or savage to my kind.

It remains for me to state the occurrence to which I have just alluded, as possibly related to Adam Neal's death. I was overborne by the complex sorrow of which I spoke in the former portion of this narrative, at the disruption of this attachment which had become so intimate a constituent of my being, and by the utter destruction of all the results of my efforts in business up to that time; and was even so much affected as to be thrown into a lingering and

asting fever, from which I only very slowly recovered. During the progress of this recovery, and while I was yet in a condition very far from my usual degree of health and strength, I was sitting one afternoon by myself and meditating, I remember, upon some singular passages from one of the older German writers upon mental philosophy. I was, however, to the best of my belief entirely in my natural right mind, and in the complete and full control of my faculties. Thus situated, and gazing, as it happened, across the apartment, I beheld some undefined formlessness gathering all at once near the further wall, and directly against a heavy, dark curtain which veiled a recess. At first I thought it merely a result of some fatigue of the eyes. When I fancied that it must be a smoke from some fire; and finally I was beyond conception shocked and terrified, even with a pang which seemed to destroy all my life within me to see. I solemnly assert that I did consciously, intelligently, and beyond the possibility of error, see the likeness of human features gathering themselves, and taking form and substantiality and expression, and arising into the form of a man—the form of Adam Neal—out of the phantasm, whatever it was. Thus much I clearly saw; but my sight was so utterly and tremendously unexpected, so awfully sudden, impressive and agitating, that, as I said, it quite overpowered me.

I cried out and fell down, fainting dead away. Those who came hastily in found me upon the floor. But when I recovered from the insensibility of the faintness, how can I express the anguish and shame? The phantom—was it not that long-forgotten, but often promised re-appearance?

But I must now say what the course of my narration had caused me before to omit; that among the many wild conceptions which had arisen during those long and frequent discussions, which Adam Neal and I had so often maintained upon all conceivable subjects, there had been, no matter how, been started, discussed, and at last ultimately and firmly promised and mutually agreed upon, the strange proposal that whenever either of us should die, that one should, if possible, return at the earliest period hereafter, and visibly and tangibly reveal himself by sight, word or touch, or all if it might be, to the survivor. This compact having been made, we very frequently referred to it. It was discussed, indeed, between ourselves (although we never alluded to it in the presence of others) as freely as any material project in which we were both interested.

Thus, then, he had come back to me! Oh, the horrible forgetfulness, the cowardly weakness that could so delude me into a fear of such beloved features—that could deprive me of intercourse so profoundly deciderated, so unexpectedly proffered! I seemed even to feel this loss, which I could not but attribute to the despicable terror (as I was unable to avoid considering it) into which my unreflecting timidity had betrayed me, as to be bewailed by me not only with sorrow, but with a painful species of remorseful regret, and as almost more severe than that original one, which was caused by the crime of another.

This last circumstance of the phantom I mention more to make my own narrative consciously complete, than as expecting it to be believed. I believe it most religiously to have happened in very deed as I have stated it. And it had, for some reason or other, a final and absolute result—if any were needed—in completing that entire and unchangeable belief in the guilt of Simson, which indeed never varied more than a very little, after the report of the policeman who searched the store. But I cannot expect any one else to feel much weight from such testimony.

I have no wish as to the disposal of the property after my death. But you can now understand, in some measure, the force of the considerations—the mingled recollections of pleasure and of pain—that prevail to dissuade me from the destruction of the old store.

Such was Mr. Argensen's story. In relation to the alleged supernatural appearances within the store, it is not necessary for me to give an opinion. I am not a superstitious man; yet is there any satisfactory reason, aside from this idea of a haunting, terrifying appearance, to account for the actual, consistent, and uniform remarkably short duration of the tenancies therein?

I candidly confess that to the best of my knowledge and belief there is not; and I am strongly inclined to repeat to the present owners of the estate the counsel which I gave Mr. Argensen, viz: to pull it down and rebuild it from the very foundation; a measure undoubtedly expensive, but economical in regard to the ensuring a permanent and reliable future income from it.

Touching the phantasmal re-appearance of Adam Neal, I may say (without here any more than before intending to express a decided conviction) that since hearing this statement so solemnly vouched for, and so fully believed by Mr. Argensen, I have come into possession of testimony certainly adequate to the establish-

ment of a fact in a court of justice, showing the occurrence of a similar re-appearance, under similar circumstances, in at least one family in New England, of old Puritan descent, and of the very highest respectability for social standing and intellectual power and cultivation.

TO ONE DEPARTED.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

Cold is the clay above thy breast,
And damp rain falling now
Upon thy lowly place of rest,
Beneath the bending bough,
And the wild wind rushes by,
And frights away the zephyr's sigh.
Green grows the long and waving grass
Above thy buried head,
And shadows darkly come and pass
O'er wild flowers on thy bed,
And their sweetest breath the gentle dew
Steals from the flowers of rainbow hue.
A spirit voice in the starless night
Moans for the early dead,
And hopes that bore a silvery light,
With thee have darkly fled,
And songs that breathed a joyous tone
Seem filled with sorrow's wildest moan.
Soft, sunny skies have brightly bent
Above the green old earth;
And songs of birds and winds been blent
With the music round the hearth;
Still in the hours when low winds creep,
I think of thee in thy last long sleep.
And deem that in the soft, low sigh,
As it creeps through the dark green leaves,
And wanders in its sweetness by,
There's a song thy spirit weaves,
Thou art whispering in the holy even
Of the fadeless stars in thy clear bright Heaven.

Dewy tears the flowers will weep,
And winds the long grass wave,
And sunny light will softly sweep
The shadows from thy grave;
Yet in the heart will fondly dwell
The memory of our last farewell.
Not blinded by the grave-yard's dust
I deem those eyes of blue,
Still must the light of Friendship's trust
Be blent with the Heavenly hue;
Nor damply on thy snowy brow
Can I deem the clods are lying now.
Dost thou ever look with spirit eyes
Upon the loved old scenes,
And wander from thy cloudless skies,
In the wood and by the stream?
Or where the flowers in brightest bloom
Shed fragrance round the loved one's tomb
We have wandered there, and may I deem
Thy spirit still with me,
When I sit by the singing stream,
Beneath my favorite tree;
And when within my chamber lone
Still may I hear thy spirit's tone.
Still may I hope the link unbroken
That bound our souls together,
Nor yearn in vain for some bright token
To know they part not never;
Still may I hope to meet in gladness,
The spirit that I lost in sadness.

AS HAPPY NOW AS THEN.

BY B. SIMMON BARRETT.

DEAR mate, dost thou remember
The time when first we met
Long years ago, one evening,
Just as the sun had set?
'Twas near our uncle's cottage
Where you had come to stay,
And there I came to woo thee
Each pleasant Summer's day.
How oft we gathered flowers,
Or wandered through the glen,
So happy—yet we're surely
As happy now as then.

Though time has left its impress
Long since, upon our brows,
We never have forgotten
Our youthful plighted vows;
Each passing year awakens
The memories of the past,
That bind our hearts more closely
As long as life shall last.
Our children seem, already,
Fair maids and brawny men,
And, in our cheerful circle,
We're happy, now, as then.

THE MYSTIC BELL.

FROM THE DANISH OF ANDERSEN.

WARD evening, in the narrow streets of a town, just as the sun was sinking, and clouds used to glitter like gold between the trees, a singular sound, like that of a church-bell, was often heard—sometimes by one, sometimes by another; but it only lasted a minute, there was such a rumbling of carts, and such a din of voices, that slighter noises were drowned. The evening bell is ringing,” people used to say, “and now the sun is about to sink.”

Those who rambled beyond the town, where the houses were more thinly scattered, and had open fields between them, saw the evening sky in fuller beauty, and heard the sound of the bell much more distinctly. It seemed to come from a church lying in the depths of a fragrant forest; and people looked in that direction, and their devotional feelings were quickened.

After some time had passed by, one would say to another, “I wonder whether there is a church hidden there in the woods? The bell has such a peculiarly fine tone. Shall we not go and listen a little nearer?” And the rich drove thither, the poor went on foot, but the way seemed endlessly long.

Three persons declared that they had penetrated to the end of the forest, and that they had really heard the same peculiar sound of a bell. It seemed there as if it proceeded from the distance. One wrote a song on the subject, and said that the bell sounded like the voice of a mother speaking to a good and beloved child, and that the melody was superior to the sound of that bell. The ceremony of confirmation now took place.

The preacher had held forth with heartfelt eloquence, and those who had been confirmed were deeply impressed, for it was a solemn day to them. They were lifted from childhood to the ranks of grown persons, and their childish spirits must now assume the attributes of rational beings. It was a fine sunny day; and as the young folks who had been confirmed went to take a walk out of town, the large, unknown bell sounded from the forest, in a tone of unusual solemnity. They immediately longed to go and look for it; and all were of the same opinion, except one, who was a poor boy, who had borrowed a coat and a pair of boots of his landlord's

son, to be confirmed in, and who was obliged to return them by a certain time.

But two of the youngest soon grew tired, and returned to town. Two little girls sat down to make garlands, and they went no further. Finally others observed, “Now we are a far way into the forest; but the bell does not really exist, it is only a fancy that people have taken into their heads.”

Just then the bell sounded so beautifully, and so solemnly, from the depths of the forest, that four or five amongst them determined to penetrate further. The trees were thickly set, and very leafy. It was really difficult to advance; for daffodils and anemones grew almost too high, while blooming creepers and blackberry bushes hung in long garlands from tree to tree, on whose boughs the nightingales were singing, and the sunbeams disporting. It was most lovely! But the way was really not fit for girls, who would have torn their dresses at every step. There were huge blocks of stone overgrown with variegated moss, and the fresh spring water babbled forth, and seemed to say the words, “Gurgle, gurgle.”

“I wonder whether this is the bell, after all?” said one of the newly-confirmed youths, as he laid down and listened. “It is worth studying closely.” So he remained behind, and let the others go on.

They came to a cottage built of bark and branches. A wild apple-tree of goodly growth stretched its boughs over it, as if it would shower down blessings over its roof, which was overgrown with blooming roses. The long boughs drooped over the gable-end, to which was fastened a little bell. Might not this be the bell they heard? They all agreed it must be, except one youth, who objected that the bell was too small and too delicate to be heard at such a distance, and that it was a very different sound indeed that touched the human heart so deeply. He who spoke was a king's son; and then the others said that those sort of people always wanted to be wiser than anybody else.

Therefore they left him to go his ways; and the further he went the more deeply was he impressed by the solitude of the forest. But he still heard the little bell that the others had been

so delighted with. But the tones of the bell became louder and louder, and it soon seemed as if an organ had joined them; the sound proceeded from the left—namely, from the side of the heart.

There was now a rustling amongst the bushes, and a little boy stood before the king's son, wearing wooden shoes, and so short a jacket that one could mark the exact length of his wrists. They knew one another; the boy being one of those who had been confirmed, and who could not join the excursion, because he had to go home and deliver up the coat and boots to his landlord's son. This he had done, and had then sallied forth in his wooden shoes and his shabby clothes, for the bell sounded so loud and so solemnly, that go he must.

"We can walk together," said the king's son. But the poor, newly-confirmed youth in the wooden shoes was ashamed. He pulled down the short sleeves of his jacket, and said he feared he could not walk fast enough; besides, he thought the bell must be sought on the right side, because it was in that direction that lay the finest part of the forest.

"Then we shall not be likely to meet each other," said the king's son, nodding to the poor boy, who went into the deepest depths of the forest, where the brambles tore his shabby clothes asunder, and scratched his face, hands, and feet, till they bled. The king's son likewise met with some right good scratches, but the sun shone on his path, and it's he whom we shall follow, for he was a nimble lad.

"I must find the bell," said he, "though I were to go to the world's end to seek it!"

Some ugly apes sat on the tree tops, and grinned till they showed all their teeth. "Shall we cudgel him?" said they. "Shall we thrash him? He is a king's son."

But he went undaunted, deeper and still deeper into the forest, where grew the strangest flowers. There stood star-like lilies, with deep red stamina; azure tulips, that sparkled in the breeze; and apple trees, whose fruit looked like large brilliant soap-bubbles. Only think how the trees glittered in the sunshine! Around the loveliest meadows, where the hart and the hind were playing on the grass, grew stately oaks and beech-trees; and wherever the bark had cracked in any of these trees, grass and long tendrils

peeped out of the crevices. And there were large tracts of land intersected by quiet lakes on whose surface white swans were swimming and flapping their wings.

The king's son frequently stood still and listened. He often fancied the bell sounded in the ears from out of one of these lakes; but he knew that it could not proceed thence, and that the bell was sounding yet deeper in the forest.

The sun had now set. The air was as glowing red as fire, and the forest was as silent as silence could be, when he sank on his knees, and sang an evening-hymn, and then said,

"Never shall I find what I seek! The sun is now sinking, and night, dark night is coming on. Yet I may perhaps see the round, red sun once more before it disappears from the horizon: I will climb to the summit of yonder rocks, for their height is equal to that of the tallest tree."

And by the help of roots and creepers he managed to scale the wet rocks, where water-snakes were wriggling about, and toads seemed to be baying at him; yet he reached the summit before the sun had quite sunk to rest.

Oh, how grand a sight was there! The sea, the boundless, magnificent sea, rolling its broad waves to the shore, lay spread out before him, while the sun stood like a fiery altar just at the point where the sea and sky met, and all around had melted into one glorious tint. The forest was singing, and the sea was singing, and his heart joined their hymns of praise.

All nature was one vast, holy church, whose pillars were formed by trees and floating clouds, whose velvet coverings were represented by grass and flowers, and whose dome was imaged forth by the sky itself; but the glowing tints now faded away, and millions of stars, like so many diamond lamps, lighted up that glorious cupola. And the king's son stretched forth his arms toward heaven, toward the sea, and toward the forest.

Just at that moment, the poor boy, with short sleeves and the wooden shoes, emerged from the right-hand road; he, too, had come just in time, having reached the same point by another way.

And they ran to meet each other, and stood hand-in-hand in the vast church of nature and poetry. And above them sounded the invisible, solemn bell, while holy spirits floated around them, singing a joyous hallelujah!

LINES.

THE lovely eyes of the young Spring night,
So softly down are gazing—
Oh, the Love which bore thee down with might,
Ere long will thy soul be raising.

All on yon linden sits and sings,
The nightingale soft trilling;
And as her music in me rings,
My soul with love is thrilling.

ELIZA ANDERSON.

BY ALICE GARY.

CHAPTER I.

The firelight was beginning to shine brightly through the one small window that looked toward the street—the one small window of a barely comfortable house that once stood in the suburb of a busy little town—busy in a little way. The blacksmith was exceedingly busy: the clink of his hammer was heard far into the night, and on the beaten and baked ground before his door horses were waiting for new shoes from year's end to year's end. The storekeeper was too, for he was showman and salesman, and all; the schoolmaster was busy with many children in the day, and his debating clubs and spelling schools at night; the tailor was busy of course—and one man among them might be seen talking with the blacksmith, the storekeeper, or lounging on the bench in front of the tavern some time during every day, the busiest of all; this man lived in the house where the light was shining at the window, and his name was George Anderson. He was always well dressed, and could talk more smartly than any of his neighbors—it was his boast that he could do anything as well as anybody else, and the better, and he sometimes exemplified to his audience that his boast was not without truth. He could take the blacksmith's hammer and make a horse-shoe as readily as the smith himself, and, moreover, he could make the nails and mend the shoe, if he chose, but it was not for him to choose so hard a task—he could wrestle with the bar-keeper and get the better of him, or drink whiskey with him, and in that too get the better, for George Anderson was never seen to be crooked or to catch at posts, as he went about. Now he would step behind the counter, to relieve the storekeeper for an hour, and never trades he effected were sure to be to the satisfaction of everybody—he was good-natured and welcome everywhere, for he always brought good news to everybody. It was quite usual to find him at the school-house to have him come and give out the spelling lesson, or hear the big, coarse some intricate sentence from Paradise Lost. The scholars were not afraid of him, and knew he could catch flies and talk as much as they could, and if he were their teacher, and then they

felt sure he knew more than the schoolmaster himself.

The firelight was beginning to shine so bright that you might have seen through the naked window all that was in the room—a bare floor, a bed, some chairs and a table were there—a pot and a kettle steaming over the fire—a little girl sitting in a little chair, before it, and a woman leaning on the foot of the bed. The table-cloth was laid and some knives and forks at intervals, but nothing to eat was on the table.

Presently the schoolmaster was seen going that way, walking leisurely, and with a book beneath his arm—he boards with Mrs. Anderson, and is going home. He entered the house, and in less than a minute was seen to come out without the book, looking hurried and flurried, and to walk toward the more crowded part of the town very fast, stopping once at the door of a small house much resembling Mrs. Anderson's own.

He finds the redoubtable George telling a story in the bar-room to a group of admiring listeners, and touching his arm whispers something, but the story-telling goes on all the same. The schoolmaster repeats the touch, and whispers more emphatically. "Yes, directly," says George. "Now, this moment!" speaks the schoolmaster, aloud, and he tries to pull the talker away, but not till the story is finished does he start toward home, and then leisurely and smoking a cigar as he goes. The schoolmaster does not return home, but solemnly makes his way to a common not far from it, and crossing his hands behind him, appears lost in contemplating a flock of geese swimming in a shallow pond and squalling when he comes near. Meantime the mistress of the little house, at the door of which he stooped for a moment, has thrown a shawl about her shoulders and runs without bonnet to Mrs. Anderson's house. Another woman, spectacles in hand, and cap border flying, follows directly, and then another, summoned by some secret and mysterious agent, it would seem, for no messenger has been visible.

The window that looks into the street is temporarily curtained now with one of the women's shawls—sparks are seen to fly out of the chimney rapidly, and there is much going out and in and whispering of neighbors about their doors and

over their garden fences—and it is not long till one of the women comes away from Mrs. Anderson's, leading the little girl who sat by the fire an hour ago. Her black eyes are wide open as if she were afraid, or in doubt what would become of her, and she looks back toward her home wistfully and often, though the woman seems to talk cheerfully as they go, and lifts her with a playful jump over the rough places. Suddenly they turn aside from the path they are in—they notice the schoolmaster pacing up and down beside the pond, and join him, and after some embarrassed blushes and foolish laughter on his part, they go away together. He leads the little girl by the hand, and her thin, white face looks up to him more confidently than to the strange woman. They turn into a little yard, cross a dark porch and open a side door—a glimpse is revealed of a room full of light and children, and all is dark again.

A very good supper the strange woman prepared, of which the little girl and the schoolmaster partook, and afterward he lifts her on his knee, and with the other children gathered about him, tells stories of bears and pirates and Indians till she at last falls asleep, and then the strange woman opens a little bed and softly covers her, and the schoolmaster is shown to a bed in another part of the house. The morning comes, and she goes to school with the master without having gone home, and the day goes by as other days have gone at school—lessons are badly recited, and spelling badly spelled; and the schoolmaster takes her hand and helps her down stairs, and walks on the rough mound, leaving the smooth path for her, and they pass the pond where the geese are swimming, and the strange woman's house, and go in at home, the child still holding the master's hand.

"Well, Lidy," says the woman, who is there preparing the supper, "what do you think happened when you were asleep last night?" Lidy can't guess, and the master says he can't guess, though older eyes than Lidy's would have seen that he suspected shrewdly. "Why," says the strange woman, "the prettiest little brother you ever saw in your life was brought here, for you!" Lidy's black eyes open wide with wonder, and she holds fast the master's hand, and looks at him inquiringly as if she wished he would tell her whether to be glad or sorry. He puts his arm around her and draws her close to his side, and says something about how happy she will be, but he says it in a misgiving tone, and smooths her hair as if it were a piteous case. The strange woman leaves her bustling for a moment, and whispers at the bedside there

is no tea. A pale hand puts by the curtain, and a low voice says something about having told George, three hours past, to go to the tailor who owes her for sewing, get the money and bring home tea and sugar, and some other things, and she wonders he does not come. The strange woman says she wonders too, but she whispers to the schoolmaster that it is enough like *somebody* to stay away at such a time, and she lifts the tea-kettle from the coals and lights the candle.

Lidy is told to sit down in her little chair, and make a good, nice lap, which she does as well as she knows how—and the dear little brother, about whom she is still half incredulous, is brought, and in long flannel wrappings laid across her knees. "Now ain't he a pretty baby though?" exclaims the strange woman, "with his itty bitty boo eyes, and his hair des as nice as any of 'en and ebrysing." The latter part of the speech was made to the wonderful baby, whom Lidy was told she must kiss, and whom she did kiss as in duty bound. The wonderful baby scowled his forehead, clenched his fists and began to cry. "Jolt your chair a little, sissy," says the strange woman, and then to the wonderful brother, "Do they booze itty boy! Well, 'en sant do no such a sing! no, 'en sant!" Then to the schoolmaster, who is bending over his Latin grammar, she exhibits one of the feet of the remarkable boy, and says she believes in her heart, he could hardly wear the moccasin of her little Mary who is nine months old—then she falls to kissing one of the hands of the wonderful baby, and calls him in her loving fondness, "a great big, good-for-nooses sugar-plum." Then she exhibits one of the wonderful hands that clenches and claws most unamiably as she does so, and informs the schoolmaster that she believes in her heart, the hands of the wonderful boy are as large, that very minute, as her Tommy's, and he will be two years old the seventeenth day of next month—then she addresses herself to the baby again, calls his feet "little footens," and makes a feint of eating both at once.

And all this while the remarkable boy has been fretting and frowning on the lap of his little sister, who is told she is very much blest in having a little brother, and who supposes she is blest, and trots him, and kisses him, and holds him up and lays him down again, but in spite of all her little efforts he frowns and fidgets as if she did not, and could not do half enough for him.

By-and-bye a slow footstep is heard and a whistle, and directly afterward Mr. Anderson comes in and gives the strange woman a little

parcel—briskly she measures the tea, and briskly she fills up the tea-pot and rattles the cups into the saucers; the baby is smothered in his long flannels and tucked under the coverlid.

"Come, Casper," says Mr. Anderson, "if you had been at work as hard as I have, you would not want to be called twice."

The schoolmaster lays down his grammar and asks Mr. Anderson what he has been doing—the pale hand puts by the curtain again, and a pale face turns eagerly to hear.

"Why, I could not begin to tell," he says, helping himself freely to everything that is on the table, and he proceeds to mention some of the work. He has broken a colt, he says, which nobody else could manage, and made him kindly, both under the saddle and in harness—he has drawn a tooth which the dentist could not draw, he has turned off two flour barrels for the cooper, and driven the stage-coach seven miles and back, beside a dozen other things, none of which was the least profit to his family. The light goes out of the pale face that turned so eagerly toward him, and a low voice says, "Did you see the tailor, George?"

"Why, to be sure," he answers, "I sewed a seam for him as long as from here to the gate and back again." He has not answered her question as she expected, the hand that holds the curtain shakes nervously, and the low voice says,

"Did he—did—did you get the tea, George?"

"Why, to be sure, and most excellent tea it is," and as the strange woman drains the last drop into his sixth cup, he adds, "won't you have a cup, mother?"

He turns partly toward her as he confers upon her the honor of this inquiry, and the low voice trembles as it says, "No," and the pale hand lets the curtain drop. Poor woman! perhaps she saw the bright new waistcoat that George wore, with its double rows of shining buttons, perhaps she saw this and knew the way her hard earnings had gone. The schoolmaster thinks he hears a stifled groan behind the curtain, sets his cup of tea aside, and will not eat any more, and directly returns to his grammar. Mr. Anderson sits in the corner and smokes for half an hour, and then recollecting that some business requires his attention up town, pulls on his gloves, and goes out. The schoolmaster follows shortly, and in a few minutes returns, and gives the strange woman two small parcels, one containing crackers and the other raisins—poor Mrs. Anderson thinks it was George brought them, reproaches herself for having wronged him, smiles and is blest again.

The remarkable baby cries and cries, and while

the strange woman washes the dishes and makes the house tidy, little Lidy carries him up and down the room, and across and across the room till her arms ache, and she sits down.

"Bless me! you are not tired of your dear little brother already?" exclaims the strange woman, and Lidy says she is not tired—she is very glad to carry him—only her arms won't hold him any longer.

When the house was set in order, the strange woman took the remarkable boy, and with some talk to his "tittle boo, seepy eyes," managed to quiet him, and tucking him away as before, she went home to attend her own house and little ones.

At ten o'clock Lidy had crossed the floor with her blessed brother in her arms hundreds of times, and in a temporary lull was fallen asleep in her chair. A rough pull at her hair caused her to open her eyes suddenly—the baby was crying again, and her father was come and scolding her angrily. "She had not a bit of feeling," he said, "and did not deserve to have such a beautiful brother—somebody would come and take him away if she did not take better care of him." Directly Lidy was pacing the floor again, and the baby crying with all his might.

"Seems to me you don't try to keep your poor little brother still," says the father, for a moment taking the segar from his mouth, and then puffing away again. He never thought of relieving the little girl, or even of speaking any words of pity and comfort to her—she was not born to pity or comfort from her father—she had committed the offence of inheriting the light of life some years prior to her brother, and from the moment of his birth she had no consideration except with reference to him. Even her mother, though she loved her, gave the baby the preference—Lidy's petticoats were appropriated for his use, and Lidy could not go to school because her shawl must be turned into a baby blanket. Everybody came to see the baby, and everybody said how much prettier than his sister he was, but that she seemed to be a good little girl, and of course she was very much delighted with her new brother—he would be big enough one of these days to play with her, and then she would have fine times.

Mr. Anderson was congratulated, and proud to be congratulated—he could afford to do almost anything since a fine son was born to him, and in higher good-humor than usual he made barrels for the cooper and nails for the blacksmith—treated all the town to brandy instead of whiskey, and to the storekeeper traded a very good new hat for a very bad old one!

And patiently Lidy gave up her petticoats, and patiently she staid away from school and worked all the day—and while her mother sat up in bed to sew for the tailor again, she climbed into her little chair and washed the dishes—it was all for her pretty little brother, her mother said, and by-and-bye he would be big enough to work for them, and then he would buy a new cap for mother, and new slippers for Lidy, and oh, ever so many things.

Lidy quite forgot the sweeping and the dish washing, in the pictures of the new things her little brother was going to buy for her some time.

Now and then of evenings, when the baby was asleep, the schoolmaster would take Lidy on his knee and teach her to read, and she scarcely fell behind the children that were in school every day, he said. Once when he was parsing her, her father said her little brother George would soon get before her when he was big enough to go to school. "George will never have her eyes though, whatever he does," said the schoolmaster, proudly looking into their black, lustrous depths.

Mr. Anderson said the girl's eyes were well enough, he supposed, for a girl's eyes, but George would never suffer in comparison with her, and from that time the schoolmaster, whose name was Casper Rodwick, was designated as "Old Casper," by the father of the remarkable boy.

CHAPTER II

YEARS went away, and one frosty moonlight night, and the same neighbor who led little Lidy away and kept her all night before, was seen hurrying across the common, again, and the schoolmaster to come forth and to go searching about the town—the storekeeper laid down his measure, saying, "Is there any bad news, Mr. Rodwick?" for he knew by the manner of his inquiry for George, that poor Mrs. Anderson was dead.

The husband wore a new hat deeply shrouded with crape at her funeral, and new gloves, and George, who was grown to be a big, saucy boy, wore gloves too, while Eliza wore an ill-fitting bonnet that was not her own, and no gloves at all.

From that time Mr. Anderson did not look, nor seem like himself, people said, and it was believed he was grieving himself to death. They did not know, and he did not know, that he had drawn all his life from his wife—she had bought his food and his clothes, she had held him up and kept him up, and when the crape he wore at her funeral grew dusty and fell to pieces, he fell to

pieces with it. He called Lidy to his bedside, one day, and told her that her brother would soon have a fine education—she must be content to suffer some privations till that was accomplished, and then he would repay her handsomely—he was a noble-hearted lad, and wonderfully gifted. Lidy must look to him for advice now, and in all things subserve his wishes.

"Dear, dear father," cried Lidy, "you must not die—I cannot live without you," and with all the power that was in her she strove to make pleasant the sick room. She placed her geranium pots and myrtles where he could see them, and let the sunshine in at the windows that he might feel how bright the world was without—but his eyes could not see brightness anywhere, and at length one night Casper was called to write his will—he had nothing to bequeath, and his will was a record of his wishes only. Little more was written than he had spoken to Lidy, and all was to the effect that George was her natural and proper guardian, that he was superior to her in wisdom, and should be so in authority, and that if ever his daughter forgot it, he wished her to read this testimonial of her father's will.

So they were left alone in the world, the two orphans, with no friend but the schoolmaster. Eliza Anderson had all her mother's energy and aptitude. She could not only sew for the tailor, but she could make caps and collars for the ladies of the town, and dresses too, and as she was not ashamed to work she got along with her poverty very well. George inherited all his father's smartness, and more than all his irresolution, but as he grew older he grew better tempered, and whatever he was to others, was seldom unamiable to Lidy. How could he be, indeed, unless he had been a demon.

Often when she sat with her sewing at night, she would tell the schoolmaster what great hopes she had of George, and how ingeniously he could turn his hand to anything. Sometimes he would smile and sometimes he would sigh, but whatever he said it was evident he shared none of her enthusiasm. This rather offended Lidy, for she received any slight to George as a personal insult, and she would sit all the evening after some hopeful allusion to him, silent, often sullen, saying to all the master's little efforts to please her, that she had not a friend in the world, and it was no use ever to hope for sympathy. It was true that from the first the master had not loved George much—first he had taken the petticoats from his little favorite, then her playthings, and then she began to be big enough to work for him, and from that time it was nothing

else but work for him, and for the master's part he could see no prospect of anything else.

One night she appeared unusually happy, and to find her own heart company enough. Once or twice she seemed on the point of telling something to the master, but she checked herself, and if she said anything it was evidently not what she at first thought. "Well, Lidy," he said, at length, "what is it?" and at last it came out—about George, of course. He was going to stay away from school and work in the garden the half of every day! and Eliza thought it not unlikely that he would learn more in half the day, after such healthful exercise, than he had done in the whole day. She had spent more money for the hoe, and the spade, and garden seeds, to be sure, than she could well afford, but then it was all going to be such an improvement to George, to say nothing of the great advantage it would be to her!

"Don't you think it will be a good thing for us both?" and she went on to say it was a wonderful idea, and all his own—she had never suggested anything like it to George. Did it not look like beginning to do in earnest? and she concluded, "maybe, after all, you will find you were mistaken about him!"

"And maybe not," said the schoolmaster, coolly—"where is the boy?"

Eliza did not know where he was, and to be avenged upon him for the humiliating confession he obliged her to make, she said she did not know as it was any of his business.

"Of course it is not my business, but I can't bear to see you so imposed upon," and he very gently took up her hand as he spoke. She withdrew it blushing; covered her face, and burst into tears. She was not a child, and he was her friend and schoolmaster no more. She was become a woman, and he her interested lover.

He had been gone an hour to the little chamber adjoining his school-room, where he had slept since her mother's death, when George came.

Lidy kept her face in the dark that he might not see how red her eyes were, for she could not explain why she had been crying. She hardly knew herself—and in a tone of affected cheerfulness told him of the garden tools she had bought, and produced her package of seeds.

"Call me early," he said, "I am going to work in earnest. I am twelve years old now, and can do as much as a man!"

Lidy promised to call him, and never once thought necessity ought to awake him, as it did her.

She was astir an hour earlier than common

the next day—and having called George, set to digging in the garden beds with good-will. She was determined the schoolmaster should find the work begun when he came to breakfast. Two or three times she left her work to call George again, and at last, yawning and complaining, he came. "He thought he should feel more like working after breakfast," he said, "rising so early made his head dizzy," and sitting down on a bank of grass, he buried his forehead in his handkerchief, and with one hand pulled the rake across the loose earth which his sister had been digging. Poor boy, she thought, a cup of coffee will do him good, and away she flew to make it.

"Really, George," said the schoolmaster, when he sat down to breakfast, "you have made a fine beginning—if you keep on in this way we shall be proud of you."

Lidy noticed that he said *we* shall be proud of you, and in her confusion she twice put sugar in his coffee, and forgot to give sugar to George at all. He sulked and set back from the table, affecting to believe that his sister had deprived him of sugar in his coffee for the sake of giving the master a double portion. And he concluded with saying, "It's pretty treatment after my getting up at daybreak to work for you."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the master, provoked by his insolent words and sulky manner beyond silent endurance, "as if you ought not to work for your sister, and moreover it is for yourself you are working." And he added between his teeth, "if I had the management of you, I'd teach you what pretty treatment was!"

"But you haven't the management of him, Mr. Rodwick," said Eliza, moving her chair further from him and nearer to George.

"I am aware of it, Miss Anderson," he replied, "and if you will uphold him in his ugliness after this fashion, I must say I should be sorry to be connected with him in any way!"

A look that was half defiance and half sneer, passed over the face of Lidy, but she said nothing. At this moment the blacksmith stooped at the door, to offer some seeds of an excellent kind of cucumbers to his neighbor, whom in common with all the village he greatly esteemed.

"You look pale, ma'am," he said, as he laid the seeds on the table beside her, "I'm afeared you have been working beyond your strength;" and turning to the master, he explained how he had seen her digging in the garden since day-break. Her face grew crimson, for she had not only suffered the master to attribute the work to George, but had herself helped to deceive him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE FATAL TEST.

BY A. L. OTIS.

AN aged man, my fellow traveller in a stage-coach, related to me the following story, as we sat in the warm chimney corner of a comfortable country tavern, after a day's travel in a magnificent velvet-lined coach. He assured me that the test was tried during his father's time, with such results as are here narrated.

The snow was falling thick around a small house, at some distance from the little village of —, in Massachusetts, on a cold evening in the early part of a winter seventy or eighty years ago. The widow within did not give it a thought, for she expected the arrival of no husband, and her children were snug and warm by the fire.

There came a knock, however, and she answered it speedily with an exclamation of surprise at such an occurrence on such a night.

A youth stood without who asked permission to warm himself, as he felt the death-sleep creeping over him. Instantly the widow's eldest son drew him into the house, and taking the reins of his horse from his stiffened hands, zealously attended to the comforts of the beast. The eldest daughter proposed some hot coffee, and the mother herself took off the stranger's hat and coat. Everything that kindness could suggest was eagerly done for him, and when he had become in some measure comfortable, questions as to his inducements to travel, &c., were put with an earnest simplicity, which rather warmed the stranger's heart, than gave offence.

He had been several times much moved by the tenderness shown him, and he did not hesitate to tell them frankly all about his affairs. He was a very handsome stripling, his name Arthur V—, the only son of a rich widow. He was now on his way to New Hampshire, taking a large sum of money from his mother in Boston to his aunt, who was left in debt by the sudden death of her husband. The stage routes were impassable from the deep snow, and he intended, as the need was urgent, to perform the journey on horseback, then the most common mode of travel.

He had stopped at the village tavern at —, having determined to spend the night there, but as he imprudently mentioned the money he carried, before several travellers in the bar-room, the landlord privately advised, even urged his

riding on as fast as possible, that he might not be obliged to travel the next day with those who had heard his rash words, and that while they supposed him asleep, he might be on his way far from them and possible danger. Arthur was still cold, and his horse fatigued, but the landlord supplied him with another, and sped him onward.

The deep snow of the road was entirely untrodden, therefore he had ridden slowly and become chilled. Thinking it better to risk the danger of delay, and of being overtaken in the morning, than to become sleepy and fall from his horse to certain death by the way-side, he had concluded to stop and warm himself by their fireside, before he entered the forest, through which the road now led. The little family had listened breathlessly, and for some time the silence was unbroken, until Mary said with a shudder,

"Ugh. It's a horrible road. People say——"

"Hush, dear," said her mother, "don't repeat those idle tales. No sensible person, such as this young man, would believe them, to be sure, but when he is riding through the woods alone they may seem fearful to him."

Arthur asked for pen and paper, to write a few words to his mother, and Charles promised to take the letter to the village post-office.

"I will not lose what is perhaps my last chance of letting her hear from me," he said.

When he had finished the note, he insisted upon continuing his journey, and they did not urge him very much to remain, trusting much to the wisdom of the landlord. Charles Morrison brought his horse, and after a farewell, almost as affectionate and sad as if he belonged to the family, he departed, Charles accompanying him to point out the entrance to the wood, and Mary calling after him to "ride fast."

He said just before leaving their door, "Oh, how unwilling I am to leave you! But go I must."

When Charles returned, they talked until bed time of their admiration of the stranger, and their pity for him. Mary's heart bled for the poor youth, hastening onward through the winter's night, haunted by a dreadful fear.

Early the next morning Charles Morrison

stopped on his way to school to inquire of the landlord concerning the stranger who had so deeply interested them. He learned joyfully that the horse which Arthur had promised to leave at the next tavern, had been found there and brought home, thus making it almost certain that he had escaped danger, at least for that night.

No one at the tavern, however, had seen the youth, but it was probable that he had feared to enter, and after putting the horse in the stable, had sought shelter at some hospitable farmer's. He would be likely to continue to do so, and for a day or so avoid the inns.

The landlord, who feared losing custom if he displayed such a suspicious temper, swore that young V—— was a fool who could not keep his tongue between his teeth, but must needs betray the friend who out of prudence for him had risked getting into trouble himself. He protested he suspected none of his guests of any design upon the young man's money, but thought it best to send him on, as he himself had led to his imprudently mentioning his business before strangers.

But when Charles took a private opportunity of questioning him, he confessed that he had felt a little uneasy when he saw an ill-looking man glaring at young V—— several times. After he had sent the youth away, he took occasion to say, at the supper-table, that the poor fellow had fallen asleep on his bed without undressing, "just for a blind." He noticed that the suspected man's attention was attracted. Soon after he had missed him, and learned that he had been to the stables, and had been told by the hostler of Arthur's departure. When the fellow returned to the bar-room, he said he had been so refreshed by the supper and something warm, that he believed he would ride on.

"I shook in my shoes, Charley," the landlord concluded, "but I should have been 'most too smart if I'd meddled, for it's all turned out right. That man stopped quietly all night at the next tavern, and V—— left my horse there all safe."

Charles ran home lighted-hearted with the news, and Mary sang for joy.

"If he only don't dog him and catch up with him yet," muttered her brother.

A few weeks afterward came too men with eager inquiries about a young stranger called Arthur V——, who had left home on a journey into the interior of New Hampshire, and of whom the last news came from this village. They could trace him no further, and were obliged, after a vain search, to return to his sorrowing mother without any clue to the mystery of her son's fate.

Neither could they discover anything about the suspected stranger, except that he had gone quietly through several villages on the road to Maine.

The landlord really grieved over the poor youth. He feared that he had lost his way and perished with cold. The widow's family would not believe that he could meet a fate so hard, and thought him ill in some out-of-the-way place.

The winter passed away, and the matter was still a mystery.

The deep snows of an old time New England winter lingered till late in the spring in the wood near widow Morrison's house. It was totally unfrequented, as it was believed in those superstitious times to be haunted by a murdered woman, whose cry of dying agony still resounded through its depths.

Charles, however, was free from fear, and he often roamed through it in search of game. He was out with his gun one day in spring, when attracted by the screaming, hovering crows, he approached a wild, rocky spot, and saw, gleaming among the loose stones, long, golden hair. He believed he recognized it. Another glance, and he turned sickened and sorrow-stricken to hasten to the village, and direct the proper persons to the spot.

A rifled pocket-book with the name of Arthur V—— upon it left no doubt of the identity of the body. A fractured skull and a hatchet lying beside him, made it almost certain that he had been murdered. Yes, murdered almost within sound of a pistol shot from the widow's cottage, so that death had been waiting for him just outside its hospitable door. Charles and Mary remembered how his last words had been of his unwillingness to leave them, as if his instincts told him for what he was exchanging their warm shelter.

Many years passed. Charles Morrison became the schoolmaster in ——, Mary was married to the young orthodox minister, and the landlord still welcomed travellers. It was November. Again the snow fell in driving waves, and patted like hail against the windows of the little cottage, where the enlarged family of Morrisons' dwelt in love together.

There came a knock at the door, and the widow saying it reminded her of poor Arthur's knock, sent one of her sons to open the door. The hostler from the tavern said the landlord wished to see Charles immediately. His coat and hat were on in a moment, and he followed the messenger as rapidly as possible.

The landlord was awaiting him in a private room, and told him that the man whom he could

not help suspecting to be Arthur's murderer, had arrived and taken a room for the night. He confided to Charles his plan for his detection by an old superstitious test. He felt so sure that the murderer was now in his house, that he had sent for Charles and several other men of the village to be witnesses to the conviction, and secure the guilty.

Supper was not yet ready, and though the stranger was very hungry and impatient, the landlord hoped to detain it long enough for the others to arrive.

As each came he was informed of the suspicions the landlord had formed—and then they dropped into the bar-room as if accidentally. All entertained full belief in the efficacy of the means proposed, though Charles in a different manner from the others. When he entered the room, he stamped the snow from his boots and drew near the blazing wood fire, beside which sat a stout, grizzled man, of dark and savage aspect, gloomily playing with the tongs.

"A cold, stormy night," said Charles.

"Aye," answered the traveller.

"And one to make a man fear evil things—have strange fancies, and look on the gloomy side."

"More cause for shutting up about it," was the surly reply.

When all were assembled and drawn around the fire, Charles led the conversation to a natural topic on such a night, when the driving storm without seemed like infernal revels to the witches of olden time. There were those present who still believed in them, and this led by apparently naturally transition to ghosts and to haunted places, among which Morrisons' woods were mentioned. The sullen stranger seemed displeased with this turn in the conversation, and for the first time opened his lips to protest with an oath his disbelief in ghosts.

"Stranger," said Charles, "you will not find many people about here to agree with you in your disbelief. Many a person who has been along the wood-road after dark, has heard what they dare not talk about in a lonely place—neither can they disbelieve. But I have not heard it, and those who have, are here to tell for themselves."

"No, let's be done talking about it," said the stranger, to the old Justice who was giving a preparatory "ahem."

He would not be silenced, and began in a weak, trembling voice, "I have heard it, and since neighbor Wright goes home my way and I'll have company, I don't mind telling you about it, though I think it no shame to be prudent."

"About *what*?" said the stranger, fiercely.

"Well, I had to come through the wood that night, and I was determined to close my ears to every sound, but I was not more than half way across when it came, and I trembled like a leaf. It was the most dreadful cry——"

"Who cried? Did you say any one cried a groaned?" broke in the greatly perturbed stranger.

"I don't say who, but it was a long moan or wail, that sounded as if it gurgled through blood. Ugh. It makes me shudder now."

Charles narrowly watched the stranger. For a moment he seemed almost paralyzed with dread. But he rallied, shook himself slightly, as if to loosen the fetters of fear, and asked sneeringly if that did not happen long ago in old times, when such things were common.

"No," said the Justice, "I heard it myself, stranger, and not three months ago."

Gloom again sank upon his brow, and he remained silent. The conversation was resumed and the topic still discussed, the stranger seeming to listen with secret uneasiness and terror.

"Heaven is just," said Charles, "and that is why murders will out. The very stones would cry out, or perhaps the bones of the murdered testify, as they really do according to the belief of the people here, when the murderer touches them."

"How so?" asked an accidental traveller, who was present.

"It is an old usage," replied Charles, disregarding the winks and coughs of the landlord, "to make a knife and fork handle of a bone of the murdered man, and to place them at every stranger guest's plate at the public inn. If the murderer should take them up, they will adhere to his hands and so convict him. Now our landlord here has such a knife and fork. I have been looking at them to-night—they have a skull and cross bones faintly traced on them. They have never convicted any one yet."

"But they may," said the Justice, "for I have heard that the test has been tried hereabouts and found true."

"Well, I've no need to be afraid to touch them, thank God," said the traveller, who had asked about them.

The gloomy stranger's face was hidden by his handkerchief, which he pretended to be using.

"Supper is ready," screamed a shrill voice from the kitchen. All received a hearty invitation from the landlord to partake of it, and all arose, but the stranger fell back to his seat again, for his knees refused to support him. He stooped to pick up his handkerchief, and the

others passed to the table before him. It would have been regarded by them all as proof positive that he dared not undergo the trial, being guilty had he refused to come to the table—but he did not—he soon followed them and took the vacant seat.

His hard, old features were pale and ghastly. His eyes rested with horrid fear on his knife and fork. They were common-looking enough—he saw no death's head. His color came back, and he looked up boldly, but as his glance travelled around it met every eye keenly bent upon him, and there was a dead, awful silence. He paled slowly before the fixed and suspicious gaze, but turning his eyes slowly away from its fascination, he again looked at the knife and fork narrowly. He saw the faint tracery—the fatal sign, and he fell back insensible.

"It is the judgment of God," said the landlord, solemnly, and the Justice said, "Amen."

"It is the power of conscience," said Charles, triumphantly, and meanwhile all were awestruck, no one thought of relieving the stranger.

It began, however, to some to seem not the

legitimate thing. They wished to see the knife and fork adhere, and these soon busied themselves in endeavoring to revive the senseless man. They partially succeeded; a strong shudder passed through the huge, stout frame, and he opened his eyes. After vacantly staring for some minutes, he suddenly started up, looked with bold defiance into every eye, and though his face and limbs twitched convulsively, he seemed to be recalling the force of his will.

Pressing his hand for a moment over his ungovernable features, he burst into a mocking laugh and seized the fatal tests. Instantly his hands closed upon them, and he was thrown into frightful convulsions—too horrible to be beheld without terror at any time, and by that superstitious assembly looked on with blanched cheeks and quaking limbs.

It was not over for an hour. Even after death the rigid hands could not be made to uncloset, and he was buried with those fearful tokens of his guilt still grasped tightly.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was "Visitation of God." In our day it would probably have been "Epilepsy."

THE LITTLE MAID.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL.

I met a little sun-browned maid

With basket on her arm;

And "whither do you go?" I said—

She pointed to the "farm:"

"My father labors there, and I

His dinner take to him—

'Tis little though." I heard a sigh,

And saw those eyes grow dim.

"Then take him more, my little maid,

You're strong enough, I'm sure—

You're indolent, I am afraid!"—

She answered, "We are poor."

"You have a mother?" "Yes, oh, yes!"

"And brothers? tell me true—

And little sisters' love to bless?"

She answered, "I have two."

"Two brothers and two sisters dear,


I am the eldest one."

Then you are happy—be sincere—

"Oh, yes!"—her blue eyes shone—

"Our house is small and humble too,

Yet we are blest, I'm sure;

For  smiles on us from the 'blue'—

Because he knows we're poor."

"Would you not like a better home?

To wear a better dress?

Would you not like with me to come?"

She answered, "Yes, oh, yes!"

"I have a dwelling proud and fair,

Delightful to the view—

You would be very happy there!"—

She said, "I think so too."

"Then you will leave your lowly cot

And spend your life with me,

Far from this sweet rural spot,

No more your friends to see?"

She raised her violet eyes to mine,

"And are not they to go?

I thought you meant it all the time!"—

I smiled and said, "Oh, no."

The little maid her basket took,

Her cheeks were all aglow;

And with a sad, reproachful look,

She said, "I cannot go."

"But think again—how rich you'll be—

You'll dwell 'mid proud array!"

The violet eyes were turned from me,

She answered, "I will stay."

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE two brothers sat together in Louis De Mark's room. Both seemed anxious and thoughtful. George had a look of habitual sadness upon his face; but Louis was like one who struggles against fate without the resolution to brave it.

"Go to her, George, go, I entreat you," said the latter, "for I dare not, I cannot. Tell her the simple truth, say that in doubt of my position, sometimes almost forgetting it in the magnitude of my great love for her, I looked and acted as no honorable man should have done, bound as I was. True, I never spoke of love, and in this sometimes strove to satisfy my conscience; but words are the weakest confessions that a man can make; and nothing but a coward shelters his honor under the miserable pretence, that a passion uttered in every action and look is unspoken, if not syllabled in so many words. I loved this woman in her girlhood—hopelessly, for she married another. But even in look, or gesture, it was unexpressed. Then my poor Louisa came as a more solemn barrier against this passion, came and vanished like a troubled shadow, leaving me desolate and a wanderer on the face of the earth. I came home, I found Townsend Oakley dead, and the woman I had so worshipped a widow free as air, more beautiful than ever and ignorant of my boyish worship, ready to renew her acquaintance with me as the dearest of her early friends.

"It was wrong, I know it, George, but how could I resist the happiness of seeing her? How force myself to repel the dawning favor that I found in her eyes? I did not speak—thus appeasing conscience with mental craft. But she must have known how madly I loved her, and, conceal it as I may, it was the very madness of joy that I felt whenever an unconscious proof escaped her, that her own warm heart answered back the passion burning so fatally in mine.

"I returned from my travels a rich man, and as such, found Mrs. Mead a warm friend. She evidently looks upon my union with her daughter as certain, and exults in the prospect of a marriage so full of wealthy promise. I never

liked that woman, she was too hard and worldly. I could at times hardly believe that she was the mother of a being so full of gentle loveliness as Mrs. Townsend Oakley. Still, as I have said, she was my friend.

"During the winter, this intimacy continued. In the spring the young widow, in pursuance of a plain laid out by her husband before his death, completed a pretty cottage on Staten Island, near the sea-shore, and retired there with her little boy."

"She had a child then?" interrupted George, with interest.

"One of the loveliest children that you ever set eyes on, so bright, so incapable of being spoiled, my heart leaped toward the child the moment I saw him!"

George remained thoughtful, while Louis walked up and down the room, excited and restless.

"It is strange," said George, at last, "that no traces of your lost wife can be found. Have you searched?"

"Everywhere, and in vain. This is the misery of my position!" answered Louis, passionately. "If she could be found, a sense of duty would give me strength; I could struggle against this fascination; but with this dull blank of uncertainty before me, I have no power to wrestle with myself."

"We are both in a terrible position," said George, "but we must act as honest men and trust God for the rest. You are right, Louis. Leave this country at once. Let me continue the search for Louisa. If I find her, we will join you in any country you may wish. If all search proves vain, she is doubtless dead, and a few years may give you entire freedom."

"Yes, I will go. Oh! George, but for you I should never have found strength to leave her, and encounter the desert of existence before me. Yes, I will go!"

The resolution was uttered with a gesture of dull despair; and he added, "I must go, or more evil will come of this!"

"It is best," answered George, pressing a

and to his forehead, as if to still some pain ere. "But that I can serve you better here, I would go together. All places are alike to me now!"

Louis sat down by his brother. Tears stood in his fine eyes, and shadows of dusky sorrow settled beneath them.

"You will see her, George, see her in all her true loveliness; you will set by her side, talk with her—talk of me—of my weakness. She is gentle, and will not think my love for her a crime. You will tell her that I have been married—married to her husband's sister, who may be alive, or who may be in her grave—I know that you will deal with my name in brotherly kindness. But do not let her despise me, tell her how much it costs me to abandon everything for a hard duty. Deal kindly with me, brother, my heart is almost breaking!"

George threw his arms around his brother, and drew him close to the honest heart so full of compassion for his troubles.

"Take courage, Louis. All will end well. I will not rest till this mystery is solved. In a few months I will find your wife, or bring you news of her death."

"And must I go at once?" said Louis, looking fully into his brother's face. "Why must I leave my native land? The very air she breathes is precious to me."

George smiled compassionately at his eagerness.

"It is far better, Louis, that you should be true. How could you be content without seeing her?"

"True, true. I will go! Everything is packed. A few hours, and the steamer sails. In that time we shall be separated, perhaps for years, brother."

"No, no, I will join you!"

"You have a weary search first. I have tried

not as I shall, with coolness and decision. I was too much interested. Trust me!"

"I do, in all things!"

"And you will go to-night?"

"Yes, to-night," was the mournful answer.

"Have you taken leave of madame?"

"No, when I called at her room, a few days ago, she was gone. Somewhere in the country, people below stairs told me, and might not come back for months."

"It is strange," said George, "her life, I find, has become utterly degraded. The den which she inhabits is the most poverty-stricken place I ever saw. She seemed greatly annoyed at seeing me, and refused all conversation. The most that

I could obtain from her was complaints of your undutifulness and prodigality."

"Don't talk of her, George. She is my mother, and I can only say with Hamlet, 'would it were not so!' but you will see her, and explain my sudden departure in the best way possible."

"Yes, I will see her. Not only for that, but because I believe she is in some way involved in this mystery regarding the young creatures so fatally connected with us."

"She denies it positively!"

"This may be true in all else. But I know that her persecution drove Catharine to the hospital."

"I do not doubt it. But she never knew Louisa. Besides, I do not think she would deliberately wound me—her own son!"

"We will not urge the question farther!" answered George, suppressing the indignation that arose in his heart against his enemy. "She is a woman and your mother!"

"True, true, so let us talk more directly of ourselves, for we have but another hour!"

As he spoke, there was a light knock upon the door, which softly opened, and a woman appeared bearing a long basket full of clean linen on her arm.

"I hope I'm not too late for yer honor," she said, placing her basket on a chair, and wiping the perspiration from her face. "It's a long walk from yon, and, do what I would, the time went by quicker an I ever seed it afore this."

"But you were to have brought the clothes home yesterday," said George, annoyed by this intrusion upon the precious moments which remained before his brother's departure. "Usually you are more punctual, Mrs. Dillon!"

"True for ye there," answered our old friend Mary Margaret, while a crimson blush reddened her good-natured face. "But do ye see, gentlemen, I've been away from home a bit, looking after a darlint of a little boy as is precious to me as my own flesh and blood, though he is a gentleman now entirely—for all he was born side by side wid Terry in the hospital—more blame to them as sent his poor mother there!"

There was something in the matter of this speech, that made the brothers start. Their own minds had been so occupied by recollections of the hospital, that the subject brought upon them so suddenly, and from this unexpected source, seemed like a revelation.

"Of what child do you speak, Mrs. Dillon?" inquired George, while Louis stood with his wild eyes fixed upon her.

"Why, of me own little nursling, to be sure, as was born the week after little Terry, and took

the bit and sup wid him, side by side, arter his poor dead mother was took out of the ward in her in pine coffin."

"And how old is little Terry?" asked Louis, abruptly.

"How old is little Terry? Faix, an I can tell ye to a day, yer honors," said the washerwoman, counting the plump fingers of one hand, which she held up with the thumb protruding. "D'ye see these? Just add two months an ten days to that same, and ye have little Terry, the spalpeen, all to nothing, yer honors!"

The young men turned their eyes from the plump hand and gazed with a sort of awe upon each other. A rapid calculation ran through the mind of each. Mary Margaret had pointed out the day upon which Louisa's letter was dated.

"And what became of the mother, that her little boy should have been given to you?" inquired George, almost holding his breath with anxiety.

"She died, poor crather. I see her draw the last gasp myself, and helped to straiten out her poor limbs. A lovelier corpse I never saw. She was beautifuler than any wax image in a museum."

"And what was her name?" asked Louis, turning pale as the question left his lips.

"I don't well know, yer honor. They goes by numbers, not by names in the hospital; and sometimes she muttered over one name, sometimes another, till it was hard to get the rights of it. Besides, she never said nothin' about herself, only when she was out ov her head, as ye may say, wid the pain and trouble."

"But you heard her mention some name, surely?" said Louis.

"Yes, and more en once, yer honor. First it was Mrs. Mier; then Barton; then Oakley; and then it was Louis De Mark—that was the last word as ever left her poor lips."

The brothers looked at each other again, and both grew pale as death.

"I thought it strange more an once, for there was two on 'em, and ye may well say they was both beauties a laying side by side—and when the fever was on 'em, this De Mark was on the tongue of one as well as 'tother. You'd a thought they both knowed something about the man as bore that name."

Louis De Mark drew close to George, and leaned on his shoulder. George felt that he was trembling from head to foot, and drew him toward the sofa.

"Let me question her," he said, in a low voice, "the thing involves us both!"

Mary Margaret, who had been sorting the

linen from her basket while she was speaking, now turned, and her eyes fell on the young men. She saw how pale they were, and stopped a some bewilderment.

"I will go," she said, taking up her basket. "The old man is right; my tongue is always too fast for my teeth; what had I to do, talking of sich to young gentlemen as knows nothing about 'em?"

"Stay, Mrs. Dillon!" said George, "we are both interested, deeply interested; tell us more about these young persons; we were taken by surprise and did not hear distinctly. Did one or both of these poor ladies recover?"

Mary Margaret sat down with the basket upon her knees.

"Was it one, or both ye asked? Arrah, but I wish it was both, that I could tell ye of; but I saw one poor crathur carried out in a wooden coffin, wid two breadths of factory cotton on her for a shroud, and for all that she looked like a marble image, wid the raven black hair parted on her white forehead, and the lids folded so close-like over her eyes, that had been black as sun and as bright as dimints."

"Black eyes? Did you say that the poor girl who died had black eyes and hair?" exclaimed Louis.

"Black as midnight, yer honor, both on 'em—more by the token I closed them two eyes myself, and the color sunk into my heart!"

The young men looked at each other almost wildly.

"This is very strange!" said George.

The lips of the younger brother were white as marble, and when he tried to answer they gave forth no sound.

"And the one who lived?" said George, with increasing agitation. "Was she dark like the other?"

"Dark, did ye say? Why, her hair was like burning gould, and her eyes—the bluest bit of sky ye ever saw was nothing to 'em. Thin her face, it was white as a lily wid a caste of red just in the mouth and cheeks. She looked like a born beauty in spite of the narrow bed and checked covering, the day I was driv out of the hospital; and followed me with her great lonic eyes all the way down the ward, as if she knew I was all the friend to stand by her."

"But you left her alive?" said George, growing more and more excited.

"In course I did!"

"And had no proofs of her death after?"

"Proofs, yer honor? What proofs could I have of her death, when she came herself to my home, after that, and slept in the same bed wid

be childer for a whole month, to say nothing of the strange baby, as the other poor crathur left hint her."

"Stop!" said George, starting up with a rush upon his forehead, while his whole frame quivered with excitement. "Be careful what you say. A mistake in this matter would be madness to us both. Are you sure, my good woman, quite sure, that the fair girl came forth alive from that hospital, and that the other died here?"

"Quite sure? Faix and I am, if one's own blessed eyes are to be trusted. Didn't I straighten ne for her coffin, and nurse the other into life when she lay at death's door—to say nothin' of he bit of a baby!"

"One word more, Mrs. Dillon. Have you any remembrance of a name? Did either of these young creatures ever mention their names in your hearing?"

"Faix and they mentioned a good many names, I'm thinking; especially the fair one; but they seemed to be fever names and to mane nothing."

"But among those names was that of George or Louis ever mentioned?"

"Agin and agin, yer honors!"

Louis De Mark buried his face in his hands, and George walked hurriedly back and forth in the room. The latter made one or two efforts to speak, but broke off as if the questions at his heart were too momentous. At last he drew close to Mary Margaret, and said in a voice sharp with anxiety,

"Where did she go from your house? Where is she now?"

His eyes were fixed almost wildly upon her, he trembled from head to foot.

"I don't know, yer honor. An old lady, wid the queerest bonnet ye ever seed, took her away somewhere into the country, or foreign parts maybe; and the baby was carried off by a gentleman as wanted a son, and so took the darlint to make an heir of him, and maybe a king one of these days—the Lord be praised, for he was a beauty all over."

George walked unsteadily to his seat, and sat down with a low groan. Her words had wrung his heart with the most bitter disappointment.

"And this is all you know?" he said, faintly.

Margaret looked at him with her kind eyes, and answered that she could remember nothing more.

"And did this young person, the fair one, I mean, did she never mention her name to you?" inquired Louis, dropping his hands as with a sudden thought.

"I disremember, yer honor. We called her the darlint at home: but it seems to me that she once told the old man that her name was Catharine, or the like of that!"

"Catharine!" broke from the lips of both the young men, and actuated by one impulse, each grasped the hand of the other and wrung it almost painfully.

Mary Margaret arose to go. That moment a servant knocked at the door. All was ready for the journey, which Louis had forgotten.

The brothers looked at each other in surprise, as if the idea of separation had just arisen.

"No, I will not leave my native land till this mystery is explained," said Louis, in answer to his brother's anxious look.

The servant went out, and Mary Margaret gathered up her basket and disappeared with him, leaving the brothers alone.

"She lives, I am certain that Catharine lives," exclaimed George, sinking down upon the sofa, and gazing at the pale face of his brother, through a mist of joyful tears.

Louis could not answer, for in his heart there was a wild struggle. Self-reproach, regret, and a thousand tender memories of his wife, struggled hard with another image that rose, spite of himself, amid these sad memories, leaving him in a state of strange excitement.

At last George became more composed.

"Now," he said, "we have the world before us. Let there be no rest till all this strange story is put into proof."

Louis arose.

"I am ready, brother." Then, with a burst of natural sorrow, which was not in the least incompatible with the feelings we have just described, his eyes filled with tears, and he exclaimed with a world of regret in his voice,

"My poor, poor wife."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"MOTHER," said Mrs. Townsend Oakley, lifting her eyes gently from the needlework with which she was employed, "why was it that you took so strong a dislike to the De Marks, whose gardens adjoined ours when we lived in — street?"

Mrs. Mead lifted her eyes to the face of her daughter, and kept them searchingly upon it so long that a burning crimson spread over the fair cheeks and forehead.

"Why did I dislike the family, daughter? Because the woman who called herself the head was in every respect unworthy."

"But the son, mother, surely he was every thing that goes to make up a gentleman."

"He was a villain?" answered Mrs. Mead, with a degree of sternness that made her daughter start, and brought a deluge of fiery blood to her face.

"How? Why, mother, I never heard a word against him in my life before!"

"Probably not, but had you searched deep enough, acts rather than opinions would have settled the truth of what I say. Your husband's sister died in a charity hospital. He it was who sent her there!"

"Mother, mother!"

The poor young woman gasped for breath. She could no longer syllable the words that rose to her lips, but with a faint struggle fell back insensible in her chair.

Mrs. Mead arose, with a heavy frown, and bent over her child. All of human feeling that she possessed was centred in her, and this sudden indisposition terrified her more from its cause than in itself. With some trepidation she wheeled the easy-chair close to an open window and sprinkled the pale face with water. The effect was rapid. After a moment the white eyelids began to tremble, and the young widow fell into a fit of bitter weeping.

"My child—my child, what is this?" exclaimed Mrs. Mead, in a voice that betrayed the struggle of affright, tenderness and severity going on in her bosom!

"Nothing, mother. You were so abrupt in telling me of poor Louisa: even now I do not understand it. I knew that Catharine Lacy, my own cousin, was in a hospital, and perhaps died there; but this of Louisa, indeed I can hardly believe it."

"It was the truth though!"

"But, mother, Townsend always thought she died at your house!"

"How was I to tell him otherwise? He would always have censured me for leaving her with the servants—he would never have believed that a creature so young could have outwitted us all, and concealed herself, even in the greatest extremities, up to the very day of her death. She was dead, and I informed him of the fact. The particulars would have aggravated his grief!"

"And how did you learn these particulars, mother?" asked the widow, with a degree of constraint that kept her face white as snow.

"The very night of her death she sent me a few broken lines from the hospital, begging me to come and see her."

"And you went?"

"Yes, the next day."

"And you saw her? She told you this with her own lips?"

"She was dead and in her coffin."

"But you saw her and took her away then?"

"I saw and recognized her, that was enough. To have brought her away for burial would have been a useless publication of disgraceful facts. She had left no register of her real name, and would not disgrace you, my child, by anything that could betray the connection with your husband."

"Poor, poor girl, how Townsend did love her!" sobbed the widow. "It would have broken his heart!"

"So I thought!" said the mother, smoothing the folds of her dress with feelings of deep self-satisfaction, "it was far better to keep him in ignorance. But for your mention of that young reprobate, I should not have distressed you or myself by speaking of it."

Mrs. Oakley shrunk back with a shudder as De Mark was thus alluded to, but gathering up courage proceeded with the subject.

"But what proofs have you that *he* was to blame, mother?"

"She left a half written letter behind addressed to this man. It was conclusive. He was that deluded her away from my protection."

"But," said the widow, looking suddenly up, while a gleam of light kindled the tears that filled her eyes, "he may have been married to her!"

"Yes!" answered the mother, sharply, "and he may have been to Catharine Lacy at the same time. There is a copy of your sister-in-law's letter: read it; and never let me hear this disgrace alluded to again."

Mrs. Mead drew a small embroidered portfolio from her pocket, and springing the gold clasp, took from among other documents, a copy of the letter with which our readers are familiar.

Mrs. Oakley reached forth her hand with an effort, and nerving herself to the task read the letter through. Her face grew paler and paler as she proceeded; the tears crowded to her eyes, and, spite of all her efforts, the letter shook like a dry leaf in her grasp. At last she looked sadly up at her mother.

"And did they both die with *his* name upon their lips?"

"It is the usual infatuation!" answered Mrs. Mead, bitterly, but evading the direct question.

"But the child, poor Louisa's child, what became of that?"

Spite of her self-command, Mrs. Mead shrunk from the question. She had never inquired regarding this child, and a sensation of shame crept over her as she admitted the fact.

"Then you do not know if it is dead or

"?" inquired Mrs. Oakley, in a low, grave voice, which fell upon the proud woman's ear as a rebuke, which she was instantly ready to take.

"Did you expect me to drag proofs of our own innocence before the world, Mrs. Townsend Oak-

ley?" the widow arose, her cheeks flushed, and her voice quivering.

"I will search for this child. If it is alive God will permit me to make atonement," she said,

and at that instant little George entered the room. His curls were blown back from his broad forehead and his eyes sparkled; he had caught a painted butterfly, and held it up in triumph. The attitude, the curve of his bright face, struck both these women with one thought, and their eyes met. A sudden dark frown swept over the face of Mrs. Oakley, while the daughter grew still and white as all the blood in her veins had turned to ice.

"You need not search far," said Mrs. Mead, pointing her finger at the child, "he came from this institution."

Mrs. Oakley slowly approached the boy. Her hands trembled violently as she put back his hair, and a spasm of pain shot through her as the boy sprang up, and locking his arms over her neck, attempted to surprise her with his kisses.

"Who made you cry, mamma?—who made me cry?"

"O one, darling," said the widow, struggling with the recoil of her own heart, but enforced, nevertheless, to unclasp his little hands.

The boy drew back, and his bright lips began to quiver.

"I have lost the butterfly," he sobbed, really, following the gossamer wings as they fled away with his eyes; "and now my own mamma don't care about my kisses!"

"He does—she does!" cried the widow, sinking on her knees and winding her arms around the child. "The better, all the better if these eyes are his. Ah, I knew, I knew that there was some sweet mystery in a love, that no one ever felt more purely for her own child. It is everything to know that his life fills my heart, that I have fed and cherished it so long!" "Woman, what is this?" cried Mrs. Mead, springing across the floor and seizing her daughter by the shoulder; "are you raving mad? Is this De Mark you speak of?"

"Yes, mother," said the widow, rising to her feet but with the child's hand in hers. "It is

of a De Mark that I speak: appearances may be against him, but I will not believe him so wicked till the proofs are beyond contradiction. Louisa may be dead, Catharine Lacy may be dead: but though their last acts and their last words accuse him, I will not believe them!"

Mrs. Mead stood motionless, towering upright like a pillar of marble. Her voice was concentrated and hoarse; she made no gestures, but her eyes absolutely burned with indignation.

"And you know this De Mark?"

"Yes, mother, I know him!"

"Have you seen him since your husband's death, perhaps?"

"Yes, mother, often!"

"Here in this house, no doubt, where the widow came to bury her griefs!"

Here the proud woman's wrath blazed forth. Her hand was clenched; her foot was half lifted from the floor, as if to spurn the widow and child from her presence.

"Here, I say, here you may have received him in a house consecrated to tears, under the roof which shelters your mother!" she continued, lifting her hoarse voice.

The young widow stood pale and firm before all this wrath; and the pretty child clung to her eagerly, following each motion of the haughty woman with his brave, bright eyes.

"It is true," she said, "I have seen him here."

"And you encourage him?"

"Mother, I love him!"

The words were spoken unfalteringly, but with that gentle dignity that always accompanies truthful courage. The mother looked at her in fierce, white wrath. Her hand was slowly uplifted; her lips moved without uttering a sound, and with this mute malediction she left the room, and, in a few moments, the house.

Once alone with the child, Mrs. Oakley gave way to the painful thoughts that crowded upon her. What right had she to feel these pangs of bitter jealousy regarding a man who had never spoken to her of love? Who had never in word, at least, expressed more than a friendly interest in her or hers? Was it her place to arraign the man as false to others who had given her no power to question his slightest action? And—oh, shame on her womanhood—had she not confessed to loving him unsought, shamelessly confessed it, and, above all, to that austere mother who scarcely knew what a sensation was, and who held the faintest approach to enthusiasm as a species of madness?

The blood burned upon that young cheek as she remembered the words that scarcely seemed her own—words that had driven that proud

mother from her roof, and now burned in fiery shame upon her cheek. But this sudden intelligence had driven her almost mad. Doubt, jealousy, and a thousand wild pangs rent her heart with a pain never dreamed of before.

"Oh, if the dead could arise—if the truth could be dragged up from the depths of their graves! I cannot believe it, I will *not* believe it. My own cousin—my own dear sister, oh, if it should be true—if he had indeed wronged them in this fearful way."

She had sunk to the floor, and burying her face in her folded arms, muttered these things aloud. The poor woman was so unused to passionate conflicts, that this gust of sorrow swept over her like madness.

"Mother," said George, laying one plump hand on her shoulder, and bending his grieved face lovingly to hers, "mother, dear, look up! The lady, the lady!"

Mrs. Oakley lifted her face, affrighted that her passion should have had other witnesses than the child. But when she recognized the intruder, the look of annoyance gave way, and she arose with a sad smile, apologizing for her singular position.

"I have brought a lame bird for little George to nurse," said Catharine Lacy, entering the drawing-room, with her right hand folded over a robin nestled in the palm of her left. "Some cat has wounded it, I fancy. See, George, what I have brought for you."

Catharine spoke hurriedly, and turned her eyes away from Mrs. Oakley, for a single glance at her agitated face was enough to arouse all the instinctive delicacy of her nature.

"I don't want a lame robin," said George, turning away with tears in his eyes. "They have hurt my pretty mamma, and I'd rather take care of her. She's worse wounded than the bird."

Mrs. Oakley's face flushed with fond triumph as the boy came toward her, and turning her eyes upon Catharine, she said,

"Isn't he truthful? Is there a drop of faithless blood in his veins?"

"He is an angel!" answered Catharine, gazing fondly on the child, and stooping down she passed her hand through the curls that fell over his white forehead. In doing this she exposed the tiny red cross which we have before seen among those clustering curls.

Catharine caught her breath at the sight, and drew away her fingers as if the cross had been of living fire.

"What is this?—whose child is this?" she questioned, in a hurried manner.

"If I did but know—if I could but have certainty!" answered the widow, almost wildly. "But why do you ask just now? Has every one conspired to torture me with doubts and accusations? Who told you that he was not my child?"

"No one," answered Catharine. "Up to this hour I supposed that he was your child; but this mark, forgive me, but I have seen it before."

"When? how? Where did you ever see this red cross upon his temple?"

"I saw it, or one exactly like it, some years ago, upon an infant not three weeks old," said Catharine, answering the impassioned interrogation with thoughtful sadness.

"And where?—not that the children ever possibly have been the same, you know—where was this child with a cross like this?"

Catharine hesitated a moment, and then answered with grave composure,

"The child was a nursling in the house of a poor Irish woman, who was kind to me when I wanted friends."

"But where did this Irish woman find the child? Of course it had parents?" questioned the widow, breathlessly.

"I think it was an orphan."

"Well, but where did she find it?"

Catharine grew very pale, but she answered quietly,

"From Bellevue Hospital, I believe."

The widow drew a deep breath. She looked anxiously from little George to her visitor, attempted to speak, and desisted again as if afraid of saying too much.

"And his mother? Oh, for mercy's sake, if you know anything of his mother, tell me about her!"

"I know nothing!" answered Catharine, with sudden reserve. "How should I?"

"Not even the mother's name? Only tell me that, and I will pray for you—bless you forever!"

There was so much anxiety, something so touchingly eager in her voice and manner, that Catharine was deeply touched.

"I only know her Christian name, certainly," she answered.

"Yes, yes, and that was——" Mrs. Oakley broke off, checking herself suddenly in her interruption.

"That was Louisa, I am sure it was Louisa; as for the rest I have no certainty."

"But you heard other names?"

"Yes, several."

"Tell me, pray do—what other names did you hear?"

"One name was Barton; the other ——"
 Catharine stopped abruptly, and her face grew
 pallid.
 "Well, that other. I do not recognize this."

"The other," said Catharine, slowly, and
 looking sadly into the anxious face turned upon
 her, "the other was your own name—Oakley."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HELEN GORDON.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

SHE put her tiny hand in mine,
 She climbed upon my knee;
 And on my breast her little head
 She rested trustingly.
 Sweet Helen Gordon! round my heart
 A spell of love she flung,
 And its chilled fountains flowed again,
 As when that heart was young.

Through the world's howling wilderness,
 With bleeding feet I've stopt,
 When Hate's fierce tigers at me sprang,
 And Treachery's serpents crept.
 And through its glittering marts I've trod,
 Where hearts are bought and sold;
 And worthless found the waves, for which
 I paid Affection's gold.

So oft deceived, I've learned distrust—
 I hear a kindly phrase,
 And shuddering Memory feels again
 The pangs of former days.
 But Childhood wears no guileful mask,
 Its words of love are true;
 And soothingly those lisping words,
 Sweet Helen! came from you.

God bless you, Helen!—precious lamb,
 May you be one of those
 Who list to the Good Shepherd's voice,
 And follow where He goes.
 I soon shall lose you—you will soon
 Not know that e'er we met,
 But Helen Gordon is a name
 I never shall forget.

GRANDMOTHER'S BALLAD.

BY MARY W. ALEXANDER.

YOUNG Jamie Day, a sailor bold,
 Just going out to sea,
 Packed chest and hammock, left behind
 His heart with Lizzie Lee;
 A charming lass with whaling stock,
 And gold and bank notes fast,
 But trifling only with the lad
 Who shipped before the mast.
 For Jamie he had not been gone
 Six months outside the bay,
 When Lizzie married Captain Horn,
 And followed him away;
 Though Love for her kept stormy watch
 And furled the crazy sail,
 And fearlessly through bloody waves
 Pursued the flying whale.

And dived where coral reefs uprose,
 And roofs of madreporé,
 And robbed of pearls and rubies red
 Old Ocean's jeweled floor,
 And stranded on the sandy beach
 In search of dainty shells;

And washed the sea-weed, long and bright,
 From out its mossy cells,
 For in his heart young Jamie wore
 A talisman of truth,
 That faith in love supreme which makes
 A hero of the youth.

But homeward bound the ship at last
 The tide came dropping down,
 And suddenly a clarion cry
 Awoke the drowsy town,
 "A ship in sight, she's heaving to,
 Bring out the telescope!"
 Then mother's ran with prayerful lips,
 And maids in eager hope,
 There in the stream, all taught and trim,
 The gallant vessel lies,
 While o'er her tall mast gracefully
 The gay old pennant flies.

And as they wait the pilot boat
 To bring her safely in,
 The sailors whistle thought away,
 Or drown it in the din,

They doff their tarry overalls
 And roll in trousers blue,
 And jerkins loosely buttoned o'er
 The bosom's broad tattoo.
 Up in the loft young Jamie sits,
 While from the boat below,
 To questions crowding thick and fast
 The quick responses go.
 "What news ashore?" "The Reefer Will
 Is fitting out for sea,
 The Spear has sailed, and Dickie Horn
 Has married Lizzie Lee."

What thunderbolt or lightning stroke
 Just then poor Jamie hit,
 That stark and stiff, but still as death,
 He tumbled in a fit.
 Go blundering gossip take him up
 And bear him to the shore,
 For Jamie Day will never make
 Another voyage more.
 They mended well his broken limbs,
 His muscles firmly knit,

But from that hour the hapless lad
 Was limping in his wit.
 A muttering, jibing idiot now,
 Poor Jamie you may see,
 Forever wandering up and down
 In search of Lizzie Lee.
 All night he roams along the beach,
 All day the crowded street,
 Where Lizzie walks her face concealed
 Lest Jamie she should meet.

Now, flirting lasses, to my tale
 I pray give kindly heed,
 For grandma's moral is so plain,
 That she who runs may read;
 Coquetting is a proper art
 When properly 'tis used,
 Unworthy woman only when
 By vanity abused.
 Divine when skilfully arrayed
 Against a treacherous part,
 But cruel when you stoop to break
 An honest fellow's heart.

TO MY SISTER.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

SISTER dear, we miss thee ever
 In our quiet cottage home.
 Miss thee in our morning ramble,
 And when evening shadows come,
 As we gather 'round the fireside,
 At the hour of evening prayer,
 Then we listen for thy coming,
 Gazing on thy vacant chair.

Where the wild flowers of the prairie
 Give the air their rich perfume,
 Where the sun doth set in glory,
 There is now thy chosen home.

And though Heaven's rich blessings scatter'd
 O'er those fruitful plains may be,
 Still, I know thy native mountains
 Ever will be dear to thee.

'Mid the flowers of Affection
 That are blooming 'round thy way,
 Wilt thou take this wild flower chaplet
 I have twined for thee to-day?
 Wilt thou prize it for the giver?
 To thy heart will memories come
 From this humble wild flower offering,
 Whisp'ring of thy childhood home?

TO "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

BY J. N. PAGE.

As month by month still bears us on,
 Adown life's billowy, surging tide,
 We'll greet with joy the little book,
 And set dull care awhile aside,
 As o'er its pure, unsullied page

We bend to quaff its nectar sage,
 And smile, or weep, or pensive weigh
 The thoughts which others there convey.
 Come, welcome then, thou casket rare
 Of varied jewels, rich and rare.

DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, the pattern of a girl's dress, with a low body closed behind. The pattern is suitable for a girl six or seven years old.

No. 1. Half front of body.

No. 2. Back.

No. 3. Half lappet.

No. 4. Revers.

The dotted line on No. 2 and No. 3 shows the place of the revers on each of those parts.

No. 5. Sleeves with two flounces.

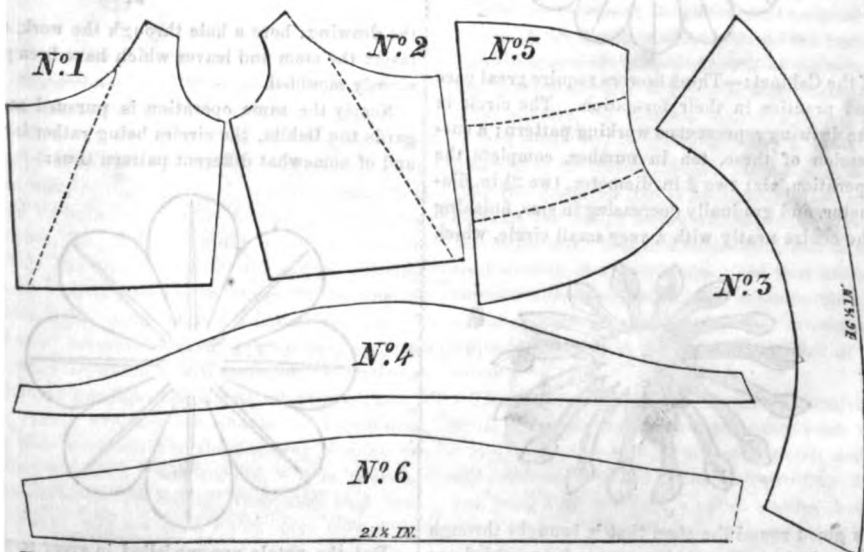
No. 6. Flounce of sleeve.

The two dotted lines on this sleeve show the place of each of the trimmings.

We give these patterns for children's dresses more frequently than those for ladies, because the applications we receive for such are more numerous, and because more families are in the habit of making up their children's dresses than those of the ladies, members of it.

We repeat here, what we have said in former numbers, that we are always willing to oblige our patrons by engraving such patterns as they may desire, whether of cloaks, mantillas, basques, or otherwise. For the method of enlarging patterns we refer to former numbers.

It should be remembered that this is the only Magazine to give these patterns and diagrams systematically, and the first to introduce them.



MODELLING IN LEATHER.—NO. IV.

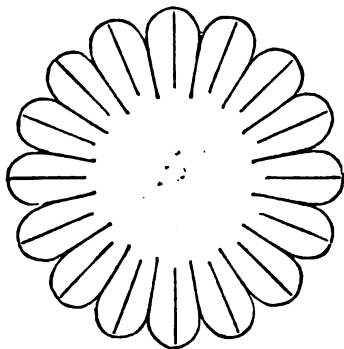
BY MRS. GILBERT.

Among the tools necessary in our beautiful art, not hitherto mentioned, is the Veiner, represented in the following cut.

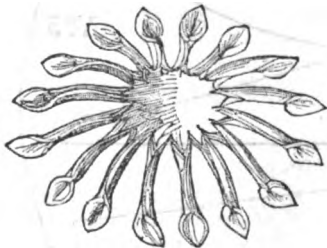


Copy nature as nearly as possible, but marking only the principal veins, as, in the operation of moulding, the more minute indentations would be lost; the leather should be moderately damped; and the veining should be done on some soft substance; a piece of calico folded several times is a good material to work upon.

I now proceed to explain the mode of making the Dahlia and Chrysanthemum as alluded to in our last article, in connexion with the decoration



of the Cabinet:—These flowers require great care and practice in their formation. The circle in the drawing represents a working pattern; a succession of these, ten in number, complete the operation, viz: two 3 in. diameter, two 2½ in. diameter, and gradually decreasing in size, finishing the centre neatly with a very small circle, which



is glued round the stem that is brought through the circles, after being properly moulded, as hereafter described, pinch them with the fingers

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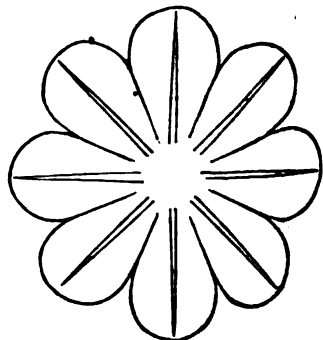
in the same manner as you would a leaf, and you produce the form given in the accompanying sketch.

After having completed the circles in this way, put them together to form the flower; and when perfectly dry, the petals should be firmly glued, commencing with the small ones, finishing its back with two extra circles, as represented in



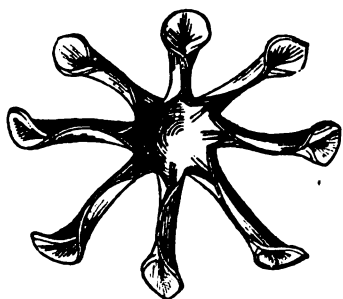
the drawing: bore a hole through the work, and insert the stem and leaves which have been previously moulded.

Nearly the same operation is pursued as regards the Dahlia, the circles being rather larger and of somewhat different pattern thus:



But the petals are modelled in every respect like the Chrysanthemum; the centre of the flower

s composed of a half grape—the mode of making which having been already described—the stem



inserted in the manner pointed out in finishing the Chrysanthemum. A drawing of the Dahlia thus completed is here represented.



DIRECTIONS FOR HARDENING, TINTING, AND VARNISHING.—I believe that the greatest impediment to the production of good, solid, and well-finished work, is in the process of hardening and tinting it; and I have frequently been told by ladies that, after having mounted their names, &c., with carefully made flowers, the whole has been spoilt in the act of coloring; hence the preference in many for leaving the work light, using only a solution of size. If proper compositions are procured, and the directions (which I will endeavor to render as plain as possible) are strictly observed, there is no reason why any one should be disappointed, their work spoilt in the finishing process; the defect produced, I am certain, will be perfectly satisfactory. Presuming, then, that such compositions only are used which have been tested by practical experience, viz: the hardening, tinting, and lustre, the process is very simple.

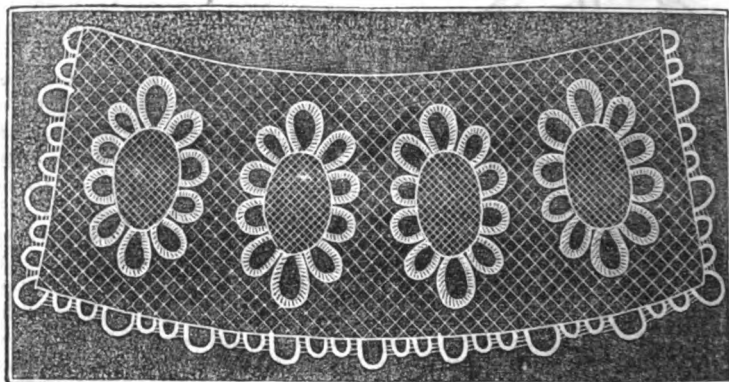
HARDENING THE WORK.—Having previously warmed the mixture by placing the bottle in a vessel of hot water, pour a portion of it into a saucer which has been warmed by the fire, or over the gas; take a hog's-hair brush of a size according to the extent of the work, and give the whole of it a free coating, both at the back and face; this will dry sufficiently in an hour to repeat the operation; when finished, dip the brush in a little hot water, and rub it quite dry in a piece of coarse towelling, it will then be fit for use when required; clean the saucer with a piece of rag, and it will be ready for the reception of the tint.

TINTING.—Shake the bottle of the tint well; use a similar brush, as in the last case, and also a very small one to get into the interstices, as it is apt to turn the hairs of the larger brush in forcing it into those places. Do not dip the brush into the centre of the color, but take it from one side of the saucer, and keep the place moist by rubbing the brush against the side, to prevent its becoming clogged, and thus rendered difficult and unpleasant to work with; it is well to have a little spirits of turpentine in another saucer, so as occasionally to wash out the brush and proceed again. Having carefully painted the work, and examined it to see if every part is covered, that there may be no irregularity, leave it to dry; it will be ready next morning for a second coat; and if a rich, full color is required I put on three coats, but that entirely depends on the nature of the color used. Wash the brush in turpentine, and rub it dry as before. I have every reason to believe that most of the bad work we see is attributable to the tinting; there is a mixture sold composed of asphaltum, and I defy any one to apply it with success: it dries rapidly, the brushes become clogged, and if you miss any places you make a blotch in attempting to repair them; no wonder, then, that the whole matter is frequently given up in despair, the result owing entirely to the use of bad materials. These difficulties I had to contend with in the first stages; but they are now entirely overcome, and I can produce tints of any shade, and an even tone of color throughout, which any lady may see by an inspection of my works.

The application of the ordinary varnishes, whether spirit or oil, renders the work too glossy in appearance; but any varnish maker will obviate this, by your representing that you require to produce a polish similar to that which is generally seen on oak carving. In concluding my observations relative to the Cabinet, I would state that the color is a light oak,

the edges of the shelves and the oval frames, together with the feet and pillars, are picked out with gold; the frames have plate glass in them, and also the back underneath the shelf, and the whole forms a most elegant piece of furniture.

GAUNTLET CUFF IN TATTING.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—The Tatting cotton, No. 3; with sewing cotton, No. 70 and patent glass thread, No. 40.

The tatting, which forms the edge and medallions of this cuff, is done separately, and in the following manner:

MEDALLION.—1st loop (at the point) 4 double stitches, 1 picot, 12 double, 1 picot, 4 double. Draw the loop up quite tight.

2nd loop.—4 double, join to the last picot, 10 double, 1 picot, 3 double. Draw it up, but not quite tight.

3rd loop.—3 double, join, 10 double, picot, 3 double. Draw it up, but not so tight as the last.

4th loop.—Like 3rd.

5th loop.—3 double, join, 10 double, picot, 4 double. Draw it up nearly tight.

6th loop.—(at the other point) 4 double, join, 12 double, picot, 4 double. Draw it up quite tight.

7th.—Like 2nd.

8th & 9th.—Like 3rd.

10th.—Like 5th, only instead of making a picot, join to the first loop. Knot the two ends together, and cut the thread.

Four of these medallions will be required for each cuff.

BORDER.—1st loop.—7 double, picot, 2 double, picot, 2 double. Draw it up, but not tight.

2nd loop.—2 double, join, 2 double, join, 7

double, picot, 2 double, picot, 2 double. Draw it up as before.

3rd loop.—2 double, join, 2 double, join, 3 double, picot, 2 double, picot, 2 double.

4th.—Like 3rd.

Repeat these 3—namely, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th—alternately, until enough is done for the cuff. The best way is to cut out the shape of the cuff in *toile ciré*, and make your edging to fit it. The number of loops seen in the engraving ought to be enough; but, of course, this must depend on the size of the hand. The last loops at the corners should be drawn quite tight, and those on each side tighter than usual, to form the points.

When finished, tack both these and the medallions on the *toile ciré*; fill each medallion with English lace, done with the boar's-head cotton; then run a line of braid along the inner edge of the cuff, to form a foundation, and with the glass thread work a ground of English lace, done precisely in the same manner as the first, but with the bars of thread nearly half an inch apart.

Finish the cuff by covering the threads at the base of the loops of tatting with close button-hole stitch, for which also the glass thread may be used.

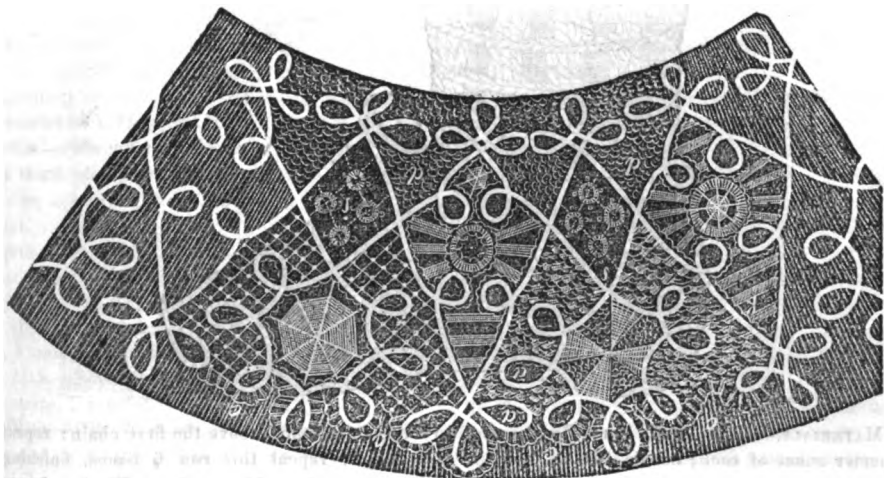
Collars may easily be made in the same way to match the cuffs, the shape of the collar being

ut in toile cire and the work adapted to it. This will be a close imitation of the worked colors with open grounds, now so fashionable, but they will be both handsomer and far more durable.

Our readers will remember that a double stitch in tatting means one stitch up and one down.

POINT LACE RUFFLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



MATERIALS.—Point lace cottons, and extremely narrow French white cotton braid, No. 7.

This pattern is suitable for a collar, as well as for the purpose for which it is more immediately designed.

To make the ruffle of a proper form, draw a complete circle on colored paper—the circle being twenty-four inches in circumference, or eight in diameter. This round is for the inner line of braid.

The pattern, which you will perceive to be a very simple one, must then be traced, marked with Indian ink, and braided, and the mode of

filling up the same only in every alternate section.

The stitches may be done in the following cottons:—

Mechlin lace; cotton, No. 100.

Valenciennes point; cotton, No. 90.

Brussels edge and lace; cotton, No. 70.

English lace; cotton, No. 90.

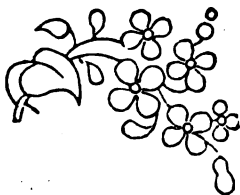
Venice lace; cotton, No. 90.

Rosette. Mecklenburgh cotton, No. 100.

Venitian bars; Sorrento bars and edging; Mecklenburgh cotton, No. 120.

Directions for Point Lace, with diagrams, have been published in former numbers.

HANDKERCHIEF BORDERS.



BABY'S BOOT.



MATERIALS.—White and blue Berlin wool, quarter ounce of each; needle, No. 16.

With the colored wool make a chain of 9 stitches, and work one row in double crochet; after this row increase by making one loop at the beginning and end of each row.

2nd row.—2 blue, 2 white; repeat.

3rd row.—1 white, (a) 2 blue above the blue in last row, 2 white; repeat from (a.)

4th row.—2 blue above the white in last row, 2 white above the blue; repeat.

5th row.—1 white, (a) 2 blue, 2 white; repeat from (a.) work those four last rows 4 times; which finishes the front. For the sides work 10 stitches of the front, repeating the pattern 10 times, then join this to the front, and work a row of open crochet all round. For the leg, work with white wool 2 chain, 2 long; repeat all round. 2nd row.—2 chain, 2 long, making the first long above the second long of previous

round, and second above the first chain; repeat all round; repeat this row 6 times, finishing with a row of double crochet. Work a fringe as follows, with the blue wool, round the top of the boot, and above the row of open crochet. Worked across the instep and around the shoe. Hold the wool loosely, pass the needle through the first stitch, and draw the wool through and make a chain stitch; work thus in every loop. For the sole make a chain of 8 stitches with the white wool, and work backward and forward in double stitch crochet, that is taking both loops; work 8 rows, increasing at each edge; work 7 rows without increasing, then 5, decreasing at each edge, then 6 rows without decreasing, then 8 rows increasing, then 5 without increasing. Now decrease in the next row, which finishes the whole, sew it to the boot, and pass a narrow ribbon through the open round above the instep.

CROCHET MAT.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS—Eight shades of scarlet wool, window cord. For pattern see front of number. two skeins each, and six skeins of maize-colored flosselle silk, and eleven yards of rather fine

1st Round.—Deepest scarlet; form the end of

the cord into a round, on which work 12 sc. stitches.

2nd.—(Same shade.) Work two stitches in every loop.

3rd.—(Second shade and maize silk.) † 2 silk n 1, 3 scarlet in 2 †; repeat.

4th.—(Third shade.) † 5 stitches into 4, in silk, beginning on the stitch before the 2 silk of the last round, 2 scarlet in 1 stitch †; repeat.

5th.—(Fourth shade.) † 3 silk, beginning on the second of the 5 of last row, 4 scarlet in 3 †; repeat.

6th.—(Fifth shade.) † 4 stitches of maize in the 2 centre of the 4 scarlet, 5 scarlet; repeat.

7th.—(Sixth shade.) † 8 stitches of maize, beginning on the fourth scarlet in last round, 3 scarlet in 1 †; repeat.

8th.—(Seventh shade.) † 2 maize, beginning on third scarlet of last round, 2 scarlet in 1, 4 maize, 2 scarlet in 1, 2 maize, 1 scarlet †; repeat.

9th.—(Eighth shade.) † 3 maize in 2 maize of last round, 4 scarlet in 3, 2 maize, 4 scarlet in 3, 3 maize in 2, 1 scarlet †; repeat.

10th.—(Same shade.) † 4 maize, 11 scarlet in 8, 4 maize, 1 scarlet †; repeat.

11th.—(Seventh Shade.) † 6 maize, 7 scarlet, 6 maize, 2 scarlet in 1 †; repeat.

12th.—(Sixth shade.) † 4 maize into 3, 1 scarlet, 2 maize, 8 scarlet into 7, 2 maize, 1 scarlet, 4 maize into 3, 2 scarlet †; repeat.

Change the shade every round until you come to the seventeenth, when the darkest is used.

13th.—† 6 maize into 5, 12 scarlet, 6 maize into 5, 2 scarlet †; repeat.

14th.—† 4 maize, 1 scarlet, 2 maize, 11 scarlet into 10, 2 maize, 1 scarlet, 4 maize, 2 scarlet †; repeat.

15th.—† 5 maize, 15 scarlet, 5 maize, 2 scarlet †; repeat.

16th.—† 3 maize, beginning on the last of the 2 scarlet in last round, 1 scarlet, 2 maize, 15 scarlet, 2 maize, 1 scarlet, 8 maize, 1 scarlet into the same loop †; repeat.

17th.—(Having now come to the darkest shade.) † 1 scarlet in the centre of 3 maize, 2 maize, 22 scarlet into 19, 2 maize, 1 scarlet, 3 maize †; repeat.

18th.—31 of the darkest scarlet into 28 loops, 3 maize over the 3 in the last round.

19th.—Work all round quite plain in the darkest scarlet, pulling the cord rather tightly, after which cut it off.

20th.—All silk.) † 1 tc., 2 ch., miss 2 † all round.

21st.—(Sixth shade.) Work over a wire, so. all round, with 8 stitches over every 2 ch. of the last.

22nd.—(Fourth shade.) 1 dc., 6 ch., miss 5; repeat.

23rd.—(Silk.) † tc. under loop, 3 ch., 2 tc. in same loop †; repeat in every loop.

24th.—As twenty-second, with third shade.

25th.—As twenty-third, with second shade.

26th.—As twenty-second, with silk.

TRAVELLING BAG,

IN MOSAIC TAPESTRY AND BRAIDING.

MATERIALS.—Coarse French canvass of any size that the bag may be desired. 2 or 3 oz. of rich brown Berlin wool, and either straw beading or orange silk braid. For pattern see front of number.

As the design must be enlarged for working this and all the other articles in tapestry, a few simple directions for this part of the work cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers.

Determine the size you wish the pattern to be, and mark the outlines of it on a sheet of stout writing paper. Then divide the entire surface, within the outlines, into squares or checks, by ruling lines, both diagonally and horizontally throughout the whole space, at equal distances, making large squares if the design is simple, and smaller ones in proportion as it is more

complicated. Then divide the engraving into the same number of squares, and it will be extremely easy to copy the drawing on the writing paper, enlarging every part just so much that it will fill the same in the large squares that it occupies in the smaller ones. Use a pencil for making the drawing, and ink it afterward. A very little practice will enable the worker to draw these patterns well.

The drawing being inked should be laid under the canvass, which must then be marked as clearly as possible. A camel's-hair brush, dipped in ink, is better for this purpose than a pen, which is very apt to sputter.

The border need not be marked as it can be worked by the thread.

The whole may be done in cross stitch. The

top and bottom of the border is to be done as follows.

1st row.—Do about 4 cross stitches for the end, then †, miss 3 cross stitches, work two †; repeat, end by missing three and working four.

2nd row.—Work 4 †, miss 1, work 1, miss 5 †; repeat, end with, miss 1, work 4.

3rd row.—Like the first.

The sides must be made to correspond.

I have advised straw or silk braid to be used, in preference to gold, for this bag, as being much more durable. Neither material requires to be

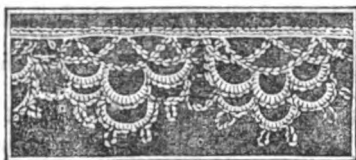
cut in lengths, and it is not necessary to run on the straw. It is merely to be held in its place, and worked over. At the end of the row, turn the straw round, and work the next row in the opposite direction. All the veinings of the leaves are to be done in wool, as are also the centres of the flowers.

The sides of the bag should be piped with stout piping-cord, covered with silk; and handsome tassels and cords should be used for the garniture.

NARROW EDGING.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—Boar's-head cotton, No. 80, of Messrs. W. Evans & Co., of Derby.



12 ch, 1 pl. into first stitch, turn, 9 ch, 1 pl. into 12 ch, turn, 9 ch, 1 pl, turn 4 times, * 6

ch, 1 tr. into centre space, 6 ch, 1 tr. into same. 6 ch, 1 pl. into last, turn, 7 pl. into 6 ch, 1 ch twice, 7 pl. into last, 6 ch, 1 pl. into foundation, ch, turn, 7 ch, 1 pl. into 1 ch, twice, 7 ch, 1 pl. into foundation space, turn, 3 pl, 4 ch, 5 pl, 4 ch, 3 pl. into each, 7 ch, 1 pl. into foundation space, 9 ch, 1 pl, turn 6 times, repeat from *, and to join the scallops, after 3 pl, make 2 ch, insert the needle into 4 ch. of last scallop, draw the loop through, 2 ch, then 3 pl, &c. Having done the length required, work 5, pl into every space along the bottom.

SLIPPERS IN PATENT APPLIQUE.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—Cloth applique slippers, and a piece of gold-colored, or maize Russia silk braid. For the pattern, see front of number.

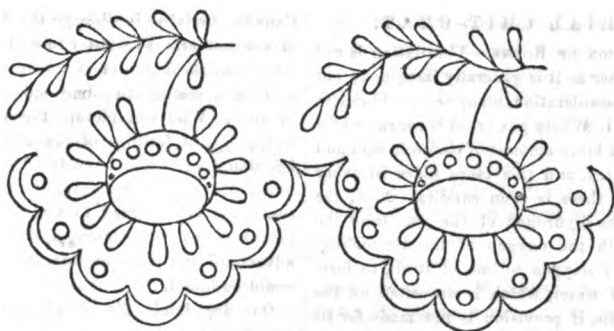
We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers a specimen of one of the most interesting inventions for the work-table that can be imagined. We all know how popular a work braiding is, from its great simplicity and moderate price. We have also, from time to time, given patterns in *applique*, a sort of work which, from its expense, as requiring the design to be cut out in two or three different materials, has

been, though always admired, not very generally used. It was difficult, moreover, to cover the raised edges with any braid or cord; and thus applique has never been general.

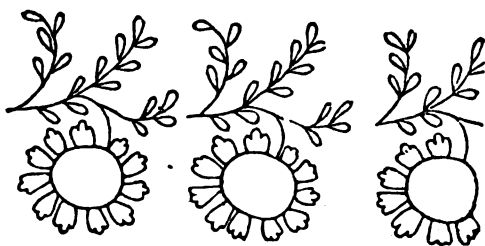
But the work we now introduce to the readers of "Peterson," is at once as cheap as the old braiding, and as effective as the more elaborate application. The figure or design is produced on a ground of a different color, and thus requires only to be braided at the edge, to give an admirable effect.

BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

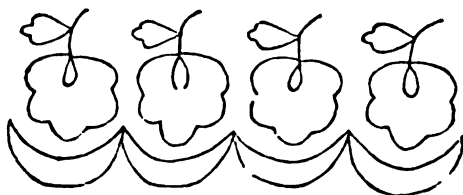
SUITABLE for the bottom of a work-basket, or worked in colored silk. The pattern is in front for embroidery on a lady's neckerchief. To be of the number.



EDGE FOR BOTTOM OF SKIRT.



EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL.



EDGING.



BAND FOR CHEMISE.



BAND FOR CHEMISE.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE VENTILATION OF ROOMS.—Ventilation is not so difficult a matter as it is generally imagined; but for want of due consideration, many serious blunders are committed. 1. Where gas or oil is consumed for lighting a room, a large amount of carbonic acid and water are generated, and this takes place in every apartment where there is even candles. Now, the result is this—the hydrogen of the gas, from the tallow, unites with the oxygen of the air making eight measures of oxygen to one of itself, to form nine measures of water, which is deposited on the windows and walls, if provision is not made for its escape; then the carbon unites with a portion of the oxygen to form carbonic acid gas, by weight, of the carbon combining with sixteen parts, by weight, of oxygen. In the ventilation of large rooms, churches, town-halls, &c., it is desirable to have shafts to admit fresh air, and one for the escape of foul air. A plan has been introduced of late years, which consists in admitting a current of fresh air at the upper part on one side, according to the direction of the wind; that on the right of the room entering by the skirting-board, which is pierced with small holes, or narrow slits one-sixteenth of an inch in width, and nearly the depth of the skirting; and that on the left, passing through the floor. The outlet for the vitiated air is placed in the centre of the ceiling over the chandeliers, and this is provided with a valve, which opens upward; above this is a gaslight, which rarifies the air, and so draws up the foul air from the room, like a cupping-glass does the blood from our bodies. The chief points requiring attention in ventilating rooms or houses consists:—1. Of having an inlet for fresh air, and an outlet for vitiated air; 2. The air admitted should be as pure as possible, free from local vitiations, such as drains, smoke of manufactories, &c.; 3. When air is admitted into an apartment, it should be at the lowest part, and the aggregate area of admission should be twice as great as that of the outlet; 4. When there are galleries in a hall, church, &c., they should be supplied with fresh air from the outside of the building, and not from the body of the room; 5. Air may be warmed when admitted into a large room, by making it pass over pipes filled with hot water; 6. All ventilating shafts, chimnies, &c., should be as smooth inside as possible, as every projection impedes the currents of air. Ventilation is required in all apartments, even our stables, but especially in our sleeping apartments.

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."—One of our exchanges tells the following true story. Six years ago, a Mrs. Teeple, in company with her little daughter, some eight or nine years old, left Jackson county, Iowa, for the purpose of visiting her relatives in

Canada. Arriving in Chicago the daughter lost sight of her mother. The latter immediately retraced her steps, but no daughter could be found. Every inquiry and search was instituted, but all was utterly in vain. Who can picture the anguish, the grief and poignant feelings of the mother at thus losing her daughter? She immediately wrote to her husband, Mr. Teeple, notifying him of her loss, and continued her journey to Canada. Mr. Teeple repaired to Chicago, made a thorough search, and advertised the child as lost: but still no daughter could be found.

One day, lately, Mr. Teeple and family were surprised by a little bright-eyed boy appearing at the door and calling him "father." It was the long lost daughter, who had assumed this disguise for the purpose of effecting her escape from a family with whom she was bound by the trustees of the House of Refuge, and who had severely misused her.

It appears from the daughter's story, that as soon as she missed her mother, she hurried through the streets expecting to overtake her. But the hope was in vain. Finally evening came on, and the little girl was taken by a policeman to the asylum for orphans, where, after remaining nearly three years, she was bound out. There she remained until a few noble-hearted ladies at Chicago, becoming interested in her behalf, and indignant at the treatment received from the family with whom she was bound, determined on her rescue. When interrogated, she could remember Bellevue, and that her father and uncle lived within a day's drive of it. On her sympathisers learning these facts, they dressed her in male attire, furnished her the necessary means, and sent her at once to Bellevue. Arriving in Bellevue, she inquired of Judge Spurr, who at once provided her with a conveyance, and returned her to the arms of her long lost parents. Who will pretend to say that "truth is not stranger than fiction?"

FOUR RULES FOR BORROWERS.—1. *The Iron Rule.*—Never borrow anything whatever, if you can possibly do without it, nor then unless with the consent of the owner.

2. *The Silver Rule.*—Use the article borrowed more carefully than if it was your own; and don't retain it beyond the time agreed on.

3. *The Golden Rule.*—As soon as you have done using the thing borrowed return it, with thanks.

4. *The Diamond Rule.*—Never borrow "Peterson's Magazine," but subscribe for it.

"THE ONCONVENIENCE OF SINGLE LIFE."—In this capital illustration, our artist has excelled himself. Every lady ought to send a copy of this plate to each forlorn bachelor of her acquaintance.

THE BIRDLING.—A contributor, who signs herself "Jennette," sends us the following:

"Mamma, when will the little birds come again? Mamma, when will God melt the snow, that the little birds may come again?"

Precious darling! in all the wide world beside there is not to be found a lovelier, sweeter bird than thou art—and the fond mother clasped the little prattler to her loving bosom; smoothed with a gentle hand the sunny curls from that baby brow, and gazed with a mother's love into those baby eyes.

Earnestly, with her little head pillowed against its soft resting-place, did this bird-like child listen to the soft murmurings of her mother's voice, telling her of the bright land far beyond the blue sky and the twinkling stars; of the land where no winter comes; where summer always is, and little birds forever sing. Of the bright-robed throng there, of the loving Saviour, who has taken just such little ones as herself, and said, "Of such is my Father's kingdom;" of the Great White Throne, and the Father who sitteth thereon; who ever watcheth over his little ones with tenderness and love.

The winter months had not flown, nor earth been disrobed of her snowy mantle, ere this birdling, wearying of earth, its snows and tempests, winged her way to that bright land, of which her mother had so often told her; and joined with rapturous melody the warbling company that surround the throne of the loving Father.

The long delay of spring no longer causes her little bosom to heave with sighs, for the brightness of heaven is eternal sunshine. Neither sighs she for the singing of birds; for none, in all that warbling throng, trills forth a sweeter note.

Fond mother, why sorrowest thou that thy bird has flown? As thou followest her with uplifted and streaming eyes, didst not thou see her enter the glowing portals of heaven guided by a seraphic host? Didst not the melody of that gushing song fall upon thine ear as she was welcomed to the bosom of the Father? Didst thou not know that gentler arms than thine embrace her, and a softer bosom pillows her little head?

She is ever thy guardian angel, mother! Through the toil and care of each day thou art attended by her; and when thou repairst to thy couch she hovers around and calms thee to repose.

When thou art glad *she* too is glad; and when thou art sad and sorrowful, she draws near to thee and cools with the breath of her tiny wing the fever of thy troubled soul.

Thy mission on earth performed; life's battle fought; then will her pure spirit guide thee on high, and with rapturous hosannas welcome thee to an eternal peering-place on the bosom of the Father.

WHAT IS GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners is the art of making those happy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred individual in the company.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—That house will be kept in a turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors, no lenity shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a stick of wood in the grate, and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another, and they will burn; half-a-dozen, and you will have a blaze. There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, pile on the fuel, draw in others of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze, which will wrap all in its burning heat.

NEW MUSIC.—J. H. Hidley, No. 544 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., has sent us "The Highland Schottish," composed by J. H. McNaughton; also, "Oh! Say Not Thy Heart Is Cold," the words and music by the same composer; also, "When On The Stormy Sea Of Life," the words and music by the same; and "List, Lady, Listen," the words by W. H. C. Hosmer, the music by J. H. McNaughton. Firth, Pond & Co., New York, and Lee & Walker, Philadelphia, have these new and meritorious pieces for sale.

BUTTER AND BABIES.—"Sarah, dear," said a husband to his wife, "if I were in your place I wouldn't keep that babe so full of butter as you do." "Butter, my dear! I never give it any butter." "No, but you poured about a quart of milk down it this afternoon, and then trotted it on the knee for nearly two hours. If it don't contain a quantity of butter, it isn't for the want of churning."

THE DIFFERENCE.—It appears that, in New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, it is a very old custom to knock the heads of the bride and bridegroom together, previous to their union—"In Christian lands it isn't so; the bridegroom and the bride

To loggerheads but seldom go until the knot is tied."

A HUSBAND'S FAULTS.—With a wife a husband's faults should be sacred. A woman forgets what is due to herself when she condescends to that refuge of weakness, a female confidant. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's feelings, and his character far more valuable, in her estimation, than his life.

OUR FASHION PLATE.—The bride, in our fashion plate, is as beautiful as her dress is elegant and choice. Every lonely, stocking-darning bachelor ought to look out for just such a companion as soon as possible.

THE SUPERLATIVE VIRTUE.—Accomplishments are better than beauty, and amiability better than either.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Confidential Correspondence of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine. With numerous Illustrative Notes and Anecdotes. By John S. C. Abbott. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Mason & Brothers.—The lately published correspondence between Napoleon and his brother Joseph is admitted, by all critics, to throw new light on the mind and heart of the great French emperor. The present publication is not less valuable; while to ladies it will be infinitely more interesting. It contains Napoleon's letters to Josephine, from their marriage to the death of the latter; is full of private touches of character; shows the emperor to have had a most affectionate heart; and increases the regret that a mistaken notion of state policy should have led him to have wronged his wife and destroyed his own happiness. There is something of retribution in the fact that it is not Napoleon's child, but Josephine's grandson, that now sits on the imperial throne of France; and that the divorce, that great blot on Napoleon's fame, was as fruitless as it was criminal. The volume is neatly printed. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

Widdifield's New Cook Book; or, Practical Receipts for the Housewife. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The author of this book, Mrs. Hannah Widdifield, was celebrated, for nearly fifty years, as a cake-baker and pastry cook in Philadelphia. None of the receipts have ever been published. They have been tried for years, by hundreds of Mrs. Widdifield's pupils, many of whom we know personally; and we can, therefore, conscientiously recommend them. They have, moreover, the advantage of not being too extravagant, as most receipts in modern cook-books are; and they also comprise everything relating to the table, preserving, &c. &c. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best work on the subject there is. The great majority of cook-books, it is well known by the initiated, are made by incompetent persons, who have never tried the receipts they profess to recommend. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

Retribution. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is one of the most intensely absorbing stories we ever read. There is so much namby-pamby fiction about, that when one meets with a novel that rises, like this, to the heights of tragic passion, one can excuse many faults of style and even some improbabilities in incident. We never put down one of Mrs. Southworth's tales, without saying to ourselves that she is among the first, if she is not the very first of our female novelists. Unquestionably no one equals her in variety of incident, or surpasses her in the interest she imparts to her narrative. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

The Tongue of Fire; or, The True Power of Christianity. By William Arthur. 1 vol., 13 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We can recommend this little book as an excellent series of pious meditations. Price, in cloth, seventy-five cents.

David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens. 2 vols., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We have here the third of T. B. Peterson's duodecimo series of Dickens' novels. These two volumes rival, in every particular, those which have gone before. The type, paper, illustrations and binding are all equally tasteful. We believe that Dickens considers "Copperfield" the best of his fictions. Certainly, it is not one of the worst, as every one will admit who recalls Peggotty, Dora, Micawber, &c. &c. We are glad to hear that this edition of Dickens is having an extensive sale. It is creditable to the country that elegant editions, like this, of favorite authors are in such demand. Price, in cloth, for both volumes, \$2.50.

The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckworth, Mountaineer, Scout and Pioneer, and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians. With Illustrations. Written from his own dictation, by T. D. Bowen. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It is a long while since we have been so much engrossed with any book as this. It combines the interest of Robinson Crusoe with a narrative of real life, and though some of the incidents border on the marvellous, they are all, we are assured, perfectly true. The narrative is simply told, yet with considerable dramatic power, being given as much as possible in the very words of Beckworth. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Cousin Nicholas. By the Rev. Richard Barham, author of "The Ingoldsby Legends." 1 vol., 12 mo. Buffalo: A. Burke.—The name of this author is a guarantee for the superior merit of "Cousin Nicholas;" for who has not laughed over those delightful, racy, inimitable, genial papers, "The Ingoldsby Legends?" Mr. Burke has issued the present fiction in quite an elegant style, with superior type and paper, and several graphic illustrations. "Cousin Nicholas" has made us pass many agreeable hours, and out of gratitude we commend it to all lovers of quaint humor. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

Household Mysteries. A Romance of Southern Life. By Lizzie Petit. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A pleasantly written fiction, by a lady already favorably known, the author of "Light and Darkness." It is a good, old-fashioned love tale, ending happily, and teaching an excellent moral. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

The Planter's Northern Bride. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. P. Peterson.—By many persons this is considered the best of Mrs. Hentz's fictions. It is published uniform with T. B. Peterson's revised edition of the complete novels of the lamented authoress. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

The Last of the Foresters. By J. Estlin Cooke. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Derby & Jackson.—A really told story, as most of this author's are, but inferior nevertheless, we think, to "Leather Stocking and Silk." Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

THE TOILET.

USE OF COSMETICS.—The word *Cosmetic* is derived from the Greek word *Kosmein*, to beautify. Many of the cosmetics vended by general perfumers, and rendered attractive by high-sounding titles, are composed of acids and spirits, and into some of them are introduced substances which are injurious and dangerous, such as sugar of lead, nitrate of silver, arsenic, and lime, with others of an equally deleterious nature. Acids and spirits have certainly cleansing properties, but they invariably dry and contract the skin. Alum is a chief ingredient in astringent lotions used for restoring tension and brilliancy to the skin, but the temporary elasticity it produces is speedily replaced by a still more complete relaxation and want of tone.

We admit that there may be some preparations derived from herbs and plants possessing aromatic, astringent, or emollient properties, which might be employed with advantage were they not combined with large proportions of alcohol, which destroys their good effect, and frequently makes the result precisely the reverse of the one anticipated.

Pure soft water is the best cosmetic for those who are fortunate enough to possess a naturally fine skin; a few drops of some refreshing essence may be added, such as infusion of roses, orange flower, rosemary, or cucumber. When the skin happens to be of a rough, dry texture, the subjoined recipes may be employed with success. The Circassian women cut a lemon in half, take out the pulp, and turn the lemon in such a way that the peel is inside, it is then put into a cool place for a few hours, then into each half is poured the white of an egg well whisked; the essential oil of the lemon peel combining with the egg forms an excellent cosmetic for softening the skin.

The following is a fine pomade for removing a rough, scaly appearance to which some skins are subject:—Melt half an ounce of white wax with a fluid ounce of cacao, and the same quantity of oil of almonds; when melted, stir it till cool, with barley flour sufficient to bring it to the consistency of a thin paste; this should be thickly spread upon the skin at night, and washed off the next morning with tepid water. A refreshing lotion, possessing cleansing and clearing qualities, may be made thus:—Take a pint of orange flower water and a pint of rain-water, with a sprig of rosemary, add to this four ounces of Castile soap, scraped finely, boil all together, and bottle for use; this is called pearl water, it is easily prepared, and is at the same time innocent and efficacious. Talc water is a lotion of the same kind, it is considered to be a great beautifier of the complexion, and is an old cosmetic of high repute. It is requisite to procure the talc reduced to an impalpable powder, which can be obtained only at the best chemists. Place about half a pound of the powder in a glass bottle or jar, with an ounce of muriate of ammoniac, and set it in a cool place, the powder will speedily dissolve, then pour the liquor off and bottle it for use. It heightens the brilliancy of the skin very perceptibly.

Steatite, reduced to a powder, and mixed with soft water, that has been thrown boiling over pearl barley, and strained, is a very simple but good cosmetic, particularly for the hands and arms. Milk of roses is an article of common use; that sold by French perfumers often contains lead, and is, therefore, a deleterious preparation. We give a recipe for a very superior milk of roses:—Make an emulsion by mixing together one ounce of bitter almonds and the same quantity of sweet almonds, dried and pounded, with a pint of rose-water made by simple infusion; then dissolve a grain of camphor, add it to the emulsion, and shake it, that the ingredients may be well blended; then strain and bottle it for use. A few drops of attar of roses will render it more agreeable.

Strict attention to cleanliness, exercise, temperance, and well-regulated occupations, will, however, be found more efficacious in promoting beauty than any of the lauded "aids" which we see daily advertised. The bright, glowing complexion which is derived from these sources is the result of health, which ever goes hand-in-hand with beauty.

FIRESIDE AMUSEMENTS.

THE BALANCE STICK.—Having obtained a piece of wood of eight or nine inches in length and half an inch in thickness, thrust into the upper end the blades of two penknives on each side. Place the other end on the tip of the fore-finger, and it will balance without falling.

TO LIGHT A CANDLE WITH WATER.—Get the smallest piece of phosphorus, and with a little tallow place it on the rim of a tumbler: next get a lighted candle, blow it out, then hold it to the glass, and it will at once ignite.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

QUESTIONS.—Prepare a set of cards with numbers written on each in plain, large characters, and then have a duplicate set, which are to be placed in the centre of the table, and the other set must be shuffled and dealt to all the players.

When ready one will commence by drawing a card from the table and asking any personal question. The one who holds the duplicate in his hand, must put it with the other saying, "It is I" or "I do," or some such answer.

The more ridiculous or saucy the question is, the greater merriment it creates; no time should be lost in finding the duplicate, but look quick and reply promptly; here is an example:—

"Who is the laziest person here?" says one, drawing from the pack a card marked 10.

"It is I," says the one who has 10 in her hand, throwing it on the table.

"Who has the darkest eyes?" says the last one, drawing out a 5.

"I have," says the one who can match the 5.

"Who has yellow hair?" says another, producing a 7.

"I myself," is the answer, from one who holds a 7.

"Who is the loveliest person present?" drawing a 12.

"I am," says the holder of 12.

"Who is very impertinent?" says another.

"Oh, I am," exclaims the one matching the card drawn.

In like manner the game proceeds until the cards are all exhausted.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

To Preserve Raw Peaches.—For peaches you must have glass bottles or jars with a large mouth, and about the size that will hold enough for one meal, as they do not keep after being opened. Put one layer of pounded loaf sugar in the bottom of the bottle, then a layer of sound, ripe peaches pared and quartered, then sugar, and so on till the bottle is full; let them settle and more can be put in. Then cut a round piece of white paper the size of the mouth, dip it in brandy and fit it in on the top of the preserves. Cork it tight, and dip the top of the bottle in melted sealing wax, covering the cork and rim well. Set them in a very cold place, or in damp, yellow sand. In the spring they will have almost the same flavor as fresh peaches.

Rabbit Pie.—Cut into quarters a couple of young rabbits; bruise in a mortar a quarter of a pound of bacon, with the livers of the rabbits, pepper and salt, a little parsley cut small, mace, and two or three leaves of sweet basil; beat them up fine, line your dish with a nice crust, put a layer of seasoning at the bottom, and then put in the rabbit; pound some more bacon in the mortar, mix it with some fresh butter, lay it over the rabbits, and cover with thin slices of bacon; now put on the paste to form the top, and then place it in the oven. It will take two hours to bake. When done, take off the top of the pie, remove the bacon, skim off the fat, and, if required, add some rich veal or mutton gravy.

To Braise a Ham.—Put the ham into water the night previous to cooking, and next day wash it in warm water, and trim it by cutting away all the yellow fat and rusty parts; take off the knuckle, and pare down all the under part; put it in a stew-pan, and just cover it with water; lay in a slice of beef cut into pieces, a few onions, a faggot of sweet herbs, three small carrots, and a little allspice; simmer from three to six hours, it must depend entirely upon the size and weight. Take out the ham and skin it; glaze, and serve it upon a purée of vegetables. The braise may be made into a rich brown soup, thickened and flavored with wine; it may serve also for the flavoring of soups.

Game may often be made fit for eating when it seems spoiled, by cleaning it and washing with vinegar and water. Birds that are not likely to keep, should be drawn, cropped, and plucked, then wash in

two or three waters, and rub them with salt; have in readiness a large saucepan of boiling water, and plunge them into it one by one, drawing them up and down by the legs, so that the water may pass through them. Let them stay for five or six minutes, then hang them up in a cold place; when they are completely drained, well salt and pepper the inside, and thoroughly wash them before roasting.

Stewed Cucumbers.—Take two or three straight cucumbers, cut off one end, then take out the seeds, lay them in vinegar and water, and pepper and salt; have some good filling, and fill each cucumber with it; dry your cucumbers well out of the vinegar first, then dry them in a clean cloth, then fry them, if for brown; if for white not; take them out of the butter, and put them to stew in some good stock, with one onion, a faggot of herbs, a slice of lean ham, until tender; thicken the liquor, and pass through a sieve; season with a little drop of vinegar, lemon juice, sugar, salt, and white pepper, glaze the cucumbers several times to be a light brown.

Mock Turtle Soup.—Take four calf's feet, break the bones and stew them in as much water as will cover them. Take them out, when all the meat and gristle will part from the bones, and put the meat (but not the bones) back again into the liquor. Add half a pint of beef gravy, half a pint of white or port wine, and the following ingredients, tied up in a muslin bag; an onion stuck with cloves, a bunch of sweet herbs, salt, a little mace, allspice, and cayenne pepper. When sufficiently done, add the yolks of eight eggs boiled hard, and forcemeat balls. The juice of lemons or oranges improves the flavor of the soup.

Pickled Peaches.—To one quart of good cider vinegar take three pounds of coffee sugar, and when thoroughly melted set it on the fire till it boils, then put in a number of round, ripe peaches, having been carefully wiped. Let them boil till they are soft, when they may be taken out, and more put in until they are all done. Put the peaches in stone or glass jars and pour the syrup over them, if stone, the syrup is poured on while hot. Seal the tops well. Two quarts of vinegar is sufficient for a great number of peaches.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Dried Flowers.—The following will be found to be a very effectual method of preserving flowers:—Fill an earthen, copper or wooden vessel, half full of sifted sand, then fill it up to the brim with clear spring water, stir the sand well with a stick, so as to detach the earthly particles. When the sand has thoroughly settled itself, pour off the turbid water, and continue to wash the sand till all the water that runs on its surface remains perfectly clear and transparent. The sand being thus perfectly cleaned, expose it to the heat of the sun a sufficient length of time to exhale entirely its humidity. For every dif-

ferent kind of flower you wish to preserve, prepare an earthen or tin vessel of a proper size. Make choice of the finest, most perfect, and driest flowers of their respective kinds, and be careful to leave the stalks of a good length. Place them, with one hand, as lightly as possible in the vessel upright, about two or three inches below the rim of the vessel, taking care that they do not touch the sides of the vessel, nor each other. Then, with the other hand, slowly pour on them the purified sand, till the stalk is quite covered. This being done, slightly cover the flower itself, separating the leaves a little one from another. The tulip requires a further operation. The triangular top which rises from the centre of the cup must be cut off, by which means the leaves of the flower will adhere better to the stalk. When the vessel is filled with flowers, leave it for a month or two, exposed to the rays of the sun, and the flowers, when taken out, though dry, will be very little inferior in beauty to new-blown flowers, but will have lost their scent.

To Wash Silk Stockings.—Silk stockings should be washed first in luke-warm water, in which some white soap has been melted, they should then be rinsed in clear water. Next, put them into a lather formed of warm water, melted with white soap, and a little stone blue. Wring them, and, when nearly dry, polish them with a box-iron, almost cold. The above recipe only applies to white silk stockings. Black stockings should be washed with a little gall and soft-soap. A little vinegar ought to be put into the water into which they are rinsed to preserve the color. When dry polish them with a box-iron moderately heated.

Good Paste.—Take common flour paste, rather thick, (by mixing some flour with a little cold water until it is of uniform consistency, and then stirring it well while boiling water is being added to it) add a little brown sugar and corrosive sublimate, which will prevent fermentation, and a few drops of oil of lavender, which will prevent mouldiness. When this paste dries it resembles horn, and it may be used again by adding water. It will keep well for two or three years in a covered pot, being always fit for use.

Poison Balls for Black Beetles.—Put a drachm of phosphorus in a flask, with two fluid ounces of water, plunge it in hot water, and as soon as the phosphorus is fluid, pour it into a mortar with 3 oz. of lard; triturate briskly, adding water, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour with two ounces of brown sugar; work the whole into a paste and divide into balls the size of marbles; for rats, cheese is better than sugar. An excellent recipe.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—A BRIDAL DRESS OF WHITE SILK, trimmed with three deep lace flounces. The corsage is high, closed up the front, and has a heart-shaped berthe of lace. Sleeves and basque ornamented to correspond. The head-dress is composed of a wreath of myrtle and superb lace veil.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF APPLE-GREEN GAUZE WITH A DOUBLE SKIRT.—Each skirt is trimmed with eight rows of rather narrow satin ribbon. Low Greek corsage, ornamented with narrow white lace and a bow of pink ribbon. Short puffed sleeves, with a bow of ribbon placed on the inside of the arm. Head-dress of moss-roses and elematis.

FIG. III.—RIDING HABIT OF DARK GREEN CLOTH.—The corsage is made with a deep basque, and is open part way down in front, like a gentleman's coat, with a rolling collar, exposing a finely plaited linen cambric chemisette. Lappels extend from the shoulders to the waist in front, and they, as well as the basque, are ornamented with buttons. *Louis Quatorz* sleeves, with white cambric under-sleeves. Black velvet cap with a heavy tassel.

FIG. IV.—BLACK SILK BASQUE MADE WITH A BERTHE.—It is ornamented with narrow fringe, gimp and buttons. A body made of white Mar-seilles or "quilting" in the same style, and with wash fringe, braid and buttons, is very elegant.

FIG. V.—BONNET OF PINK SILK, trimmed with deep black lace, narrow black velvet and white blonde. Inside is a wreath of heather.

FIG. VI.—BONNET OF BELGIAN STRAW, with an open-work edge; on one side is a branch of hazel, and on the other a barb of black lace; inside a branch of hazel.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dress goods were never richer in color than this autumn. The richer style of silks are generally flounced, with the pattern woven in the flounces, but many very elegant silks have appeared in broched stripes, plaids, &c. The de lains and cashmeres are striped in lozenge patterns of the most vivid colors, or are covered with palm-leaves and arabesques. Flounces maintain their vogue, but their number on the skirts of dresses varies according to the caprice of the wearer, from three to six or seven. Two flounces are very ungraceful, and not much worn. When a plain silk is flounced, the flounces are sometimes finished with only a plain hem, half an inch in depth, or with a ribbon or fringe of some good contrasting color, or with several rows of narrow velvet, or several rows of narrow Tom Thumb fringe. Plain or striped silks are often ornamented with fancy trimmings put on the front of the skirt, or down the sides in the apron style. This fashion, although very elegant, is not yet universal. When the skirt is not flounced, it must be very full and long, so that crino-line continues indispensable. Jackets or basques still continue in high favor, and there seems, as yet, no disposition to relinquish them. They are still made very deep, and profusely trimmed with fringe, gimp, ribbon, buttons and tassels. Some few wrappers are made with a large pelerine or cape. It may add to the comfort, but as a general rule pelerines are not favorable to the figure. Many frocks for young ladies have ribbon braces, which generally terminate in long ends behind. This fancy is graceful and appropriate for young persons; it would be ridicu-

lous on an elderly woman. When berthes are worn, the ends or lappets of them usually cross midway on the corsage, and fall far below the waist. Sleeves are made rather short. Those with two puffs and a flounce have the privilege of being often adopted. Some few sit close at top, forming large hollow plaits and spread out fan-shape at bottom.

EMBROIDERIES, &c.—High dresses always demand elegant *lingerie*, and this department of dress is particularly beautiful just now. Muslin collars are embroidered in the richest manner, and generally edged with Valenciennes lace. They are of a pretty and becoming shape, not preposterously large; and they are often more square than rounded. Muslin and lace sleeves are usually composed of alternate frills and puffs, with runnings of colored ribbon between. When intended for the street, the sleeves often have the gauntlet cuff.

FRINGES.—We will describe some of the new imported fringes, among the most beautiful of which is the *lily-of-the-valley* fringe, which is made of all depths, is composed of plain threads with a kind of little balls on them. For dresses, it is put on the body, either in the form of braces, or as a bertha, this last style being much in favor. The *colibri* fringe, at the foot of which there are small, round balls, is used over lace and on the front of bodies, which are often trimmed *a la hussarde*, that is to say with ornaments across, covering the whole breast. The same model is made of cotton with the addition of tassels, for quilting or jaconet dresses. There is a charming *spot* fringe, for sewing flat on the flounces

of dresses and on bodies. The *princess* button is a miniature olive accompanied by two balls and remounting a pretty button. This is also frequently put on the front of bodies. On flounces we often see five or six rows of *Tom Thumb* fringe, either plain or of the colors of the dress; fancy is the only article here.

SHAWLS are becoming very fashionable, and mantillas are assuming the shawl shape. A very becoming one is made rather pointed behind, with a deep frill cut in a funnel-shape, also pointed behind, and put on without plaits. This frill is edged with fringe, and another fringe surrounds the mantle itself, and hangs over the upper part of the frill. The upper part of the mantle is trimmed with a fringe, half the depth of the other, which reaches the waist.

BONNETS.—On bonnet fronts they still continue to put very full blonde and flower trimmings. We have seen a bonnet made of white crape mixed with mal-low-color silk, (a new shade of purple.) On the front there was a round garland of violets, and inside, in the middle, a half-garland, similar, over the forehead. A deep white blonde turned back under the garland, and was continued to cover the curtain also. Cherry velvet, mixed with black lace, is in high vogue as an ornament for bonnets. Flame-color flowers are also mixed with it.

A very charming Head-Dress is composed of two barbes of lace of white, the other black, forming a bow, with the four ends falling over the neck. In the bows are placed branches of oak falling across the barbes.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—The testimony of the press grows more flattering than ever in favor of "Peterson." Says the Janesville (Wis.) Democrat:—"Since this Magazine has been published *there has never been a mediocre number issued*. It contains forty-one articles, all of a light, pleasing character, and all well written—we can hardly say which of them pleases us best. There is so much variety, and all are so different in style, that it would appear invidious to praise one to the detriment of the others. Altogether this Magazine surpasses any in the country." The Ulster (N. Y.) Republican says:—"The fashion plates and the embroidery and other patterns are worth more than the price of the Magazine." The Danville (Va.) Register says:—"As a work for the ladies, it is now decidedly the very best." The Biddeford (Me.) Union says:—"It gives the clearest explanation of the fashions of any Magazine." Finally, for we have not room for a tithe of the notices before us, the Paas Christian (Miss.) Times says:—"If you can't take but one Magazine, take Peterson's; it contains the most thrilling stories, finest engravings, and best fashion-plates—and last, though not least, it is *only two dollars a-year*."

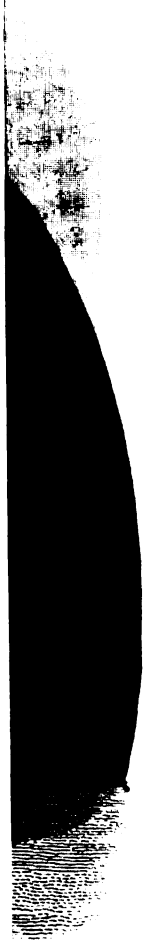
CONTINUED STORIES.—We cannot accept any stories, no matter how good, that will make more than eight printed pages, or thereabouts, of "Peterson;" and we would rather have them shorter. We have already more long stories, on hand, than we can publish for the next two years.

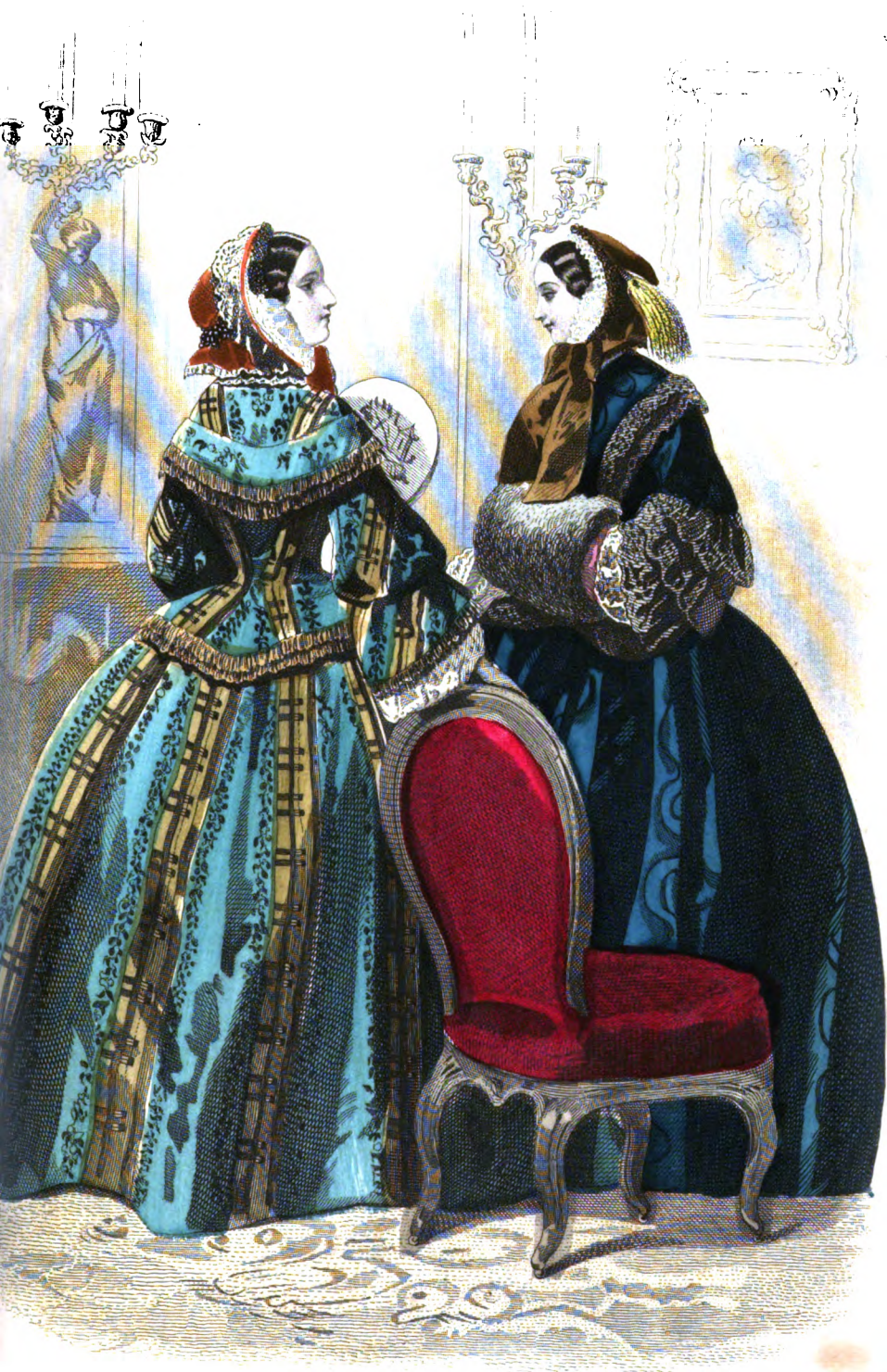
HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

OUR MUSIC.—The Newport (Ky.) News says:—"We recommend Peterson for August to our readers particularly on account of the music. It is worth the price of the whole number."

BACK NUMBERS.—We are able to supply back numbers for 1856 to any extent, the numbers being stereotyped. We shall stereotype every number of the year.

ENCLOSE A STAMP.—Letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.





LES MŌDES PARISIENNES



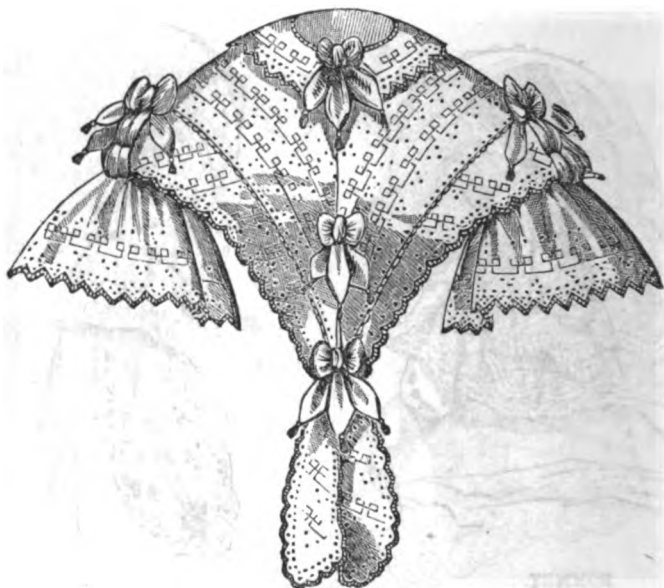
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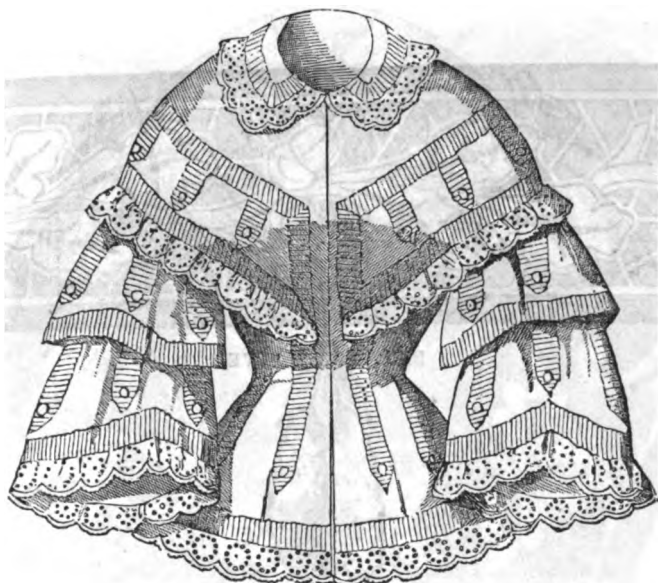
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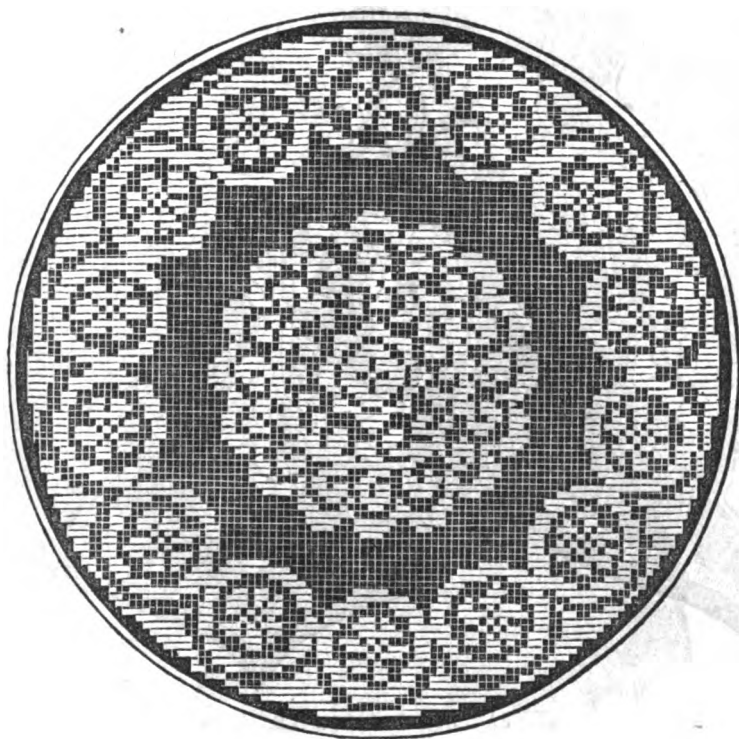
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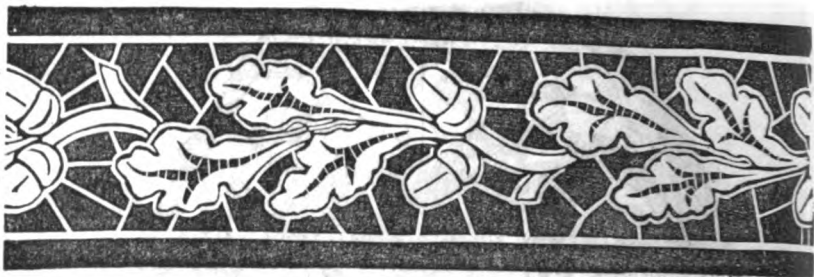
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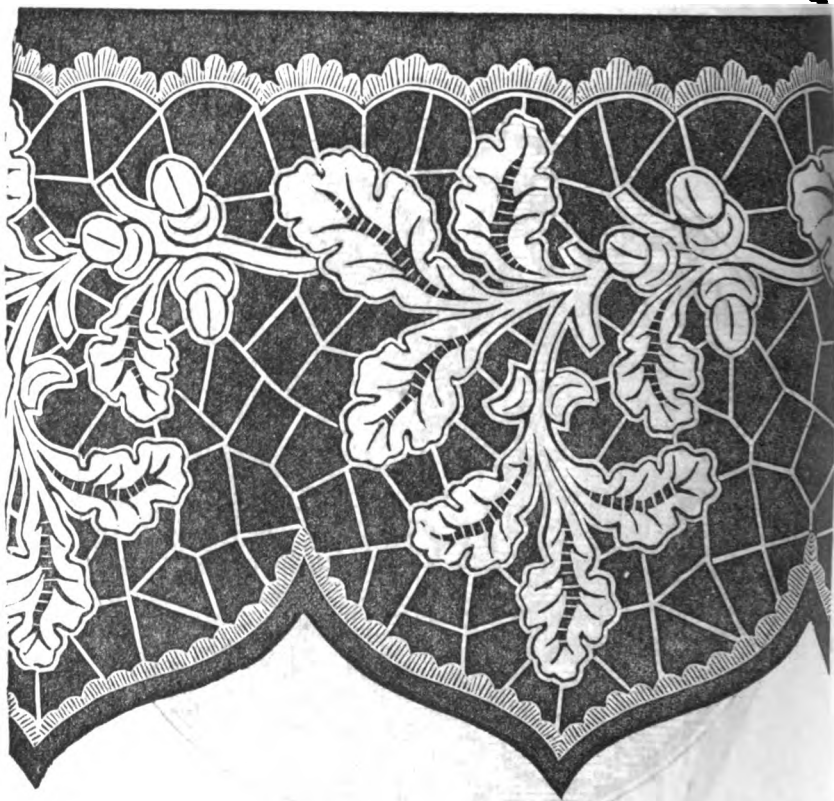
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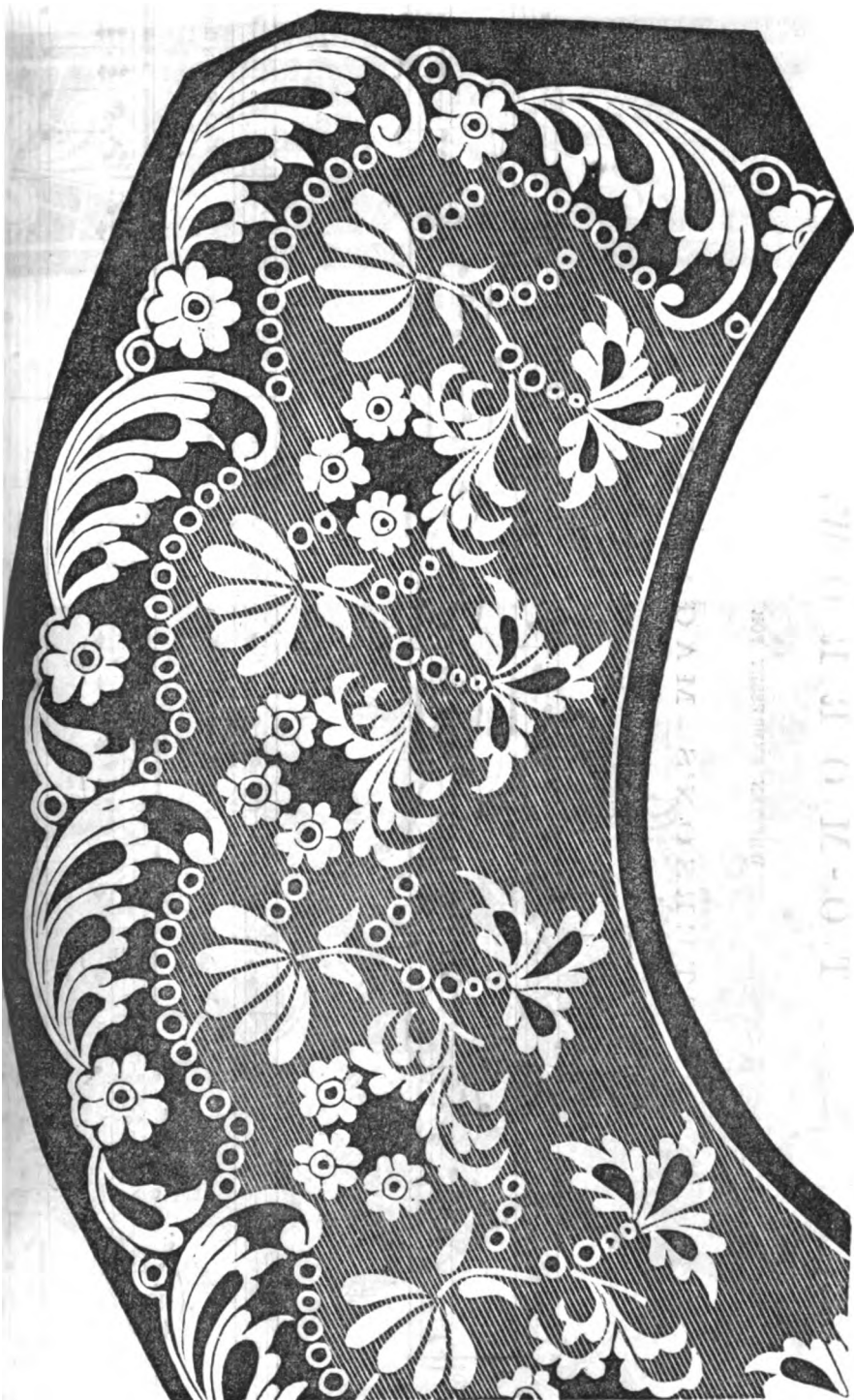
MUSIC-STOOL COVER IN NETTING.



BAND FOR SLEEVE.



PATTERN FOR SLEEVE.



PATTERN FOR COLLAR.

T O - M O R R O W .

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P E T E R S O N ' S M A G A Z I N E .



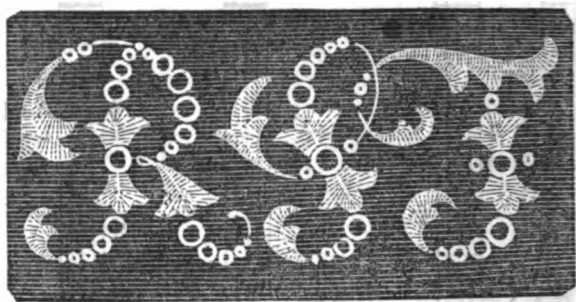
ANDANTE
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO

Where art thou, be - loved to - mor - row! When young and old, and strong and weak, Rich and poor, through

Joy and sor - row, Thy sweet smiles we e - ver seek. In thy place, ah! well - a - day! We find the thing we fled to day.

ad lib
 In thy place, ah! well - a - day! We find the thing we fled to - day.

ad lib
a tempo
 Colla voce
 for



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXX.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1856.

No. 5.

FRANK DOUGLAS' HONEYMOON.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

"Now, see here, Nel, I think this running off to coo all by ourselves, just because we are married, is all nonsense. I don't see the use of it at all!" exclaimed Frank Douglas, to his lady-love, a few days previous to the happy time which was to unite them "for better or for worse."

"Why, Frank," replied Nellie, "everybody goes off at such a time."

"Oh! I'm very willing to go too," said Frank, "only I want to have a little fun; I mean to take my gun with me and shoot."

"Why, what will people think of you to see you occupied with your gun while we are on our wedding trip?"

"Oh! I don't care what people think," replied Frank, "I like to be different from others, and I should think you would be glad to get rid of me; it will be so pleasant for you and Kate to be together all day, while Harry and I are off."

"What! does Harry have the same wild notions as yourself?" inquired Nellie.

"Yes, to be sure he has; but really, Nellie, if you would only stop and think a moment it would not seem at all strange to you; you know it is very difficult for us to leave our business, and now since we can get away, we may as well enjoy ourselves a little."

"So then, you would not consider it enjoyment to stay with your lady-loves? Well! I must say you are not worthy to have wives, since you don't know how to prize them."

"Now, Nellie, love, you know you don't mean that!" exclaimed Frank, imprinting a kiss on her lips as he left her.

Frank Douglas, although but twenty-five, had always been considered by those who knew him a confirmed old bachelor, and it was, therefore, very much to the surprise of his friends that he became engaged. Until he made the acquaintance of Nellie, he had always regarded ladies as

something to be admired at a respectful distance, and although possessed of a warm heart and deep feelings; yet he was not given to those various little exhibitions of love which he expressively termed "cooing." His bride-elect, however, was far from fancying the idea of spending the first two weeks of her married life in the society of a lady, while their husbands were enjoying themselves together, quite unmindful of the fact that they were newly-made bridegrooms. While Nellie was scheming to defeat this project, her friend Kate Manley was announced.

"I do wish," exclaimed Kate, laughingly, "that your gentleman was in Kamschatka! Here he has been putting the most absurd notions into Harry's head, and they have actually concluded to spend their time, while on the wedding trip, in shooting, and we are expected to entertain each other. Something must be done to stop their proceedings, that's certain, for people will be sure to imagine that Frank and Harry have married each other, while we make the second couple."

"I'll tell you what we can do, we will go fishing."

"Oh! I wouldn't for anything," replied Kate, "I think it is horrid business."

"Oh! well, no matter for that, we will have our fishing lines to make a show with, by way of looking industrious, and then we can spend our time reading under the trees, until we break our gentlemen of their nonsensical ways."

The two friends had now fairly entered into the spirit of mischief, and they spent the rest of the day in arranging their plans.

We will pass over their wedding and their journey, and merely say that, toward the close of a bright day, they found themselves in one of the loveliest spots on earth—hills and woods, and small, sparkling lakes composed the scenery

Our travellers paused with delight to view the country: there was the setting sun blending from a deep red into a rich purple on the one hand, while on the other was the full moon in its silvery majesty, marking a bright path on the water.

"Oh! Harry, we shall have splendid times here with our guns, they say there is excellent shooting," and a smile of satisfaction played on the faces of the two gentlemen.

Our lady friends also exchanged glances, as visions of the friendly shade of those old trees rose before them.

"Well, Frank, we must be up by sunrise tomorrow," said Harry, as they were about to part for the night, "our wives can amuse themselves with wandering around among the trees here, just as well as if we were with them."

"Oh, yes! and a great deal better," replied Kate, mischievously, "for we have concluded to try fishing by way of variety."

"Try what!" exclaimed Frank, in astonishment.

"Fishing," replied the ladies, very quietly.

"What nonsense! the idea of ladies fishing!"

"Why yes, to be sure, did you never hear of such a thing before?"

"Are you going alone?"

"Yes."

"But you will fall into the water."

"Oh! no matter for that," replied the ladies, with astonishing coolness, "there will probably be plenty of gentlemen around to take us out if we do."

The happy grooms looked anything but satisfied with this reply, but supposing that fishing would soon prove tiresome, they merely remarked, "You will not catch anything."

The next morning by sunrise the hunters and fishers were ready to set forth.

"My dear," said Harry, as he affectionately kissed his wife, "I shall not be able to return to breakfast, but I will try to meet you at dinner time."

"Oh! I think it doubtful if we return to dinner," replied Kate, demurely, glancing at a basket she held in her hand, "we have made arrangements to spend the day."

"Oh! you will soon get tired of that fun."

Our two heroines walked merrily on their way, until they came to a beautiful pond, surrounded by trees and hills, and here they took out their books and concluded to spend the day.

Let us visit our travellers at mid-day. Kate and Nellie are indulging in a comfortable nap, extended on the grass in a shady corner of the woods near their dwelling house; a playful smile

still rests upon their features, as if, even in their sleep, they were planning mischief. We will now turn to our other friends, who are in a warm, sunny region, three miles distant from their better halves—their coats have been thrown aside as too hot, and the perspiration is pouring down their faces.

"Well, really, Frank, I don't think this pays," exclaimed Harry, "my head is aching so that I can scarcely hold it up—we have used up all our ammunition and bagged not a single bird—what do you say to going home and spending the rest of the day with our wives?"

"I'm agreed," replied Frank, and he sighed as he thought of the sunny three miles to be walked ere he could find rest.

"What if Kate and Nellie have not returned from their fishing excursion yet?" suggested one.

"Oh, pooh! don't you believe that," was the reply, "I'll venture to say they were tired of that before the end of an hour."

Upon reaching the rooms, however, they were found to be vacant, and the anxious husbands were quite ignorant as to what direction had been taken by the two fishers. The gentlemen then threw themselves on a couch and tried in vain to press their aching heads into submission. Visions of soft, white hands laid gently on their burning brows, charming away the pain with their light touch, floated across their minds but to tantalize them. Oh! how drearily passed that long afternoon, it seemed as though the looked-for would never return. At length came the startling thought, "what if they should be drowned." It was overpowering, and without the slightest knowledge of their whereabouts, the two gentlemen started on their weary journey in search of them; but the sun sank beneath the hills, and the moon came forth in all its beauty, but still they found no wives. Then it was suggested that they should go home, and if those they sought were not there, that the whole neighborhood should be enlisted in the search. As they neared the house they heard merry voices, and bounding joyfully forward, they caught their respective wives in their arms.

"We have had such a delightful time that we could scarcely make up our minds to come home again!" exclaimed Kate, mischievously, as she looked up into Harry's woe-be-gone face, "I hope you have enjoyed yourself shooting."

"Never had poorer luck in our lives!" replied Harry. "Did you catch anything?"

"Look!" exclaimed the ladies, holding up a well filled basket of fish, (but they forgot to add that they had bought instead of caught them.)

The young gentlemen, fearful of ridicule,

concluded to keep quiet upon the subject of their day's adventure, so they bore their aching heads in silence. At length one of them ventured to inquire in a subdued voice,

"You are not going fishing to-morrow, are you?"

"Not unless you go shooting," was the reply. Will you stay at home?"

The desired promise had almost been given, when a friend of theirs, who had been on a similar expedition, but with rather better success, entered and exclaimed,

"Well, what success?"

"Not any," was the reply.

"Not any! Why you didn't go to the right place; come with me to-morrow, and I will show you game enough to last you this one while."

The temptation was too strong to be resisted—the day's trials and alarms, and the wife's request were alike unheeded, and they retired that night promising to rise early the next morning, and set forth on a second expedition.

"Well, then, Kate, we shall have to fish again," exclaimed Nellie, as she bid her friend good night; then leaning closer, she whispered, "we will contrive to do the business up to-morrow at all events."

The morning came, and before Frank and Harry were sufficiently recovered from the fatigues of the preceding day to rise, their wives had commenced their short journey.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Frank, as he at last proceeded to array himself, "how miserably these new shirts are made, I have knocked the buttons off of every one of them, and now what shall I do?"

"Use pins."

The pins were put in so clumsily, that frequently during the day Frank found his fingers bleeding from the wounds they inflicted.

"There's the sleeve of my coat almost entirely out!" cried Harry.

"Pin it in," suggested Frank.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Harry, "if Kate only hadn't gone out. These pins will kill me before the day is over." But conscience whispered, "it is your own fault that she has gone."

The huntsmen now set forth, well provided with breakfast and dinner; but while they were aiming their first shot, some strange dogs kindly disposed of their provisions; again everything went wrong, and after spending a number of hours in fruitless attempts to shoot something, they resolved to give up the business entirely and return home.

As they approached the house, completely worn out and faint for want of food, they re-

ceived the tidings that their wives had fallen into the water, and that one was dead, and the other was dying! Their fatigues were now forgotten as they hurried quickly to the spot. There, extended on the grass and surrounded by several people, was Nellie—her clothes dripping with water, and her long, dark hair hanging in confusion around her, a strange contrast to her pale face. Kate sat by her side—an unnatural wildness in her eyes—wringing her hands and showing signs of madness.

"Oh! my wife, my own darling, speak to me!" exclaimed Frank, snatching Nellie in his arms and pressing her to his heart.

An almost imperceptible smile played around her lips, but she felt that her part was not yet finished, and she lay motionless in his arms. He gazed upon her closed eyes, and thought of their pleading look when he announced his intention of leaving her and her friend to spend the day together, and thought, "What if they were opened upon him then for the last time," and he reproached himself for leaving her, as having been the cause of her death. All was breathless silence around, even Kate's unnatural shrieks were hushed, and she rested quietly in Harry's arms.

"Oh, Nellie! my own sweet one," again broke forth Frank, "speak to me, tell me you forgive me, and I will never leave you again!"

The white lids were slowly raised, and two bright eyes looked lovingly into his own.

"Thank heaven for that!" exclaimed Frank, as he warmly pressed her to his heart.

The ladies now began rapidly to recover—the strange wildness vanished from Kate's eyes, and when Nellie's hair had been pushed back from her face, her cheeks seemed to have regained their natural color; and by the time they reached the house the gentlemen felt far more like fainting than the ladies.

"Now tell us all about how it happened," said Frank, when they were comfortably seated within doors.

"Why," replied Kate, "we were leaning over the side of the boat with our fishing lines, when suddenly it upset, and we were both precipitated into the water, but a gentleman who was standing near drew us out." (The said gentleman was held in considerably higher esteem by our heroes, than he would have been had they known that his services had been previously engaged for this enterprize.)

We have now only to add that Frank and Harry were heartily tired of hunting, and they and the ladies entered into a compact together to amuse each other.

They kept their word. The remainder of the two weeks the gentlemen spent in seeking entertainment in the society of those they had vowed to cherish and protect; and they were obliged to acknowledge themselves more than repaid for their efforts.

EULALIE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR

On! let me sleep! the rose-hued and bespangled dawn
That comes for others, cometh not for me;
And only when I sleep, sweet thoughts of thee
Come like the tripping light-beams of the early morn.
They come in crowds, as Summer blossoms ever come;
And, as the blossoms fleck with bloom the dale,
So mantle they my spirit, faint and pale,
With thoughts of other years and of another home.
Into the past, with lightning wing, I speed my way!
Here a fair vista—there a foamy wave;
Here a fair meadow—there a gloomy grave;
Tartarean midnight here and there, a perfect day.
I sit with thee again where Ilion's silver flow
Goes, seeking evermore, the ocean's breast,
And a faint shadow of my soul's unrest
Ripples the current of memorial woe.
Thy fair head on my quick pulsating bosom rests—
Thy golden ringlets waver in the air—
Thy words of promise spoken sweetly there
Flow inward and flow outward with their high
behests.
That was a gushing and a Summer soft outbloom
Of our affection—angel Eulalie!
I could have wished that our eternity
Had then begun—forgetful of the looming tomb!
But all is over now! the past—is past; the years
Have borne thee from me, and I watch and wait,
Keeping my lonely vigil at the gate
Where sorrow sitteth; full of hope, yet weary fears.
Then let me sleep! Oh! let the wand of Somnus wave
Above me, and I ask for nothing more;
For there is peopled the deserted shore,
And living beauty springeth from the loathsome
grave.
Breathing intelligences—shapes all beautiful
Attend my spirit's chamber, and diffuse
Aroma that for worlds I would not lose,
Winding about me like gold thread about a spool.
Would I a whole Eternity of sleep possessed—
So that I might forever dream of thee,
Bride of my soul! angelic Eulalie!
For blessing me awhile, thou art forever blest.

THE LAST SONG.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

'Tis the last song my weary hand may trace
By the deep stream where Hope's bright flowers
repose,
Yet from my soul no time can e'er efface
The golden strains that came with daylight's close;
No more! the words are spoke that break the chain,
The parted melody floats slowly by;
The scattered tones may not be caught again,
But in the slumbering future calmly die,
While I, forget, wake not a parting sigh!
Not so in childhood's morn, ere sorrow came
To shade the sunshine where sweet Memory lies;
No waters dimmed the ever-burning flame,
Or washed the sands where Fancy's fabrics rise.
Unmindful of the day that passed too soon,
To meet the shadows on Life's sullen stream,
Hope wove gay visions with the Summer noon,
And lent enchantment to the glowing scene,
Fading, alas! like semblance of a dream!
The chords are mute whose liquid strains enchain'd
My pliant spirit in their magic thrall;
The tones of prophet years no more regained,
Perished in silence with Hope's gradual fall.
Frail as the joys that lighted childhood's hour,
When Fancy spread her sails to dallying winds,
Nought lingers but the memory of her power,
Which gazing backward through the labyrinth finds
In shadow only what its spirit binds.
No more beside the stream, whose placid flow
Cheer'd the sweet hours that marked the sunny
past,
Shall the frail harp awake its murmurs low,
Or call one hope on Life's dark current cast?
Its strains are ended where its youth begun,
In joy and sorrow of the passing years;
The sands that marked their early course are run,
And Fancy's frost-work, wet so oft with tears,
Fades in the real that the present rears!

MY WIFE'S ECONOMY.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

Mrs. Jones is a jewel of a woman. The dear creature came home, lately, from a shopping excursion, in the most extravagant spirits.

"I have made such bargains to-day," she said. "Only to think, I bought a lawn-dress, a beautiful thing, for but six dollars. It has the style, however, of the highest-priced silks, so I said to myself, even if I get Madame Flourish to make it up, it will be economical."

Now Madame Flourish was a French *modiste* who had lately come over from Paris, and really had taste, but was most extravagant in her charges; and I never heard her name without a shudder. A few months before, she had made up a brocade for Mrs. Jones, which everybody said fit beautifully; "it looks as if you were born in it," enthusiastically declared a friend, "and had grown with you:" but my pleasure in contemplating this master-piece, I must confess, was somewhat diminished when the bill came in, to the tune of twenty-five dollars, for making and trimming it. However "it wasn't so astonishing after all," as my wife reasoned, "that a dress pattern, which was worth seventy-five dollars, should cost twenty-five to make it up," and with this reflection I consoled myself. So, when I heard the proposal to take this other dress to madame, I argued, that, if she charged in the same proportion, her bill would be only two dollars, which struck me as not excessive: and accordingly I made no objection to the suggestion, but lighting a cigar, sat thinking of Mary Ann's many virtues, and especially her knack for economy.

In about a fortnight the dress came home. It was a pretty, blue affair, with palms set in stripes, and Mrs. Jones really looked like a summer cloud in it, as she floated about the room, displaying it in every aspect, and expatiating upon its merits. The sleeves, which were short, were neatly trimmed with a sort of narrow lace; and the cape, for it was cut low on the shoulders—and dear Mary Ann always wears capes over such dresses—was embellished with a wider lace of similar pattern. I thought to myself it was the cheapest dress, at eight dollars, making and all, I had ever seen; and as I smoked my cigar, said mentally, "Ah! Jones, what a happy dog you are to have a wife with such a knack for economy."

Two days after, the bill came in. My wife opened it first, and I saw her face fall. But she rallied immediately, and handed the missive to me. I glanced over it.

"Whew!" I said "Fifteen dollars for making a dress that cost only six! Surely, Mary Ann, there must be some mistake here?"

"Oh! no, my dear," she said, briskly. "My brocade, you know, cost twenty-five to make and trim; and this is ten dollars cheaper."

"But this dress pattern cost only six dollars."

"The cost of the dress pattern, my dear," she replied, smiling benevolently at my ignorance, "has very little to do with the cost of making and trimming it——"

"The dickens it hasn't," I began.

"Hish!" she answered, playfully putting her hand over my mouth. "Smithy, dear, you mustn't swear." And taking the bill, she commenced going over it, item by item.

"Here," she said, "is the charge for making the dress, that is for fitting and sewing it together, four dollars. Now, I'm sure," she continued, appealingly, "that's reasonable. Four dollars is her price always. It takes just as long, you know, to fit and sew together a cheap dress as a costly one: it's the time that has to be paid for. Don't you see?"

I was forced to nod assent to the fair logician, though it was with an internal groan.

"Then here's the linings, buttons, and other small items, two dollars, which is low, very low. Consider how these matters count up. Besides, it takes time to go about among the stores, matching the buttons to the dress."

I could not gainsay this either, but I said to myself that there were nine dollars still unaccounted for, and that it would "puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer" to reconcile this sum to any rational being's notion of economy.

"There's nine dollars left," resumed Mrs. Jones, "which is for the Valenciennes——"

"The what?"

"The Valenciennes, with which the cape and sleeves are trimmed——"

"Oh! that common-looking lace——"

"Common-looking!" cried Mary Ann, her eyes sparkling. Then she laughed comically. "That shows what you men know about laces."

Why, Smithy, dear, it's real Valenciennes, and very cheap; and what's more, I can use it, on something else, after the dress is worn out."

"But why put real Valenciennes, as you call it, on so cheap a dress?" I asked, in a tone of vexation.

"It's that very Valenciennes that gives the dress such a stylish look. Everybody know it's a cheap material; it's the trimming that redeems it: I only want a Valenciennes collar, to match it, and I shall be complete."

I could not speak for amazement. I was dumb, not merely at this strange notion of an economical dress, but at the utter unconsciousness my wife had that there was anything extravagant about it. She availed herself of my silence to expatiate on the beauty of Valenciennes laces in general, and on that which

trimmed her dress in particular; and warming with her subject, made it finally to appear that we were under infinite obligations to Madame Flourish for the opportunity of paying this bill and buying a collar to match her Valenciennes. Mrs. Jones was so earnest and sincere, that I thought it would be a pity to break her charming delusion. I resolved, therefore, to smoke second-rate cigars for the next six months, and indulge the dear creature in her wishes; and she looks so lovely, and seems so happy, in her new dress and collar, that, to confess the truth, I don't regret what I have done.

Nevertheless, as an abstract proposition, I still hold to the secret opinion, that paying fifteen dollars for making and trimming a dress that cost only six, doesn't exactly show a knack for economy.

LESTELLE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

RESTLESS, oh, restless are my heart's deep fountains,
That with a tide of feeling overflow;
And like the shadows resting round the mountains,
Thoughts 'round my being darkly come and go.
I feel alone, alone! Life's rough edge presses
So coldly, heavily upon my heart;
Alas! I pine for thine old-time caresses,
Some fate decrees that we must dwell apart.

I mind me of an evening in the Summer,
When the wind's harp-tones floated 'mid the leaves,
And whirling wings of insects made a murmur
Among the vines that cluster round the eaves,

And I, as now, found life so lone and fearful,
Longed for a heart to nestle close to mine,
And, hiding my pale face with sorrow tearful,
I wept with joy that I was pressed to thine.

And thou beloved, the dearest one I cherish—
Must tread a path that leads away from mine;
And yet my heart's fond worship ne'er will perish,
Nor dim the altar that has once been thine.
No earthly troth-plight from our lips is spoken,
All silently our destinies are read;
Our life commences when earth's ties are broken,
And careless lips shall utter, "they are dead!"

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

UNDERNEATH night's sober mantle
Lies the beauty of the heart,
And, above me, silence reigneth,
As when Nature had its birth.
I am waking; all around me
Resting are from care and strife,
While before my open vision
Pass the things beyond this life.
Who can tell how many millions
Are rejoicing in their being?
How the worlds in yonder sky
Round their suns are ever turning?

Who can tell the spaces' limits,
Where no orb its face is showing,
Where no world, no starlight is,
And no breath of life is blowing?
Dread Creator, All-wise, Holy
Thou Thy ways alone can scan;
Teach us how, on high, thou rulest,
For no mortal ever can.
All our knowledge, all our wisdom
Cannot help us; we must go
Thro' the grave to that bright kingdom,
Ere Thy wonder-works we know.

THE WHITE SPARROW.

BY JANN WEAVER.

No more common complaint is to be heard now-a-days, from the lips of housewives, than that of the laziness and unthrifty habits of domestic servants. Mothers and grandmothers are often wont to tell the young housekeeper that matters were otherwise in *their* days. Yet it has sometimes occurred to us, whether the fault may not lie as much in the degenerate habits of the masters and mistresses of the present generation, as from any fault peculiar to their dependants. Were the lady of the house more frequently to rise at five or six in the morning, as in the "good old days of lang syne," perchance she would not so often have to complain that rooms were carelessly swept, that work was left undone, or fires lighted too late.

In most country parts of Germany there passes current amongst the people this proverb—

"He who would thrive
Must the white sparrow see."

And the following is the history of its origin.

There was a certain farmer, with whom every thing seemed to grow worse from year to year. His cattle died one by one—the produce of his land was not half of that which it ought to be—in fact, all his property was, to use a familiar expression, "going to the dogs." Scarcely a week passed by that either the tax-gatherer or the pawnbroker did not come to his window, and, addressing him with a courteous bow, said, "I am really very sorry, Mr. Backwards, to be obliged to put you to inconvenience, but I am compelled to do my duty." His old friends also tried their best to do *their* duty by him—they advised, they entreated, and they helped him, but all in vain; and one after another gave him up in despair, declaring with a sigh that "as for poor Backwards, there was no use in trying to help him—he was *past* being helped."

He had one friend, however, whose heart was in the right place, and who was not only a good man, but a very prudent and clear-sighted man. This friend thought he would not give Mr. Backwards up altogether, without making one more attempt to save him; so one day, he led the conversation, as though accidentally, to the subject of sparrows, related many anecdotes of these

birds, and observed how much they had multiplied of late, and how very cunning and voracious they had become.

Backwards shook his head gravely in answer to this observation, and said, "They were indeed most destructive creatures—for his part, he had not the least doubt that it was entirely owing to them his harvest had been of late years so very unproductive."

To this conjecture, the good friend made no rejoinder; but after a moment's pause he continued the conversation by inquiring, "Neighbor, have you ever seen a white sparrow?"

"No," replied he; "the sparrows which alight in my fields are all quite grey."

"That is very probable," rejoined his friend, "the habits of the white sparrow are peculiar to itself. Only one comes into the world every year, and being so different from its fellows, the other sparrows take a dislike to it, and peck at it when it appears amongst them. For this reason it seeks its food early in the morning, before the rest of the feathered tribe are astir, and then goes back to its nest for the rest of the day."

"That is very strange!" exclaimed Backwards. "I must really try and get a sight of that sparrow, and if possible I will catch it too."

On the morning which followed this conversation, the farmer rose with the sun, and sallied forth into his fields; he walked round his farm—searched his farm-yard in every corner, examined the roofs of his garrets, and the trees of his orchard, to see whether he could discover any traces of the wonderful white sparrow. But the white sparrow, to the great disappointment of the farmer, would not show itself, or stir from its imaginary nest. What vexed the farmer, however, still more was, that although the sun stood high in the heavens by the time he had completed his rounds, not one of the farm-laborers were astir—they, too, seemed resolved not to leave their nests. Meanwhile, the cattle in their stalls were bellowing with hunger, and not a soul was near to give them their fodder.

He was reflecting on the disadvantages of this state of things, when suddenly he perceived a lad coming out of the house carrying a sack of wheat on his shoulders. The boy seemed to be

in great haste to get out of the precincts of the farm; and Backwards soon perceived that his steps were not bent toward the mill, but toward a public house, where Caspar had unhappily a long score to pay. He hastened after the astonished youth, who believed his master to be still in the enjoyment of his morning nap, and quickly relieved him of his burden.

The farmer next bent his steps to the cow-house, and peeping in to see whether the white sparrow had perchance taken refuge there, he discovered to his dismay that the milkmaid was handing a liberal portion of milk through the window to her neighbor to mix with her morning cup of coffee.

"A pretty sort of housekeeping this is!" thought the farmer to himself, as he hastened to his wife's apartment and roused her from her slumbers. "As sure as my name is Backwards!" he exclaimed, in a somewhat angry tone, "there must be an end of these lazy habits: everything is going wrong for the want of some one to look after them! So far as I am concerned, at all events," thought the good farmer to himself, "I will rise every day at the same hour I rose this morning, and then I shall soon get my farm cleared of those who do not

intend to do their duty properly. Besides, who knows but some fine morning or other I may succeed in catching the white sparrow?"

Days and weeks passed on. The farmer adhered to his resolution; but he soon forgot the white sparrow, and only looked after his cattle and his corn-fields. Soon everything around him wore a flourishing aspect, and men began to observe that Backwards now well deserved to be called Forwards. In due course of time, his old friend again came to spend the day with him, and inquired in a humorous tone, "Well, my good fellow, how are you getting on now! have you yet succeeded in catching a glimpse of the white sparrow?"

The farmer only replied to this question by a smile; and then, holding out his hand to his old friend, he said, "God bless you, Herder! you have saved me and my family from ruin."

Often, in after years, when Backwards was a prosperous man, respected by his neighbors, and beloved by his well-ordered household, he was wont to relate this history of his early life; and thus by degrees the saying passed into a proverb,

"He who would thrive must see the white sparrow."

OUR HOME NEST.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

SWEETLY the morning's breath doth steal,
O'er all its wealth of green,
And the fairy bells of the flowers feel
The touch of the rosy queen.
And the dew-drops hang like gems of light
On every quivering stem,
Where the fairies in the soft moonlight,
Wore night's fair diadem.

The roses climb o'er the snowy walls,
And the bird in the nest near by,
Sings sweetly in the calm nightfall,
When winds breathe not a sigh,
And the woodbine strings her purple bells,
To tinkle with whispering leaves,
When the zephyr comes from the wooded dell,
And sadly but sweetly grieves.

The moss on its lowly roof is green,
And the rain when it pattering comes,
Sings of the quiet and peace within
Our fairy white cottage home.
And a little bright stream sings a merry song,
When the Summer days are here,
And flows with a saddened tone along,
When the green leaves all are sear.

And when winds of Autumn sob and grieve
Their fitful lives away,
And weep in sadness o'er the leaves,
Through all the darkened day,
We sit beside the fire-side hearth,
And talk of other years,
Our hearts have known no withering dearth,
Our eyes no burning tears.

And when the snow-wreaths pile the meadow,
Deep with their fleecy flowers,
Upon our hearts there steals no shadow,
No gloom upon the hours.
But high we pile the hearth with taggots,
And the blazing, cheerful light
Warms our hearts toward every wanderer,
Who hath not a home as bright.

Love hath made our home an Eden,
And our hearts forever young,
O'er us Care with footsteps leaden,
Never hath his shadows flung.
Sweetly glide our lives in gladness,
And our feet but seldom roam,
From the calm and quiet lightness,
That doth guard our cottage home.

THE COQUETTE'S PUNISHMENT.

BY MARY W. JANVRIK.

CHAPTER I.

"So Mattie Archer's wedding comes off to-morrow night?"

The speaker, a fashionably attired young man, had thrown himself carelessly into a comfortable office chair, and sat lightly humming an opera air, tapping an accompaniment on his polished "Wellington" with the tiniest of all dandy canes; while the one addressed, a young man of slight and graceful figure, with a high, pale forehead and clear grey eyes, sat leaning over a table strewn with papers tied with red tape, and huge quartos filled with the lore of Coke and Blackstone.

The latter made no reply, but gave a quick, nervous start, slightly contracted his arched eyebrows, then bent over his books again—and his companion continued,

"Well, this Hunter's a lucky dog! It'll be a splendid affair—the wedding—they say. Of course you'll be there, Paul?"

"No," replied Paul Denning, moodily, without raising his eyes.

"No?" Not at Mattie Archer's wedding? Why I'm astonished!"

"So it would seem," returned Denning, drily.

"But, Paul, I don't understand it. Why, what's come over you, man? Haven't been slighted in the invites, have you?"

"No, I received an invitation card full three days ago."

"And do not accept it?"

"No."

"And why? if I'm not too inquisitive. If you're not present, people will be apt to say, 'Denning hasn't forgotten old scores yet.' Better go."

"Old scores!" pray what do you mean by that, Nelson?" asked Denning, sharply, but carelessly twirling his penoel-case about his finger as if to appear indifferent.

"Why," returned Nelson, with a smile, "that's Paul Denning, Esq., a rising young lawyer, was the belle's favored suitor, until, one day, this Hunter, just returned from California with his pile, appeared on the stage of action—and then—"

"And then," broke in Paul Denning, nervously

biting his lip, "then the belle politely dispensed with the attentions of the *poor* lawyer in order to receive those of the *millionaire*—in plain English, *dismissed me*. That's it, I believe!"

"Yes, just so," said Nelson. "You've summed up 'the case' with the ease and skill of an old practitioner. The world gave the same verdict."

Denning's eye kindled, and his cheek flushed, partly with shame, partly with anger.

"I wish I could say the world *lies*!" he replied, with spirit.

"Then you don't deny the 'soft impeachment?'" queried Nelson, jokingly.

"I deny nothing," retorted Paul, angrily. "I made myself a fool, as scores have done before me, for a coquette's smiles. But, thank heaven, I'm free now! The snare is broken—her fascinations are over—and now I almost wonder where the lure was?"

"Perhaps you're not alone in that, Paul. We discarded lovers are apt to feel blue at first, but after a little the divinity who jilted us gets hurled from the lofty pedestal she occupies in our hearts, and becomes, to us, wonderfully like other mortals. Paul, they're all alike—these women! Just give 'em the chance, and they'll cut the best fellow in the world, be he poor, for a richer one. For an elegant establishment, handsome turnout, a box at the opera, jewels, and 'loves of bonnets,' they'll sell themselves bodily. Talk about our *free born* American women! they're no better than Circassian slaves, half of 'em—there's this difference, the one is sold, the other sells herself!" and Fred Nelson, himself the veriest dandy that walked Broadway, after delivering this famous tirade against the gentler sex, leaned his chair back against the wall with a wonderfully comical expression of gravity and wisdom on his face.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the young lawyer, smiling, "you overshoot the mark, Nelson. Because this fashionable city belle, Miss Archer, loves wealth and the luxuries it will bring her too well to share the lot of a poor professional man who has yet his name and fortune to win, it does not follow that *all* her sex are swayed by such mercenary motives. I have more faith in woman than to believe *that*!" and his eye grew tender,

and his voice took a sudden thrill, for in that hour his heart cried out for one who had been very dear to him in olden days, "Mary! Mary!"

"Well, well, we won't quarrel—they aren't worth it. Oh, frailty, thy name is woman!" said Nelson, with good-humored pomposity; and went on, "The question's of Mattie Archer's wedding. Now here am I, who at one time, even as yourself, was dancing attendance upon the lady; and yet, because she didn't choose to have her name engraved on my wedding card, I shall not refuse to go and see her render some other man—miserable! Better lay aside all pique, Paul, and accompany me—kiss the bride, and then come away thankful you're not noosed," urged Nelson.

"No, thank you," replied Denning, coldly. "It is not pique I feel—but I don't care to go. Besides, I leave the city to-morrow morning, to pay a visit to my New England home; thus I have the best of reasons for declining."

"Aha! that's it, then? You're off? But have you heard," said Nelson, as he rose, "that old Archer can hardly keep above board—has met with heavy losses of late—and people think the fair Mattie had this in view in securing her wealthy husband?"

"Yes, I did hear something of the kind. Heaven send *her* happiness! her chances for it are small enough though, if she sold herself for gold."

Denning's words and tones were strangely at variance—the one full of deep feeling, the other of scorn; while his lip curled with contempt, then quivered as with repressed emotion.

Nelson's hand was on the door. "Then you're off in the morning, Paul—and if anybody asks me of you I shall say business or pleasure called you away?"

"Yes, anything, either. I have already sent 'regrets' to the bride elect. Good morning!"

Hardly had Nelson quitted the office, before Denning sprang up, looked the door; and then, free from all intrusion, a rapid change came over him.

He nervously paced the floor—the color came and went upon his cheek—and he bit his lips till the blood came.

"Fool, weak fool that I am, despite my boasts of freedom, to think of her thus! Fickle, false coquette, that she is!—but yet," he continued, after a brief pause, "and yet why should I, who am myself so unworthy, call *her* false?" and drawing from his vest a little locket which encased a sweet pictured face and a tress of nut brown hair, he tenderly kissed it, and murmured, "Poor Mary!"

Hours passed—the struggle was over; and

when Paul Denning, slightly pale, but calm, sought his lodgings that night, he had rooted out from his heart every vestige of the brief, wild love he had cherished for the brilliant and beautiful Mattie Archer.

It was a large and elegant party which, on the morrow's eve, met in the mansion of the merchant prince, Mr. Archer, to witness the nuptials of his daughter with the wealthy Robert Hunter; but the young lawyer, Paul Denning, was not of the number. In the home of his boyhood, in a pleasant New England village—at the old hearth-stone, beside his mother's chair, with brothers and sisters around him—he was solacing his heart for the wound which it had lately experienced.

And it was not known among the guests of that brilliant bridal party what a weary heart beat under the peerless bride's satin and orange flowers; and how could they foresee the visions which would come to mock her in her luxurious home—visions of lost happiness following her everywhere like haunting spectres?

CHAPTER II.

PAUL DENNING carried with him to his boyhood home a heart sick and weary.

He had wildly loved the beautiful and fascinating Mattie Archer; and the city belle, who counted her admirers by the name of "legion," had turned, for a time, from them all—and, awaking to the knowledge that she possessed a heart formed for better things than the idle butterfly life she was leading, had, in her encouragement of the young lawyer, been true to her better nature.

But it was for a brief season only. The life she had led had made Miss Archer too much of a coquette to receive exclusively for a length of time any man's attentions; other lovers must share her smiles; her better impulses were banished; and though she loved Denning better than any other on earth, yet her coquettish times almost drove him mad with jealousy.

Matters stood thus when a new suitor—the wealthy Mr. Hunter just returned from the El Dorado of modern adventures—appeared in society, and strove to win the fair belle. And the show and glitter of his almost fabulous wealth, his gay equipage, the dazzle of the jewels he could bestow upon her, and, still more, the command of her father, who stood on the verge of ruin, that she should bring him a son-in-law whose wealth would most effectually avert the impending crisis in his mercantile affairs—all these blinded her to the fact that

she did not bestow one particle of love where she promised her hand.

Not until, in his desperation, Paul Denning sought her presence and demanded her love, did she awake. Then the struggle was wild and bitter; and yet, were she free again, she would not become his, for *he was poor!* Her proud, worldly heart conquered; but her lips were white, which said,

"Paul Denning, I am Mr. Hunter's promised wife. We have been friends—let us remain so still. I would not have our friendship broken."

With a bitter and proud retort that she was "free as air," he flung off the white hand, which, sparkling with costly gems, was laid appealingly upon his arm, said, huskily, "May the gold for which you sold yourself give you happiness!" and so they parted—he to his studies again, and she to superintend her *bridal trousseau*.

No one dreamed how in her bridal hour she took her marriage vows upon her with white lips; while her accusing angel stood by her side and whispered,

"You have sold yourself to misery!" and her heart sanctioned it.

No one knew how much of suffering Paul Denning bore with him to the quietude of his country home, whither he had fled that he might not make one of the group who gathered with congratulations about the new made bride.

"It is enough! The spell is broken, and you are free!" he had scornfully exclaimed, in that moment when she had discarded him; and those words were true.

Had Mattie Archer, ere she took her marriage vows upon her, repented and pleaded for his love again, he would have told her, and truly too, that he felt that love no longer. A feeling akin to scorn and pity for her who had proved herself so mercenary swayed him; but though his dream of love was over, his heart was aching yet, with that suffering which every one experiences when they become conscious that they have loved an unworthy object.

And then, heart sick and weary, his thoughts wandered back into the days of the past, where the bright sunlight of an earlier and purer affection flooded his whole being with a rosy light; the haunting gaze of tender eyes followed him reproachfully; and he knew that even as *he* had acted a falsehood, and wronged the trust of a gentle heart, he had been met and foiled with his own weapons, and the punishment which Mattie Archer's desertion had caused him was but just.

"Paul," said his favorite younger sister Lizzy, on the morning of the third day of his visit,

"the Butlers give a party to-morrow night, and your worshipful presence is most respectfully solicited. I shall claim you for my exclusive escort."

"And so, in lieu of a more agreeable bean, my little Lizzy will accept the company of an old bach like me?" and he fondly stroked his pet sister's sunny curls.

"Yes, indeed—but I forgot to mention that you will meet there a certain lady who may slightly shake your bachelor sentiments. She is an old acquaintance—and one whom I shall not object in the least to receiving as a sister-in-law," said Lizzy, archly.

"An old acquaintance!—pray, who can she be?" queried Paul.

"Oh, never mind—I prefer to keep you in suspense! Meantime, coax your hair into curl, and trim your incipient *moustache*, for I want you to look your best on the occasion," she replied, teasingly,

"Nay—but, Lizzy, I shall keep you prisoner here till you satisfy my curiosity," and Paul shut the door and stood with his back against it.

"Well, then," and Lizzy pouted—"open the door and I'll tell you. You have probably heard of little Mary Derwent?" and she bounded away.

A red flush tinged Denning's cheek and even dyed his forehead, and he walked the floor in agitation.

"Mary here?" he murmured: but why had that name power to move him thus, but that its owner had been, or was still very dear to him?

"Oh, don't look so horror-stricken, sir lawyer," said Lizzy, putting her curly head through the half open door, "just as if we didn't know all about your flirtations with this Miss Poole. You recollect Kate Butler used to visit at Hanover, and of course she heard all about your 'college divinity,' and brought home the news. Of course you've corresponded with her ever since, and intend soon to make her Mrs. Paul Denning, *Esquire!*" and with a light laugh the mischievous little witch was gone.

"And who is Mary Derwent?" I hear asked.

Well, good reader mine, she was a gentle, blue-eyed, brown-haired girl—not beautiful by any means, but very pretty, graceful, and loveable withal—whom he had met in his old days of college life at Hanover—and where he had learned other lessons than those his *Alma Mater* taught, and conned a sweeter book—woman's heart.

In those days there had been many a May-day ramble through the forests, to gather bouquets of the pale pink and white arbutus, purple fox-glove, and pale anemone—many a long walk,

after a long day's study, beneath the delicious summer moonlight—many a stroll in the autumn woods, when

"Ere in the Northern gale
The Summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on"—

and, under winter skies, cold, clear as steel, and sparkling with burning constellations, there had been the gay sleigh-ride, and merry singing-school—and in all these had little Mary Derwent been Paul Denning's companion.

There had been many a tender pressure of the hand, perchance a stolen kiss, at the gate of her father's house; and a new light sparkled in the gentle Mary's blue eyes, and a richer bloom tinted her delicate cheek those days, for she was taking her first degree in that heart-love which every woman, at some future period of her life, acquires.

Time passed, and Paul Denning graduated. There was a long walk that starlit August evening; and though no love-vows were uttered, they were implied in the long, lingering, tender farewell; and Mary went to her blissful dreams, and he to the eager world strife.

Three years went by, and they had met but twice during that time—once at her home, and once at the house of a mutual friend where Mary visited, in the city where he was pursuing his profession, but a correspondence had kept alive the old regard.

When they parted in the city—Mary to return to her country home—Paul had seized an opportunity to whisper tenderly, "In spring, Mary, I shall have completed my profession and established myself—in spring I shall see you again—*then*—" but, though the sentence was unfinished, the loving and trusting girl's heart understood what remained unsaid. And happy dreams came to her as she laid her head upon her pillow that night. And how were those dreams fulfilled?

Alas, for Paul Denning's vows! The meek-eyed spring came and passed—hot, panting summer died in the embrace of stalwart autumn—winter was born, grew old and hoary, and wore a shroud of snows to lie down and die in—and still he came not. Poor Mary Derwent!

And all the while the forgetful lover was basking in the smiles of the city belle, with never a thought for her who had so counted upon his words and promises—until in that hour when the new love, mocking, fled—and then his heart stretched forth its tendrils for the old.

And there, where his gay sister left him, Paul Denning stood long silent. Mary Derwent was

near him—and they should, they *must* meet! And how? Would she, neglected as she had been, receive him with the gentle regard of olden days? or, calling her wrongs to memory, would she scorn him as he felt he deserved? His conscience whispered that he had acted ungenerously, unfairly, madly.

The morrow evening came; and in a crowded apartment they stood side by side. Mary Derwent was slightly pale, but there was no agitation in her manner; her hand trembled not as it met his; her voice wavered not as she greeted him; her blue-veined eyelid drooped not, and no blush dyed her cheek.

She neither avoided or sought his presence, and her whole demeanor was calm and composed; she betrayed no sign that they had ever met before, nor once referred to the past. He could not fathom it; he knew not that she had called her woman's pride to her aid, and her heart was forcing back the memories which, spite of herself, would rise before her.

The evening passed gayly—the party was over—Lizzie Denning, despite her brother-escort, had departed homeward with another favored cavalier—and Paul, lingering, found the opportunity he so desired, a minute's conversation with Mary Derwent alone in the hall.

All his love had revived tenfold; looking upon her delicate, gentle face, he wondered how he had ever permitted himself to bend at another shrine; and by a bold stroke he resolved to win her.

"Mary, darling! you have *not* forgotten the old times?" he said, in a rapid and tender whisper as he stood beside her—and he passed his arm caressingly around her, and would have touched her white forehead with his lips.

In an instant, like a frightened fawn, but with tender emotions rippling all over her averted face, she sprang from his embrace.

"Mary, one kiss—I beseech!" he exclaimed, passionately.

"I cannot!" she replied.

"By the memory of our old friendship!"

"For that very reason I ought not!" she said, tremblingly.

"By our old love!" he pleaded.

"No! that could not have been love which was so easily transferred to *another*," she replied, proudly.

Denning's cheek flushed.

"Listen, Mary. I have played the fool—the villain—but you alone are dear to me now. Hear me, I beseech of you."

"Your vows have been spoken to another *too lately* for me to hear them now. Paul, Paul, I

will not reproach you, but I cannot listen!" and in another instant he was alone.

CHAPTER III.

FIVE years had fled into the sea of eternity, and brought many changes on their wings. Paul Denning had attained eminence in his profession; in all the city there was no lawyer who made a better plea, whose counsel was more sought after among hundreds of legal practitioners.

And as yet he was unmarried; his profession was his only mistress. No woman's eye beamed for him—no lip lured or song charmed him—the blandishments of beauty had failed to captivate—and those last five years had been one unceasing struggle to forget!

Mattie Hunter was a widow. Her husband had met a sudden death in the third year of their marriage; and it cannot be supposed that he was very deeply mourned by her who had wedded him for his wealth. Still young and beautiful, and fascinating as in the early days of her belle-hood, after her period of mourning had expired, the gay widow took her old station as the acknowledged leader of fashion—and her luxurious home was the scene of many a brilliant gathering, where youth, beauty, and their train of attendant admirers met.

But to no one had those five vanished years brought greater changes than to Mary Derwent.

The timid, shrinking, unknown girl, had become metamorphosed into a flattered, caressed, and lauded authoress.

And she had grown very beautiful, withal; for her blue eye had caught a deeper light, her cheek become tinted with the pink of the rare sea-shell, her broad brow singularly intellectual; and all this had been wrought by the power of a rapidly developed genius—it was but the outward manifestation of that inward gift which was dowering her whole being with a new glory.

Beautiful thoughts irradiated her face; and all the sweet and hallowed influences which the soul of the gifted can create, dwelt with her and beautified her life.

Paul Denning had read her soul-fraught productions; had revelled in the glowing imagery her rainbow-draped fancy had woven into sketch and form; had, after many a long day devoted to the duties of his profession, again gathered up the memory of that old love, and bound its broken pearls around his aching heart.

And yet, since that hour when she had repulsed him, they had not met.

Mattie Hunter was free now. He met her

often in society—they talked, sang, and danced together—the fair widow even sought his presence, and hesitated not to manifest great pleasure whenever he was by her side; yet vainly did she strive again to weave about his heart the meshes wherewith she had first entangled him. He was coldly polite—nothing more.

One day it was told him that Mary Derwent was in the city, near him. Everybody was lavishing praises on her—in society she was sought and caressed—her name was breathed by the literary world, and his own lips repeated it tenderly but sadly. But they were separated, how widely now!

Once again they met. It was in the crowded drawing-room of Mrs. Hunter's elegant mansion, for she never failed to gather at her brilliant *soirees* the choicest wits and deepest "blues" of the *litterati*—the fairest ladies and most gallant gentlemen of the *beau monde*.

They met, and were introduced as strangers; and the old-time lover was but one among the throng who listened, spell-bound, to the conversation of the gifted young authoress. No longer was she a shrinking, diffident girl, but a self-possessed, refined, cultivated, though unassuming woman.

Though, since her first love-dream, no other had lighted her heart, her life had not been all cheerless; because that heart had been desolated she had not sat idly down with folded hands and said, "All is dark and drear in my future. I have no aims—no incentives for exertion." To her life had been real and earnest—she had wrought, wrought long and well in the mines of thought and imagination, and brought forth polished, shining gems, else never, thus in her early years, had the eager world caught them up, exclaiming, "Behold! they are *real* and of great value"—never thus had the power of her genius been acknowledged. There had been no idle days for little Mary Derwent.

And then, so well had she schooled her woman's heart in concealing its emotions, and so calmly did she meet again her old lover, that he was deceived.

"She loves me no longer. Some one will win and wear, before my very eyes, the pearl I threw carelessly away," and with a sharp pang of regret Paul Denning, weary, sad, and dispirited, left the crowded apartment and wandered into the conservatory.

It was silent there. The white moonlight flooded the portico upon which the low windows of the conservatory opened, and gleamed softly in upon the flowers, almost subduing by its lustre the light of the many colored lamps

which burned there. Aromatic plants and Indian exotics filled the air with delicious perfumes; all was balmy and luxurious as the spice groves of Southern islands; but with no heed for the beauty or fragrance of that flower-wreathed bower, Paul Denning leaned his head against a pillar and gave himself up to moody thoughts.

He would have bartered all—his name, the honors and wealth his profession were fast pouring in upon him—all, could he but have been transported back into the vanished years, and once more wander with little Mary Derwent beneath that August moonlight and under starlit skies.

The shadow of the past lay heavily on his soul; but oh, how vain was regret.

Time passed; he might have been there one or two hours—he took no heed of time, until he heard the rustle of silken robes and a low sigh beside him, and a hand was laid upon his arm. He looked down; the hand was small and white, and sparkling with diamonds—he turned to the owner of that lily hand, her face was magnificently beautiful, but it was not the face which haunted his thoughts. His hostess stood beside him.

"Paul!" she murmured, softly.

"Mrs. Hunter!" he ejaculated, in great surprise at her appearance there.

"Hush! always that cold name. Call me *Mattie*, as in other days—I have called you *Paul*," exclaimed the beautiful temptress, her cheek crimsoning with a rich glow, her dark eye seeking his.

"*Mattie—Mattie!*" he murmured, almost tenderly for a moment, while her siren words fell on his bewildered senses—then dropping the hand which had slid into his, he continued coldly, "No, that name is for me to utter no more. Mrs. Hunter, let me conduct you back to your guests!" and he politely proffered his arm.

Mattie Hunter drew back scornfully, turned very pale, and then, going up close to him, with rapid waves of passion and tenderness chasing each other in quick succession over her face, said,

"Paul Denning, you *shall* hear me! Your coldness kills me. I have waited long—long, but *you* would not say what your haughtiness compels *me* now to utter. You may call me bold, unwomanly, anything, I care not—I cannot help it! I *must* revoke those words which once, in my madness, I uttered to you. Paul, Paul, were you to ask me again the question you then asked, my answer would be far different. You understand me, Paul?" and the

passionate woman grasped his hands tightly and gazed into his eyes.

Denning listened with mingled sensations of surprise, scorn, and pity; surprise that the worldly woman could feel so deeply, and so far subdue her pride as to plead for that affection she had once cast from her—scorn for the mercenary spirit which had swayed her in his rejection—and pity, for he had no love.

"Mrs. Hunter," and he spoke calmly, "this is strange language—words I never expected to hear from you. Once they would have moved me strangely, filled my heart with wild joy; but not now. I will not deceive you—I do not love you."

With a groan of anguish the humiliated woman buried her face in her hands.

"Scorned, despised, and I have betrayed myself! The theme for laughs and jeers—that I should so far forget my pride as to plead for a love which is denied me!"

"Nay, not so!" said Denning, gently, kindly, for his heart was touched. "Your secret shall remain locked in my keeping as safely as if it had never been spoken. I too have nothing to boast over, to glory in. The memory of this interview let us bury in the past; let us be friends. Mrs. Hunter, I give you my hand on it."

She seized the proffered hand, covered it with tearful kisses, then turned away. Again she came back, and looking earnestly into his face, said in a low voice, quivering with intense emotion,

"Paul Denning, you are the soul of honor! I do not deserve your love, nor even your kindness, since it was my own pride which ruined my happiness. I go again to the world—to that hollow world of fashion and gaiety for which I periled my peace—yet, ere I go thither, tell me, do you love *another*?"

Trembling, and awaiting his reply, as though her very existence hung upon it, she clung to his arm.

There was a long, long pause. Should he tell her all—of that earliest, best love which was neglected when her fascinations held his heart in thrall, but, when the spell was over, had claimed him to his old allegiance?—and how, even then, his heart kept a sad, despairing vigil at the altar whose shrine was broken, and whose fire his own hand had quenched? Could he reveal all?

After a little the struggle was over; he repeated the story of his olden love; and when he said, by way of conclusion, "I know not if my memory is cherished now with the slightest

regard—but this much I do know, I shall never love any other on earth than her whom in yonder room I met to-night as a stranger." When he had ended, the miserable woman beside him only bowed her head and murmured,

"May heaven pity us both, Paul Denning!"

They saw not then—they had not seen all the while—the figure of a weary woman, who, weakened by the glare and pressure of the crowded rooms, and the combat between awakened love and pride going on in her own heart, had stolen away to the quiet of the flower-room before her hostess had entered there, and who now sat trembling on a couch in a little concealed alcove; nor could they mark the alternate shades of despair, hope, joy, which went over her white face like ripples over still water, when Paul Denning's words fell on her ears.

But when the transition from doubt to perfect faith was once more gained, and she uttered a quick, convulsive, glad cry of joy—such a cry as the bird gives when he bursts his prison cage—such a cry as the glad waters send up when they gush through the foaming outlet—

such a cry as a heart can give which has loved and suffered, and is suddenly made strong again—when they heard that cry, and turned to where she sat pallid with excess of happiness, then Paul Denning and Mrs. Hunter knew that old love had not been in vain!

For Mary Derwent stood close beside him!

And then the once proud, but now humbled Mattie Hunter, with a generous impulse, took the hand of the pale trembler, and joining it with Paul Denning's, and speaking no word, left them thus.

That mute union did for the estranged lovers what years of pride and coldness could not have done.

There were two hearts that night which mingled in one silent stream of love and happiness; and one, a sorrow-freighted barque, which sailed forth in cold and hollow pomp upon the sea of worldly pride and fashion—and through all time still glided on, oh! how utterly desolate and alone. The coquette had received her punishment.

"HE NEEDETH A GUIDING STAR."

BY MARION LEE BROWNE.

He needeth a guiding star;
For the life-path seems weary and cold,
E'en in youth's morning hours,
To him who gathers no flowers
Of pleasant thought from some dear home-fold.

He needeth a guiding star;
We may not judge tho' his footsteps stray,
While silent shadows creep
O'er the graves where dear hope's sleep,
For he treadeth alone a weary way.

He needeth a guiding star;
One bright one hath risen and set,
But the meteor gleam,
Of its 'wondering beam,
But taught the wild wish to forget.

He needeth a guiding star;
But the Father's All-seeing eye
Will read not as we,
Who so blindly see,
And know not the record on High.

MY MENIE, O.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

I've dauner'd lang about the brae,
I've watch'd frae noon till gloaming, O;
Till Menie comes, I canna gae,
Though midnight find me waming, O.
I lood ye weel, my bonnie doo,
When a' was smooth an' sunny, O;
The world may change, but I'll be true—
Wha could be fause to Menie, O?

To pass the Kelpie's Linn at night,
They tell me is uncanny, O;
But what care I for ghaist or sprite,
I gang to meet my Menie, O.
Though bogles flit through ilka dell,
Though witch an' warlock ban me, O,
For me there shines a guardian spell,
In thy blue een, my Menie, O.

ELIZA ANDERSON.

BY ALICE GARY.

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ONE glance he gave her, which to her appeared made up of pity and contempt, and without one word went away from the house. If her little deception had not been discovered, she could have borne herself very proudly toward the master, but now she was humiliated, not only in his estimation, but her own. She was angry with him, with the blacksmith, with George, and with herself. Yet for a good while she would not give up even to herself, but sat sipping coffee and eating dry bread, as if nothing disturbed her in the least, but all the while the bitter tears kept rising and filling her eyes, for she would not wipe them away. One moment she thought she did not care for what had happened, and that she had a right to work in the garden, and was not obliged to tell the master of it either, as she knew of, and that if he had ever given George credit for anything, she would not have tried to deceive him, and at any rate, what she did was nothing to him; he had no authority over either of them, she was glad of that. But under all this bolstering, which she heaped up under her failing heart, she felt sorry and ashamed and knew that the master was in the right, that he was a strict disciplinarian, and that in some sort he was entitled to some authority over George, at least. He had lived in the house with them always, had been their teacher, and since her father's death their friend and guardian. George was a bad, idle boy, she knew, and ran away from school when he chose, and she knew too that he required a severe master, and if Mr. Rodwick had softened matters a little she would not have cared—but he was not the man to disguise plain truth—as far as he saw he saw clearly, and made others see clearly too.

But when it was all turned over and over, Eliza was angry with him more than with George, angry, because he knew the truth, and angry because the truth was the truth—in some way his knowledge of facts made the facts, she thought.

And all the while she was turning things about, and yet not reconciled to herself, nor to the master, nor to George, he sent sullenly away from the table biting his finger-nails, and awaiting to be coaxed to eat.

For once there was no coaxing for him, and

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the breakfast was removed without his having tasted it. Pulling his hat over his eyes, he was about leaving the house, when Eliza drew him back and demanded authoritatively where he was going. "At the tavern to buy my breakfast," he said.

"No, you shall not," she said, and forcing him to sit down, she sat by him and repeated to him the sacrifices she had all her life made for him, "and what, after all, is the result?" she said, "why the more I do the more I may, and the less you care for me!" and seeing that he was grinning in his hat, she told him that she knew somebody who *could* make him mind, thus owning to his face, like a weak, foolish, loving woman, that she had no power over him.

"Well, Madam Rodwick," he said, coolly, when she had exhausted all epithets of threat and entreaty, and tenderness and reproach, "if you have concluded your sermon I'll go and get my breakfast."

"You will go to work in the garden!" said the sister, "that is what you will do!" and straight way she fell down to entreaty, and with tears recounted the money she had paid for spade and hoe and seeds, and how illy she could afford it, and how she had hoped, and how she still hoped that he was going to be a good boy, a help and comfort to her.

"Well, I shan't mind old Casper, anyhow," said the boy, at length: and it was finally settled that he would go to work in the garden, and that she would prepare him a nice, warm breakfast. A few shovel's of earth he moved from one place to another, but there was really no work done, and Eliza saw there was none done when she called him to the second breakfast. She was completely discouraged and broken down now, and told George so, and seeing that he heeded nothing, she buried her face in her hands and fell to crying. She did not know as she would ever do anything again, she said, and indeed she felt little courage to go to work. George would not help her, and she was tired of working alone.

"It was too hot now, to work in the garden," he replied, "and too late to go to school," and so he sauntered away, his sister saying, as he

went, "She did not know as she cared where he went, nor what became of him."

It was noon before she knew it, and the master came home, and there was no dinner prepared; and the tailor called for some promised work, and Eliza had been crying all day, and it was not ready. He was disappointed, vexed, and said if she could not keep her engagements he would find somebody that would.

The master saw how it all was—that George was the beginning of trouble, and that Eliza herself was not a little to blame, and if he had said anything, he would have said what he thought, but she asked for neither advice nor sympathy; and having told her she need prepare no dinner for him, he returned to the school-house and its duties, and as usual maintained a calm and quiet demeanor, however much he might have been troubled at heart.

When the school was done with, he did not return home at once as was his custom, but opening his grammar, remained at the window as long as he could see, and till after that.

All day George had not been seen nor heard of—and all day Eliza had done nothing but cry and fret; but when night came, and a messenger with it to say he was lying on the ground, a little way out of town, drunken as he could be, she began to see how much less to blame the schoolmaster had been than she had tried to believe.

From her heart she wished he would come, but though suffering most intensely she would not seek him, nor would she allow him to know her wretchedness when he should come, so she resolved. But all her proud resolves would not do. He came at last in the same calm, confident way he always came, and with some common words, meant to show that all was right, and that he felt as usual, opened his book to await the supper, which he saw no indication of.

"Mr. Rodwick," she said, directly, in a voice that trembled in spite of herself.

"Yes, what is it?" he answered, without looking from his book.

It was very hard and very humiliating to tell him what it was, but her love for George, and the fear that he might be run over where he lay, overcame the last remnant of her pride, and hiding her face, she sobbed out her sad confession and appeal.

He did not say, "I knew it would be so," nor "You are all to blame;" he only said, "Don't cry, Lidy—don't cry," and putting down his book, hurried away. In half an hour he came back, and George with him, staggering and swearing, his clothes soiled and his face dirty—bleeding at one side where he had fallen against

the rough ground. He would not be persuaded to have his face washed, and his clothes brushed, nor would he sit down or go to bed, nor do any thing else, but swear that in spite of old Casper or his old sister he would go back to the tavern, he had enough good friends there.

Casper had returned to his book, and not till Eliza begged him to interfere, did he speak one word, or seem to notice what was passing, but he no sooner laid his hand on the boy, and spoke a few words in his quiet, determined manner, than he ceased to offer resistance, and was led away to bed without more ado.

When the supper was eaten Casper would have gone, but Eliza said, "No, I want to talk about George."

"Very well," he said, seating himself, "what have you to say?"

Eliza knew not what to say—she knew that she was troubled and tormented, that George was idle enough and unpromising enough, but that she loved him after all, and could not bear that he should be compelled to right ways by any one but herself. This was the amount of all she could say.

A clear, practical, common sense view of things the schoolmaster took. He loved Eliza, and he said so, he admired all that was good and discreet and womanly in her, and he said so: he did not love George, and he disliked and disapproved of her wavering and compromising course with him. He had no great hopes of him at the best, nevertheless he could bring him under subjection in some way, if Eliza would give him the right to do so.

He told her what his fortunes were, and what his prospects were, without exaggeration or depreciation; he numbered his years, every one of them up before her, and her own, which were not half so many, and then he said that all he was, and all he had, and all he could do, which was not much, were hers to accept if she would, but with the understanding that George should be subject to his authority.

Eliza reminded him of her promise to her dead father: how could she break that and be at peace with herself? and, moreover, he admitted that he did not love George, and how could she hope the boy would be made any better by him? The schoolmaster argued that if she were willing to trust herself with him, it was natural that she should be willing to trust the management of her brother: and as for the sacred promise she laid so much stress on, it was a bad promise exacted by a bad father, and better broken than kept. And now, he concluded, with the calmness of a third party summing up evidence,

"You have all the facts before you—look at them and decide as your conscience dictates."

The facts were unpleasant ones, some of them, and Eliza did not like to look them in the face—she did not like to say definitely what she would do nor when she would do it. When George was older and provided for, or capable of providing for himself, their lives should be joined and flow through all fortune in a sentimental sunshine. All of which to the schoolmaster was nothing but moonshine. With it he was not contented—he wished to see the ground he stood upon, whatever it was, and finally, when they separated, it had been agreed that whenever George should be provided for they should be married; and that during school hours he should be under the master's control, and at other times Eliza's will should be his law.

Neither was satisfied with this arrangement, for both foresaw it would result badly in the beginning.

CHAPTER III.

THE breakfast to Eliza was a pleasant one. George had been working in the garden for two hours, he said, and should have half the seeds in the ground before dinner.

Eliza was greatly elated, and saw the fulfilment of her best hopes speedily coming. She could not praise him enough, and she could not help thinking the schoolmaster a little ungenerous in accepting what seemed to her a wonderful performance, as a matter of course.

"Don't you think, Casper," she said, at last, determined to force some praise from him, "that George is a pretty good boy, after all?"

She had better not have asked it. He had simply done his duty, Casper said, but the motive seemed to him questionable. It was partly the result of shame, and partly an effort to buy off punishment. As soon as George betrayed indications of any thorough reformation, he should be glad to acknowledge it.

Pretty industriously for half a day George kept at work, and with the assistance of Eliza part of the seeds were got into the ground, and when at noon he related his achievement to Casper, she made no mention of the hand she had lent.

"Now you are to go to school," she said, when the dinner was past; but George replied that he was too tired, and could not learn if he did. With much coaxing and many promises, he was induced to set out at last: but one excuse for loitering offered itself after another, and finally at the pond he stopt, and having petted the geese for an hour, he stretched himself in the

shavings before the cooper's shop and slept away another hour; another was passed in shaving hoop-poles and piling staves, and then the school was dismissed, and joining the other boys the truant went home.

With a good deal of coaxing, and hiring, and scolding, and some wholesome fear of the master, the garden was at last planted, but Eliza, though she tried to conceal it, had done most of the work, and all the while George had only gone to school when he chose.

One day he told his sister he knew a little boy who had made ten dollars the last year by selling eggs, and if she would buy a hen and a dozen chickens, oh, he would be the best boy in the world, and do everything she desired. He knew where he could get them if he only had two dollars!

Of course Eliza gave the money. She would work a little later every night and soon earn it, and of course she told Casper about it, and insisted that he should see in it great speculative ability on the part of George, but he could only see that she had thrown away her money, and said so, which displeased her, of course, and there was an interval of estrangement.

The seeds were soon mostly picked out of the garden beds, and the beds scratched level with the paths, and then the mother hen came daily home from travelling through the weeds, or from some neighbor's garden with a broken legged chicken, or with a diminished number, till finally she drowned herself in trying to rescue the last one from a pail of milk, and so ended the garden and the chicken speculation.

George now professed himself inclined to return to school. He believed he would be a teacher after all—Eliza concluded his strongest bent was toward learning, and he went to school.

But his zeal soon abated—he liked work better—the cooper would pay him four shillings per day; and packing his books he went to work with the cooper. Eliza was telling the master how well he was doing, when he came in with one hand bandaged and bleeding—he had cut off two fingers!

In the course of a few months the wound was healed, but he should never be able to work, and one day, about the middle of the afternoon, found him in school. He soon told his sister he could not learn—"old Casper" could not teach him anything. Perhaps it would be the very making of him to send him to the academy three miles away. George would walk the distance, the exercise would be beneficial, and she must manage some way, she hardly knew how, to pay for it. His old hat would not do to wear to the

academy, he must have a new one—his old coat would not do, the tailor would furnish one, and Eliza would sew for it. At last arrangements were concluded, and he went to the academy. He soon discovered the walk was too long, it so overcame him that he could not study. He knew of a horse he could hire to ride for a trifle, and the horse was hired and George rode to school, and Eliza worked later into the night and earlier in the morning. She had never been so hopeful—he would be able to teach in the academy after awhile, and all her troubles past. If he had the time for books, he said, that was consumed in riding to and from school, and then if he could have a room and study as the other boys did, of evenings, he should get on twice as well. So the horse was given up. It took almost as much to pay for riding as to hire board, Eliza said, and George was provided with board and lodging at the academy, and patiently she toiled on.

The days were the happiest now she had ever seen. Casper was all loving kindness when the boy was out of his sight; they would be so happy, and her toils would all be over before long—she was telling him so, and he listening in half credulous delight, for what lover has not some faith in his mistress, when George, books and bundles and all, strode into the house, and a great chilly, black shadow came in with him.

He did not like the boys at the academy, nor the teachers, nor anything about. He could not eat at his boarding-house—he was sick with all, and believed he was going to die; and Eliza believed he was sick, and feared he would die; but the master neither believed the one nor feared the other, and so the old estrangement came again.

When the youth professed himself well he went to work with the tailor, but did not like it, and so was home for awhile; then he went with the blacksmith, but that was too hard; then he was home, for awhile, helping her, Eliza said; then he went into the store, grew tired and was home for awhile, helping Eliza again.

All she could do she was a good deal discouraged now, and a good deal in debt. She was growing old faster than years made her grow old; the rose died in her cheek, and her eyes lost their lustre—even the master did not praise them any more, and this made her sadder than all.

Suddenly George formed the resolution of going to school again. He believed "old Casper" was a pretty good teacher, after all.

Eliza began to think she would not allow Casper the right to control him now, by becoming his wife, but he did not urge the marriage any

more. She was almost resolved to approach the matter herself. George should be kept at school whether he would or not—she would tell Casper so that night. She arose with the resolution and looked toward the school-house, and there came George, running crookedly home, his eyes blind with tears, and holding up the crippled hand as if it had been mutilated anew.

"The master had struck his poor hand with a rule," he said, "and all for laughing because he saw him kiss Sophie Swain, and not because he did anything wrong."

There was a quick revulsion of sympathies and resolves on the part of Eliza. Sophie Swain was a pretty girl of sixteen, the daughter of the richest man in town. She saw plainly enough now why Casper said nothing about marriage, and she thought it was too bad that he should take to abusing her poor brother as well as herself on account of his charmer. As long as she lived he should not be maltreated in that way, that he shouldn't.

All this and more, Eliza resolved she would say, and all this and more she did say in tones of no measured mildness. Of course she did not care how often he kissed Sophie Swain, nor how soon he married her, if he wanted to. She was sure she would not stand in his way if she could, and she knew very well that she could not: Casper had ceased to feel even the commonest interest in her. But one thing she would and could do—she would prevent him from beating poor George to death.

When she had exhausted all epithets of reproach and denunciation, and was still from sheer prostration, the master replied in his perfectly quiet and self-possessed way, which to Eliza was especially provoking, that it was true as George said. He had kissed Sophie Swain, that he could not be blind to her beauty, and she seemed not averse to his acknowledgment of it. He had made no love to her, and did not propose to if Eliza would grant him the happiness of continuing his suit, or rather if she would be reasonable and terminate it in marriage, this he professed himself willing, nay, anxious to conclude at once. Not only his heart but his judgment, he said, sanctioned the proposal he had made her.

"It was true he had struck George," he said, "but not injuriously, and Eliza should have sense enough to know it. And besides, the youth merited twice as much as he had received. It was the first time he ever used the liberty herself bestowed on him, and he insisted that then and there their relations should be definitely settled."

In all he said he neither elevated nor lowered his voice in the least. If he saw Eliza's tears, he did not seem to see them, nor did he once touch her hand, nor move one inch toward her, but having concluded what he had to say awaited her answer, snapping the blade of his pen-knife backward and forward, and not even lifting his eyes toward her.

The conduct was certainly badly calculated to make a passionate woman reasonable.

Checking her tears in very anger, she told him he was a strange lover. He replied that he had a strange mistress, and besides she must remember he was not a passionate boy. Eliza begged his pardon. She had, for the moment, forgotten that only his judgment sanctioned his proposal to her, and that his heart was averse to it—interested, doubtless, in a much younger and handsomer person.

"If you will make gratuitous interpretations, you must make them," said the master, his lip curling slightly, "but I have no replies for them."

Eliza insisted that she had interpreted his words legitimately, and that for her part she saw no reason why he should drag his judgment in at all. To which he replied most provokingly, that he feared his judgment had been dragged forward less than it should have been!

There were some more words, as angry and unreasonable as they could be on one side, and most severely reasonable and concise on the other. When they parted, it was with the declaration, on the part of Eliza, that Mr. Rodwick was free to use his judgment as he liked, for the future, it was nothing to her. And when he had asked if he might not hope for leniency, she had said, "No!"

CHAPTER IV.

YEARS ago all this happened, and what either party, or both have suffered, only themselves know. The same house, shabbier than it used to be, with the one uncurtained window toward the street, is standing yet. Sometimes in the evening twilight you will see there a plain, pale woman with grey hair, sewing by the last light. She does not smile, nor look as if she had smiled for many years, or ever would again. Often three bright, laughing children go in at the gate with parcels of sewing, and they climb over her chair and kiss her, and wonder why she is not gay and laughing like their mother; and when they go away, they are sure to leave more money than she has earned, behind them: they are Casper's children, and the woman is Eliza Anderson.

Sometimes you will see there a ragged, wretched man, lame in the right leg, and with one arm off at the elbow—his face has in it a look of habitual suffering, of baffled and purposeless suffering, as if all the world was set against him, and he could not help it: and that is George.

Sometimes in the night, when all is dark and still, a white-haired man leans over the broken gate, forgetting the white wall of his own garden, and all the roses that are in it, and the pretty children that are smiling in their dreaming; and even the wife, gone to sleep too, in the calm, not to say indifferent confidence, that he will take care of himself, and come home when he gets ready. He leans there a long while, thinking, not of what is, but of what might have been, and wondering whether eternity will make whole the broken blessings of time. That is Casper, to be sure—who else should it be?

MEMORIES.

BY MARY H. LUCY.

Our life barques floated together,
Awhile o'er a sun-lighted sea;
But we parted, and here in the glooming
I am dreaming alone of thee!

We parted in silent sadness,
We parted to meet no more,
Save at last our feet find resting
On the distant Heaven shore!

I am sitting alone by the sea-side,
And the sobbing winds go by;
And my heart is beating echoes
To the sea-gull's lonely cry!

The white wings of Hope were folded,
Long time o'er my desolate soul,
And my steps are ever faltering,
Shall I some time reach the goal?

Then again am I lost in dreaming,
Of the days of "Auld Lang Syne;"
And I ask if this restless longing
Comes o'er to that heart of thine?

Around me the wild winds are moaning
Dull storm clouds banner the sky;
And my heart keeps time in its beating
To the sea-gull's solemn cry!

MILES SELWYN.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

It was spring, and the world was one glory of light and freshness and growth. The lawns had unrolled their rich, soft emerald, the poorest bush or the scraggiest tree was tipped with rosy blossoms, or crimson or pale green leaves; robins and sparrows were giving place to yellow-birds and orioles; the meadows were a mosaic of wild-flowers, above which bees were murmuring their symphony—the great world's symphony in a lower key, with "work to live" for its refrain.

"But my own life moves to statelier yet sweeter music," said George Selwyn, as he lounged dreaming over an unopened book on the piazza of his home.

And truly, Miles had suitable accessories, if he wished to make music out of his life; for he possessed an old and honorable name, a fortune, talents, and refinement; a mind large enough to apprehend what is great and noble, and delicate enough to detect and appreciate what is finished and beautiful in its most minute details.

The Selwyn estate stretched so far and wide, that its young heir literally owned the landscape, and had neither to dread nor thank any neighbor for destroying or enhancing its beauty. There was, indeed, just out of sight of the mansion, a populous but peaceful neighborhood, a massive edifice which covered acres of ground, and was thronged with Selwyns; yet as they did not walk by night or day, Miles looked complacently at the key which was turned upon them all, and reflected that he had inherited their honors and virtues, as well as their estates.

For Miles had not a single fault, and that was his misfortune; he had not character enough to possess a fault, his attributes were like a heap of jewels which by some freak of fate could never be set; pearls and diamonds if you will, but unconnected and more useless than the poorest pebbles, and even more liable to become sullied and lost in the dust of life.

Selwyn House could hardly be improved: it was spacious and elegant, carefully finished as well as massively proportioned; it was a monument to the taste, liberality, and wealth of his ancestors, Miles loved it for their sakes, and would not remove a stone from its pillared piazzas, nor an ornament from its spring turrets; he chose rather to weave his vines around

the very chains and arches where his father had woven them before the heir of Selwyn House was born, and to watch the same masses of shade and gushes of sunshine which had been of old, and which seemed now to keep about him the kindred who had designed and enjoyed, and passed away from amidst them long ago.

What the exterior of the house promised, its interior abundantly fulfilled: solidity, splendor, and luxury did not wholly banish simplicity and grace; there were statues fit to be worshipped, pictures over which artists had spent their lives, conservatories that brought the tropics into January and made summer perennial. Nor did Selwyn House want the softening and finish of upholstery, and more important still, that air of freedom and repose which a palace needs no less than a cottage—possessing which, a cottage is worth a city of palaces without.

The widowed mother of Miles Selwyn was a serene and gentle woman, only awaiting translation, her children thought: a saint visible still on this side of the veil, but living far beyond. Then Miles had a sister such as any young man would delight in owning, accomplished, graceful, independent, proud and gay. He had nothing to improve, no one to reprove; he had resources enough within, that he did not feel the need of books, and therefore enjoyed the light of the great lamp of learning without becoming its slave. Miles had nothing left except to fall in love, an occupation which he pursued with diligence; he loved all fair women a little, each one intensely for awhile, and tired of each and all in the end, not from fastidiousness or misanthropy, but because he had no character.

"I wonder if anything is as wearisome as perfection?" thought Gertrude Selwyn, as she stood by her window and watched the rose-streaked petals fluttering downward from the apple-trees, and drifting on like flocks of merry butterflies. "I wonder if these old trees, and the lilacs with all their budding tips, and the violets with all their dewy blossoms, ever grow as tired of life as we mortals? Ah, for some slanderer sinner, some faithless lover, some fault or mistake or misfortune about which to be indignant, or to grieve, what is so unromantic as happiness? It is partly Miles' fault, and he

shall suffer for it: I will awaken him from some rapturous dream about the last and best beloved, how vexed and yet how civil he will be, my perfection of brothers!"

There was no want of character in Gertrude, what she undertook was accomplished, were it the finding of a shred of silk, and whether the effort needed were to lift a book or set a town in commotion; so upon mischievous thoughts intent, the maiden wandered from room to room, until she alighted upon the piazza where stood her brother, fanning himself with a branch of wavy blossoms.

"Oh, Gertrude, look at my flowers, you have come just in season to admire them. I only escaped laying down my life in gathering this trophy, such a leap as it cost!"

"And what was more for you, it cost the effort of leaving your seat; I was witness to that, and indulged in due surprise on the occasion. But the flowers are perfect as if they had grown to enchanted music, had drooped over some bower in Fairy Land."

"You are wise, my sister, to preserve such simple tastes. Fasten the flowers in your hair, there are no such ornaments for a young girl, especially in spring, the most girlish season of the year, and in the presence of 'fair May, the fairest maid on ground;' you maidens should have tact enough to dress yourselves as her nymphs, and so partake in the triumph of your gentle queen."

"Very fine, Master Miles. And now to descend, I have a curiosity to know for whom you gathered this bough. Come! do not read when I am talking: you would not if I were May Greaves," and she playfully interposed her flowers between the book and his eyes.

"Your heart is a polished crystal, May's a dew-drop; how should I treat you alike?"

"And you risked your life—and left your seat for——"

"The dew."

"And changed your mind——"

"Oh, because the crystal chanced to look unusually bright."

"How strange it must seem to have such an oscillating will. Had I, who am no lover, gathered a violet for May or any one else, it seems to me I would ford torrents and cross continents but she should have it."

"How uncomfortable it must be to have such a rigid will! I keep myself responsible but for the passing second, yesterday and to-morrow are nothing to me, nor to you if you are wise. Refuse to be guided, even by yourself."

As Miles and his sister stood on the marble

pavement of their piazza conversing thus, May Greaves and her mother stood on the mossy path which led to a cottage-door, discussing their humble affairs. May prattled about a dance at which all the young village people were to meet that afternoon, she named the ones whose society most attracted her, and the prudent mother listened and advised.

"So John Cook has come home again: smile your best smiles upon him, May, for he owns all the land between the hill-side yonder and the church; the woman he marries will be mistress of a comfortable house well filled, and think of the droves of cattle, the dairy, the forty cows."

"And John Cook's honest heart."

"Yes, his heart is good enough; but don't get sentimental, May, I have feared it since Mr. Selwyn took a fancy to talking with you. I do not like this falling into brown studies, and walking alone where there's company to be had: sighs and dreams will not make a girl's cheeks red, nor start her handsomely in life, so take care, May, to look your prettiest this afternoon; and never mind Mr. Selwyn, who will forget you like the flower he picked yesterday. I wonder if he is to be at the dance."

"Why should he go?" May said, and blushed and took her water-pails to fill them at the brook: while her heart asked over again the question.

"Will Mr. Selwyn be there?"

As if in reply to her heart, there came a message from Miles, whose gardener she found angling in the brook. Mr. Selwyn had told him if he chanced to meet May Greaves, he might say that his master was coming at sunset to try his own luck in the stream, and wonder if any one would be there to rejoice in his success, or console him in case of failure. "But do not mind his baits," ended the old man, gravely, "Mr. Selwyn sends such messages to dozens in a day: with ladies of his own rank it is all the same, no one can please him long, the wind changes without consulting the almanac, and no more does Master Selwyn's fancy consult his memorandum-book; so never mind his baits, but take John Cook, that you used to like so well, and be before a handsome, thrifty wife, as your mother was before you."

But that treacherous heart of May's whispered, "Where many have failed, success may only be waiting for the last; and what is John Cook to me? let him know that May Greaves is not so distressed for lovers that she need go in search of them."

John Cook had meant that afternoon, as they should walk home at twilight from the dance, to ask May if she would walk with him through

life, and so for him make every day like a merry-making with a peaceful twilight close; but May was not there. Many a stout young farmer was disappointed because the queen of all the village maidens had suddenly become unsocial or perverse. May was not there.

And the brook rippled along in the moonlight, and every sparkle it caught through the boughs above seemed an uninterpreted message from him; and the pleasant sounds of evening seemed like cadences of his voice, waiting to be imprisoned in words, ah, when! There came no footsteps on the mossy path that led to the cottage door, only the water gurgled, moonlight flickered, and boughs waved, as May sat waiting by the brook alone.

Miles had not intended to disappoint, he had only forgotten her. The Selwyns were in their piazza again for the evening was warm, and another was with them; one as graceful as Gertrude, and even more beautiful, her friend, Sophia Lee. Miles was enamored, as usual, and could not admire enough the lady's gentle pride, her gracious dignity. Here at length was perfection: simplicity acquired not accidental, and, therefore, not to be lost, beauty and sense and earnestness, wealth and rank and pride, what more could any man wish? His soul was at Sophia's feet, he loved her better that she called forth all which was best and brightest in his mind—it was part of her magic; his wit and wisdom astonished even Gertrude, he was transformed to a philosopher and poet all at once; and so young, and noble, and so good, of course Sophia did not frown.

And of course when the two maidens were alone together, Gertrude did not allow the bright impression to grow dim, but said all the good about her brother which Sophia longed to hear. Miles was very eager to please, very humble and devoted, and Sophia learned to love him better than all the world.

But the wind changed, and so did Master Miles his fancy. He went one afternoon to angle in the brook, met May with thinner cheeks than he remembered, and a sad look in her eyes, read her confession in a blush, was surprised by such devotedness, considered that Sophia was not so ingenuous; and then it was so plain that the lady expected to marry him, and his sister wished and planned for it constantly: the young man saw through them, he did not choose to be compassed about with others wishes and expectations and plans. And then this gentle May, it was refreshing to come back to her; one wearies of japonicas and passion-flowers, never of violets.

Yet under neglect the japonica wilts as soon

as the violet. Sophia fell sad, then sick, and when she gained her reason after a fever, vowed she would sell her great possessions and become a nun. Mrs. Selwyn interceded, haughty Gertrude wept; Miles told the whole affair to May, and how he had no peace at home, nor in his conscience if the truth were told, and asked what he should do. And May, with as gentle pride as any learnt at courts, unclasped the hand he held and said, "Though she loved him, it was not so wildly that his loss would make her a maniac or a nun, and Sophia deserved him most."

So the village girl gave to the proud Miles his stainless name again; and to the heiress a right which she valued beyond her wealth. There was a wedding soon at Selwyn House, and none of the gay guests knew of the humble, unseen hands which gave away the bridegroom, if not the bride.

Of course Miles grew more weary of the wife who was tiresome before his wedding day. He plunged into politics, leaving Sophia at home in the midst of her elegance and luxury, to be admired, and envied, and forlorn.

Politics wearied the heir of the Selwyn honesty sooner than even his wife. He fell in love with music, then with a musician; and this last in revenge at being forsaken, poisoned Sophia's mind until she laid down pride and love at once, and deserted a man whose only fault was that he had no character.

Mrs. Selwyn died, Gertrude married, Miles was blown back from music to politics again; and pursued, as a seeker of excitement, what he had once pursued as a philanthropist, he risked money and lost it, risked and lost again until there was nothing left except honesty to lose; the tomb of the Selwyns could not be sold to extricate him from a dilemma, so honesty vacillated, he forged money, was detected and exposed.

John Cook's farm encroached farther and farther upon the Selwyn estate, until, if the ghosts of Miles' ancestors could return, they would only behold the lights and shadows they loved flitting over his wide fields of wheat. John had married a worthy woman and lived happily; though he still thought sometimes, with a sigh, of the gentle beauty he had loved in youth.

And May was married, and was in all things a dutiful wife to the village blacksmith, a man as honest if not as handsome as John Cook. Miles often met her, on her way to church, with a troop of little Mays and blacksmiths following her and her trusty spouse; she looked calmly into the face of her old admirer, for she was true to the man she had promised to love; but Miles

turned aside with a pain at his heart, and wished May had been less generous, and he less just.

So years passed on, and Miles was forgotten, gladly forgotten by those whom he had dis-

graced; yet of summer evenings, while her children played in the church-yard, May has been seen to kneel alone, as if at prayer, and we beside an unnamed grave.

COME AND SEE MY GARDEN.

BY ANNA M. D. MCCOY.

Come with me and see my garden,
Ere the dew has gemmed the flowers;
How refreshing is their fragrance
In these pleasant sunset hours!

O'er the porch the honeysuckle
Twines its branches, filled with bloom,
And the sweet syringa blossoms
To my chamber window come.

Multiflora climbs the lattice
With the morning-glories bright—
There's my blush-rose, sweetly perfumed,
By its sister, robed in white.

But the flower I prize most highly
Blooms beside the cherry tree,
On a bush that little Mary,
Once, my pupil, gave to me,

'Tis a rose of perfect fragrance,
Deeper than the blush its hue;
Could it be that sweeter floweret
Ere in Eden's garden grew?

It recalls long past June mornings,
With my school I seem to be,
As when Mary brought me roses
Purer than her offering, she.

Now the bush is crowned with beauty;
Emblem sweet of perfect love!
But she, gathered by Death's angel,
Blooms more beautiful above.

He, who spoke those words inviting,
"Let the children come to me,"
Called her to His home celestial,
With His loved ones e'er to be.

Does she there, I often wonder,
Wandering amid Heaven's bowers,
Find, beside the golden pavements,
Sweeter that terrestrial flowers?

By the river, clear as crystal,
Does the modest violet grow?
On the radiant, sparkling waters,
Blooms the lily, white as snow?

Could I see my angel Mary,
I, the pupil, then should be,
She, the instructress, taught by Jesus,
What blest truths could she teach me!

The last sunbeams gild the hill-top,
We must leave these beautiful flowers,
Blessing God, that those Death gathers,
Bloom in brighter worlds than ours.

TO MY IDEAL.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

My heart is sad to-night, love,
And wandering flies to thee,
Around is mirth and light, love,
Yet I fain would be with thee.

With thee in the little bower, love,
Where the light winds come and go,
And kiss the opening flower, love,
With whiter leaves than snow.

I fain would lean my head, love,
In quiet on thy breast,
Where voice nor lingering tread, love,
Could break the hour of rest.

And softly clasp thy hand, love,
And press my lips to thine,

And hear thy manly voice, love,
And know that thou art mine.

But weary fly the hours, love,
Thy form I cannot see,
And my spirit darkly lies, love,
When will it brighter be?

Not till the veil is rent, love,
And the spirit upward borne,
Then will vain sighing cease, love,
And thou be all mine own.

Mine own in all the joys, love,
To fond hearts only given,
Through all the sunny days, love,
Mine—only mine in Heaven.

"ONLY BELLA;"
OR, THE MINIATURE

BY BESSIE BECHWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bright summer afternoon, and the French windows of Mrs. Reade's beautiful house were thrown open to invite the free entrance of the pure air of the Hudson into the shaded drawing-room. Readily the zephyr accepted the hospitality—who could have refused so such an aristocratic mansion?—and set the airy drapery coquetting gracefully with the green vines without as it swept mischievously enough.

In the steps of the piazza sat a young girl, leaning her bright brown head against the fresh green leaves that twined the tall column, while her look engaged her attention. The soft breeze cooled her cheek, and her calm, thoughtful face seemed to indicate that the quiet beauty of the landscape had stolen into her heart, and that she felt its gentle charm, though her eyes drank not the rich coloring of the scene.

She was not beautiful; that is—smile not, gentle reader, at the qualification of a heroine's loveliness—she was not one whose beauty would attract a second glance. No exquisite regularity of feature or delicately-tinted complexion, suggested her as the artist's or the poet's ideal. It could ever painter catch the shifting tints of that rich hair, or paint the expression of that deep blue eye? He might not draw inspiration from its glance, but he would feel the happier for its kindness had, for a moment, rested on him! No, hers was not the style to attract the eye of the connoisseur, or win the admiration of the crowd, but one—thank heaven there are many such among us, more than the world dreams of—to take up its silent abode in one heart and brighten *one* life forever after.

Unhappily in the gay circles, "that most doth aggregate," amid the beauties of nature that grace the "Rhine of America" under summer's sunny way, or amid the beauties of art in the mystical "Fifth Avenue," when winter, as he slides in his ice-bergs from his northern realm among the bright Hudson, shakes the soft flakes from his ermine cloak upon these heights now so green and sombre—that style is sadly out of

fashion; I doubt much if ever it was *in* fashion. Nor is that its proper sphere. The philosopher alone sees equal beauties in the grey moth and the golden butterfly.

We can scarcely wonder then to see this young girl in her simple white dress and plainly banded hair sitting apart, best pleased when by herself, even though music and merry voices float to her through the open windows.

The sun is setting behind the hills, and in his dying moments has no longer power to mar with his warm kiss the snowy brows of those who have remained within, fearful of his power, and they are coming forth to look upon him now that he is no longer dangerous. A young girl, attired in all the rich and exquisitely tasteful appurtenances of a French toilet, whose sparkling beauty bears the gay costume with a striking grace, an older lady, whose dress bespeaks the dowager, and two gentlemen, compose the group.

As they approach the steps, the present occupant rises quickly and draws more into the shadow of the vines; the gentlemen pause, but the ladies proceed, and the younger one carelessly exclaims,

"Oh! never mind, it's only Bella!"

A faint flush rises to Bella's cheeks, she returns the gentlemen's ceremonious bow with quiet grace, and they pass on.

"And who is 'Bella,' may I ask?" inquired one of the gentlemen, evidently somewhat of a stranger, as he and the younger lady strolled on in advance of the others.

"Why, Bella Reade, my sister!" replied she, laughing at his surprise.

"Pardon me, Miss Reade, I thought you were the only jewel this charming casket enshrined. I had never heard of your sister."

"It was a very natural mistake, Mr. Marston," replied the lady, good-humoredly. "Bella is *odd*; she feels that she is not pretty, and cares little for society, so she rarely accompanies us. I should die of *ennui* were I to mope at home as she does! What a pretty picture that little fishing boat makes as the sunbeam rests upon its sail!"

Her evident wish to dismiss the subject vexed Marston for a moment, but she looked so charming in the graceful attitude she had assumed to designate the picture, that he could but admire, and in a little while Bella was forgotten in the sprightliness of her more beautiful sister.

Yes, Bella Reade, you were "odd," and no one knew it better than yourself, for no one heard it oftener! Her tastes had ever been at variance with all those with whom her father's wealth surrounded her, and she grieved for her mother's disappointment, when she became assured that her own juvenile triumphs would never be reproduced by her eldest daughter. Her own beauty was on the wane, and Mrs. Reade knew that the strongest additional passport to brilliant society beside her wealth, would be a handsome daughter, to give *eclat* to her entertainments and secure a young and brilliant company. Therefore she was not measured in her regrets, and Bella, whose early youth gave no promise of even her more subdued charms, came to think more lightly of herself than the truth warranted, and it was with interest, seldom mingled with envy or regret, that she watched the growing loveliness of the black-eyed gipsy, her youngest sister, Jessie. How often she rejoiced, that *she* would realize their mother's hopes, and be spared the mortification of neglect, or that still more galling patronage in the gay world where her lot was cast.

Thus then she had reached the age of twenty, with a heart overflowing with kindness, which the diffidence arising from the humble opinion she entertained of herself held under continual restraint, earning for her the name of being cold and even proud, shrinking from attention which her sensitiveness construed into mercenariness, or worse, compassion. Misunderstood by all around her, and met at every turn by that many-meaning monosyllable "odd," is it strange she should "care little for society," and find her greatest pleasure in being alone?

With all this Bella was not unhappy, the calm, domestic duties that fell so naturally and so readily to her charge gave her healthful occupation, and these, with many a self-imposed task of kindness or benevolence, and an earnest love of books, afforded her ample amusement. With a quiet self-possession arising from her very humility, she glided through the house, and beauty and order breathed around her, till her family scarcely suspected how much comfort they owed her noiseless presence, for it was "only Bella," and all she did was so kindly and willingly done, that they had come to expect the effect, but completely lost sight of the cause.

CHAPTER II.

As the dusk deepened, the party who had strolled out upon the terrace returned to tea, and Marston was struck with the pleasing gentleness and all-pervading grace of Miss Reade, till with some embarrassment, but so covered by her reserve as to give a haughty expression to her calm face, Bella once or twice encountered his dark eyes fixed upon her.

Percy Marston's character might be read in his countenance. He was an intelligent, honorable, high-minded man, and frank and open to the day. He could ill comprehend the heart that folded its true life with its secret care, while that written on the features gave no indication of the current that flowed with ceaseless tide beneath.

He could see no evidence of "oddity" in Bella, and he felt as if there were some mystery about her which awakened his interest. That she was plain he could not admit, for as he turned from the vivacious Jessie, now in full tide of sparkling *badinage* with Gerald Ashton, the other visitor, to the perfect repose of manner, and calm, good sense of Bella's occasional remarks, he could but feel it a refreshing relief, for he too believed himself out of place in the mere glitter of society.

"He's comparing us," thought Bella, catching his glance as it wandered from her sister to her. "Happy Jessie, she need not fear the result! And why should I? Fie! Bella, envious again! What is it to you that he should admire her most?"

But Bella could not so easily banish the anxiety, and a feeling of uneasiness almost amounting to unhappiness, for the first time in years, took possession of her. Little did she dream the result could be favorable to her, so accustomed had she been to see physical beauty carry all before it.

After tea a moonlight ride was proposed, and Mrs. Reade's phaeton was ordered to the door.

"Will not Miss Reade accompany us?" asked Marston, turning toward her.

"Bella does not care to ride," replied her mother, without giving her time to answer, "she prefers remaining as company for her father. Do you not, Bella?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Bella, quietly, though for once her heart rebelled against the falsehood. Many, many times it would have been true, for Bella loved her father best upon earth; but to-night the words were strongly rebellious, and sounded false to her own ear as she uttered them.

As she sat in the pure moonlight, when they

had driven away, she felt ashamed of her discontent, and endeavored to quell the sad thoughts that rose tumultuously within her breast, but the struggle was harder than ever before. After awhile Mr. Reade, who had been engaged in his study since tea, came out on the piazza, but the change from the bright light prevented his seeing who was there.

"Is any one here?" he asked.

"Only Bella, papa," replied she, in the accepted phraseology.

"Only Bella? It is always *only* Bella! and what more could any reasonable person want than such a Bella?" said Mr. Reade, affectionately laying his hand on her head. It was seldom the kind, but pre-occupied man of business exhibited so much warmth, and coming at such a moment, Bella felt it almost as a reproof.

"Don't say so, papa," she exclaimed, half frightened, yet longing to throw herself into his arms and confess her weakness; but diffidence restrained her, and she added playfully, "don't spoil me by flattery then. Come, shall I sing for you?" and wishing to change the topic and divert his attention from herself, she drew him into the drawing-room lighted only by the moon, and seated herself at the instrument.

An accidental witness of this scene leaned against the pillar, that had served her as a support at sunset, sorely puzzled to define this strange girl, and still more puzzled with the new interest that was springing up within him. Marston had left the party, paying a visit in the neighborhood, and had walked back alone to the house which now had a new charm for him, and stood listening to the low, sweet voice that floated out into the soft light as pure and melancholy as the moonbeam itself.

Marston could have wished his lady hostess and her merry companions, at any distance from their home, as the carriage came crushing over the gravel, and the light laugh rose above the clatter of the wheels, for at their approach Bella ceased and disappeared from the drawing-room, little dreaming she had had any more attentive listener than her father, who was now dozing in his arm-chair.

"I thought I heard singing!" said Ashton, looking round as they entered.

"Yes, it was only Bella," replied Jessie, taking her sister's vacated seat. French *chansons*, polkas, waltzes, now sparkled from Jessie's skilful fingers, but unable to endure the contrast, Marston excused himself and retired; but Ashton, to whom Bella was a nonentity when Jessie was present, spent another delightful hour with her and her elegant mamma, and

then they dispersed for the night to dream of new pleasures on the morrow.

CHAPTER III.

MANY a bright summer afternoon saw Percy Marston a welcome visitor to Hazelwood, for he was an unexceptionable *parti*, and such were ever sure of welcome from the gracious hostess, whose lead Mr. Reade ever good-naturedly seconded. To Jessie he was a pleasant companion, some one to flirt with, and that was all sufficient for the present; for a permanent companion, she preferred a very different person. Any one who swelled the list of her admirers, and so added to her *eclat*, was sure of a favorable reception from the thoughtless beauty.

But how was it with Bella? That was the question Marston would fain have solved, but calm and impenetrable as ever, her face betrayed no more than quiet indifference, meeting his attentions with a reserve graceful and amiable, but utterly insurmountable. He was in despair. Her retiring manners gave him no opportunity of "drawing her out," and he was often obliged to play the agreeable to his other fair entertainers, when a powerful effort alone enabled him to pay proper attention to their charming conversation, so engrossed was he with the study of the graceful enigma who had strangely interested him.

Could he have read her heart as it is our magic privilege to do, he would have known that when coldest her "outward seeming," the fire burned hottest within, that when the prisoner gave symptoms of increasing strength, the fortress was reinforced and new guards set. Could he have seen the wild throb that sent the blood tingling to her cheek, and the fire flashing to her eye, as the firm step she had soon learned to know, was heard crushing the gravel of the terrace, he might have learned her well watched secret: but when the step reached the portico or the drawing-room, all was cold and calm again.

Sometimes he would grow angry with himself for feeling an interest in one who cared not for him, and whose coldness no attentions would melt. Then for a week or so he would omit his visits, but an undefined longing sent him back to find no change in Bella.

Fall came, and the West End shook off the summer's dust, and opened its long closed eyes to the bright sunshine and more distinguished gas. Delighted to reverse the order of nature, the gay birds of fashion returned just as the other birds of passage were departing. Among them the Reades, once more prepared for the winter's campaign.

Though preferring the country, Bella Reade was the same quiet, contented being in the brown-stone mansion, as on the banks of the Hudson. Beyond the houses of a few valued friends, where she felt herself appreciated, she rarely went into company, though her self-possession and perfect manners made her never out of place.

The more Marston saw her, the deeper became the fascination; he could not free himself from the enthrallment, though the result seemed to promise nothing but disappointment.

Once as he caught her glance fixed full upon him, the truant blood rushed to her cheek and brow, and her voice faltered for a moment, making his heart beat wildly with hope; but an instant, and all was calm again, the broken sentence completed with easy grace, and disappointment took up again her place in her old throne.

Driven to desperation, he determined to learn his fate at once, but he could not endure that mild, blue eye to look upon the tumult he felt throbbing within him should the answer be adverse, as he half believed it would. So to Mr. Reade alone could he apply to aid him.

One morning Mr. Reade returned to his dwelling before the usual hour, and entering his wife's boudoir, found the three ladies variously employed, Mrs. Reade and Bella were working, and Jessie negligently reclining upon an ottoman, reading the last new novel.

They all looked up in some surprise at Mr. Reade's unexpected entrance, and the peculiar expression of his face prepared them for some news.

"Why, Charles, what has recalled you at this hour?" asked the mother.

"Why, my dears, I have a little piece of information to impart, that I found it impossible to retain until this evening," replied he.

Jessie's curiosity thoroughly aroused, she laid down her book, and coming forward took a seat by his side.

"Well, papa, what is it?" asked she, impatient of his pause.

"Well, little curiosity, a gentleman has asked the hand of one of my daughters."

"La! Charles, is that all!" exclaimed Mrs. Reade, with well-bred *nonchalance*.

Jessie cast down her eyes with a charmingly conscious expression, as she asked with affected innocence, a question both Bella and her mother thought quite superfluous.

"Which, papa?"

"Only Bella!" replied he, demurely, while the merry, mischievous twinkle in his eye betrayed his amusement.

"Bella!" cried both the ladies at once, while the blushing subject of their surprise, sat gazing at her father with a troubled face, endeavoring to detect the joke.

"Certainly," replied he, warmly. "Do you think because we cannot see Bella's merits every one else is blind too?"

When Bella realized that her father was not jesting, her troubled look gave place to one of astonishment, and she cast down her eyes in painful embarrassment.

"Bella, my child," said Mr. Reade, approaching, and taking her hand affectionately in his, "Percy Marston has offered you, through me, his hand and fortune, his heart I believe you have already. He is all I could wish for you, will you accept him?"

"Yes, father," replied the bewildered girl, in a low voice, "if you wish it, and he will take me."

"Take you!" exclaimed Mr. Reade, kissing her proudly, "trust him for that! There, my dears," continued he, turning to the others, not yet recovered from their astonishment, "I have transacted that little piece of business greatly to my satisfaction, now I will return to the counting-house, where ere this, an anxious heart is waiting to know its doom."

"But what are we to do without her?" said Mrs. Reade, fretfully, as if she felt it downright ungrateful in Bella to consent to such an arrangement.

"Well, my dear, it's 'only Bella,' that is a comfort; think if it had been Jessie!" replied he, pressing the hand of his eldest daughter, and with a mischievous laugh, that made his lady toss her head and the beauty pout a little, Mr. Reade returned to make Percy Marston happy.

With an outward calm as unbroken as ever, though every fibre of her living being was trembling with her great happiness, Bella resumed her work, while the comments and wonderment of her mother and sister rang in her ears without sense or meaning to her bewildered senses.

That evening, the hand that Percy Marston took for the first time in his, was cold as ice, and he started at the contact, but the faint flush and "moonlight smile" that met his anxious glance reassured him, and he pressed it to his lips, half-awed by her strange composure, yet not less happy. Could he have known the thrill of ecstasy, the tumult of emotion that was imprisoned in her heart, he would have wondered still more at the strange power of that timid girl.

CHAPTER IV.

THOUGH it was "only Bella," the gay mamma could not be induced to forego the pleasure of a brilliant wedding, and ill-suited as it was to Bella's feelings, she yielded, all unused to choose for herself. Pure and lovely she looked in her rich bridal attire, and the lustre of true feeling penetrated the quietude of her bearing, as the perfumed light the alabaster rose, leaving an expression of subdued happiness on her pale features, relieving their usual coldness.

With a heart beating high with confident hope, Marston enshrined her in her charming home, trusting that time would remove her reserve and disclose her own true character. But in vain, for diffidence had become part of her nature, and she could not throw it off at will. Often when her heart sprang to her lips, would she turn the prompted endearment to some indifferent remark.

Warm and impulsive as a child, Marston grew anxious and sad at the strange disposition of his wife. True, she was ever kind, gentle and thoughtful for his comfort and welfare, but he missed the return for his expressions of affection, and felt repelled by her perfect impossibility when his heart yearned most toward her.

At length a terrible idea took possession of him; Bella had never loved him, she had wedded him to please her father, and he had deceived himself by her ready acquiescence! Day and night the thought haunted him, and he became more and more sad and unhappy as he became more strongly convinced of it.

Bella discovered that he was sad and preoccupied, that he no longer caressed her as at first, and dark forebodings rose like thunder-clouds to shut out the sun of her existence. She believed that he was ceasing to love her, and grief so preyed upon her that, day by day, her cheek grew paler, and her unhappy husband read in it pinings for lost liberty, or still worse, some dearer object from which he had separated her forever.

While the impulse of every hour was to throw herself upon his bosom and implore him not to withdraw his affection, she received him with the same calm smile that would have lighted her face had her heart been breaking.

Business had detained Marston quite late one evening, and Bella sat in her boudoir awaiting him. Sad fancies clustered thickly about, as she sat alone listening for the step of him she prized above life itself, and between whom and herself the gulf seemed slowly widening.

With a heavier heart than ever, the unhappy husband entered his comfortable dwelling and

mechanically turned his steps to his wife's room. The door was ajar, and he pushed it open without rousing her attention from a miniature she was pressing to her lips.

Bella in tears! for the first time in his life he saw her thus moved. Though of late no tears were strangers to her lonely hours, she had ever summoned a smile for him. The sight affected him strangely, and even strengthened his unhappy conviction, for it proved that she *had* deep feelings under the ice of her calmness, though he had failed to waken them. Then the object of her unwonted caresses! not for a moment did he dream it could be his gift; in fact he had forgotten that his likeness had been among her bridal ornaments. He could bear it no longer; frankness prompted him to tell her of his discovery, and then relieve her forever of his unwished-for presence.

A moment sufficed for all these thoughts to rush through his brain, for almost immediately, *feeling* his presence, Bella looked up, frightened, confused, and more agitated than any one had ever seen her before.

Hastily slipping the miniature in her bosom, and trembling like a culprit, she yet called up a smile, and greeted her husband with her usual kindly salutation. Marston's grave face oppressed her with a nameless foreboding, as pale and determined he advanced toward her.

"Bella," the mournful tone almost stopped the pulsations of her heart, "my wife, forgive me that I have been unwittingly and unconsciously, till now, the cause of so much unhappiness to you."

Surprise and diffidence held her silent.

"When from your father I received your hand," he continued, "I believed it willing given, pardon me, then, the vanity of dreaming I could make you happy; for six months in vain I have striven to do so. Think not I reproach you, you have ever been kind and gentle to me, and my misfortune alone was it that I could not awaken in your heart a love responsive to the deep affection of mine? You have been to me all I could ask, though I rashly hoped for more. I have deceived myself, and must suffer for my presumption."

Why could not Bella speak the words that were burning on her lips, to tell the feeling that convulsed her very being? But no, she was spell-bound, and Marston resumed,

"The only comfort that cheers me in this hour of trial is that I shall suffer alone, and though I cannot restore your liberty, and him whose cold image lies where I have vainly hoped to rest, I can, at least, relieve you of my presence,

which must ever remind you of your bondage, and bid you farewell forever. Forgive me if I have pained you, it was meant in kindness and for your happiness!"

He turned to leave the room, moved almost to tears by the agitation of the hard trial. The tumult in Bella's heart was agonizing, and like one in a nightmare who dreams he is drowning, she saw the last plank float slowly past her without the power to grasp it. Her husband's hand was on the door a moment more, and he would be gone forever. She could not hear it.

"Percy," she gasped.

His Christian name, for the first time from her lips, arrested his steps, and he turned with a beating heart to hear her words. A glance at her face showed the anguish there, and when, still like one in a dream, she removed the ribbon from her neck and placed the locket in his hand, he felt constrained to take it, and involuntarily glanced at the picture. *It was his own.*

Bewildered he looked at Bella, and as if a veil had been lifted, he saw her soul shining through the soft eyes fixed with anxious expectation

upon his face. Past, present, and future stood revealed in that lightning flash of mutual understanding. Happiness too exquisite for words dawned in the throbbing hearts of those so nearly lost to each other forever; and Marston folded his new-found wife in a silent embrace, feeling he had never known till now how much he loved her.

With Bella the ice was broke never to reunite, the pent-up tenderness of a life-time rushed in a boundless torrent over the barriers now too weak longer to control it, and that moment was like the beginning of a new life to her.

Mutual explanations threw light on much that had before been dark to both, and the present seemed a blaze of sunlight from the cloud that had rested on the past.

"Were the whole world offered for my choice, what think you, dearest, I would take?" asked Marston, one evening, encircling his sweet wife with his protecting arm.

"Only Bella!" replied she, laying her head upon his shoulder in all the confidence of perfect love.

TO ———

BY CARRIE BARRETT.

I look beyond where distance says thou'lt be,
And gaze enraptured on its flowery plain;
I look at hearts where goodness speaks of thee,
But imagery excels, I look in vain.
I rummage olden pictures, stored away
In memory's casket, for a face like thine—
Where beauty dwells but a reflected ray
Of light and warmth from out the spirit's shrine.
But smiles have less of smiles within their heart;
And eyes have less of soul within their tone;

Tears less of virtuous love; and all depart,
And leave my ideal form of thee, alone.
And yet thy form, forever yet unseen,
I see; and feel thy heart-beats timing mine
Hear tenderest words of hope, that never 've been,
And think my humble presence clasped in thine.
'Tis but the charm our spirits' union casts
Around me, as the tides of memory roll:
Thy image dawning bright on fancy's mists,
And printing airy beauties on my soul.

"I'LL MEET MY DARLING THERE."

BY LIBBIE D ———.

WHAT though the world looks drearily,
When thou art far away?
What though my steps go wearily
Through all the long, long day?
There is a home where tears are dry,
Where is no thought of care—
How sweet the consolation is—
I'll meet my darling there!

This is my solace while alone—
That you and I shall meet
Where all the "faithful to the end"
In joy, each other greet.
Shall I not know thee in that land?
Ah! yes, my hopes declare,
Together we shall tread its courts—
I'll meet my darling there.

"FIRE! FIRE!"

BY H. J. VERNON.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Thomson, have you heard of the dreadful fire last night at the bottom of Mill street?"

"No, not a word of it."

"Well, that is strange! it is quite the town-talk! it broke out about seven o'clock in the evening; I did not hear of it until past nine, and then it was just out. I'd a good mind to come up and tell you about it last night, but my husband said you would be gone to bed."

"Whose house was it?"

"Mr. Martin's, next door to the lumber-yard."

"Dear me, Mr. Martin's! Was the house burnt down? and were there any lives lost?"

"No, the house was not altogether burnt down, but it would have been if the neighbors had not broken in and put out the fire; and as to lives, there was none to lose, and that's how it happened. You know they are very religious people, and they were all gone to meeting, maid-servant and all, and the servant had made up a great rousing fire in the kitchen to burn until they came back. Well, for my part, I think it very wrong to leave a place in such a manner. Nobody knows how much lumber was burnt in the next yard, and, for anything they knew, the whole street might have been on fire."

"No, Mrs. M., begging your pardon, you are quite mistaken there: the maid-servant was *not* gone to meeting, she had just gone up to put on her things, and when she came down the kitchen was all in a blaze, and she was quite suffocated. I heard she was dead, but I don't know how true that is. Did you hear that?"

"No, Mrs. B., and I am very sure nobody was in the house, for my husband knocked at the door, nobody answered, and he came home; I was very much vexed with him for not staying to see the whole thing, then I should have known all for a certainty. But let it be how it will, I should think it would cure them of going to meeting, and leaving the house in that manner."

"I am rather surprised at it," said Mrs. Thomson; "I don't think they are in the habit of leaving the house on a week-day; besides, now I think of it, Thursday is not their meeting

night. I know, too, that Mrs. Martin is careful of fire, and I do not think she would suffer a servant to make up a dangerous one."

"Well, perhaps they might all be gone visiting—I cannot say; and perhaps the girl took the opportunity to go too, when her mistress was out of the way."

"We should be careful not to surmise things without knowing. Old Sally has lived with Mrs. Martin several years, and it would be hard if she should hear anything unjustly charged to her; perhaps after all she had nothing to do with the fire."

"Well, perhaps not."

When these two alarmists had run on in this manner, they took leave; and Mrs. Thomson, who was really concerned at the report, determined to call on Mrs. Martin and offer her any assistance she could in her distress. To her great surprise she found the front of the house uninjured, and the carpenters then at work in the yard, just as if nothing had happened; to her greater surprise, old Sally answered the door and showed her into the parlor, the furniture of which was as clean and orderly as ever. Moreover, in passing by she espied the kitchen fire blazing merrily, and a joint of meat roasting at it. "Well," thought she, "how amazingly soon they have got things to rights!" Her soliloquizing was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Martin. With much solicitude Mrs. Thomson inquired how she found herself after the fright.

"What fright?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Dear madam, I beg your pardon: is it possible people have been so wicked as to make up a story about your house being nearly burned down while you were at meeting last night?"

"Oh, I know now what you mean; I was not at meeting but at home; I may say I was the guilty person: having been answering several letters, I threw them behind the fire, and the chimney being rather dirty, the soot fired."

"And you were alone in the house? how frightened you must have been!"

"No, I was not alone in the house; Sally was in the kitchen, I believe."

"Then did not the fire break out in the kitchen?"

"No, in my room above; but in fact it did not break out at all, it was entirely confined to the chimney."

"Then, madam, did the flakes of fire fly into the lumber-yard?"

"No, through mercy they did not; that was the only thing about which I was alarmed, lest, as the night was windy and the yard full of pine and shavings, any mischief might ensue, and we considered it right for a man to sit up and watch."

"Excuse my asking so many questions, but I really have been quite distressed at the report."

"Report! why has anybody thought it worth while to report it? I am astonished to think you should have heard a word about it."

"Dear madam, I can assure you I came down expecting to find you in great distress, and poor Sally nearly or quite suffocated. Will you tell me how the fire was put out?"

"Why, I put it out myself, by just shutting the register of the grate, as then there was no draught of air, and the soot soon ceased burning."

"Then the neighbors did not break into the house?"

"Oh! no; some of them knocked at the door when they saw the flame at the top of the chimney, and as I knew there was no danger. I thanked them for their kindness, but declined admitting them into the house, as it was unnecessary to give them trouble and make a bustle for nothing. Poor Sally fared the worst, for she forgot to shut the door after her as I desired her, and the smoking smell set her coughing, and she said she felt as if she would be suffocated."

"Well, madam, so it is then, this great fire seems to all end in smoke; what *might* have been, people said *has* been; and when you were afraid lest any sparks should drop on the shavings, they said the lumber was burnt; and when Sally felt as if she would be suffocated, they said she was suffocated and dead. And so it proves that some people have a wonderful knack of making much out of a little; but I am afraid, when they let their tongues run so far before the truth, they forget that 'in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin, but he that refraineth his lips is wise.'"

LINES.

BY CAROLINE A. BELL.

Through the golden portals,
Through the open sky,
Upward with the angels
Vanish'd he for aye!

By the stream that floweth,
Floweth on for aye,
By the tree that groweth
Where the waters lie.

Where the light is shining
Brighter than noon-day;
With the angels vicing,
There he lives alway

No more grief or sighing,
No more toil or care,

Nought of earthly sorrow
E'er can enter there.

No more nights of sadness,
No more days of gloom,
Hopes and joys once blasted,
There shall ever bloom.

He who bore our sorrows,
He who marks each tear,
Knows our sore temptations,
Feels each nameless fear.

He our loved, has taken
Where no blight can come,
Ever with the angels,
Never more to roam.

TO ADELAIDE.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

THANKS for the fragrant rose you sent to me,
In all its freshness and its beauty rare;
An emblem true of maiden modesty,

And of the giver, gentle, young and fair—
May thornless roses ever crown thy brow,
And Life seem bright and joyous e'er as now.

MURIEL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was an old, yellow-brown, two story house, and there was nothing striking or original in its physiognomy or belongings, that I know of. A high picket fence ran all around the front, and before this grew an immense locust picturesque in itself, and making a cool, shadowy quiet about the building even in the warmest August noons.

Mrs. Ward, the widow Ward, lived here, who took boarders, whenever the tavern gave indications of plethora, spun yarn for mothers with large families, kept a cow, sold milk; and, in short, like a thorough Yankee woman, managed to support herself independently and respectably by her own head and hands, for which all due honor be herein awarded her. You can see her now dusting the window-panes, for she has just given the parlor its weekly sweeping. She is small, straight, wiry, with sharp, quick motions, and a positive sort of eye and mouth, which would be a physiognomist's best key to her character.

But, after all, it is with Mrs. Ward's lodger overhead, and not with herself that we have at present to do. He came in, about half an hour ago, from the tavern where he takes his meals, for the large rooms there are just now all occupied.

He has thrown open the two windows in front, and the one on the right, for he has a remarkable liking for sunshine and fresh air.

He is walking up and down the room now, humming snatches of song, or relapsing into a reverie, not altogether an agreeable one, it seems, by the occasional knitting of his forehead, and the restlessness of his manner.

He is very young, slender, and of middling height, not handsome, but fine-looking—a gentleman “by the honor of man as well as by the will of God.”

The lines around the mouth are strong—he has force and will; the eyes of a rich hazel grey, smile out one moment with pleasant, happy thoughts, then darken down with sad or vexatious ones; he has fine feelings and impulses. From these premises you must draw your own inferences of his character.

Suddenly he speaks out with that nervous abruptness which marks his whole manner.

“Two weeks more in this dull, droning, dis-

agreeable place. I declare, it is more than I can stand. I'd pack up and start off this very day, if my conscience was a little tougher than it is. But I promised that anxious mother of mine I'd stay six weeks, and so I will, if I don't go insane before the time is up and hang myself. I'd get the promise rescinded pretty quick if she weren't in Alabama, and it would take a week for the letter to go, and another to bring me an answer. It's all sheer nonsense my coming up here to Meadow Brook for the bracing air, for no reason in the world, saving that mother and uncle Lawton must take it into their wise heads that I was growing thin, and might inherit consumption because my father died of it.

“Here I am, twenty years old, and as well as any fellow in my class. It's too bad. Goodness—what's that?”

There was a sudden swaying and dashing of boughs against the side window, a little, half smothered shriek, and then a small, sun-browned face peeped out from the green branches on Norman Guilds.

“Why, child, alive, how did you get up here? Don't you know you'll fall and break your neck?” involuntarily reaching out his arms to the child's rescue.

“I wanted those two peaches on that big bough, so I climbed up here to get 'em. Oh! dears, I'm going,” for the light bough swayed to and fro under the speaker.

“No you're not. Take tight hold of my hands. There, now, give one spring, I won't let you go.”

A moment later, and panting with fright and exertion, the little girl was safely landed in the chamber.

She was a strange-looking child, dark and thin, with no soft outlines or delicate coloring, with nothing pretty or attractive about her, unless it might be her hair and eyes. The one lay in tangled skeins about her face, but it was a rich goldenish brown, and betwixt it looked out the wild, large, bright eyes.

An old, faded calico dress, which must originally have been intended for a much larger person, and a still older and equally ill-fitting pair of shoes, completed the child's *tout ensemble*.

Norman Guilds took in all this at a glance. He was by nature and education very fastidious.

If he had met the little girl under any other circumstances, or if he had not just done her a favor, which always warms one's heart toward another, he would not have spoken to her. As it was, he asked, "What is your name?"

"Muriel Heith."

"Muriel Heith." He had a great fancy for musical and peculiar names. "That sounds very sweetly. I never heard it before. Where do you live?"

"Here with *Miss Ward*."

"Well, what do you do here? Haven't you any relations?"

"I weed the garden, and pick the vegetables, and wash the dishes, and milk the cow. I haven't had any relations since grandma died. That was two years ago."

A tremor crept through the child's voice, and a mist over the wild, bright eyes. It touched Norman.

"But your father and your mother? Are they dead too?"

"They died before I can remember. Papa's vessel went down at sea, and it was that killed mamma, so I have heard grandma say."

Her loneliness appealed to his sympathies as no child's had ever done before; and as she suddenly swept back the tangles of hair and looked at him, not boldly, but earnestly, searchingly, the young man noticed for the first time the strange, bright deepness of her eyes, and that there was a thought in them.

"Well, what is it?"

She comprehended at once. "I was wondering what made you ask me all these questions. It can't be because you like me."

"What makes you so sure of that?"

"Because nobody does—nobody has since grandma died."

He must have had a kind heart, this Norman Guilds, whatever his faults were, and I assure you they were numerous enough, for he passed his white hand softly over the tangled hair, and said very tenderly, "Poor child! I am sorry for you!"

Children's intuitions are usually correct ones. Muriel Heith, the little, friendless orphan girl, felt this tone. She looked up with a world of grateful surprise gathering into her eyes, whose beauty grew like all truly beautiful things upon the perceptions of Norman Guilds. Then was a quick, gasping sob. Then with a wild, sudden impulse, she threw her arms around the young man's neck, and cried there as only a little child could, who had found what its heart had so long vainly cried out for—a friend.

Norman sat down and drew the child into his

lap. He laid her head on his shoulder, tenderly as her mother could have done in the days she could not remember, and she sobbed there for awhile as though her heart were breaking, but it was only *healing*.

"What is it makes you cry so—tell me all!" he asked, at last, in a low, soothing voice, when the sobs had grown fewer.

"Because you said you liked me. It seemed so good. I love you. I do, truly."

"Do you?" checking the smile that was stealing about his lips. "Well, then, we will be friends always, Muriel. Are you happy, living here with Mrs. Ward?"

"No," most emphatically.

"Why not?"

"Because she don't *know* me. She never could. All she cares for me is to have me work, work, work from morning till night. If I could only be like other little girls, and go to school and be dressed up! Sometimes I think I'll kill myself or run away."

Every word she spoke revealed more and more of her half stifled, ill-directed, undeveloped nature. The young man felt there were great beauty and great strength under the little brown, homely face.

"What *would* make you happy, Muriel, my child? Think well now before you answer me!"

She looked up in his face and smiled significantly. It was a rare smile—a smile that can only break up from a soul that has *beauty*, no matter in what sort of a casket the gem is hidden.

"I have thought about it too many times to stop now. I should be very happy if I could go to school and study. There is something away down in my heart that keeps crying and craving—I don't know what it is—only it's like a great hunger there all the time. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, poor child. It's a shame to have you here. I begin to think you're a genius, Muriel."

Of course she did not understand his meaning, but he went on, more to himself than to her. "Somebody beside the widow Ward ought to have the bringing up of you, that's certain! How I wish Parson Hunter and his sister could see you! They'd be sure to find out what a little 'diamond in the rough' you were. If they only would adopt you now. I'm a good mind to ride over to Stony Creek this very afternoon, and see about the matter."

"Who is Parson Hunter? Where does he live?" eagerly asked Muriel.

"He's an old friend of my uncle's. They were classmates in college. I visited them week before

st, and Miss Metta said she wished she could avail upon her brother to adopt a child."

He was cogitating the matter in his own mind, and though Muriel Heith sat on his knee, and her hand kept up its soft caressing movement through her hair, I hardly think he knew she was listening.

"Oh, how I wish I could go there!"

"Muriel, Muriel, I say, where are you?" The loud, sharp tones wound up the stairs, and broke suddenly on the young man and the little girl who sat on his lap.

"If Miss Ward should catch me in here."

Muriel's pantomime was a more expressive confession to this sentence than any words could have been. "But no matter, I'll run out this side door, and down the back stairs," and she was gone before Norman could interfere.

In less than two minutes she came back again with a letter for the young man, which Mrs. Ward said had been sent over from the tavern.

Norman seized it hastily and broke the seal. His face was very white when he lifted it from the few brief lines which the letter contained.

"My mother is very ill. It is doubtful whether she will ever see her alive," he said, and then the young Southerner flung himself into a chair and burst into tears.

And Muriel Heith went up to him and drew her arms around his neck, and pushed up her pale brown cheek to his, and said in those tender, trembling tones, through which one heart speaks to another, "I am very sorry for you, dear child." And he bowed his proud head on her shoulder, and the child comforted him.

Half an hour later they parted, for it was necessary he should leave immediately in order to take the noon train for the city. It was very sad for Muriel, for he was her only friend. But she took her hands in his and looked into her shining eyes, and told her he would not forget her.

"Parson Hunter, of Stony Creek? Is that right?" was the little girl's last question.

"Yes. Now good-bye."

She would not say it, but she answered his eyes, and they went on the different ways God had appointed them. But Muriel, the child, laid these words in her heart, "Parson Hunter, of Stony Creek."

It was a wild, rainy, shrieking night, Parson Hunter and his sister sat together in the cozy little sitting-room of the quaint, old-fashioned farmhouse. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with a mild, genial, expressive countenance, just entering his sixtieth year, and his sister, Muriel, was ten years his junior. There was a strong family resemblance between the brother

and sister. Miss Hunter's face was a fair type of her character. It was gentle, beaming, placid, and must once have been very pretty. Then her smile was so warm and bright you could not see it without loving her. Well, they sat on either side of the table, the pastor was finishing his sermon, and his sister a collar for the next Sabbath, when there was a loud, startling peal from the brass knocker at the front door.

"Goodness, Metta, who can be out such a night as this?" exclaimed the parson, as he and his sister simultaneously laid down quill and needle.

Before the lady could answer the door opened, and a child walked into the room, a dripping, dragged, miserably dressed, and miserably worn child, with tangled hair straying about her thin, dark face.

Parson Hunter and his sister rose up dumb with astonishment.

The little girl went straight up to them, and her eyes turned eagerly, wistfully, and yet timidly from one to the other. She might have been ten, she could not have been more than twelve years old.

"They told me Parson Hunter lived here, and I have come a long way to find you. Please don't send me away!" She said these last words with such beseeching earnestness, there was so much trembling pathos in her voice, that Miss Hunter's womanly sympathies were roused at once. She whose tender heart would not have refused a dog shelter from the storm!"

"No, my child, we won't send you away. But where did you come from this dreadful night? and what is it you want?"

"I want you to let me live with you. I'll be very good and work ever so hard, if you'll only let me study, sometimes. I've walked all the way from Meadow Brook since yesterday morning to find you."

"From Meadow Brook? Why that's twenty miles!" rejoined in one breath the parson and his sister.

"I know it. Last night I slept under the trees in the wood, and to-day I walked all the rest of the way."

"But haven't you any friends? What made you run away so, my child?" queried the interested minister.

"Let her sit down first, brother. Poor thing! she must be so tired," and Miss Hunter pushed a chair toward her.

So Muriel Heith, for you know it was her, sat down and told her story simply, honestly, and yet with a natural pathos, which went right to the hearts of her hearers.

She told them of her orphaned childhood and her dead grandmother—of her dull, wretched, toilsome life at the widow Ward's, and of her climbing up the cherry tree, and how Norman Guilds had drawn her into the window. Her hearers exchanged significant glances at the mention of this name.

She related briefly her interview with him, and how he had wished they could see her. "He would have come himself and told you about me, I am certain, if the letter had not come. But I thought about it every day until, at last, one night when I lay all alone in my bed, a voice seemed to call out to me, 'Why don't you go yourself and find 'em, Muriel?' And I lay awake till almost morning thinking about it. Two days after I started. Please don't send me back, will you? If you do, I shall die."

"Don't think about that now, my child, we will talk it over to-morrow." And the tender-hearted old maid stroked away the tangled hair, and looked on the little, dark face through her tears. As for the parson he stood still, thinking, thinking with an unusual moisture in his eyes.

And then Miss Mehetabel bustled off with the little girl into the kitchen and roused up Bridget, who was dozing by one corner of the immense fire-place.

A brisk flame was soon kindled, and enveloped in an old wrapper and shawl of Miss Hunter's, Muriel took her first supper at the parsonage, pausing sometimes to ask herself whether all this were not a dream, from which she would awaken to find herself in the little attic chamber at Mrs. Ward's.

Mehetabel returned to her brother. He was walking thoughtfully up and down the room.

"Well, Ezra, what shall we do with the child?" She asked it in a plain, straightforward manner, for Miss Hunter was a practical woman, and never had any sentimentalisms with her benevolence.

Then two rose up from the dead and plead with the pastor for the little orphan. One was a gentle, fair-haired woman, the wife of his youth, for whom he had been a life mourner, and the other, the blue-eyed babe she took with her when she went from him. Oh, they were truly eloquent pleaders for the little worn, weary child that was sleeping soundly overhead.

"Mehetabel, it may be God has sent us the girl to be a light and comfort to our old age. We will keep her," said the pastor, tenderly and solemnly. And so it was settled.

Muriel Heith had been at the parsonage about two months, when a letter was received from Norman Guilds. The child had improved very

rapidly; for a new life was being developed in this new social and moral atmosphere. She had many faults, and of course there was much to eradicate, much that required judicious guidance and discipline in her nature. But she had warm, rich affections, and a deep, conscientious love of truth, and where these two exist there is a foundation whereon to build.

Norman Guilds' letter was brief, for he was on the eve of starting for Europe with his mother, whose delicate health demanded an immediate change of climate.

And after apologizing for his sudden departure from the North, without seeing the pastor and his sister, he spoke of Muriel. "You will see her for my sake," he said, "and do what you can for her. I am convinced there are the elements of a great and beautiful character in this wild, neglected child. Pardon me for suggesting that taken to your own home, surrounded by its refining and elevating influences, she would develop a rare and most interesting character."

Miss Hunter read this passage to Muriel rather injudiciously, perhaps, but out of the goodness of her heart. Oh, if you had seen the large eyes blacken and brighten with every word, and the little, thin face, over which the warm-hued hair now fell in thick curls, glow out as she listened to the words, you would have felt that on Muriel, the child Muriel's soul, God's finger had written that burning word GENIUS.

Ten years have passed. It is the late afternoon of an October day. Mountains of rich gold and crimson clouds are heaped in the west, and the young lady that sits by the front chamber window of the old parsonage, where she has been assiduously writing for the last three hours, throws down her pen and gazes out on the sky.

Look at her now: her face is a study. It is not handsome, it never will be; but it is delicate and refined, with an infinite variety of expression.

The low, intellectual forehead is swept by bands of rich, wavy hair—the eyes—oh, were there ever eyes like unto them! so dark, yet so clear, so mysterious, yet so easily read, in short, so wonderful and so beautiful! The face is dark, thin, irregular, and the mouth rather cold and proud, perhaps sad in repose, but tender, sweet, child-like when it nestles into a smile.

The young girl looking off so absorbed in that sunset is an authoress, and her name—but you know that already. At last with a low sigh she turns away, opens an elegantly bound journal that lies on the table, and taking her pen once more writes rapidly.

"To-day is my twenty-fourth birth-day. It

two years ago this week since uncle Ezra was taken down by the wife of his youth, and on thinking of this, the other has slipped from aunt Letta's memory, dear soul!

"I have been walking down the past, and turning up old acquaintances, viz: the days that we departed!

"Thirteen years ago I came to them. How all I remember that night! Homeless, friendless, dirty, ragged, ignorant, wretched, I stood before them, and they took me in. 'Inasmuch as ye did it to the last of these, ye did it unto me!' Oh, with what radiant gems shall the angels set these words in their crowns!

"What a bright life reaches up from that night. What patience they had with me! How gently they treated my faults, and encouraged and strengthened my virtues! And then to think of the pains and money they expended on my education! Father and mother in spirit and in truth have they been to me!

"And to think that now that little houseless orphan girl is famous—that great men call her after, that her name is a familiar sound in the cottage homes of the North, and among the fair allies of the South!

Sometimes I lie awake in the night time, just as I did in the old child days, and it all seems to be a dream.

"What visions of fame I used to have five years ago; and now they are all gone. I wish I could feel for a single hour just as I did when my first poem was published in the 'Stony Creek Excelsior!'

"I begin to find now how little fame can satisfy a life, a heart—how small and meagre it is, after all.

"I have been asking myself to-day if I am happy; and my heart did not answer 'yes,' only my conscience and intellect said, 'you *ought* to be!'

"There is some longing within me that is not satisfied, some capacity of intense happiness in my nature that has never been called out. What is it? Dumb silences of my heart answer ye me, what is it?

"And now, Muriel Heith, what have you been waiting? Something you would not for worlds that mortal eyes should see, and yet it cannot be wrong, for you would not blush to lay it before the angels which are in heaven.

"Certainly I was never in love—there goes the supper bell!"

No, Muriel Heith, you were never in love, but our woman's heart has outspoken on that last page of the journal you so carefully lock away.

And while the young authoress was writing

those words, a gentleman was pacing up and down the parlor of the Stony Creek hotel.

He was young, not very, but still he could not have crossed far beyond thirty, tall and fine-looking, with a thin, spirited, Saxon face, and large, piercing eyes. Twelve years ago you listened to a soliloquy of his in Mrs. Ward's front chamber. The student boy has not forgotten his old habit in his riper manhood.

"It's lucky I got rid of that picnic this afternoon: what a namby-pamby affair it would have been! How many hours of a man's natural life he has to be bored for courtesy's sake! It really is too much for the very small stock of patience with which nature endowed me.

"It's the last journey I'll ever take with my cousin, John Lawton, that's certain. Poor uncle Tom, it would have almost broken his heart had he known how his son and heir would squander his time and his money!

"To-morrow I think I'll meet mother in New York—oh, there's that call on that authoress. I'm sorry I promised John to go, for I hate the whole fraternity, but then I must keep my word. A woman authoress! an abominable creation! a being with brains and no heart! No doubt we shall be entertained with a lecture on the intellectual superiority of women to men, and her manifest political destiny.

"Literary women always have so many hobbies to ride! I wonder if this one takes snuff and drinks strong tea. I didn't ask her name even. No great wonder that John called me a hater of the sex. And yet how much profounder is my admiration, my reverence, my *hope* for woman than is his, and it is because individually she falls so far below my ideal that I am thus cynical and bitter.

"I ought to get married and settle down to my profession, after rambling for ten years all over the face of the earth. Nobody knows this better than I do. But where on earth shall I find the woman to elect *my wife*? I need her to walk with me, but she must be a woman with a true, deep, loving heart and cultivated mind and tastes, else she could not be my *companion*. I want a woman who can sympathize with me in my longings, to bless and to elevate humanity, who reverences the good and the true—a woman whose love shall inspire and bless me, harmonizing and filling out my life—a woman whom I can love with all this great capacity for loving, which proves its object *must* be somewhere—a woman to whom my heart could bow down reverently and say, 'My queen, my conqueror!'

Oh, Norman Guilds, while you spoke the angel passed by that way!

"This is the place," said John Lawton, as he opened the front gate of the parsonage.

"Yes, and if you would have stayed to hear it, I should have told you that this lady, whom it is doing ourselves an honor to call on spite of your reluctance, was a protegee of the parson's."

"What is her name?"

"Why, man alive, don't you know that? *Muriel Heith!*" and John lifted the handle of the brass knocker.

A light suddenly flashed through the mind of Norman Guilds. He knew who *she* was. "John, I am very glad you brought me here to-night," he said, and then the door opened.

Muriel Heith, the authoress, entered the room with that half reserved, half embarrassed air, which always characterized her manner to strangers. She was not used to being lionized. I doubt whether she was of material ever to be.

John looked at her curiously. Norman long, eagerly, earnestly, as they presented themselves.

Muriel did not hear Norman's name, and asked him to repeat it after a few moment's desultory conversation. They had unfortunately left their cards at the hotel.

"Norman Guilds. It is barely possible you remember it."

One glance, eager, piercing, swept his face. Her own brightened, her lips quivered. Then

with something of the old child-like manner he remembered, she placed her hands in his and answered, "I am *glad* to see you, Mr. Guilds."

The call, which was intended to occupy but a few moments, extended into very late evening. John was profuse in his praises of the young authoress as they returned to the hotel, but his cousin was unusually taciturn.

However, Norman Guilds did not leave Story Creek the next day, nor the next week for that matter: and I know that every day he visited the old parsonage.

Somebody says, "that God made about one of every thousand marriages that are committed on earth." I have been inclined to this opinion sometimes, myself. Be it as it may, however, I believe the angels in heaven smiled when Norman Guilds and Muriel Heith clasped hands, and promised to walk thus till God called them.

Late in November the young girl wrote in her journal.

"Norman left to-day, but he is coming back to me with the birds of April, and then we are to be together, together till death do part us! I am very happy even in his absence. The dumb silences of my heart are filled now with the eternal music. The old home restless longings are all gone. God be praised that I have found thee at last, Norman Guilds, my KING!"

THE SOWING.

BY N. F. CARTER.

We are sowing, ever sowing,
In the world's stern day of toil,
Seed for future spirit-growing
In its rich and mellow soil.
When the ruddy tints of morning
Fling their love-light far and wide,
Brighter far than pearl-adorning,
Making earth a blushing bride.

When the noon in weary story
Gives an hour for welcome rest,
Like an angel's smile of glory,
Strengthening for the storms we breast;
When the evening shadows falling
Bring us quietness and sleep,
Like a shepherd-angel calling
To the fold the weary sheep.

Then and ever are we sowing,
Though perchance, unconsciously,
Good or ill from heart-streams flowing,
Wheresoever we may be!

And the seed we sow, in springing
For the sunshine and the rain,
Will around our path be flinging
Thorns or flowers for spirit gain.

If the bad seed, then in sorrow
Shall we reap some future day;
But the good shall bring a morrow,
Brightening all our pilgrim way!
Even though the shadows linger
In the twilight of the sky,
Yet some angel's unseen finger
Shall dispel them by-and-bye!

Then how should we be in earnest
Sowing nothing but the good,
That the foe when seeming sternest
May in triumph be withstood!
Lo! the harvest hour is speeding
When the fruit we gather in—
May it bless us in our pleading
With the crown we fain would win.

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THINK you because that beautiful, matronly brow is silvered with the dews of Time, that the heart has also grown old? Nay, apathy can never usurp a mother's love! Though her grey hairs fall over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, there is a heart still beating with a pure and holy affection, a mother's love! who can sound its unfathomable depths? Time has failed to do so, and eternity will bear witness of its sanctity.

Young man—love your aged mother. Her face is care-worn, but her heart is ever warm. Years of trials and sickness perhaps, have stolen the freshness of her life; but like the matured rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in its embryo bloom. Washington loved his mother!

Young lady—love the tree of your existence! Sweetness is yours—lavish it upon the withering form of your devoted mother. Affection is a lasting debt—one that can never be overpaid. Pour nectar into her fainting heart; strew her path with your most grateful smiles; and smooth the downy pillow upon which rests her palsied frame. Her dying lips will breathe your happiness; the world will admire and cherish your devotedness; and heaven will bless you! Flowers of joy will blossom in your path, friendship will ripen your harvest; and love will crown your existence!

"In whose principles," said the dying daughter of Ethan Allen, to her skeptical father—"in whose principles shall I die—yours, or those of my Christian mother?" The stern old hero of Ticonderoga brushed a tear from his eye as he turned away, and with the same rough voice which summoned the British to surrender, now tremulous with deep emotion, said, "IN YOUR MOTHER'S, CHILD—IN YOUR MOTHER'S!"

Love your mother! Yes; and the very ashes of the sainted will pray for your welfare. A mother's love—a mother's wealth of love—is so great that the power of death and the victorious grave cannot put out its quenchless flame!

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

EXQUISITE hour! thy vestal light divine,
Spreads over earth and all a splendor bright,

Thou comest, ere the sable gloom of night
Bids her fair queen and silver beacons shine
O'er drowsy Nature—e'en to smooth life's cares,
To shadow earth-born ills, and whisper joy.
The flowers close their petals, warblers coy,
And earth to Heaven yields her fervent prayers.
Oh, hallowed hour! Grateful guest divine!
The world redeeming Psyche sought thy shade,
And God, the Father, in his goodness made
Thy solemn loveliness to reign through Time.
Oh, sweet, delightful hour! Thrice welcome to this
goal—

Bright emblem of the evening twilight of the soul!

How beautiful is the hour of twilight! Nature seems lost in a calm and solemn, though sublime reverie. A sweet and balmy freshness fills the air. The day is past—the voice of labor is no longer heard—silence hangs like a canopy upon the scene; and the hour of intelligence, of imagination, and of spirituality is dawning.

"It is not day, it is not night,
But sweeter far to me
Than soft moonlight, or noonday bright,
Comes evening soothingly."

Yes, the season which belongs to heaven rather than to earth, is exercising its holy influence upon the soul of man. The curtain that drops down upon the physical, also rests upon the moral, world. The heart surveys the past, and contrasts it with the present. The mind reviews the scenes of by-gone time, and the estranged, the dead, the absent, rise before the mental vision. Again do we hold communion with the "loved and gone before," and again do we twine the honeysuckle wreath of friendship, whilst heaven and holy spirits alone bear witness of our presence.

Go forth ye slaves of avarice, at evening's twilight, and review the beauties of Nature's God! Go forth, vain man, and learn a lesson of humility. Seek not in books for that which Nature paints the vision. The sleeping sea, the verdant hills, the towering mount, are visible to the eye of man, and proclaim the existence of a Mighty Architect.

Oh, worm of the earth! why boast of thy power! Hast thou beauty? *He* gave it! Talent? *He* bequeathed it! Health and vigor? *He* is thy preserver! All of good is thine, oh, God! and
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in thy goodness bequeathed to the creature man as a source of eternal salvation. Oh, may each recurring twilight find us less devoted to earth and its vanities, and firmly traversing the path that leads to eternal happiness. And may the mild and serene precursor of night prove a type of the calm and tranquil manner in which we close our day of life!

ANNIE.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOWELL.

I AM thinking sadly, Annie,
Of our last low breathed farewell,
Ere upon my heart's young gladness
This dark brooding shadow fell.

I can all too well remember
How beside the brook we stood,
Where the moonlight poured around us
In a soft and pearly flood.

I remember how the shadows
Lay around us dark and still;
How, with sweetly murmuring music,
Flowed the sparkling little rill.

Best of all do I remember
How thy hand lay clasped in mine;
How my spirit thrill'd with rapture
At thy whispered, "I am thine."

Thou wast pure and spotless, Annie,
As the clear and starry light,
Which on that fair eve of beauty
Veiled thy form in radiance bright.

I am here again, my Annie,
On this glorious night of June,
Listening sadly to the brooklet,
Singing still its pleasant tune.

And the moonlight's veil of splendor
Rests upon the landscape now,
And the shadows still fall darkly—
They are here—but where art thou?

Ah! a shadow deep and heavy
Lies upon my bursting heart;
'Tis not like the moonlight shadows—
It can nevermore depart.

For to-night thou'rt sleeping, Annie,
Where the pale white roses bloom,
And the pearly dewdrops are weeping
O'er the low and quiet tomb.

And my heart is sad and lonely,
For I loved thee all too well:
But I'll meet thee, love, in Heaven,
Where is never breathed farewell!

THE WIND.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

THE wind, the wind. Oh! hearken.
It whispers through the pines,
It is knocking at the casement,
That is wreathed with leafless vines,
To each lonely heart it speaketh,
That is mourning for the dead,
To the hearts that long have sorrowed,
And may not be comforted:
In a low, mysterious whisper,
It tells us of the band
Of friends forever vanished
To the unknown, silent land.

Bring'st thou tidings, viewless spirit,
From that bright and distant shore?
Those sweet friends long parted from us,
Shall we meet them nevermore?
In the shadows of the church-yard,
'Mid the tomb-stones old and grey

Are they sleeping, where we left them,
In the cold and silent clay?
We shall share their peaceful rest,
Weary of life's toil and pain—
In the mansions of the blest
Shall we meet them yet again?

Mournfully the wind arises,
Whispering hoarsely through the pines—
To and fro before the casement
Sways the shadows of the vines—
And the ever falling rain-drops
Beat a low and sad refrain,
With a sound so dull and mournful,
Dripping down the window-pane.

To the wind I listen vainly
As it rushes wildly by—
Voices of the troubled darkness
Give no answer to my cry.

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 257.

CHAPTER XIX.

THERE was a new servant in Mrs. Townsend Oakley's household; a hard-featured, energetic person, whom the housekeeper had engaged in town as a chamber-maid. This woman was busy in the west room, when Catharine entered Mrs. Oakley's parlor, and though occupied, she kept a vigilant watch on all that was passing between the two young women. She saw Catharine draw the boy toward her, and the look of agitation which could not be misunderstood, on discovering the cross upon his temple. The distance prevented her hearing any words, but as she fixed her scrutiny upon the various faces of that little group, a gleam of sharp intelligence shot from her eyes, she softly laid down her duster, and keeping out of sight in the movement, crept stealthily behind the half open door. Now she could hear their voices, low and troubled, but still distinct to her keen ear.

"She is right, my mother is right," said Mrs. Oakley, wringing her delicate hands in an abandonment of grief. "How dare he? How could he enter my house? How could I—oh! weak, weak wretch that I am!"

"Of whom do you speak?" said Catharine, pale as death, and shivering till her teeth chattered together.

"Of De Mark. of that boy's father!"

"And what of him?" The voice in which this question was asked had grown so husky, the listener could not hear it.

"Listen to me," was the answer. "I have no human being, except yourself, of whom it is possible for me to seek advice: and my position is a terrible one. You are not like a stranger to me, I can trust you."

"Yes, you may trust me," said Catharine, in a low, firm voice, "I will deal honestly by you."

"Look at this boy. Is he not beautiful? His eyes, his mouth, his every movement, can anything be more frank?"

"He is lovely. No angel could be more innocent."

"And yet that boy's father, his own father, remember! with a brow as open, an eye as

frank, a lip always smiling, that boy's father is—oh! my God that I should live to say it—is a traitor—a—a——"

The poor lady broke off, closing the last words in bitter sobs. Her clasped hands unlocked, and she buried her face in them, trembling from head to foot, and weeping bitterly.

"You may wrong him," said Catharine, faintly.

"No, it is all too clear," answered Mrs. Oakley, shaking her head mournfully, "his mother was poor Oakley's sister. You saw her, she called herself by his name; it was Oakley, not De Mark that she called herself: are you sure of that? Oh! it would be something to believe that he married her."

Catharine stood by a sofa. She sunk slowly down among the cushions, breathless and agast.

"You are certain that she did not call herself by his name Oh! try and remember."

"No, no, I never heard his name on her lips!" fell in cold, measured words from Catharine Lacy, as she sat there stunned and immovable, as if suddenly frozen into stillness.

"Still he might have been married to her. It is possible," said the widow, with all a woman's conscious faith in the man she loves, rising up afresh in her heart.

"No!" answered Catharine, with the same cold measurement of words. "It is impossible. He could not have been her husband."

"Why, how do you know? How came you with a knowledge of him or his?" cried the widow, with a pang of jealous suspicion in her voice.

"Remember, lady, I am but a nurse, and have spent many, many months in hospitals," answered Catharine, with fresh dignity.

"I know. I did not think. Forgive me, I am almost mad. Besides, you do not seem like that, so kind, so sweet and lady-like; and to be only a hospital-nurse!"

"I was that. You have made me your friend since. This is a fearful discovery. But tell me, how I can help you?"

"Tell me all you know of this poor child's mother. It may wound me to death; but I shall

feel so restless, till the worst is confirmed, then perhaps God will give me strength. Tell me all!"

"I have, lady. She came to the hospital only a week or two before her death!"

"And you saw her then?"

"Yes, I can never, never forget her poor, mournful face, never, never." Catharine bowed her head, and a shiver ran through her frame, while two or three tears forced themselves through the hands, which she had pressed over her eyes.

"Tell me more of her."

"There is nothing to tell. She seldom spoke, seldom lifted her great, mournful eyes from the floor. I heard her once tell over the names I have mentioned; but I think she was very ill then, and did not know what she was saying."

"Was it when she was dying?"

"I don't know. I remember seeing her dead, and carried out in her coffin; but that is all. Indeed, indeed, I can tell you no more."

Catharine's voice grew sharp with the struggle of her anguish. These questions tortured her.

Mrs. Oakley was terrified by the pale contractions of that face. Never had she witnessed anguish so terrific and so still.

"And De Mark, could leave her to die without a word—could do this, and with the guilt on his soul, come here with protest—no, no, not with protestations—crafty and careful, he looked love, but never talked of it. I cannot point out a single word of affection, and yet there was love in every look, every tone of his voice. Oh! I cannot think of it."

"And you know this man loves you!" asked Catharine, a little hoarser than before.

"Loves me? I never had a doubt of it till now—nay! I do not yet doubt it. He may be reckless, wicked, utterly unprincipled; but I know he loves me; and oh! shame, shame, shame, I fear, I fear that I love him."

"You love him, knowing all this," said Catharine, standing up.

"It is my shame, and will be my misery forever and ever," answered the widow, covering her face with both hands, while the hot crimson swept over her neck and forehead, like a fiery brand.

"And would you marry him?" The voice, in which this was uttered, fell so cold and cutting upon her ear, that the widow dropped her hands, looking suddenly up.

"Marry him? no! To act is within my own control—to feel is, alas! what I cannot help."

That moment, the little boy came across the room, his bright eyes full of tears. Holding up both hands, he strove to throw them around Mrs.

Oakley's neck. She drew back with a repulsive motion of her hand. His arms dropped, the rosy lips began to quiver, and sitting down upon the floor, he began to sob as if his heart were breaking.

Both the women stood looking at him in pale silence. Suddenly their eyes filled, a simultaneous sob broke from their bosoms, and they sunk to the floor together, wreathing their arms around him and covering his face and brow with kisses.

"He isn't to blame, you know," pleaded the widow. But Catharine had dropped her face upon her knees, and only answered with a keen shiver, as if she were in pain. Thus she remained some minutes, evidently struck with a pang of great suffering.

"Are you ill?" inquired Mrs. Oakley, laying a hand on her shoulder.

"Yes, I believe I am ill!" answered Catharine, standing up. "I will go home now."

"Not now. It is cruel, I know; but one word more. That letter mentioned another person, Catharine Lacy—did you know anything of her?"

"Catharine Lacy, who should know anything of her? Is she not dead?"

"Yes, I know there is a record of her death at the hospital; but I should be so grateful for some farther knowledge of her. You will not wonder at this, when I tell you that she was my own cousin."

"Your cousin, lady; and yet permitted to die there."

"It was not my fault, oh! believe it. I was in the South, and never even heard of her destitution."

"But your mother?"

"Hush! It is not for me to arraign my mother!"

"True, true."

"Tell me, I beseech you, something about this poor girl. It was another mournful death for which that man must one day answer."

"I can tell you nothing of Catharine Lacy. Her history is written out, they tell me, in the hospital books."

"I am sorry that you know so little regarding her," said the widow, disappointed. "We loved each other as children; but I was always away at school, or somewhere, after that; and we never saw each other. Poor, poor, Catharine, she was angel-child."

"You loved her then?"

"Loved her? She was dearer than a sister to me. I would give anything, suffer anything to know that she was alive, or had died happy."

The widow's eyes were full of tears, and a thousand regretful feelings trembled in her voice. "Oh! if you know anything about her, do tell me."

Catharine took the hand, held out to her, with a pathetic gesture, and kissed it, saying, "God bless you!"

The next moment she was gone. The widow and child saw her glide through the French window, into the veranda, and disappear like a shadow, as she had entered the room.

Left to her solitude, Mrs. Oakley gave way to all the tumult of her feelings again. The certainty of her lover's treason had been cruelly confirmed, and the thoughts of his enormous turpitude pressed back upon her with double force. The presence of that pretty, tearful child was for a time irksome; and in the storm of her grief she escaped from his touching attempts to comfort her, and fled to her own room.

After she was gone, the new servant came out from her concealment and went up to little George, who sat crying upon the floor. She stooped over him, lifted the hair from his temple, and examined the cruciform mark with keen scrutiny. Then she returned slowly to her work, muttering uneasily between the flourishes of her duster,

"Catharine, Catharine—the name is Catharine that's certain, as for the surname being different that amounts to nothing—don't I know how easy it is to change names? Why, haven't I half-a-dozen to pick and choose from myself? There is something in the face and a bend of the head that I could tell among a thousand. Now I just as much believe she's the woman, and that's the child, as I sit here; as for him, why the thing's certain, but the other isn't so easily settled."

Muttering these words, she sat down folding her hands over the duster, and continued her ruminations. "Then, there was the story of that queer old woman coming to the Island, and the crazy woman up yonder following her into the very water, this has something to do with the matter, I dare say. De Mark? oh! ha! that is the man who comes courting the widow. Her son! Now I have it. *She* was the old woman in rags and with the comical bonnet, that was driven into the sea—of course, of course, wasn't she lame, hadn't she been hurt somehow when I found her in bed half starved to death. But what has she to do with that crazy woman, with the fiery black eyes—I'll ravel it out, you may believe me; I'll ravel it out, child, old woman, and all, they're mixed up in the same heap. Never fear I'll be at the bottom of it yet."

CHAPTER XX.

OLD Madame De Mark lay alone in her den, more emaciated, and weaker by far than she was when Jane Kelly abandoned her. For a little time, she had found strength to crawl about and procure food for herself, but some new injury to her bruised limb had following the exertion, she was cast back into her miserable bed more desolate than before. Day by day the inflammation burned and burrowed into her wounded limb, and all night long the poor woman lay muttering and raving for something to moisten her hot lips, "Water, water, water." This was her plaint night and day; and with gold and jewels concealed in the crevices and hiding-places all around, here she lay, like the rich man in torment, calling for a drop of water, which even the beggar obtains without stint; and calling always in vain.

At last the fever ceased, the anguish went out from her limb, and the miserable old woman lay quiet for the first time in days. The fever had kept up her strength till now, and she had not felt the need of food; nor did she even yet. A dumb feeling of content stole over her, she wanted nothing. The silence of her chickens troubled her a little, but she had no strength to rise up and see to them. She thought of the cat, and wondered where she was, and why she did not come up to the bed and share the supreme content of that sudden freedom from pain. She thought of her son, with a gush of human tenderness, and resolved on the next day, when she should be quite well, to gather up all her gold and go with it into some more seemly place, where she would summon him to her presence.

But all these thoughts and resolves were vague and dreamy. She felt like one dropping into a sweet sleep, the very twilight of which was delicious. She lay thus, in the dim, mean room, for, as we have said, it was lighted only by a sash in the door; and the sunset that came through the red curtains had the effect of a dull, lurid flame, which could not penetrate to the bed, and filled the rest of the apartment with a fearful light. All at once she heard footsteps without, and turning her eyes, with a gleam of their original ferocity, toward the door, it opened, and she saw her son enter the room. She laughed a low, feeble laugh, and strove to hold out her hand; but it fell nimble and heavily on the squalid bed, while the laugh died in a faint chuckle within her working throat.

"Madame, madame!" cried the young man, gazing around the room, at first bewildered by the imperfect light, and filled with repulsion by

the squalid objects around him. "Madame De Mark!"

A murmur rose from the bed, which struck to his heart, sweeping all the disgust away. The affection of a warm nature, ardent and forgiving, gushed forth even in that spot.

"Mother. Oh! my poor mother."

She looked up, and strove to speak; but a pitiful whimper alone passed through the white lips.

"Mother. Oh! my poor mother! What have I done? How could I leave you to this?"

Her eyes kindled; she made a great effort; and at last, as if forced through the ice gathering about her heart, the words, "My son, my son!" shot through her lips.

"Oh! mother, is this all? Can you only speak with this fearful effort? Where is your nurse? Who takes care of you?"

Again she made that fearful struggle, and jerking her arm on one side, pointed downward to the floor.

"My gold. I have gold—gold!"

The young man groaned heavily.

"Do not think of that—your gold is nothing at this hour!"

Again she lifted her finger, and pointed it fiercely at his face.

"Gold—it is everything."

"Hush, mother, hush. At this awful moment think of something else. I fear, I fear you are dying."

"Dying!" This time the word was forced upward with a shriek, so wild and fearful, that the young man sunk to his knees, and buried his face in the soiled bed drapery, shuddering in every limb.

"Oh! mother, mother!"

"Dying! me—me dying!" broke forth from those convulsed lips once more.

Louis De Mark looked up. With his quivering hand he grasped that of the dying woman.

"Yes, mother, believe me, there is but a little time for us to settle all that has gone ill between us. I came to ask you some questions, thinking to meet you in good health. The shock of finding you thus is terrible. I pray God, it is not too late for either of us."

"Dying! Take it back, take it back! I am well; no pain, no hunger, no thirst. Dying!" and with a miserable effort the woman strove to laugh, but the attempt went off in a gurgle of the throat.

The young man made a great struggle for self-command; but he was very pale, and his lips quivered with the emotions he strove so firmly to suppress.

"Yes, mother, I solemnly believe that this interview will be our last. Your hand is cold, your eyes are—oh! don't look at me in that way," he continued, shuddering at the glance she fixed upon him. "Next to the welfare of your soul—"

She interrupted him, groping about with her hand.

"My crucifix—my crucifix!"

He searched under her pillow and around the dim room, while she followed him with her wild, despairing eyes. At last, as if with some sudden resolution, she shrieked out,

"It is gone—she stole it, she has pawned my soul."

The young man came back to the bed in great distress again. He knelt by her side, and strove to soothe the despair that had evidently fallen upon her.

"Oh! mother, strive to compose yourself; lift up your heart to God. It needs no emblem. He is close by, even here."

The old woman started, and her wild eyes wandered fearfully around the room.

"Pray to him, mother."

"No, it is lost, I have sold his Son—no, no."

"Mother, is there nothing that you wish to say? My brother George—have you no word for him?"

"Hush! hush, he will take your portion. He married. He wished to rob you. Don't speak to me of Elsie Ford's son, or of his son either. Let them alone, and you shall be rolling in gold, rolling, rolling, like your mother!"

The young man bent down and listened eagerly to her words.

"Did my brother marry Catharine Lacy, then, with your knowledge?"

"No, they tried to cheat me—to bring a son to claim your father's property. She ought to have died, that Catharine Lacy."

"But she did not. Where is she now? Is she alive? Oh! tell me, mother. I shall never be happy again unless you do!"

"Yes, she's alive. I saw her myself, changed but alive. The other girl died. I didn't want that, for she would have been rich, and you might have done well with her."

"Then you knew about my wife?"

"Knew? yes! Did you think I was cheated?"

"But why did you leave her to die there?"

"How could I help it? She would hide herself till the last minute, and it was cheaper there. Sickness costs money, money, I tell you."

"And you are certain Louisa died in the hospital? But there is no register of her death?"

"We had that changed, the numbers and the

names. *Louisa would die, Catharine would live.* We couldn't help it."

"But where is Catharine?"

A look of harp cunning came into those sunken features.

"I won't tell. The time isn't up. He isn't crazy yet. I won't help him to bring sons to eat up one half of your inheritance."

"Mother, remember that you are dying."

"Not yet, not for years. I'm getting stronger every minute. Don't you see how I can talk now. When you came, there wasn't a word in my voice. I shall live to see you and Oakley's widow rolling in gold."

"Oakley's widow—what do you know of her?"

"What do I know? Hadn't I eyes? Didn't I watch you when she was married, watch and listen and pick up things? Didn't I know what was going on in the mind of my own son?"

"Oh! mother, how much misery you might have saved me," cried the young man, in a passion of grief.

"Haven't I just told you she was dead, that young wife? Didn't I go down to that cottage, on the Island, to see this widow and learn all about her? Isn't this kind when you have been pining and pining about her? I didn't want to explain that she was dead, and Catharine Lacy alive—it may do mischief yet. It may bring them together, and despoil you of one half the property. He won't go crazy. When he thought the girl dead, it only made him melancholy; he would not go mad. Let him find her, and all that I have done will go for nothing."

"Mother, you should be more just to George. He is your husband's oldest son!"

"He is her son, and I hate them both."

"But his mother is dead, years ago."

Again that cunning gleam broke into her eyes; but the woman did not speak.

"Have you no kind remembrance for my brother?" said the young man, on whom that gleam of the eye made no impression, "he has never wronged you."

"Oh! yes, take that," she said, pointing to a picture that stood near the door, with its face to the wall. "It has been his friend from first to last—tell him it nearly cost me my life. The crazy wretch worshipped that picture—I knew that, and would have it. She came at me like a panther; we were on the shore; I ran for the boat and she after me into the water, knee deep. The man pulled with all his might; but she held me by the throat, tore at me like a wolf. My foot got fast in the cross-beams of the boat, or she would have drowned me before their faces. The boatmen had to beat her off with their

oars, and she let go; but left my ankle and foot wrenched and bruised till I have never had a minute's rest till now—not a minute. Give him the picture, with my love. It's cost me dear; but she hasn't got it to pine and pray over. Give him the picture, I say; it's all he will ever get from me."

Louis De Mark listened to this wild speech, shocked and bewildered. To him it had no meaning, but it grieved him to find so much of bitterness and malice, in what he thought to be the last ravings of an unrepentant soul, and that soul the one from which his own drew life.

"Oh! mother, calm yourself, try and talk more rationally; you are ill, very ill; once more I say to you this is the last conversation we shall ever hold together."

"Son, do you believe this? On your soul is it the truth?"

She spoke in a hoarse murmur. The artificial strength was leaving her in the very grasp of death.

"Mother, yes!"

The woman uttered a low, long wail, inexpressibly mournful.

"It is on me now; it is on me now; my feet are numb; the ice is creeping up to my heart. Holy Jesus this is death!"

The horror that settled down, with the deathly grey, on her pinched features was terrible to look upon; but more terrible still was the film that crept over the wild glare of her eyes, pressing them slowly in the sockets. He sat and watched, silent and appalled. So long as those eyes had the power to express the terror that froze them, they were turned upon his face. There was no agonizing struggle. Slowly and terribly, that old woman froze out of life; and death left her in that squalid bed, a meagre shadow of the humanity her whole life had degraded.

CHAPTER XXI.

"MADAM, a gentleman wishes to see you in the parlor."

Mrs. Oakley started up, from the depths of a great easy-chair, in which she had been striving to bury her grief; and with a breathless nervousness, very usual to her of late, walked the room two or three times, smoothing the bandeaux of her hair rapidly with each hand as she walked. When this quick motion had composed her a little, she went down.

The parlor was dim from the flowing vines, that clustered around its windows. But though she saw her visitor but indistinctly, her heart gave a great bound, and she felt the blood surge

back and forth from her bosom to her temples, leaving both paler than before.

"Lady, dear lady!"

It was his voice. It was De Mark that came toward her, with both hands extended, looking so bright, so strangely happy.

Mrs. Oakley put out her hands to repulse him. "No, no, do not advance; do not come near me. I have been already sufficiently degraded!"

De Mark stood still, dumb with astonishment, while she shrunk trembling backward, step by step, with her frightened eyes upon him, as if she dreaded lest the fascination in his glance would enthrall her again.

"Mrs. Oakley," he said, at last, "may I ask the meaning of this reception?"

His voice was a little tremulous, but full of self-respect.

"You have come here to insult me, sir!"

"I have come here, lady, to say how truly and how long I have loved you."

The widow locked her white hands together and held them firm; resentment was giving her strength.

"Had you never said the same words to Louisa Oakley, my husband's sister, she need not have died of shame in a charity hospital!" she answered, almost harshly.

De Mark staggered back. The name of his lost wife from those lips, and spoken in bitterness, brought a terrible pang with it. At last he spoke; but it was in a low, broken voice, that went to her heart.

"There was poverty and great suffering in Louisa's death; but no shame, Mrs. Oakley. She was my wife. I was absent, a minor and helpless; but had I known that she was driven from her home, suspected and persecuted, I would have saved her at the risk of my life."

"Then it was not neglect—it was not from wanton cruelty that you left her?" questioned the widow, drawing gently toward him.

"Sit down with me, lady; it is a sad story. I have been to blame; but not criminal. Will you listen to me?"

They sat down together in the dim parlor, and he told her all, even the first love which had grown strong in his boyhood; and all its painful results were fully revealed. At first she listened to him with a degree of proud reserve; but as he went on to lay his heart before her, the love-light came back to her eyes, then tears of gentle grief stole up through that light and trembled softly there. Her hand crept to his, timidly asking pardon for the harsh thoughts that had melted away with the honest tones of his voice.

"And now," he said, closing his hand firmly

over hers, "can you forgive the rashness of my youth? Can you trust, can you love me?"

She did not answer; but the tears that stood upon her cheek seemed like dew-drops upon a damask rose. She bent her head toward him, half in shame, half in love, like a flower heavy with rain. He gathered her softly to his bosom. His hand was pressed caressingly to one flushed cheek, the other lay close to his heart.

"Oh! I was sure of it. Love like mine—deep, so faithful, could not be wholly without a return. Tell me, dear one, is this no delusion?"

"I love you. Indeed, indeed, I love you!"

It is impossible to say how many times, and in how many forms, this one sentence was repeated, before the two parted; but one thing is certain, he had not been gone half an hour before both of them were restless to recapitulate every word of it again.

After he was gone, the happy lady wandered forth into the grounds, for the rooms of her dwelling seemed altogether too small for the breadth and glory of her happiness. She longed for the open air, the free winds, anything that spoke to her of the heaven which lived in her own heart. As she passed through the flower garden, a sob reached her from behind a honeysuckle arbor near the path. Any sound of grief was a discord to her then, so she turned aside, resolved to make everything happy on that blissful day.

She entered the arbor, and there, crouching down upon the tessellated floor, was poor little George, complaining to himself and sobbing as if that dear little heart were quite broken. How her heart smote her then! How quick and fast the tears come rushing to her eyes.

"Georgie, Georgie, darling!"

The child lifted his flushed face. A smile danced up from his heart and broke in sunshine through all over his face. "Mamma, mamma!" he cried, leaping forward, with white arms extended, and the tears sparkling joyfully in his eyes, "you are not angry, you love me, darling mamma!"

"Love you?" cried the widow, raining kisses upon his face. "Love you, darling. I love everything under the heavens, this day, and and you, little one, best of all."

Don't believe that, little Georgie. The warm blushes on her face, as she buries it in your curls, contradict every word of it. She loves you a great deal more than she did before certainly; but her heart has grown large and rich since yesterday; and with all her caresses you are not the first there. Content yourself about that, little Georgie.

In her walk that day, Mrs. Oakley met Catharine, who was rambling sadly through the grounds, which we have said adjoined each other, with Elsie Ford. The two women were very melancholy, and a look of continued pain lay upon them both. No wonder their lives were so sombre, so completely cast on the shadowy side of life. Elsie was very quiet, and her large black eyes wandered toward the little boy with sorrowful intensity; but she seemed afraid to touch him, muttering that he too would fly away and become nothing if she did.

The boy looked at her wistfully, and once attempted to approach her, for those great, troubled eyes fascinated him; but she waved him back, and gathering an over-ripe thistle, that grew in her path, the ghost of a flower that had been, she cast a sigh into its shadowy heart, and lo! the whole disappeared: a few silvery gleams floated off toward sunset, and she held nothing but a dead, thorny stalk in her hand.

"See, see; don't come this way; everything I touch melts away like that, into nothing, nothing, nothing."

The boy looked on and listened. Her voice was so sadly musical, it charmed him. He was very fearless too, and moved toward her.

She stepped backward, repelling him with her outstretched palms.

"Don't, don't, you are so pretty. I won't hurt you. Go away, or it will come to this!"

She held up the dry, thorny stem of the thistle, and shook it warningly at the child. Repelled by this, he went away, following Mrs. Oakley and Catharine, who had walked forward leaving the demented woman in sight.

"Will you not rejoice with me, that this terrible load is taken from my heart," said the widow, chilled by the gravity of her companion. "The only trouble with me now is that I could not have doubted him!"

"And is he equally happy," inquired Catharine, in a low voice. "You are sure that he too is happy?"

"I wish you could have seen him. It would be impossible to think otherwise. You know there was some doubt at first that his wife was dead; but it's all cleared up now. His mother, with her dying breath, set it all right."

"And the knowledge that she was dead, made him happy, you say."

"Perfectly happy. Remember it was a long time ago, and he—but poor, poor girl, if he could not love her, he would always have been affectionate and kind."

"Did De Mark tell you that he did not love the girl, whom he married and left? It was an unfeeling confession!" said Catharine, in a trembling voice.

"No, it was necessary in order to explain everything. He gave me his whole heart. This is what makes me so happy—nothing is kept back. Remember I was engaged to Mr. Oakley, when he first saw me."

"And he married this other person, without love, merely from compassion, you say!"

"I do not know; it seems hard to speak of the dead in a way that would wound them, if living; but I am quite sure that De Mark has loved me from the first. He says so, and I believe him, in spite of this rash marriage."

"I think so too!" answered Catharine, in a grave, cold voice. "Still he might remember how that poor, lone girl worshipped him."

"It is very sad, I am sure it must be very sad to love any one, whose heart is not all given back in return. The anguish which I have felt during these few days has been so terrible, that I can well pity any one who suffers with like doubts."

"Can you? I think you are generous and good. Love like yours should be given to a worthy object."

"It is. It is. I would stake my life upon his goodness."

"And if it were yet to prove otherwise?" said Catharine, turning her large eyes searchingly on the happy face of her companion.

"I think, I know," answered the widow, with a shudder—"that it would kill me—I could not live after all this happiness, to be cast back even into doubt again."

Catharine looked at her friend, very mournfully, for a moment.

"We suffer a great deal without dying," she said, and moving slowly away, joined Elsie and the child.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

NIGHT.

This morn upon his azure trail,
Armed for the fight, the great sun went.
Red with the blood of dying day,
At eve reclines he in his tent.

Now goeth forth his pale-faced bride,
Her dim, mysterious course to run,
Close in her cloudy mantle wrapped
With her star-braided moccasin. P. H. S.

THE LAST OF EARLY LOVE.

A SOUND FROM THE FOREST.

BY J. H. MCNAUGHTON.

Nessum maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.
Ma se a conoscer la prima radice
Del nostro amor tu hai cotanto affetto,
Faro come colui che prange a dice.—DANTE. INFERNO, CANTO V.

In balmy nook
Of yon old forest, where the ivy clings
To elm and maple like the loves of youth;
Leaning upon the upturn'd root of elm,
A stranger lingers oft. Not to this nook
A stranger, but suspicion's prying gaze
Upon his brow the tyrant Time hath traced
But dubious signs; tho' Grief, thro' gloomy years,
Hath dimmed the lustre of a beauteous eye.
The hunter's footsteps crackling thro' the bush
Hath oft resounded in the grot hard by,
And startled from a dreamy, mystic spell,
The swain secluded. But a hunter's eye
Hath never dared to meet th' assuasive gaze,
Th' unutterable ken that seem'd to say:
"Thou, too, dost break th' enchanting spell! Be-
ware!

No sacreligious breath pollutes the air
Within this grot!" Nor more the hunter needs.
With quivering step and fear-lit eye he turns,
And silent leaves the awe-inspiring nook.

One morn, when cloudless the cerulean sky
Was tinged with crimson in the East; and bland
The night-wind kissed the dew from trembling leaf,
In th' old abode I chanced upon the youth.
He beckon'd, and I wonder'd. Something strange,
I've ever thought, is in a waving hand!
There's something in a waving hand that speaks
But to the heart when sighs the tongue confound.

"Stranger!" With voice sepulchral as the sound
Of moaning, midnight winds in forest dun

"Stranger and friend! I know thy mission here.
Thy sunken eye bespeaks the midnight lamp;
That volumes th' index to thy mind. I, too,
Erewhile did woo the soul-expanding muse—
Like thee, did wander thro' the studious grove,
Till—ah!—how happy and unhappy—canst
Thou bear with me the thrice-told, faded tale
Of happy and unhappy love? It fills
With mournful memories of the past, my soul—
The memories of the unreturning past!

Beneath this elm-tree, ere the rude storm-blast
Had envied its domain, and bow'd it low,
I sat; and oft has Echo from each rock
And fairy glen sent mocking back
Th' enchanting tale of some old poet's love!
My voice had never trembled then as o'er

The page I scann'd. *She* lov'd this sylvan nook!
And oh! how oft, as thro' the boughs above
She gazed upon a hovering cloud, have I
Bethought myself of Heaven. Her soul-lit eye
Was then my cynosure! No darkling frown
Of gloom or storm came o'er th' Elysian scene.
I lov'd and I was happy. Happy love!"

He smiled, and gazed aloft with beaming eye
As Memory unroll'd the joyous scene
That erst he reveled in. With lightsome heart
And childish glee he told of memories dear
That swept the love-toned lyre, so long unstrung.
But leaves its mournful tone-chords on each breeze
Within the forest grot. But darkling came
The gloomy mood.

"But ah! unhappy me.
*The withering breath of lurking Eury came,
To blast the treasured bud. The storm-cloud looms
The crimson of a morn like this, alas!
Was changed to blackest darkness. Then there came
A voice from out the deep recesses rent
Of tortured bosom, telling of the wreck
That storm-clouds left behind. That phantom
That erewhile skimm'd the waveless, azure sea,
Bearing the hopes, the fears, the destinies
Of two immortal souls, now swept the main,
The billowy, trackless, foaming main, the sport
Of mocking demons and a wreck of woe!
The bosom that till then with gentle throbs
Responsive heaving to my own, now surged
With troublous billows like a pent-up sea.
Wild fancies and strange whims usurped the throne
Of Reason. Oft this grot resounded loud
And wild with imprecations—doleful sounds,
As crept the sinews round these worthless bones!
That sound e'en yet returns, but never *she*!
Ah, me!"*

He shook. A tremulous lip, and teeth
That chatter'd as he gazed with hollow stare,
Bespoke how Memory now was dragging forth
From out her deepest, wildest caves amid
The waste and solitude of years, the dread
And undisguised reality. The spell
Had come. He waved his hand! Ah! now I know
*There's something in a waving hand that speaks
But to the heart when sighs the tongue confound.
He, too, a maniac!*

ROUND JACKET FOR A LADY.

BY ESTHER COPLEY.



MATERIALS.—For this beautiful, knitted jacket, pins No. 6 are required, and Berlin wool worked double. Seven ounces of wool for the jacket; from four to five ounces for the border; either shades for chinchilla or sable, or white, black and yellow ermine.

ABBREVIATIONS.—The meaning of the abbreviations in this, and subsequent articles on knitting are as follows:—

K. Knit. K with a figure, knit so many stitches; as, K3, knit three stitches.

P. Purl. P with a figure, purl so many stitches; as, P3, purl three stitches.

S. Slip a stitch.

O. Make an open stitch by bringing the wool forward.

T. Take in, or reduce.

T. B. Take in from the back.

TP. Purl two stitches as one.

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R. A row.

||: || Repeat. On reaching the second of these marks all that was done between them is to be repeated.

||: ||2 (or any other figure.) Repeat twice, (or as many times as the figure indicates.)

||: ||—Repeat to the end of the row, or round.

D. Decrease, without bringing the wool in front, plain knit four stitches, that is, the loops that would have formed two brioche stitches, taking as one the stitch and the loop that crosses it. On returning to that part, bring the wool in front as usual, slip two of the four stitches, (instead of one) knit the other two as one. In the next row the two slipped stitches are to be knitted as one with the loop that crosses them.

TO MAKE THE ERMINE.—Thread a darning-needle with black Berlin wool, bring the ends together, fasten it on double, and in a sort of

embroidery work on the white for knitting. Six stitches will be sufficient. They should be rather more than an inch long, but not exactly the same length toward the tip. Having fastened the wool securely on the wrong side of the work, draw it through to the right side. Set in the needle rather more than an inch forward, turning the point backward; so bring out the wool a little nearer to the spot where it was first brought through. The second stitch set in close to where the first was begun from, and bring out the needle almost as close as possible, but toward the tip of the tail. In this way work the whole six stitches, making them lie close and straight; these in straw color. Fasten off securely. Then work five stitches in black wool, (double) making them fall in neatly with the straw color. The black stitches commence just within the tops of the yellow ones, and extend about a quarter of an inch beyond them, or rather the centre stitch does so. The two on each side go a little and a little shorter, so as to form a point. A little practice is required to get quite into the knack of shaping them nicely, but this is soon acquired, and then they are easily and quickly done, and are very durable.

To KNIT THE JACKET.—Cast on seventy-six. 1st row O S K throughout. 2nd and all subsequent rows O S T.

At the end of 4th and 5th rows, cast on four additional loops, (two brioche stitches) which bring into working brioche (as in 1st and 2nd rows.) In the same manner increase at the end of 8th and 9th, 12th and 13th, 16th and 17th, 20th and 21st, 24th and 25th, 28th and 29th, 32nd and 33rd.

At the end of 36th and 37th rows, cast on two additional loops; (one brioche stitch) repeat this increase at the end of 40th and 41st, 44th and 45th, 48th and 49th, 52nd and 53rd, 56th and 57th. Then seven rows without increase. The number of brioche stitches now is seventy-eight.

In the next seven rows decrease for the waist, thus:—

1st decreasing row work nineteen, D, work three, D, work three, D, work sixteen D, work three, D, work three, D, work nineteen.

2nd, work nineteen, D, work two, D, work two, D, work fourteen, D, work two, D, work two, D, work nineteen.

3rd and 4th rows without decreasing.

5th decreasing row, work eighteen, D, work one, D, work one, D, work fourteen, D, work one, D, work one, D, work eighteen.

6th, work nineteen, D, work one, D, work twelve, D, work one, D, work nineteen.

7th, work twelve, D, work one, D, work one,

D, work sixteen, D, work one, D, work one, D, work twelve. Work fifty-one rows, making in all fifty-eight in the waist.

59th (waist) row, work thirteen brioche stitches. Cast off six.* Eighteen (brioche.) Cast off six. Work thirteen (brioche.)

On these thirteen brioche stitches work sixty rows for one front.

On the eighteen brioche stitches in the centre, work forty-eight rows for back.

On the remaining thirteen, work sixty rows for second front.

61st, (body row) having worked along the front last done, carry on the row along the back and then along the other front in the progress of this row, neatly and securely disposing of the ends of wool. Work three more rows the entire length of the top; then decrease for shoulders thus:—

65th row, work eleven, DD, work fourteen. DD, work eleven. Three regular rows.

69th, work ten, DD, work twelve, DD, work ten. Three regular rows.

73rd, work nine, DD, work ten, DD, work nine. Three regular rows.

77th, work eight, DD, work eight, DD, work eight. Three regular rows.

81st, work six, D, work ten, D, work six. Three regular rows.

85th, D, work three, D, work ten, D, work three, D. Three regular rows.

Knit three plain rows and cast off.

For border, work a piece long enough to go round the jacket, sewing it easy round the increasing parts, so as to lie flat. Ten stitches will be a sufficient width; that is, five brioche stitches. To carry on the hollowing in front, begin and end the border thus:—

Cast on four; (two brioche stitches) at the end of the 2nd row cast on four more, and at the end of the 6th row two more. At the end cast off two (one brioche stitch.) Finish the row and return. Cast off four. Finish the row and return. Cast off the remainder. Be careful to reverse the slope of the end to that of the beginning; also be careful to make the shading correspond.

For sleeve, cast on four. At the end of every fourth row cast on four additional stitches. At the end of the 44th row cast on eight additional stitches. At the end of the 46th row cast on eight more; making in the whole thirty brioche stitches. On these work eighty-six or ninety rows, till the hand part is of a suitable size. Cast off eight (four brioche stitches.) Finish

* Six loops, three brioche stitches; taking as one the stitch and the loop that is after it.

the row and return. Cast off eight more. After this, cast off four at the commencement of every second row, until all are cast off.

CUFF.—According to the number of shades employed, allow eleven or thirteen skeins for each cuff. One of the darkest shade for centre, and one each of the remaining five or six on each side of the former. With lightest shade cast on thirty-two. Knit one row plain; one row O S K; then O S T, till only enough wool remains to cast off. For this purpose the wool had better be used single.

COLLAR.—For the collar allow just double the quantity of a cuff; thus, centre two skeins of darkest, and on each side of it two skeins of each shade in succession. With lightest wool

cast on sixty-four. Plain knit one row. One row O S K; then O S T.

In the 7th and 8th brioche rows, stop two (brioche) stitches short of the end, and return.

9th and 10th, leave one more brioche stitch and return. After this, in every row leave two more brioche stitches, until only ten are worked in the middle. Then knit to one end, and back again to the other end. Next row work fourteen DD, work fourteen. After this work regular brioche, till only wool enough remains to cast off (using the wool single.)

Make up by sewing, and finish with a cord and tassels at the waist; and at the neck either a small cord and tassels or ribbon strings.

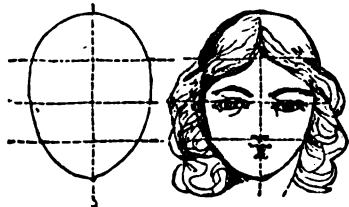
ART IN SPORT.—NO. III.

BY H. J. VERNON.

The days are bright enough just now—and long; but don't let us forget that the long evenings will soon be upon us, when home sports will have to be looked up.

34

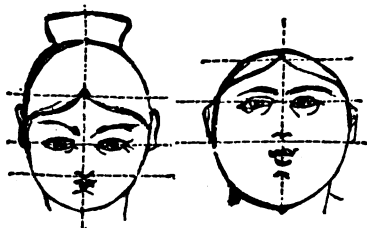
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By the present paper we intend to let you into a great secret, the secret, namely, of Comic Drawing—a method, in fact, which is at the bottom of all humorous, or caricature sketching. Don't let any one be alarmed, and suppose that it is intended to set you quizzing and caricaturing your friends. Far from it.

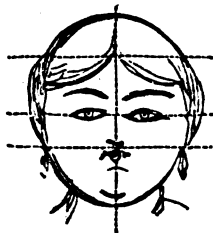
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now the basis for a face. Let the central line (across) mark the position of the eyes, the line above that the top of the forehead, the one below the bottom of the nose. By Fig. 35 you will see this worked out, and have what is considered a well-proportioned face.

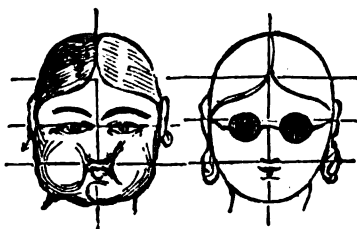
38



Now oddity of feature or expression is simply the result of a deviation from this regularity; and if, as you will perceive by the other Figs., 36, 37 and 38, these lines are placed higher or

39

40



Draw the oval, Fig. 34. Divide it by transverse lines into about equal portions. You have

lower, or out of their, strictly speaking, proper places, you have, as a result, oddity, or comi-

cality, which is founded upon irregularity or incongruity in things.

In the next two figures, this end is attained by placing a pair of dark spectacles upon a regularly-featured face, as Fig. 40, or adding a little flesh to the lower portion of that at Fig. 39.

But not to forget the "Art" in the "Sport," let me add, that by sketching the plain oval, and remarking whereabouts the lines of their features would cut it, you may, without difficulty, attempt likenesses of your friends and companions.

Now fill your slates or sketch-books with

ovals, and try the effect of which the above are but indications. Your imaginations will furnish an endless variety of subjects. The omission of one eye, or its being covered by a shade, or closed while the other stares; the nose slightly on one side, the mouth a little wider than usual—these are all sources of the humorous, which, however, is far from being heightened by *ugliness*. Indeed, it should be borne in mind, that great distortion or hideousness, so far from contributing to humor, destroys it by raising painful images in the mind. True humor is closely allied to kindness.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING MOSS-BUDS.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

MATERIALS.—Delicate shade of pink tissue paper, moss, cups, cotton, wire and green tissue paper.

Cut three sizes of petals as directed for making a Rose: cut them rather more pointed than for a Rose: make a bulb of cotton sufficiently large for the smallest sized petals to cover: gum the first set over the cotton, then fold down the remaining petals: curl the last row and gum them before opening, which should be done carefully with the end of the plyers, or any fine pointed instrument: wet the moss with water, let it dry, then fasten it on to the calyx of the bud with gum, finish with a green cup: wrap the stem with green tissue paper, or green crape cut bias, which will look more natural.

* **MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 82 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

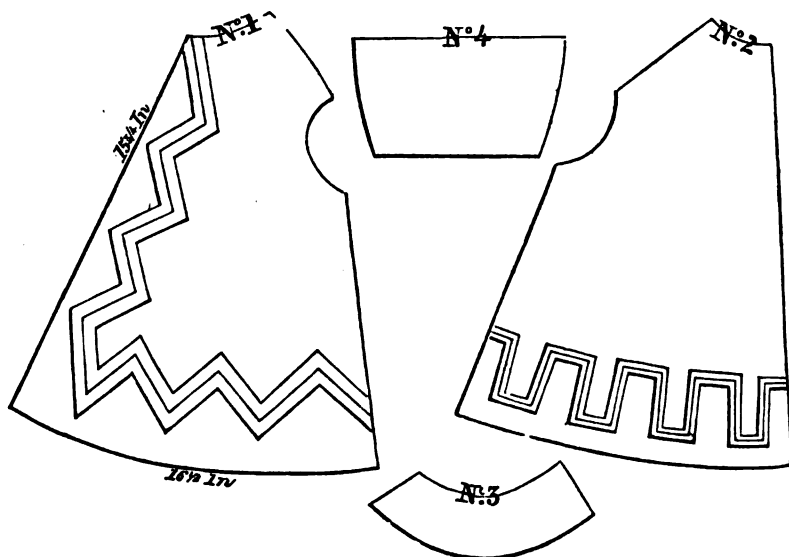


LITTLE BOY'S OVER-COAT.

OVER-COAT for a little boy of five or six, called the *Lord Seymour* over-coat.

This little garment, to be made either of white quilting or cloth, should be ornamented with several rows of braid representing either fret-

work or vandykes; each of the two parts composing this over-coat is represented with a different ornament, in order to give an idea of the two styles above mentioned, but of course *one* or other of them must be used on both parts



when the garment is made. On the collar, and at the end of the sleeve, there is a similar ornament but smaller.

No. 1. Front.

No. 2. Back.

No. 3. Collar.

No. 4. Sleeve.

DESIGN FOR A MUSIC-STOOL COVER IN NETTING.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—Crochet cotton, No. 4, flat bone mesh, needle, wide. For pattern see front of number.

As our readers are already aware, an octagon is the nearest approach to a perfect round that can be made in netting without cutting. An octagon can be made of any dimensions, according to the following scale:—If you begin with 25 stitches, do 50 rows, (that is, doubling in rows the number of stitches) increasing at the end of every row; then the same number of rows

without increase or decrease; and again, the same number decreasing, by doing two together at the end of every row, which terminates it. It is then to be washed, starched, and put in a frame to be darned; after which, work three rounds of plain netting all around it, and finish with a deep fringe, to be knotted in.

Done with finer cotton and mesh, this would make a pretty cake doyley, or top for a pin-cushion. No. 16 or 20 Boar's-head cotton and a steel mesh should be used.

DESIGN FOR A COLLAR AND SLEEVE.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

We give this month a variety in this style of work, in a new pattern for a collar. It is executed in muslin laid over net. India muslin is the most desirable, and fine Brussels net best adapted for the purpose. If English net be used, it must first be damped and dried to pre-

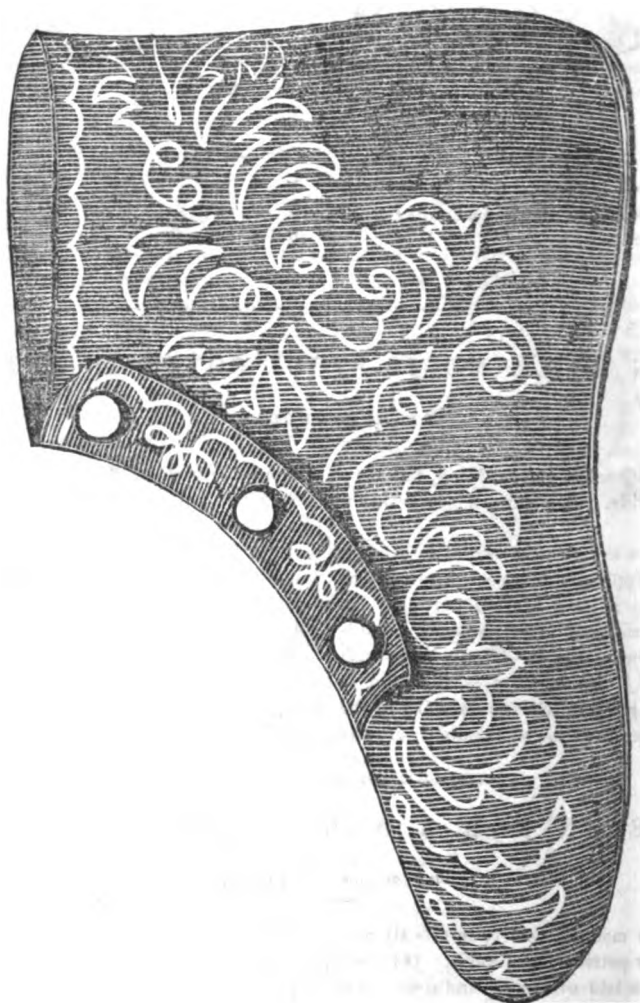
vent it from contracting. If this precaution be neglected, the disappointment of finding the work utterly spoiled is sure to follow, the net drawing in the muslin the first time the work is in the hands of the laundress. These two materials must be the same way of the web, and carefully

tacked together. The plan which is by far the best in working a collar, is to have a long square of muslin the size required by the pattern, as when the shape is cut out, it is sure to drag at the neck. The muslin and net, being thus stretched over the pattern, must be well tacked down upon it; not only round the edges, but in all the plain parts left by the design. The work being thus prepared, the outline must be traced

in tolerably coarse cotton, and sewn over with a finer size, after which the parts of the muslin intersecting the pattern, which are superfluous, must be carefully cut out, leaving the design upon the net. The portions marked by dots are to be worked in any fancy lace stitch, and a part sewn round the edge to give a finish to the whole. For pattern see front of number.

INFANT'S BOOT.

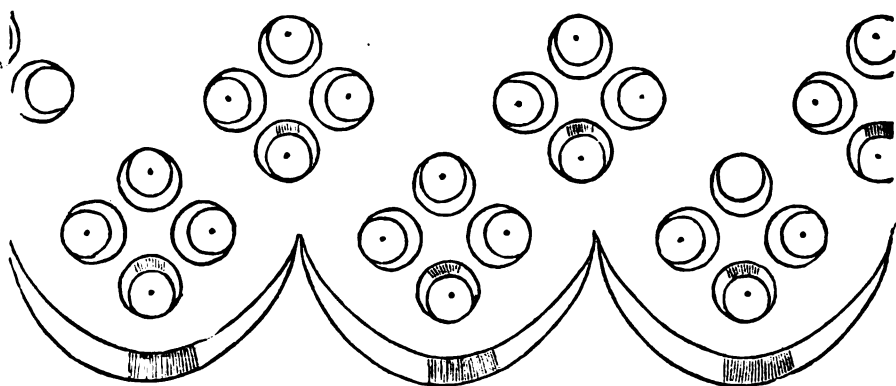
BY M^{LL}E. DEFOUR.



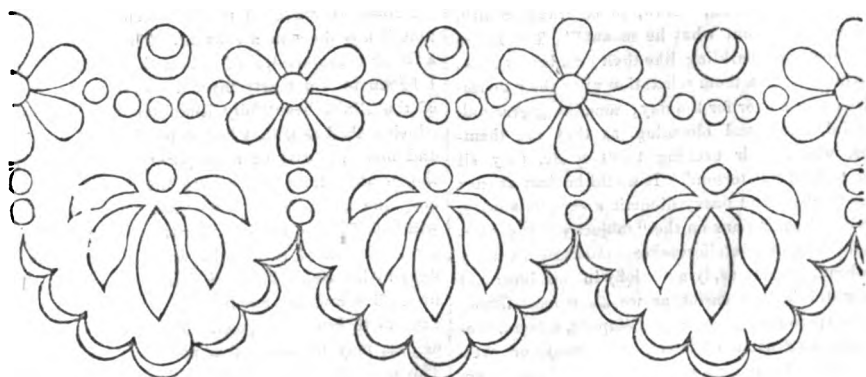
BLACK buck-skin, with the braiding pattern cut out, and scarlet cloth placed under: or black velvet, or cloth, with the braid run on in the

usual way. The former, though the most durable, is exceedingly difficult, especially with this pattern.

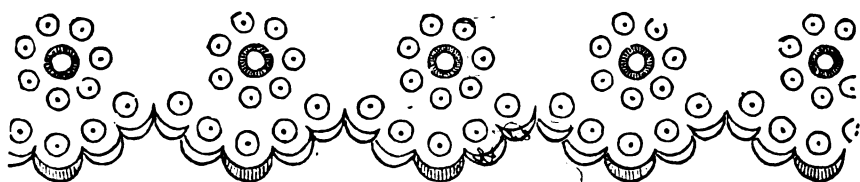
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



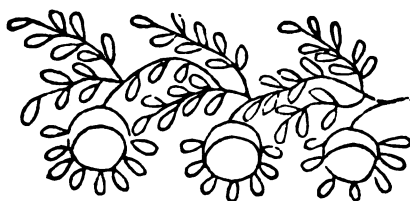
TRIMMING FOR PETTICOAT.



TRIMMING FOR CHILD'S DRAWERS.



TRIMMING FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH ENGAGED TO CONTRIBUTE.—

Among the new attractions, prepared for next year, will be an original *nouvelette*, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "India," "Curse of Clifton," &c. In her and our coadjutor, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, we have, beyond all dispute, the two best female writers of America. What other periodical can show such contributors? It seems to be a notion, with some publishers, that a lady's Magazine needs nothing but trashy stories, by third-rate authors. We would not insult the sex by such an opinion. We try to enlist the best talent in the country, regardless of price, so as to have our literature as good, of its kind, as is possible. We don't pretend to publish abstruse treatises, or ape the character of a Review. People go to sleep over such affairs, or say, as Wordsworth did of Coleridge's talking, "Now, to be frank, Smith, could you make out what he meant?" The ladies wish something sparkling, like their own bright eyes; something to give them relaxation after their household cares are over for the day; something graceful, beautiful, fresh and blooming, as they are themselves, when, their evening toilet made, they sit down to read "Peterson." It would be just as easy for us to give them heavy didactic essays on morals, or owlish disquisitions on the "subjective" and "objective:" our own intellectual capacities, says a saucy little beauty beside us, lying chiefly in that line: and if they didn't, it is easier, as we know from fifteen years' experience, to buy your pompous, solemn, pretentious, long-winded articles than racy, or even pithy ones. By paying liberally, and judging every article on its own merits, we have got together a list of contributors which has no rival. Alice Cary, with her pastoral stories; the author of Susy L——'s Diary, so earnest and spiritually minded; the sprightly E. W. Dewees; A. L. Otis; Virginia F. Townsend; Hetty Holyoke; Ellen Ashton; Caroline L. Fairfield; Bessie Beechwood; and a score of others—what Magazine can exhibit such an array! Our coadjutor, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, of whom it does not become us here to say more, stands confessedly at the head of American female novelists, living or dead. To this galaxy of talent, led off by such "a bright, particular star," we now add Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the only writer to be named with her, and whose novels have no equals for intense power, thrilling incident, or graphic descriptions of Virginia and Maryland life. She will begin, in our January number for 1857, a *nouvelette*, which she considers the best she has yet written. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Mrs. Southworth! Never before did any Magazine offer such a combination. We

count on fifty thousand additional subscribers, in consequence, for 1857. Shall we be disappointed?

CAMBRIDGE LIBRARY. COPLEY'S PORTRAITS.—"Carry Stanley," whose graceful stories have been absent from our columns too long, has been re-appearing, we suspect, among the mountains of England. She sends us a letter (the first for months descriptive of Cambridge Library, which she visited during a flying trip to Boston. We cannot resist quoting bits of it. "The librarian," she says, "showed us some very old Latin manuscripts, done in black letters and illuminated. One of our party said the man who did all that (it was an immensely thick volume) had a great deal of patience; but I immediately assured her that no one but a woman ever could have done anything so laborious, at the same time so exquisitely beautiful and truthful, whereat the librarian smiled a pleased assent and confessed that it was done in a convent. Then he showed us a Greek manuscript, said to be a thousand years old. I began to feel musty myself. Then a Latin MS. of the Bible, beautifully illuminated with pictures which looked as if they had stepped out of Froissart and must at least be cotemporary with him. But the greatest treat to me were the pictures, particularly the Copley's. I am afraid modern portraits will look flat and wooden after them. One of Nicholas Boyleston (I suspect he was a Lovelace in his day) in his richly flounced dressing-gown and top hat, his ruffles, and his comfortable attitude, one almost expects to hear him speak. The same, but to a less degree, may be said of a portrait of his brother Thomas. As to Madam Boyleston, wife of this Thomas, she is, if possible, more wonderful still. I know the feel of her hand, and of a kiss on her sunken cheek; they are so like my own grandma's were. Not that features or expression are alike, but so wonderful is their naturalness. And then one listens for the rustle of the voluminous folds of the rich fawn-colored satin dress, as she rises from the gorgeous damask chair. Such portraits!"

RHETORIC OF A BATH-TENDER.—Newport, Rhode Island, the fashionable sea-side watering-place, is celebrated for what its patrons call "dash." Even the bath-tenders catch the infection, as witness the following concluding words of a card, from one who advertises vapor-baths. "My aim is to teach all how to engineer their own systems agreeably to the instinctive laws of each, and never to allow the capacities and wants of one to be the absolute measure of another. These principles, maintained in all their bearings, will never fail to bring out all there is of healthy music in the harp of a thousand strings."

Dangers to the World.
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The Hills of the Shatemuc. By the author of "The Wide, Wide World." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We are gratified to hear that this new fiction is having an extensive sale. It certainly has far higher merit than many novels which are more extolled by the critics; and it does not contain a line, (which is saying much) that its author dying "would wish to blot." It is, we think, an improvement on either "The Wide, Wide World," or "Queechy." The pictures of rural life are not less accurate, while those of the city are altogether more correct; and though there is romance enough to gratify one's longing for the ideal, the romance never becomes absurdity. The characters are more natural than in the earlier works of Miss Warren, and generally better discriminated. Elizabeth, the heroine, is really an original conception; so, also, is Winthrop, at least in a great degree; and Will, Mrs. Landholm, and even Rose, are sharply and effectively drawn. We fancy we can trace the influence of "Jane Eyre" (or shall we say of a truer observation of real manhood?) in the strong, self-reliant character of the hero, so different from the lack-a-daisical Lord Mortimers of a former school. The unaffected piety, which is incarnated in the "good mother" of the story, does honor to Miss Warren's principles, not less than to her heart. On this account alone, if on no other, we should heartily recommend the book. Price, in cloth, \$1.25

English Traits. By R. W. Emerson. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a book to read more than once. It is the result of two different visits to England, made years apart, and of the well-considered conclusions, to which they led the author. Mr. Emerson discusses, in a terse, condensed style, the land, race, manners, ability, wealth, aristocracy, universities, literature, religion, and newspapers of England. Occasionally the defects, inevitable to a scholar, when he comes to discuss practical men and things, peep out; but they are more than made up by the depth and significance of the thoughts crowded into every chapter. Now and then the style becomes obscure, from an excessive desire for brevity; but this is a fault, after all, more pardonable than diffuseness. No man can read the book without being set to thinking, which we consider the very best proof of its superior merit. We can recall no work, which analyzes England and the English so thoroughly; and it does it, moreover, in a candid, even generous spirit, the very opposite of that which characterized Basil Hall, Trollope, Dickens, *et id omne genus*, when writing about this country. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

Memoirs of Celebrated Characters. By A. De Lamartine. Vol. III., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The first two volumes of this work appeared some time ago. Tell, Milton, Antar, Bossuet, and Madame de Sevigne, are the celebrities discussed. It is good, but French. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

Signs of the Times. Letters on the Dangers to Religious Liberty in the Present State of the World. By C. C. J. Bunsen. Translated from the German by Susanna Winkworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Chevalier Bunsen, the author of this work, combines the scholar, the statesman and the Christian, in a degree rare in any age, but especially in this. The present volume originated in a series of letters, which he wrote, on returning to Germany from England, after an absence in the latter place, for many years, as ambassador from Prussia. It exposes, with great boldness, the absolutist tendencies of the age in Europe; calls on all friends of liberty to rally for the "good, old cause;" and points out the way in which reaction may be checked and progress be again inaugurated. In future generations, these letters will be either a warning, or a prophecy, as Germans and Germany may decree. We believe so entirely in the advance of mankind, we hold so earnestly to the final regeneration of all nations, that we cannot but think that this trumpet-call will be responded to by Bunsen's countrymen. As a more dissection of cotemporary Germany, the book is of great value also. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

Religion in America. By Robert Baird. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The present work, as the title-page lucidly sets forth, is an account of the origin, relation to the state, and existing condition of the evangelical churches in the United States; with notices of the unevangelical churches. The author is popularly known, at least in our principal cities, for his lectures on the peoples and governments of Europe; for he spent several years abroad, and had superior means for obtaining information, especially respecting religious matters. The volume before us has grown out of a little work, originally written for the European public and published in Paris in 1837. A writer, who has seen and studied the religious development in the Old World as in the New, is peculiarly capable of executing a task like the present: and no one who purchases this work, relying on its title, will be disappointed. It brings the subject down to 1856, and is thorough, and, as far as we can see, impartial. Price, in cloth, \$2.00

Knights and their Days. By Dr. Doran. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Redfield.—Whatever this author writes, is well and readily done. His present subject is a peculiarly felicitous one, and the volume on that account, though not on that alone, exceeds in interest his former ones. Knighthood, from its birth to its decay, and in its humorous as well as chivalric aspects, was never better treated than in this agreeable book. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

The Banished Son. By Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Another volume from this popular writer, similar, in type, paper and binding, to those which have preceded it, belonging to the revised edition of Mrs. Hentz's novels. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Modern Greece. A Narrative of a Residence and Travels in that Country; with Observations on its Antiquities, Literature, Language and Religion. By Henry M. Baird. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—After perusing this volume, and looking at its sixty engravings, we have risen with a better knowledge of modern Greece, in all essential points, than many a traveller, who, because he has stopped a fortnight at Athens, thinks he understands the country perfectly. Mr. Baird resided for about a year in Greece, visiting every celebrated locality, mixing freely with the people, and studying closely the antiquities, literature, language and religion. An excellent map accompanies the volume. The engravings, which embrace ruins, modern buildings, landscapes, domestic scenes, &c., add greatly to the value of the book: and they are executed with unusual delicacy. Altogether, the work is one, not merely to read, but to preserve in the library. Price, in cloth, \$1,25.

The Old Regime and the Revolution. By A. De Tocqueville. Translated by John Bonner. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A work of high merit. Indeed, the author of "Democracy in America" could not write indifferently, no matter what his subject; but in "The Old Regime" he has a theme even better suited for his philosophic mind than were our republican institutions and character. De Tocqueville shows that the centralization, which compels France to be a despotism, is no new thing; and that the Reign of Terror, the failure of republicanism, and most of her political ills, originated in the old regime. The work is one of the ablest productions, in its line, which has appeared for a long time. To the historical student it is invaluable. Price, in cloth, \$1,00.

Ecelyn Marston. By the author of "Emilia Wyndham." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new novel by Mrs. Marsh is always welcome. To much intellectual power, she unites morality and religion, so that her fictions are not only deeply interesting, but instructive in the highest sense. She is the very antipodes of those French novelists, who have been aptly called, by a late writer, high-priests of disorder. The volume is printed in cheap style, double column, paper covers. Price, fifty cents.

The Conquest of Kansas. By William Phillips. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—A republication of the New York Tribune's "Kansas Correspondence." Price, in cloth, \$1,25.

Money for the Million. 1 vol., 18 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A little volume on money-getting, cheap at the shilling which is asked for it.

THE TOILET.

THE MOUTH.—The mouth is, of all the features of the face, the one which exacts the most strict and minute attention; full and richly colored lips, white

and regular teeth, healthy gums, and a pure breath are indispensable attributes of its beauty.

The beauty of the lips depend upon their form and color, and on the delicacy and freshness of their texture: lips that are too thin or too thick are equally unpleasing; but both can be partially remedied by skillful and judicious treatment. When the lips are too thin their volume may be augmented by frequent suction, by bathing them with warm, stimulating lotions, and by gently and cautiously drawing them outward. By these means they will gradually assume roundness and fullness in the same way that muscles acquire size by exercise and local stimulants. It is more difficult to repress an unnatural excess of flesh in the lips; still some improvement may be effected by the measures we shall suggest. First, the patient, if we may be allowed so to term the possessor of lips disproportionately thick and large, should endeavor to acquire the habit of contracting the lips; secondly, astringent lotions should be frequently employed to assist in contracting the skin, while from time to time some simple pomade should be applied to preserve its soft elasticity.

The color of the lips depends almost entirely upon the condition of the bodily health. Pale lips are an unfailing symptom of general debility or latent disease. The thin texture of the skin which comes from them renders them peculiarly susceptible to the effects of a cold temperature; cracks and excoriation often occur from this cause; but we believe that inward heat of the system, independent of all external influences, is the most frequent occasion of this defect, and a course of refrigerent medicines, combined with a light diet, is the only rational way of remedying the evil. The following is a receipt for an emollient salve, which will be extremely beneficial:—Melt together one ounce of white wax, with the same quantity of clarified veal suet, and a quarter of an ounce of spermaceti; add to this four fluid ounces of olive oil, and stir the whole gently till cold; then add a few drops of the attar of roses. Another may be prepared thus:—Melt two ounces of white wax with six of oil of almonds; while warm, stir in a teacupful of rose water. There are other salves of a less simple kind, but we do not like to recommend them without a knowledge of the state of the lips to which they might be applied. A cayenne lozenge gradually dissolved in the mouth, deepens temporarily the crimson of the lips.

A clever physiologist has said that an habitual gentleness and benevolence of disposition conduces to the warm coloring and plump fullness of the lips; and that, on the contrary, envy and malice wrinkle and discolor them. Certain it is that anger makes them pale, and late hours and intemperance wither and injure them. A mouth cannot be attractive if the teeth are unclean, covered with tartar, or carious; the art of the dentist has risen to so high a degree of perfection, and professors of dental surgery are so numerous, that we shall limit our advice to a few general observations regarding the daily attentions

which the teeth require. Many possess good teeth, but few take sufficient care to preserve them. The teeth of children are deplorably neglected; it is not until adolescence is nearly at hand, that personal vanity comes to their aid, and toothbrushes and dentifrices are anxiously used. But it is then too late in many instances, and we are consequently every day seeing young people with their teeth in a state of premature decay, while, if proper care had been taken from early childhood, they might have preserved them sound and perfect to an advanced age. The teeth should be well brushed night and morning with a moderately hard brush, which should also act upon the gums, as this will keep up a brisk circulation in them and render them firm and healthy; the mouth should, after every meal, be carefully rinsed out. It is prudent to avoid drinking liquids either too hot or too cold, nor should cold water be taken immediately after hot soup; after taking acids the mouth should be well washed and brushed, for acids destroy the enamel; and for this reason it is advisable to avoid all dentifrices, the composition of which is unknown, as acids, which whiten, while they ultimately injure the teeth, form the principal ingredient.

The tartar which accumulates round the teeth, is considered to be a residuum of the saliva; it is a great enemy to the teeth and gums, and is deposited more quickly and largely in some constitutions than in others. When it resists the efforts of the brush, it should be removed by a skilful dentist. If the incrustation be not very hard, it may be removed by the following simple operation:—Have a small cedar tick pointed at one end, twist round the point a piece of fine rag, dip this into the concentrated solution of chloride of soda, and rub the parts where the tartar exists; frequently during the operation wash out the mouth with tepid water.

The mouth, if not the most expressive feature of the face, is certainly the one which is the most frequently called into active movement, and, therefore, even where beauty of form exists, careful training is needed to enable it to perform pleasingly its manifold duties. An elegant manner of utterance renders words, insignificant in themselves, agreeable and persuasive. In the act of eating, skilful, neat management of the mouth is very important to personal appearance. The laugh is always a severe test of this feature; when low and musical it is charming to the ear, but the eye demands that it should not be so often repeated and never long sustained. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character; some announce goodness, kindness, and sweetness; others stray sarcasm, bitterness, and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness; others brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vacuity. Gazing and posing before a mirror cannot aid in the acquiring of beautiful smiles half so well as turning the gaze inward, to watch that the heart

keeps unsullied from the reflection of vicious thoughts and sentiments, and retains no impressions that are not noble, lovely, and true.

PARLOR GAMES.

THE TEN BIRDS.—The company sit in a circle, and the leader of the game says, "A good fat hen," then each in their turn repeat the words. The leader says, "Two ducks and a good fat hen," which is also repeated by each member of the company separately; then "Three squeaking wild geese, two ducks and a good fat hen;" then "Four plump partridges, three squeaking wild geese, two ducks and a good fat hen;" then "Five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squeaking wild geese, two ducks and a good fat hen;" then "Six long-legged crows, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squeaking wild geese, two ducks and a good fat hen;" then "Seven green parrots, six long-legged crows, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squeaking wild geese, two ducks and a good fat hen;" then "Eight screeching owls, seven green parrots, six long-legged crows, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squeaking wild geese, two ducks and a good fat hen;" then "Nine ugly buzzards, eight screeching owls, seven green parrots, six long-legged crows, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squeaking wild geese, two ducks and a good fat hen;" then "Ten bald eagles, nine ugly buzzards, eight screeching owls, seven green parrots, six long-legged crows, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squeaking wild geese, two ducks and a good fat hen."

The player must repeat all this separately after the leader, and if any omissions or mistakes are made, a forfeit must be paid.

HUNTING THE RING.—All the company are seated in a circle, each one holding a ribbon, which passes all round. A large brass or other ring is slipped along the ribbon; and while all hands are in motion, the hunter in the centre must try and find out where it is. The person with whom it is caught becomes the hunter.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Potato Souffle.—Take any number of large potatoes, the less eyes and the firmer the skin the better. Clean them thoroughly, and then bake them; after which cut a round piece, not quite so large as a half-crown, out of each potato, and remove as much of the inside as can be obtained without damage to the skin. Mash the potatoes with cream, adding a little butter—sprinkle over a little salt, and put to it half a pint of good milk; give it all a boil; take the white of three eggs, whip them until they froth, add them to the potatoes while they boil, and then make the potatoes into a paste; return them through the orifice in the skin of the potato until each skin is full; bake them, and serve.

Mode of Cooking Veal Cutlets.—The cutlets should be cut as handsomely as possible, and about three-quarters of an inch in thickness; before cooking, they should be well beaten with the blade of a chopper, if a proper beater be not at hand; then fry them a light brown, and send them up to table garnished with parsley, and rolls of thin sliced, nicely fried bacon; they are with advantage coated, previous to cooking, with the yolk of an egg, and dredged with bread crumbs.

Another Way.—Procure your cutlets cut as in last receipt, coat them with the yolk of eggs well beaten, powdered bread crumbs, sweet herbs, grated lemon peel, and nutmeg; put some fresh butter in the pan, and when boiling, put in your cutlets; now make some good gravy; when the cutlets are cooked, take them out, and keep them before the fire to keep hot, dredge into a pan a little flour, put in a piece of butter, a little white stock, juice of lemon to taste, season with pepper and salt, adding mushroom ketchup, boil quickly until a light brown, then pour it over the cutlets, and serve, the cutlets being laid in a circle round the dish, and the gravy in the centre.

Potato Rissoles.—Boil the potatoes floury; mash them, seasoning with salt and a little cayenne; mince parsley very fine, and work up with the potatoes, adding eschalot also chopped small; bind with yolk of egg, roll into balls, and fry with fresh butter over a clear fire. Meat shred finely, bacon, or ham, may be added.

Orange Biscuits.—Take the grated rind of an orange, six fresh eggs, a quarter of a pound of flour, and three-quarters of a pound of powdered lump sugar; put these into a mortar, beat them to a paste; put the paste into cases, and bake it in the same way as biscuits.

Broiled Potatoes.—Rather more than parboil the potatoes; pare off the skin, flour them and lay them upon a gridiron over a clear fire; send them to table with cold, fresh butter.

Potato Ragout.—Mash floury potatoes, make them into balls with yolks of egg, flour, and fry them; drain off all grease, cover them with brown sauce: serve.

Potatoes Glazed.—Boil well; skin them; choose the most floury, roll them in yolk of egg, and place them before the fire to brown.

Mustard mixed smooth with new milk, and a little cream added, will keep; it is very soft, and by no means bitter.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Unfacing Ink.—Shell Lac, 2 oz.; Borax, 1 oz.; distilled or rain water, 18 oz. Boil the whole in a closely-covered tin vessel, stirring it occasionally with a glass rod or a small stick, until the mixture has become homogeneous; filter, when cold, through a single sheet of blotting-paper; mix the filtered

solution, which will be about nineteen fluid ounces with one ounce of mucilage or gum arabic, prepared by dissolving 1 oz. of gum in 2 oz. of water, and add pulverized indigo and lamp-black *ad libitum*. Boil the whole again in a covered vessel, and stir the first well to effect the complete solution and admixture of the gum arabic; stir it occasionally while it is cooling; and after it has remained undisturbed for two or three hours, that the excess of indigo and lamp-black may subside, bottle it for use. The above ink, for documentary purposes, is invaluable, being, under all ordinary circumstances, indestructible; it is also particularly well adapted for the laboratory. Five drops of kreosote added to a pint of ordinary ink will effectually prevent its becoming mouldy.

Cream of Roses.—Take one pound of oil of sweet almonds, one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of white wax, and one pint of essence of neroli. Put the oil, wax, and spermaceti into a well glazed pipkin, and place the pipkin over a clear fire. When the wax and spermaceti are completely melted, pour in rose water by degrees, and keep stirring and beating the mixture until it becomes of the consistency of pomatum; then add the essence of neroli and the process is completed. Put it into pots and cover the pots with leather.

Ginger Beer.—Take one ounce and a half of bruised ginger, the peel of one lemon, and one pound of lump sugar. Put these ingredients into an earthen vessel, and pour upon them a gallon of boiling water. When luke warm, add a good tablespoonful of yeast, stir the whole well together, and let it stand from sixteen to eighteen hours, or until a circle of scum rises to the top. Then skim it, bottle it, and keep it for three days, when it will be fit for use. Secure the corks with twine or wire.

Oregeat.—Boil a quart of new milk with a stick of cinnamon, sweeten it according to taste, and let it grow cold. Then blanch and beat to a paste three ounces of sweet almonds and twenty bitter almonds adding a little cold water occasionally, to prevent their boiling. Stir the milk up by degrees with the almonds. Boil all together, stir it till cold, and add half a glass of brandy.

Black Currant Ice Cream.—Take one large spoonful of black currant jelly: add to it the juice of a lemon and a pint of cream. Pass the whole through a sieve, and freeze it with ice.

Camphorated Vinegar.—Reduce half an ounce of camphor to a very fine powder, mix it with a little rectified spirit, and dissolve it in six ounces of acetic acid.

To Remove Wine Stains from a Table-Cloth.—Hold the stained part in milk that is boiling on the fire. The stains will soon disappear.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER

FIG. 1.—CARRIAGE DRESS of rich brocade silk in green and gold. The skirt is long, full, and plain.

The corsage is made with a basque; a berthe droops slightly on the back, and descends to the waist in front, forming a lappel. The sleeves are of one deep, soft puff, with a deep frill. The edge of the basque, berthe and sleeves are trimmed with a narrow fringe. Bonnet of flame-colored velvet, trimmed with white lace and bunches of black grapes. Face trimming of white illusion, made very full, and black grapes.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS of brocaded satin, in dark-green colors. This skirt is also long and full. The corsage high and close, having braces of black guipure lace. The sleeves are of the pagoda shape, short, and edged with three frills of black guipure lace. Bonnet of brown velvet, trimmed with a bird of Paradise feather. Very full illusion cap, and wide satin strings. Muff of Russia sable. This is one of the most exquisite toilets of the season.

FIG. III.—BONNET composed of bands of dove-colored terry velvet, ribbon, and white lace.

FIG. IV.—CAP of white lace, black velvet, and cherry-colored ribbon.

FIG. V.—CANEZOU to be worn with a low or half-high corsage. It is composed of worked muslin. The design consists of rows of work which descend from the shoulders to the point of the waist. The sleeves, or (as they may more properly be termed) the epaulets, are ornamented with a design in needlework, and edged with a row of vandyked lace. The canezou is edged all round with the same vandyked lace, and the ends in front are edged to correspond. The collar, which is ornamented with needlework, and edged with vandyked lace, is fastened in front of the throat by a bow of pink ribbon. Two bows of the same on each shoulder. At the back of the waist the canezou forms a point, which is fixed by a bow of pink ribbon, and in front there are two bows of the same, one at the point and the other higher up.

FIG. VI.—PALETOT DE VILLE, of cloth, or Prussian velvet, closed in front by two rows of buttons. This paletot promises to obtain great success for the winter. The sleeves are rather large.

FIG. VII.—THE ISCHIA, a circle of black velvet, trimmed with a deep rich fringe.

FIG. VIII.—BASQUE of white quilting, trimmed with a band of jaconet embroidered in satin-stitch and open-work. Braid ornaments with small buttons.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Although founces continue decidedly the favorite style of dress, some very rich new silks have appeared, with narrow satin stripes in gay colors or a black ground, which run around the dress. Cherry, green and violet are the prettiest colors. The cashmeres are of the gayest hues. The basque still remains fashionable. For an evening dress, when a lady does not wish to expose her neck, the bodies are made low and nearly straight across. Over them is worn those graceful Louis XIII., or Marie Antoinette fichus. Some are made of spotted tulle and trimmed with lace, others of plain muslin. Round the latter runs a simple puffing with a double head and having a ribbon in it. This is at once inexpensive and remarkable for freshness.

We may here mention that the admixture of black and white still enjoys a considerable share of fashionable favor. In articles of *lingerie*, especially, the combination of black and white lace is very general. Several white dresses have been prepared for ball costume. One of white crape has three skirts looped up by sprays of ivy leaves sprinkled with gold. A wreath of ivy leaves ornaments the hair. Another ball-dress, composed of white silk, is made with two skirts nearly covered with ruches of tulle illusion. Up each side of the dress are small bouquets, formed of sprays of coral and green heath, intermingled with the trimming of tulle illusion. The head-dress consists of a wreath of coral sprays.

SHAWLS are coming every day more in favor. For a common wrap, the short cloaks made of grey cloth, having hoods and trimmed with velvet, bands of plaid cassimere, or plush, are much used. Some of these are exceedingly elegant, and range from ten up as high as thirty dollars.

BONNETS are somewhat less elaborately trimmed than they have been. The beautiful bird of Paradise feather, which was once so much a favorite, is again coming in vogue. On bonnets of dark velvet, nothing can be more beautiful.

CALECHES, OR HOODS, composed of satin or silk, are now adopted by many ladies in Paris, as safeguards against cold on entering and quitting the theatre. These *caleches* are wadded and quilted, and are so light that on being thrown over the head, they do not in the least disarrange the head-dress. Some are entirely covered with lace, which hangs down in front and at the sides, in the manner of a veil. These are equally comfortable and beautiful for a party hood.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL, OF MARIE LOUISE BLUE SILK.—A white under-skirt, with an embroidered edge, falls just below the silk one. Cloak of light grey cloth, ornamented with bands of black velvet, and fastened with straps of the cloth, edged with the velvet. Bonnet of white silk.

FIG. II.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS, OF FAWN COLORED CASHMERE, braided around the bottom. Coat of light brown cloth, trimmed down the front and around the neck with black velvet. Cambric collar with Valenciennes edge. Cap of black velvet, ornamented with a cock's plume.

FIG. III.—OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS FOR AN INFANT.—Cloak of fine white cashmere, with a square cape, edged with a silk fringe. Bonnet also of white cashmere, with a deep cape; from the top of the bonnet depend long ends. The whole is richly embroidered.

Some pretty varieties in juvenile costume have appeared since we last adverted to children's fashions. The dresses for little girls which have just been completed, include one composed of a skirt of pink and white chequered silk, and a jacket corsage, or cane-

son, of white muslin. The skirt is trimmed with a flounce, headed by a trimming of pink ribbon edged with fringe of the same color. The basque of the muslin canesou is edged with needlework in front, and on the shoulders it is ornamented with rows of needlework insertion. Bretelles of the same silk as that composing the skirt, and trimmed with narrow fringe, may be added.

Another girl's dress consists of silk of a small chequered pattern in blue and white. The skirt is trimmed with six narrow flounces, pinked at the edges. The corsage is low, and has a front piece

ornamented with narrow ribbon. The sleeves are trimmed with two frills.

One of the new dresses prepared for little boys, consists of a jacket and trousers of dark blue cashmere. The jacket is ornamented with a trimming of passementerie; the trousers, which are very wide, and descend only a little below the knee, are trimmed up the sides by a band of passementerie. White trousers, finished at the ends by a border of needlework, are worn under the cashmere trousers, beneath which they descend so far as fully to display the ornamental border of needlework.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

OUR PROSPECTUS FOR 1857.—We call attention to our Prospectus for 1857, to be seen on the cover of this number. The indications are that we shall double our present large list, next year, the demand for "Peterson" constantly increasing, and all persons testifying to its merit and cheapness. In several particulars, this Magazine has the credit of surpassing any other. 1st. The literary matter is far ahead of that of any lady's Magazine, and will be even better in 1857. 2nd. The fashions are later, prettier, and more reliable. 3rd. More embellishments and letter-press are given, during the year, in proportion to the price. 4th. The mezzotints and steel-plates are more elegant. 5th. The directions for Crochet Work, Embroidery, &c., with the patterns, are the choicest and most fashionable. We ask our friends to interest themselves for us. If they begin now to get up clubs, they will not be a bit too soon. Every body will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless an engagement has been already made to club for some other Magazine: so you cannot commence too early. If every town, where there is now a single subscriber, would get up a club, we should print 200,000 copies monthly next year. We intend to do it soon, even if not in 1857. There has not been a year, since we started, that we did not increase our list, which cannot be said of any other Magazine in America, or perhaps in the world: and this is the best proof of "Peterson's" merit. Make haste with your clubs!

OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1857.—Among our premiums for 1857, to persons getting up clubs, is "Mrs. Widdifield's Cook-Book," bound substantially in cloth. This is, beyond controversy, the best cook-book ever published in the United States; and so the universal voice of the press already declares. Many ladies, we know, would prefer a useful book like it to either the "Port-Folio," or "Gift Book;" and it is for the benefit of such we have added it to our list. Its merits will be better understood by reading the advertisement of it on the cover of this number. We may add that such persons, getting up clubs, as prefer other books, can have a dollar's worth of T. B.

Peterson's publications, instead of the other premiums. In these cases, the names of the books selected must be sent to us. We will supply a catalogue of T. B. Peterson's books, post-paid, if solicited. Or we will select the books, if that is preferred. Any one of these premiums ought to tempt persons to get up clubs: and all tastes can be pleased, such is the diversified character of the premiums.

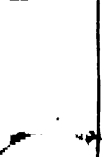
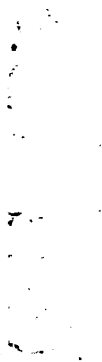
CHEAPEST AND BEST.—Says the Graysville (Ill.) Journal:—"Peterson's is the cheapest and best periodical of the kind, published in the United States." Says the Salem (O.) Republican:—"It is the best Magazine published in the United States or elsewhere, for the price." The Laconia (N. H.) Gazette says:—"Altogether we think it the cheapest and best Magazine of the kind extant." The Thomaston (Me.) Journal says:—"There is always a freshness about the stories in Peterson's that causes them to be sought after and read. It is undoubtedly one of the best and cheapest Ladies' Magazine published." We could quote scores of similar notices. Those of you, who are getting up clubs, show this to your friends.

How to REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

CONTINUED STORIES.—We cannot accept any stories, no matter how good, that will make more than eight printed pages, or thereabouts, of "Peterson;" and we would rather have them shorter. We have already more long stories, on hand, than we can publish for the next two years.

BACK NUMBERS.—We are able to supply back numbers for 1856 to any extent, the numbers being stereotyped. We stereotype all numbers.

ENCLOSE A STAMP.—Letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.



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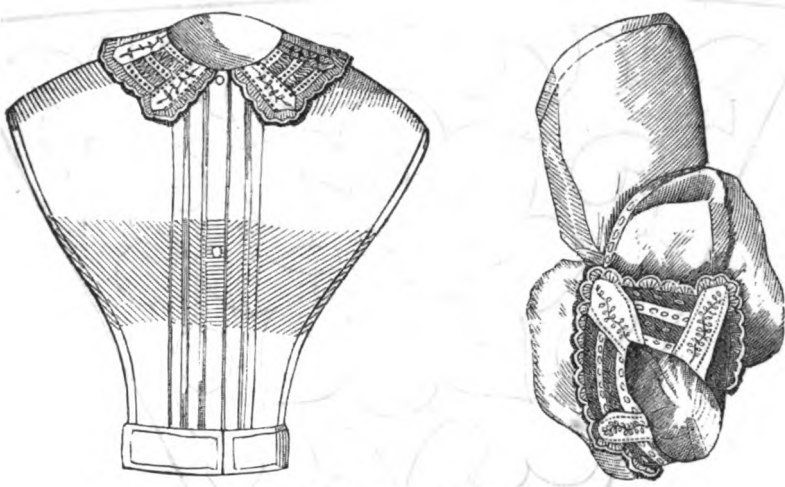
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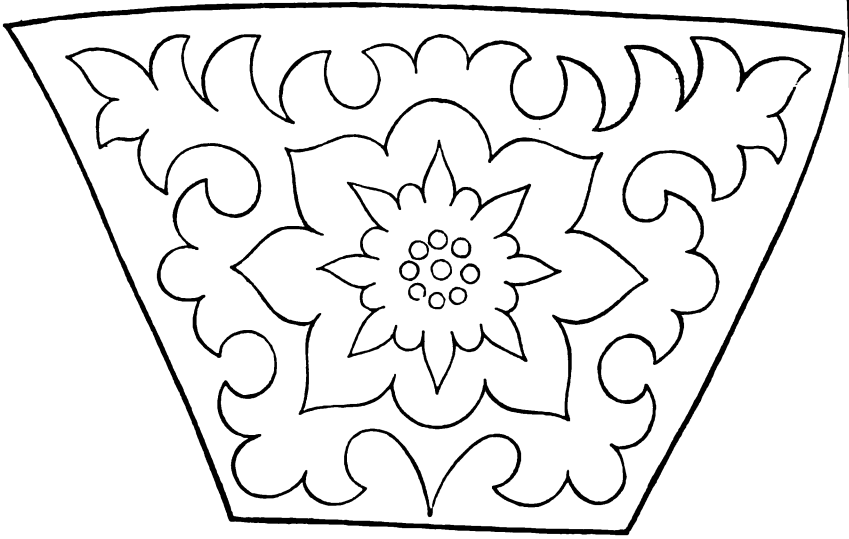




CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE TO MATCH.



CLOTH BASQUINE.



INFANT'S SLIPPER IN BRAIDING.



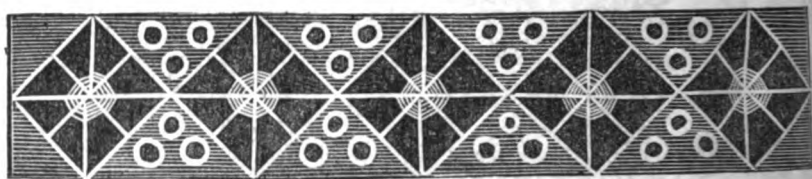
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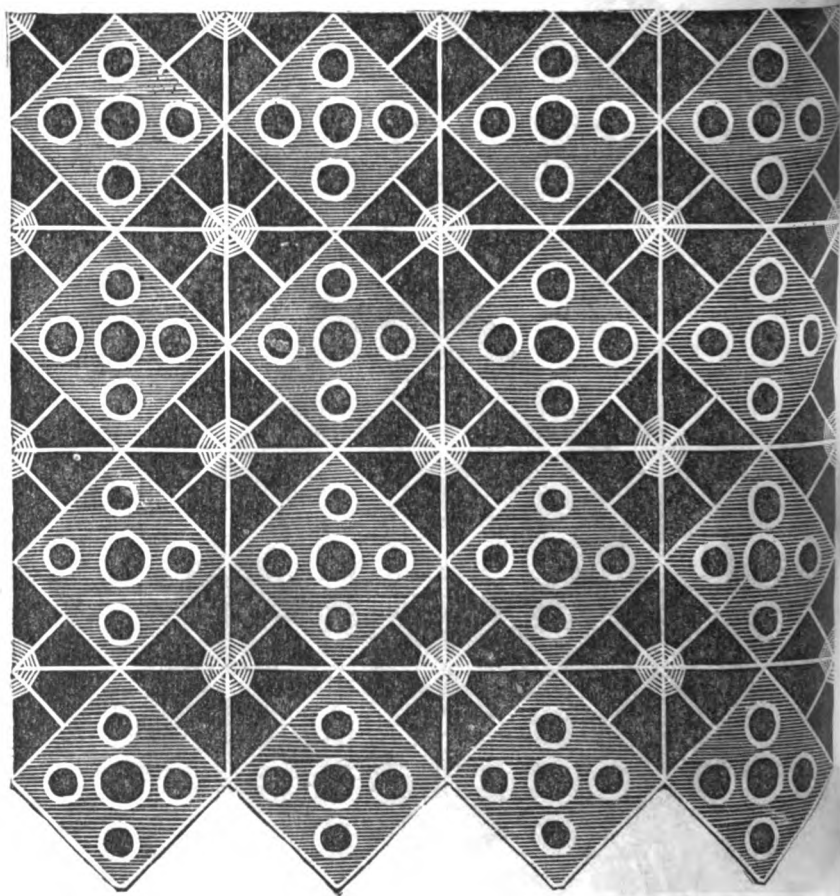
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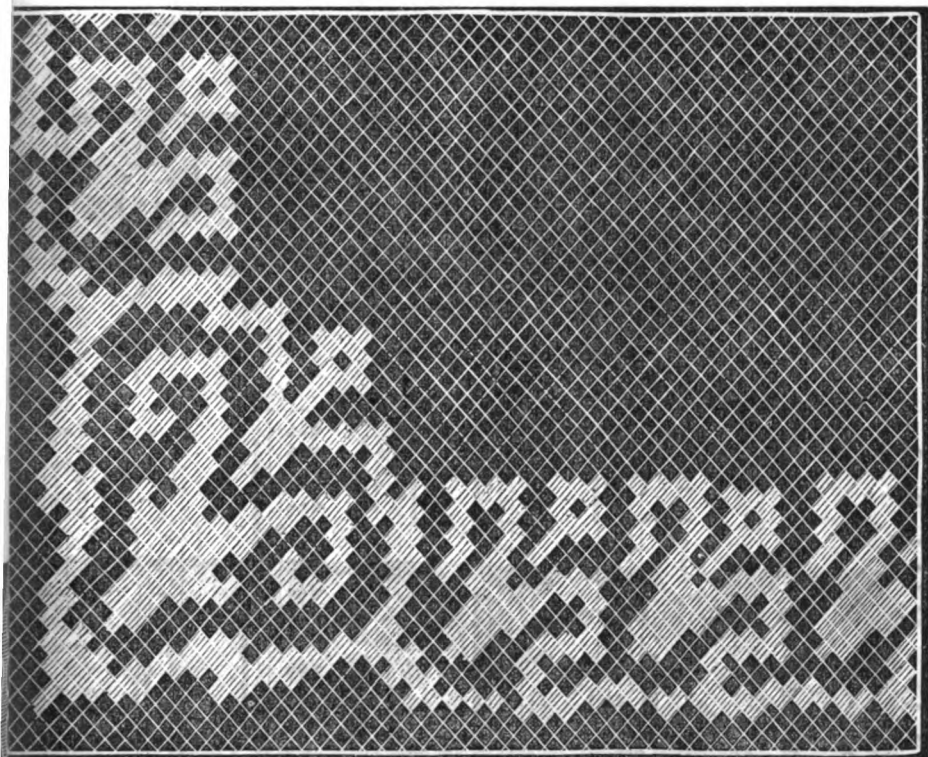
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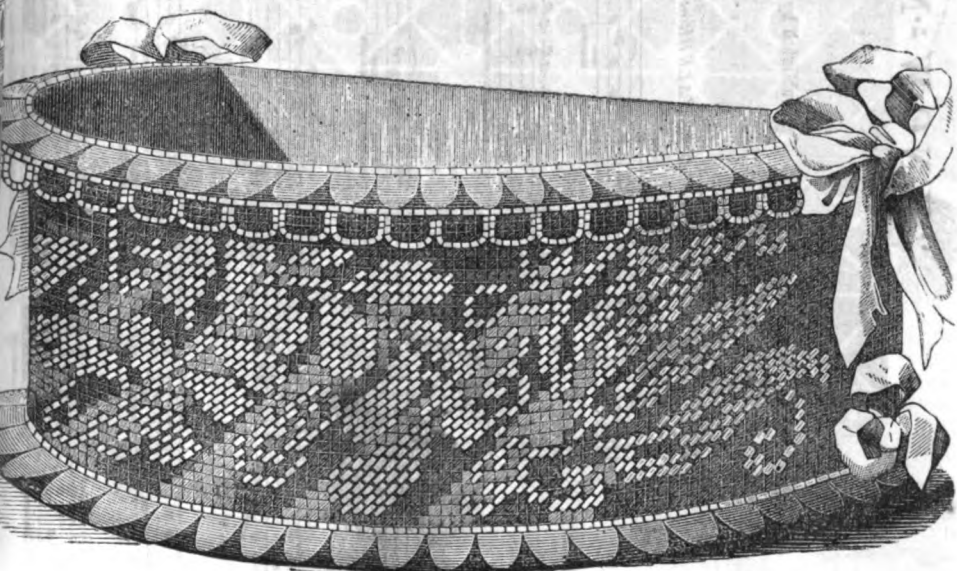
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NETTED ANTI-MACASSAR.



ELEGANT WHAT-NOT.

"KNOW-NOTHING POLKA."

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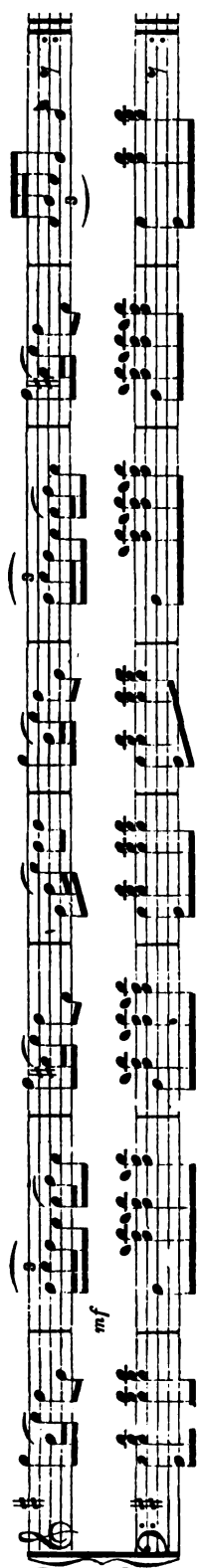
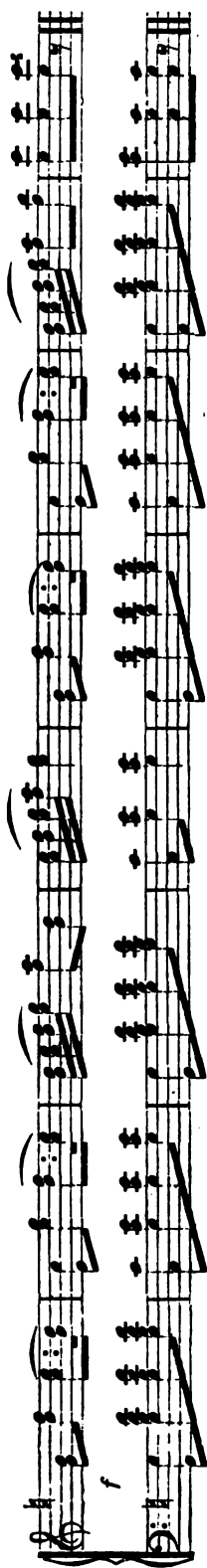
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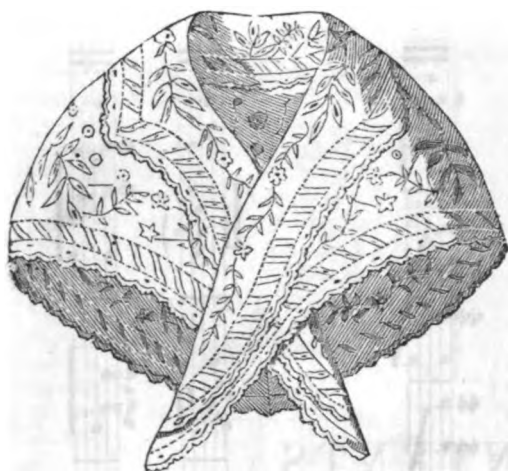
PIANO.

The first system of musical notation for the piano part. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The first measure contains a treble clef, a 2/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The accompaniment consists of a series of chords: G4-B4, A4-C5, B4-A4, and G4-F#4. The system ends with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody starts with a quarter note D5, followed by a quarter note E5, then a quarter note F#5, and a quarter note G5. The accompaniment consists of a series of chords: D5-F#5, E5-G5, F#5-E5, and D5-C#5. The system ends with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the second system. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody starts with a quarter note A5, followed by a quarter note B5, then a quarter note C6, and a quarter note D6. The accompaniment consists of a series of chords: A5-C6, B5-D6, C6-B5, and A5-G#5. The system ends with a double bar line.





BERTHE CAPE.



BONNET.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

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Title-Page for 1856.

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

July Number, Forty-Two Engravings.
August Number, Forty-Five Engravings.
September Number, Forty Engravings.
October Number, Thirty-Six Engravings.
November Number, Thirty-Three Engravings.
December Number, Forty-Seven Engravings.

MUSIC.

Myrtle Waltz.
Florence Nightingale.
On Time.
The Charleston Polka.
To-Morrow.
"Know-Nothing Polka."

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXX.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1856.

No. 6.

THE LEGEND OF STARVED ROCK.

BY MARY W. JANVIER.

IN the far West, where broad rolling prairies stretch away for miles in billowy undulations—where bold, mountainous cliffs rise abruptly to the azure sky, crowned with dark firs and cedars—not far from the head waters of navigation on the Illinois river, and towering up from the bank of the stream rises “Starved Rock.”

Its walls are of dark grey stone, half veiled with clambering wild vines and trailing mosses, as some old dilapidated castle, relic of feudal times, stands buried in the drapery which long ages have woven about it—and broken parapets of stunted cedars and firs frown threateningly upon the daring adventurer who attempts to scale its precipitous steep. A narrow, almost perpendicular path, on the opposite side from the river, is revealed, as you make a circuit of the base of the cliff; and here, he who would attain the highest elevation of the “Rock,” can ascend.

There is a fugitive tale, commemorating the events which gave this wild cliff so strange a name, coming down to us from those early times when the red-man was sole lord of rock and river and rolling prairie—a little record of the vengeance of the Indian race, which we would now weave anew, and again relate “The Legend of Starved Rock.”

Long years ago, the brave and noble Indian chief, Oronee, leader of a powerful tribe inhabiting the region adjoining that upon the Illinois, saw and loved the gentle maiden, Ulah, daughter of his rival chieftain.

Oronee was young and brave; at his belt hung the scalps of a hundred of his foes, whom he had slain in the battle fray; his arm was strong, his eye keen as the mountain eagle's, and no warrior in the chase could bring down the fleet deer or the fierce panther so surely as he.

Ulah was young and fair, with eyes like the evening star, and dusky locks like the gathering

shades of night. Her heart went out to meet the brave Oronee's; and when he told her that his wigwam was spread with the softest furs, and asked her to share it, saying he would, for her, chase the deer and bring down the strong eagle in his flight—then she turned from her stern father's lodge and went with the young chieftain.

Ne-pow-ra missed his daughter from his lodge. When he came back at night from the toils of the chase, she sprang not forth to meet him; when he returned from the battle-field, or the deadly ambush, exulting in victory, she came not forth to sing with his braves the war-songs of her race. The daughter of a chieftain was in the wigwam of his deadliest foe. He could not brook the insult; and gathering his bold, fleet warriors about him around the council fire, told them the wrong he had suffered, and bade them follow him for revenge.

Day after day, night after night, saw them on the trail of the fleeing enemy, guided surely by the heavens above and the forest wilds beneath. Westward the stars of night led their footsteps: and westward the sunbeams, revealing broken shrubs, and trampled leaves and mosses in the tangled wildwood, gave token that they were on the trail.

And westward, too, fled Oronee and his braves; fleeing for life, and what was *dearer* than life itself to the young chief, the safety of his beloved: and on the fourth day, the eagle gaze of the fugitives saw the waving plumes of their pursuers in the distance. Before them, rose bold and high, the huge rock on the brink of the Illinois—behind them, came the enraged father, with the fierce warriors of his tribe. Upon the wind floated their wild cries of vengeance, and dancing, ever nearer and nearer, came those eagle plumes.

The pursued chief, with his dusky maiden and

a small band of faithful followers, fled to the rocky fortress—to the tower of strength which rose precipitously in their path.

On, on, came the pursuers, with wild shouts and unearthly yells—on, on, and nearer yet, until they had reached the base of the cliff, and then, singing a loud war-song, they rushed swiftly up the narrow, steep path.

But the young chieftain's arm was strong, and his arrows swift and sure, and his braves resolved to fight to the death; so, one after another, as they had almost gained the summit of the cliff, were their enemies pierced by the unerring shafts of the archers above, and fell back lifeless amid their companions below. And then, failing in this attempt, with half their band lying bleeding and dying among them, the survivors closed in dark, hurried ranks around the base, and with sullen silence and invincible determination, awaited the lingering death of their victims on the gloomy, sterile fortress above.

Day after day the red sun rose in the orient, wheeled across the burning heavens slowly to the western horizon, at mid-day flinging down scorching beams, and at twilight throwing long, lengthening shadows over water, wood, and rolling prairie; but to those on the high cliff no relief came.

Still the withering sunbeams fell upon them, drying up their very life-blood; still those gigantic shadows were flung athwart the background; yet deeper the appalling darkness of the dusky shadows creeping closer and closer about their hearts. They were *starving!*

And there, at the very base of the rock, silent and immovable as the fire which shrouded them from the fierce sun-rays, sat that implacable chieftain, surrounded by his warriors. Neither love, mercy, or pity entered his flinty heart. His bitterest foe had stolen his fairest flower—his only child, the daughter of a race of kings had left his wigwam for that of the enemy.

Vengeance upon them both—the bitter foe, the faithless daughter!

White, wan, and emaciated, they wandered about on the beetling brow of the cliff, like ghosts from the far-off hunting-grounds of their race. Strong warriors who had not quailed in the direst, deadliest combat, now sunk down like reeds before the breath of famine. Braves who would have laughed in derision at the arrow or the scalping-knife, now felt a *fiercer, keener* pang, than poisoned shaft or merciless tomahawk ever inflicted.

With the forests all around them, where herds of deer roamed free—with the river beneath, where the silver trout glimmered through its

waters, with flocks of fowl soaring above them, they were starving!

The red deer left browsing in its leafy covert, and came down to drink the clear waters below—but no morsel of venison could pass their lips—no drop of that cool water lave their swollen, parched tongues.

The deer lapped up the crystal liquid of the river—snuffed the cool breeze, and then, catching a glimpse in the waters of the dusky figures flitting to and fro on the rock above, tossed high their antlers and darted away to the greenwood again; the bright waters danced onward beneath with a wild, mocking freedom, as they bent down their despairing eyes; and there, below, sat those dark, stern warriors, grim and immovable. Oh, it was horrible!

And then Ulah, the Indian maiden, came to the brink of the precipice, and with her long, raven hair streaming like the folds of a rent banner upon the wind, bent over and pleaded with agonizing gestures and frantic entreaties to her sire, whom she saw far, far below.

But never a tone of tenderness, a word of forgiveness, or a token of reconciliation, went up from that proud, insulted soul. He had chosen *the Indian's revenge!*

Day by day that doomed band thinned away, till at length famine alone reigned conqueror upon the summit of the cliff. Day by day they wasted; and at last all was still. No ghostly forms wandered feebly about—no wailing voice broke the silence. None of that fated band, save one of the besieged warriors, escaped; and he, descending in the shades of night to a shelving projection still far above the river, flung himself down into the rushing water, where his faithful squaw awaited him in her light birchen canoe and received him as he rose. Then paddling silently down the stream, and thence to the shore, they darted fleetly into the dark, dense forest, and thus escaped to tell their tribe the dreadful tale.

When all was still, and forms were no more seen moving about on the summit of the cliff, the avenged chieftain and his band ascended. The Indian's wrath was appeased—his vengeance had indeed been terrible. There they lay upon the grey rock, those wasted, skeleton-like warriors, all stark and stiff; and there, too, the Indian maiden had starved to death in the arms of her lover: her white face, oh, so fearful to look upon!—her long, streaming hair alike her *bridal veil and shroud!*

And now, it is said, full oft by the pale moonlight are seen wan, ghostly figures gliding to and fro upon the cliff, with dark plumes floating

upon the night wind; and ever and anon, the spectral forms of the Indian maiden and her dusky warrior-lover stand upon the brink, and in low, wailing voices chant their death-dirge ; ere they go afar to dwell together in the Great Spirits' hunting-grounds. And thus runs "The Legend of Starved Rock!"

THE MILL.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

'Twas a grey old mill on the river,
And moss-wreaths twined o'er the eaves,
And in Autumn the roof was covered
With the yellow and crimson leaves,
Which down from the shel'ring maples
Were flung by the coquetting breeze.

And often of warm Summer mornings
Ere the sun had begun to peep,
I rode to the mill in the wagon—
The road by the river so deep,
And I said, "Pray, father, drive careful,
The hill is so rocky and steep."

The miller was old like his grist-mill,
And his hair was white as his meal,
But his heart was true as the magnet—
His honor tenacious as steel,
And on his wrinkled old forehead
Sat virtue's irradiant seal!

And he'd lift me out of the wagon
In his arms so brawny and strong—
And I rested my head on his shoulder,
And fain would have rested there long,
For it seemed to a virtue so god-like
Could never come sorrow or wrong.

Then I played (for the old mill was lazy)
Abroad in the maples' cool shade,
And down where the rock in the river
Wild, frolicking whirlpools made;
And I caught at the snowy foam-chains
Which around o'er the waters strayed.

And sometimes I sat on the cross-beams,
Which held up the mill's broken floor,
While the silver dust-clouds went floating
All merrily out at the door—
The whole was a rhyme set to music—
The music—the mill's hollow roar.

How well I remember the hopper
Where they poured in the yellow grain,
And the spout—where ground to a powder—
It burst on the vision again—
And the trough where it fell, patter, patter,
Like the dropping of Summer rain.

But 'tis all like a beautiful phantom,
Too lovely and happy to last,
And 'tis shrined in the dark, hollow arches
Of a structure gloomy and vast—
On its door is written—a memory—
On its windows is graven—the past.

I BEAR WITHIN MY HEART A GEM.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

I BEAR within my heart a gem
So beautiful, and bright,
My soul is white and radiant in
The glory of its light.
And princely nobles, aye, and kings
Might covet this rich gem,
For the great happiness it brings
Is worth a diadem.

Fair as a lily on the wave
She dawn'd upon my sight.
My hoarded wealth of Love I gave
As stars give to the night
Their glory, gather'd from the day.
My heart in silence gave
A love that cannot pass away,
But lives beyond the grave.

Star-like she faded from our sight,
With wild flowers on her breast,
As a bird in dewy twilight
Might fold its wings to rest.
But I'll join her on the morrow,
When I rest within the tomb,
Then why these tears of sorrow
That an angel has gone home?

And thus I bear the gem of Love
That ne'er can pass away,
Though she has gone to realms above
To smile in perfect day;
Our souls are one, her bliss I share,
My life hath no dark night—
The radiance of her glory there
Hath fill'd my soul with light

THE TWO CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

BY A. L. OTIS.

OLD Fancy, Mr. R——'s "cullud" cook, was always imposing, but she dilated, upon the Christmas in question, into intolerable importance over a triumph of her art. "Ef this dinner don't beat all I'se eber cooked afore! Thar's the turkle-soup—that haint come down on—tetched! Theys dipt purty deep into that air. Then there's the bileed! That fish and chovy sauce has tickled 'em, I'se be bound! I never set my eyes on a more splendorous roast, nuther. Ef that turkey and ca'n'b'y sauce, and them browned 'taters, don't make 'em move dere grinders, Lord knows dey'd better jine de Graymites! Now, you Catharine, help me up with de pudden."

At this moment a boy, about fourteen years old, knocked at the door, saying, "Mr. R—— bespoke these shag-barks last week."

"Dere's the nut-boy! An' I haint no time to crack 'em! Why didn't you come afore, and not dis'pint folks that-a-way? Folks wants dere dinners like Christians! How you 'speat our folks dessert look b'out nuts? You do dat again, and I'll pay you off fine!"

The boy listened, with an amused countenance, to her tirade, and then said,

"Well, pay me now. Fifty cents a peck."

"Now you's so late, you'd better stay and crack 'em, and mend de mischief you's made."

"I can't, Fancy. Time is money to me. I was net told to have them here by dinner time, and it's not my fault."

"Oh, go 'long for a miser! Everybody knows you does nothing but scrape, scrape, work, work, lay by, lay by, and I 'spose count up, count up! I'll tell Miss Lois what a dis'bligin chap you are. There, get out, I spects you'll be lookin' after our spoons."

Lois at this instant entered the kitchen, a pretty girl of twelve.

"Fancy," she said, "father says 'for shame to be scolding so on Christmas day.' We can hear you up in the dining-room! And give the boy a dinner before he goes."

He stepped forward. "Tell your father it is John West who is here, and he knows well enough I never accept charity—nor steal spoons. Our fathers were friends and partners, Miss—and equals."

"Oh, yes, I know. And father so often praises you, that we all like you very much."

She smiled, nodded, and retired. John stood with a glowing face, hesitating at the door.

The humbled cook was at this moment busy with a huge plum-pudding, which she sprinkled with brandy, lit, and sent to table in a blue blaze. Then she turned to John West sharply. "Well, what's wanted now?"

"Give me a hammer—and quickly, Fancy."

"Oh, you go count your money!" she muttered—but did as he desired.

He cracked the nuts. "Now," he said, "tell Miss Lois that I will do *anything* for her, little service or great service." Then he went away.

Half an hour afterward he was seated in his own farm-yard, eating his Christmas dinner in the sunshine to keep warm. For his mother and the children had gone to spend a merry day at his old aunts, and the house was fireless and empty. His feast was of bread and butter, cold potatoes and salt. Immediately after partaking of it, he resumed his work, splitting and piling fire-wood.

A gay sleighing party passed—some half-dozen little cutters, with their fairy silver bells: one omnibus, with six fresh horses and deeper-toned music, besides several family sleighs overflowing with rosy little children. They were all going to the large farm-house beyond, where in the ample hall they were to have music and dancing. In the kitchen they were to be treated to hot coffee, mince pies, doughnuts, pop-corn, and sundry other country dainties in an amazing jumble, but from which city taste could choose what would have a fine relish.

As a sleigh full of boys passed John, they began to hoot and groan, crying,

"Miser! miser!" "Working on Christmas!"

"Don't you want a job? Scrape my pig and you may have the bristles. I'll engage you—*five* a week. Three groans for Johnny Scrape!" They stopped maliciously in the narrow road to taunt him, and at the same time a derisive laugh burst from a sleigh filled with young girls which was detained by them. John changed color. He dropped his hatchet, threw himself proudly up, looked savagely at the boys, and defiantly at the girls—then flushed up handsomely and grew enthusiastically proud as he said,

"Laugh away! The best of the laugh is on my side, for not one of you is worth half what

am. Good-for-nothings! Which of you has arm like that, or the energy to make it do what mine does?"

"We said you were a miser, and of course we are not worth what you are, after saving so!" cried a girl's shrill voice. But just as the sleigh drove on, he caught one kind look, and heard an earnest expostulation. Lois R——'s pretty face is all excitement as she said, "Oh, don't, don't. Is good John West!"

His anger vanished. His pride also. His eyes grew dim as he lifted his cap, and held it off until the sleighs had jingled out of hearing. But it was not the end of his Christmas trials, which seemed sent to him instead of presents.

A gentleman in a dashing sleigh drove up and alighted his horse. Then entered the house. John promptly followed him. He was greeted by,

"Well, boy, as I am passing this out-of-the-way place, I thought I'd better stop for my interest. Have you it ready?"

"Not quite, sir," John answered, with a blush of shame.

"Why not, sir," the gentleman sharply retorted. "It was due a month ago."

"I've never been behind-hand before, sir. You have been punctually paid for two years on the very day. But our apples and potatoes both failed this year, and I can't have your money made up for a month yet. Sorry, sir!"

"An old story. If not with you, with others, and I can't swallow such stuff as that. It has been one for beef and pies, and Christmas trees, I'll be bound. I must take measures to get what I have a right to, if you don't pay up at once. Of course your mother has her private hoard. Out with that, and done with it."

"My mother has nothing, sir. I tell you truly that I have done my best to earn the interest on the mortgage, and I can have it ready by next month, but I can't do more. I have indeed done my best night and day. I have worked all day long at the hill-farm—for Mr. Willard, then here about the place until long after dark—then perhaps until twelve o'clock at night doing odd jobs for mother, who is very feeble. Besides, sir, I've saved until the boys shout miser after me—and the girls, even the towns-folks, sneer and laugh at me. I've stood it all, and though a gentleman born, I've not hesitated to do any kind of work that would turn an honest penny, so as to pay what I owe, and not have true cause for shame. But, sir, I have to say, after all, that I can't pay."

"My poor fellow," cried the gentleman, astonished and warmed, "I didn't know that was the way of it. Never mind the money, I won't take

a cent. It is not much, at any rate. You may have it for a Christmas present. Put it out at interest. I remember now that Mr. R—— and his little daughter told me something of you. Yes, yes, you shall have this quarter's interest for a nest egg. It is well to encourage the worthy poor."

"Thank you, sir. But I don't want it. It shall be all paid by next month, every cent of it."

"Come, don't be proud, my boy. Be thankful for little—it's the way to get more."

"It shall be paid, sir. I must go on piling that wood, sir." He touched his cap and went to his work.

The gentleman stared after him, but when he passed him to go to his sleigh, gave him a pleasant nod, which John returned, and was again left alone.

Though all who approached the boy closely, soon learned to respect him, he was generally disliked for his silence, reserve, and industry. He was detested by all the idle young men of the village, and served as wit sharpener even to some of his neighbors who were not ill-natured. It was persecution, and it proved his fine nature that he bore it all, without swerving from his prescribed line of duty.

So a year passed. Then Mr. R—— removed from the neighboring city to the village in which John West lived, and Lois R—— was his frequent visitor, the two farms being contiguous.

"Plod, plod, plod—tug, tug, tug—work, work, work. What's your life good for, John West, I want to know?" said the merry, black-eyed, rosy-lipped little girl, peeping one evening over the gate which he was mending. She had been his neighbor for some months, and their acquaintance now progressed rapidly.

"Good for a dollar a day, besides all kinds of work at home," he answered, looking up blushing and smiling thoughtfully.

"And what is a dollar-a-day to any but a miser, I'd like to know?" she said, impatiently. "'While you are young you should be gay.' You can busy yourself with dollars when you are old. What's the use of being such a strong, tall fellow, if you don't rejoice in your strength like other boys? Come, leave work for once on this cool, nice evening, and go out to the football ground. I will look on from our kitchen window, and see if you're not the best player there. Come."

"I can't, Lois," he said, and hammered in another nail.

"John—do," with entreaty and remonstrance in her tone.

"No, no," he said, quickly.

"But just for me! It almost makes me cry, John, to see you working here. I want you to have a good time for once. I can't be happy when I know you are so tired, and yet keeping on working."

She bent forward to look into his face—her own innocent countenance full of pleading, but he was bent over his carpentering, and only hung his head the more. He fitted the cross-piece silently, but where the nails should have gone, two heavy tears splashed. Lois started as if frightened, and in a laughing, crying voice said,

"Now, John, now, John, don't do that. I didn't come here to make you do that."

"Lois," said the boy, turning suddenly to her, "you don't know what a comfort you are to me. I should have given up long ago, I do believe, if I hadn't known that *you* didn't laugh at me or hate me. But what *shall* I do when you are gone. You are going to-morrow, and then who will—" Tears began to choke him. Lois seated herself beneath a snow-berry bush and said,

"John, sit down here a minute by me, I want to ask you something." He did so.

"I want you to confide to me why you work so hard, and why you—save so! You know I would like to think well of you. Please tell me."

"My mother—my father left—" but he could not go on. His swelling heart would not let words come without sobs. To subdue these he must be silent.

"Never mind," said his young comforter. "I believe you are all right, and I'll never believe anything else." She hesitated, playing with a little package—then springing up and giving it to him hastily, she said, "Don't you want something to remember me by?" and ran away as fast as she could.

The boy threw himself face downward on the grass, and wet his coat sleeve through with his long-repressed tears. He kissed again and again, with a passion of love and grief, the folded paper, and when it was not at his lips kept it pressed to his heart. He did not open it that night. He felt what was in it, and knew he could not bear the sight without being again—"a baby."

The next morning by daybreak he had it in his trembling hand, and held himself for some time suspended on the brink of the joy of opening it. At last with a sigh he placed it under his suspender just over his heart, and pinned it there securely.

"I feel as if all the strength had gone out of me," he said. "I don't know how I can bring myself to work to-day at all. But if I pluck up

and get lots done—I'll open it to-night, and don't, I won't. So now I'm in for it!"

Spurred on by this resolution he went to his daily employment, and at sunset returned saying, as he hurried along, "In five minutes more I shall open it, just where she sat, under the snow-berry. In two minutes!"

But when he turned the corner he saw his mother leaning over the gate, and she received him complainingly as usual.

"Johnny, make haste, and bring me some wood for to-morrow morning. I've been waiting ever so long for you. You shouldn't do so."

When John had not given his mother the excuse for ill-temper, she generally said, "He shouldn't do so!" John seldom made any reply but his disappointment, and the shock of such reception, just when his feelings were so excited, changed their current into one of unheeded bitterness for him.

"Why, mother," he said, "no one is to blame but yourself. You need not begin to look for me another night till it's time for me to come. Then you won't lose your labor."

The instant he had said it, his conscience overwhelmed him with self-reproach.

"Dear, dear, old mother," he said, throwing his arms around her neck, "I'm ashamed of myself."

"Well, Johnny, there's no need to be, for a better son never lived; and I only stood at the gate to say that to you, because I've been so fretted with the children to-day."

John, however, punished himself severely. He would not open the package until the next Sunday. Then, seated in jealous privacy in the church-yard behind the holly-trees, he unfolded the paper and gazed with dilating eyes upon the long, dark curl, which he held by the neat blue ribbon, and let fall to its full length. What an entrancing sight to him—and how rapturously dear little Lois was!

And who is this boy? I can tell you, reader, what he is now, but not what he will be. He strides onward so fast, that he may not pause before he reaches the Presidential chair, though now his feet do not seem turned in that direction. Let me tell you what he has done already, and answer the question Lois asked him, "Why he worked and saved so?"

His father was an intemperate man, and left his family—which had a claim upon him for at least a respectable position in society—not only destitute, but under the disgrace of his name and reputation. This was John's only inheritance—for the farm was mortgaged, nearly all the furniture sold, and even the farm implements

and stock, due to debtors little likely to be lenient to their claims. They were those who sold liquor to the besotted man. John's mother was a shiftless, complaining woman, and he had four little sisters. But his industrious and cheerful spirit, despite contemptuous treatment, battled its way through all difficulties. He had not only the quality of patient endurance, but the power of self-conquest by earnest discipline. His farm is the best managed, and his house the prettiest in the village. It is all redeemed, of course. His

sisters are among the best educated of our community, and he himself is our boast and pride.

But he is not married. He cannot find the darling head to which the curl belonged. He is a happy man—but there is one sigh in his heart, for since Mr. R—— and Lois left for Europe on that day long ago, he has never heard one word of them. Perhaps she had fulfilled her mission, to be a guardian angel to one who needed a comfort and support the world did not give him.

DILIGENT AND WATCHFUL

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

No use is there in sighing;
For Time is ever flying—
And if we sit with folded hands,
Sighing, like Grief, with sable bands,
Within will joy be dying.

We must be up and doing,
Our duties here pursuing,
And run about with willing feet,
Thus making Life and Labor sweet,
And joy within accruing.

In Spring we must be sowing,
The seeds that will be growing
When Summer comes with wind and rain,
Causing sweet flowers to bloom again,
And earth's bright beauties showing.

In Summer we must cherish
The flowers, lest they perish,
And pluck the early fruits of Spring,
And listen to the birds that sing
Those songs that never perish.

In Fall we must be reaping—
Its golden harvests keeping,
And laying up for Winter's store,
When we can labor thus no more,
And frosts are o'er us creeping.

In Winter we must treasure
Wisdom, which gives us pleasure,
And look beyond this scene of things
To Heaven, from whence all comfort springs,
And blessings without measure.

THE DREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

I HAD a dream at midnight
My false one stood beside me,
And then my vows I plighted,
And wish'd his bride to be;
But from my hand that false one
The troth-ring faithless drew
And breaking it, a pearl-band
Like chrysal, to me throw.

I next went to my garden,
To see the myrtles bright,
That were to form a garland
Upon my wedding night;
And there I lost my pearl-band,
Ah, me! it brake in twain
Till every pearl was scattered,
Not to be found again.

Long sought I then, in sadness,
My pearls again to see,
But chang'd was all the garden—
My myrtle rosemary.
That vision was an omen
To shadow forth my woe
And useless is the dream-book,
Or arts that sybils show.

'Tis past! the dream has vanish'd,
And, false one, for thy sake,
The pearls are wept you gave me;
Now let this sad heart break!
For in my plot of myrtles
The rosemary has grown,
Poor heart! to form thy garland,
That death may have his own.

THE SECOND WIFE.

BY MRS. FANNY CAMPLE.

I WAS married. The final vows had been spoken, and I was no longer Agnes Park, but Agnes Fleming. I was the wife of a widower of thirty-eight, and the step-mother of three children! Not the first chosen, first beloved bride of a young and ardent lover, such as my girlish dreams had pictured; only a second wife.

The reflection was not sweet, nevertheless, it was the thought with which I took my seat in the carriage which was to convey me to my new home. The short wedding-tour was ended, and we were "homeward bound." A long ride was still before us, for the village, in which Captain Fleming resided, was twenty miles from the last railway-station; but he had caused his own carriage to meet us there, so I began fully to realize that we were nearing home.

The road over which we journeyed, was level and smooth, and for a long time wound close by the bank of a broad, New England river. Fields lay on one side, stretching far away, until they were skirted by low woods and hills; here and there a white farm-house stood, looking cheerful and almost gay in the afternoon sunshine. The whole prospect was rural and very beautiful.

My gloom began to pass away, soothed by the sweet influences of the summer landscape, and visions of future usefulness began already to float through my brain. I had ample opportunity to indulge in these day-dreams, for Captain Fleming, tired with the long ride, was half asleep by the side of his new wife. I was weary of taking the lead in conversation, and concluded to leave him to his meditations, as he had left me to mine. After weaving for myself a very profitable future, I looked, for a little, upon the past.

Oh, that past! Mine had been no gay and pampered girlhood; but, looking back, I saw on the contrary, years of loneliness, of weariness and of sorrow. For four years I had watched a young, beautiful and gifted brother, as stricken with consumption, he had wasted gradually away. We two were orphans, the last of our race, and all in all to each other.

But at last I saw him laid in the coffin, and all my love and hope were long buried with him. Not that I became sad and misanthropic. No; life and duty were not dead, and looking forward

I saw that there was yet much for me to do; perhaps suffer, so I planted sweet-brier and violets on Harry's grave, and then went out to act and strive with the rest of the striving world.

About a year after my brother's death, I met Arthur Fleming. I had been so shut out from the world by Harry's sickness, that I had no lovers, and very few friends, and I hardly believed I could ever again feel an interest in any one, but Arthur Fleming's kind, genial manner and delicate attentions warmed my heart to a new life. Unconsciously, my whole heart, the more ardent for its long stillness, was given to this new friend. It was with bitter disappointment that I learned he had already been once married, for I could bear the thought of a rival, living or dead; yet I loved him, and when he asked me to become a mother to his motherless children, I accepted his hand, feeling sure that I would win from him in time, an affection as deep and steadfast as my own. I knew he did not marry me for love. His house was lonely, his children poorly protected, and he needed a wife. I had been recommended to him as one who would keep his house in order, and be a suitable companion for his children; after a brief acquaintance he had proposed in due form; and soon it was all settled.

"Almost home!" exclaimed Captain Fleming, rousing himself to look out of the carriage-window. The words sent a thrill through me, and I looked eagerly out, through the twilight shadows, to the house we were approaching. It was large, and stood at a distance from the village street, and, it seemed to me, in rather a desolate situation. Great trees swung their branches over the gateway, and as we rode between them, the wind made a sighing sound among the leaves. But the lighted, lower windows shone cheerfully in the darkness, seeming by their brightness to welcome me home.

Jane Fleming, my husband's sister, who had been his housekeeper since his wife's death, came to the door to meet us. The moment her cold fingers touched mine, I felt that there would be no sympathy between us; and when we had entered the lighted parlor, and I had scrutinized her face, I was sure of it. Without

word she stood beside me while I took off my snnet and gloves, she carried them away, then silently walked into the room again, leading the three children. I feel now the chill of her presence upon me.

The three ran into their father's arms and embraced him affectionately, and as he caressed them in return, I perceived that there was a fountain of warmth in his heart, which, could I reach it, would be enough to shield me from cold and darkness forever. This show of passionate fondness made me glad, and going to his side, I tried to win the notice of the children to myself.

"It is your new mother," said he. "She has come to take care of you when I am gone to sea again. Ellen and May, go to your mother."

May, a pretty, blue-eyed child of ten, came flying toward me, and kissed my cheek; but Ellen, the eldest, merely gave me her hand. Ellen seemed to have imbibed something of her father's icy manner, for she sat aloof and watched me coldly. The little boy now lifted his head from his father's shoulder, and, seeing that May looked by me unharmed, ventured to approach me. "Come to me, Harry!" said Miss Fleming, with frown.

Was his name Harry? I caught him to my arms and held him closely, so that he could not escape to his jealous aunt, and I thought in my secret heart that I would make him like the Harry I had lost. In an instant, the feeling that was a stranger had vanished, my heart had turned so toward the little one whose auburn head nestled in my arms. My husband looked pleased, and smiled, giving his sister a gratified look, and I observed the shadow of a smile on her lips, but it faded again as she glanced at Ellen. When the clock struck nine, Miss Jane rose and led the children to their chambers. I bade them good-night as they went out, but I noticed that Ellen made no answer.

The next morning, I made a business of going over the house, and examining its conveniences. The first step upon the broad, gloomy staircase chilled me; but when, after visiting every room, I sat down in the parlor again. I was almost discouraged. Such a dreary, disordered house I never saw. In every chamber the curtains hung over the windows like shrouds, and the air was cold and damp as a dungeon. There was dust on the walls, on the windows, and the furniture; there was gloom in every corner. The parlor, which might have been a delightful room, seemed like a sepulchre. The furniture, as well as the pictures, were covered with canvass; a locked book-case stood in a

recess; and a locked piano was by the opposite wall. I asked little May, who had kept close by me all the morning, why this was so.

"Aunt Jane does not like music," she said, "and she keeps the book-case locked, because she says we must not read books until we are older."

"And why is the furniture all covered?"

"The parlor is scarcely ever opened," answered May. "Aunt Jane wants to keep it nice."

"Well, May," I said, "go now and ask aunt Jane for the key to the book-case. I want to see the books."

She ran quickly, and returned followed by Miss Jane, who delivered up the key to me with a dubious kind of grace.

"I hope you will lock the book-case when you have examined the books, ma'am," said she. "I don't allow the children to spend their time in light reading."

"What are they now reading?" I asked.

"They learn their lessons," she replied, shortly.

She disappeared, and I opened the book-case, which I found to contain a most excellent selection of books. The best poets, the best historians, the best novelists and biographers were there, making a library, small, but of rich value. It was the first really pleasant thing I had found in my new home, and I sat an hour or two, glancing over one volume after another, and re-arranging them on the shelves.

Suddenly Miss Jane locked in, and in a moment her face was pale with indignation, for there sat little May on the carpet, buried in a charming old English annual. Miss Jane took two steps forward, and snatching the book out of the child's hand threw it on the table, then led her by the shoulder out of the room. I was mute with amazement at this rough government at first; then I sprang up and would have followed her, had not the fear of an outbreak restrained me.

"Selfish creature!" I exclaimed, "you are trying to make these children like yourself; ruining them for all good or happiness in life. In Ellen's sullenness and coldness I see the fruit of your labor. Was Arthur Fleming blind when he left his children in your keeping?"

I saw no more of the children until dinner, when by questioning I learned that they had been studying all the morning with Miss Fleming. I informed her that I should sit with them in the afternoon, as I wished to see what progress they were making. The look with which she received this announcement, plainly indi-

cated that I should be an unwelcome listener to her lessons, and for a few moments my heart so failed me, perplexed by her contemptuous glances, that I half determined to have nothing to do with the children, but leave them to her, since she was so jealous of them. But my better spirit prevailed over me. "They are *mine* now," I thought, "for I am their father's wife, and all his are mine. Their interest must be mine, whatever difficulties I find in the way. I have come here of my free will, and nothing shall now deter me from doing my duty."

After dinner, Miss Jane and the children repaired immediately to the chamber which was used as a school-room. In a few minutes I followed them and quietly took a seat at the desk. She was drilling them in arithmetic, sending one after another to the blackboard and talking all the time in a loud, petulant tone.

"Ellen! if you make such awkward figures I'll put you back to the beginning of the book. May, will you stand straight or be sent to bed? Decide *now*!"

"I *cannot* understand this sum, aunt Jane," sighed May.

"Sit down then until you can."

"Do you not explain what they cannot understand?" I asked.

"All that is necessary," she replied. "May could understand her sums if she attended to me."

An hour passed, during which May silently hung her head over her slate and played with her pencil, Miss Jane offering no explanation; Harry alternately counted, with his fingers, the buttons on his jacket and marks of a knife upon his desk; Ellen, whose strong mind received knowledge almost intuitively, studied her lesson quietly and without difficulty. Presently she gave her book to her aunt and recited her lesson perfectly.

"Very well, Ellen!" said Miss Jane. "You may go into the garden and have your recess."

"Do they not have a recess together?" I inquired, with astonishment, not pleased with the idea of solitary, mirthless exercise.

"Not unless they learn their lessons equally well," she answered. "Harry! if I live, the boy is going to sleep! Stand in the corner, Henry, until you are awake."

Harry colored scarlet and went to the corner, rubbing his eyes. I felt disgusted at the total lack of system, order and justice, which prevailed in this mock school. I was growing frightened at the work before me, fearful that Jane Fleming had sown more tares than my weak hands could ever root out.

Seeing that Harry was crying, I went to him in his corner.

"Go away!" he sobbed, when I laid my hand on his head. "Go away, you are not my mother."

I made no reply to this, but asked him why he cried.

"Because I am tired," he answered, "and you and aunt Jane won't let me sit down."

"I and aunt Jane, Harry?"

"Yes," he sobbed out. "Aunt Jane says you are come here to live always, and will make me mind you, and make my father hate me," and the poor child cried as if his heart would break. I looked around, but Jane was on the opposite side of the room, scolding May, and had not heard.

"It is not true, Harry," I whispered. "I love you and want you to love me. Won't you love me, darling?"

But he only thrust out his little hand sullenly and turned his face away from me. Jane now came forward, and I turned from the child with a sigh of disappointment. "But I will be patient," I said to myself, "they have long been taught to fear and dread me; I cannot at once make them love me."

The next morning Captain Fleming left for a six months' voyage in his new barque, the *May Fleming*. His parting with the children was most tender and affectionate, even tearful; with me it was kind. After he was gone, I stoke up to my room and spent the morning in bitter weeping and sadness. What would become of me if I should fail in trying to make myself beloved by his children, if their hearts were irrevocably steeled against me! Would not his own grow gradually colder and colder toward me! Fearful prospect! an unloved wife, a hated step-mother!

II.

I HEARD a soft tap at my door, and little May entered. She too had been crying, and when she saw traces of tears on my face, she came gently up to me and crept into my lap.

"Do you love father, too?" she asked, in her frank, simple manner.

"Yes, darling, I love him," I answered, "and I want to love you all and be loved by you. Now he is gone, I am very sad and lonely. Will you not love me, May?"

The child kissed me gravely, but did not reply to the question.

"Aunt Jane sent me to call you to dinner," she said, slipping from my arms.

When we had finished this lonely meal, and the children and Jane had gone up stairs to the

fternoon lessons, I visited one or two rooms which had attracted my observation the day before. One was the attic chamber, where I had noticed a heap of old packages which I wished to examine. In one corner stood a pile of old pictures, some soiled, some with broken frames, but which on examination I found worthy to be rubbed up and newly framed. One especially won my admiration. It was a portrait of a young and beautiful woman. The soft auburn hair and hazel eyes were very lovely, and the features, though not expressive of any great energy or depth of character, were faultlessly regular.

I heard some one passing in the hall, and opened the door to ask some questions about these pictures. It was Ellen.

"Are you busy, Ellen?" I asked. "If not, I wish you would come here a moment."

Ellen looked surprised, but followed me without any reply.

"I want to know something about these pictures. Some of them are very fine, and it seems to me strange that they should hang here out of sight."

"They got injured," said Ellen; "and aunt Jane did not have time to get them mended."

"Here is a beautiful landscape," I said. "See the warm, sunny tint of the water, and the fields look almost as if the grass was growing there."

I knew by the quick dilating of Ellen's hazel eyes, as she looked at the picture, that she could appreciate its excellence, and I regretted that she had been so long debarred the privilege of cultivating her naturally artistic taste. I resolved to help her make up the lost time.

"Now here is one in which I am still more interested," I said, taking up the portrait. "Who is this, Ellen?"

Ellen started, and then the color rushed to her cheeks as she answered in a low voice, "It is my mother."

I had suspected as much. The resemblance was striking between the pictured face and little Harry.

"Is *this* the way that you preserve your mother's portrait?" I asked.

"Aunt Jane put it away before——"

"Before I came, Ellen?"

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"Well, I shall take better care of it in future. I am not come to stand between you and your mother, Ellen. I wish you to love and honor her memory above all others. I shall try to make you wiser and happier than ever, instead of gloomy and sad."

There was a slight quiver about Ellen's firm

lip as she turned and left the room. I began to feel encouraged. That evening I had a fire made in the parlor, the piano was unlocked, and I took my music from my trunks. In the "gloaming," before there was any light in the room, save that of the tremulous firelight, I sat down to play. They were all there; Jane knitting in a corner, and the children seated silently about the fire.

I found the piano an excellent instrument, and after playing a lively waltz, which drew a sigh from the depths of Miss Jane's bosom, and a shout of delight from my little Harry, I began to sing. It was an old, plaintive Scotch song that I chose; something to touch and melt the heart.

May and Harry were standing one on each side of me when I ended, and their glowing faces expressed their delight.

"I like that," said Harry. "I wish aunt Jane wouldn't keep the piano locked, so nobody can touch it."

A loud, warning cough from his amiable aunt made him shrink a little closer to me. "Do sing another, please!" whispered May, and I sung Goethe's *Miller and the Brook*, that wild, merry old song.

"What do I say of a murmur
That can murmur be,
'Tis the water nymphs that are singing
Their roundelays under me!"

May was in ecstasies. "Oh, will you learn me to play?" she asked. "It would make me so happy!"

"May!" said Jane, sternly, but the little girl did not heed it; her faith in her aunt was fast decreasing.

"I will, certainly, if you wish it," I replied. "Both Ellen and you may take lessons as soon as you please to begin. I do not wish you to be confined wholly to arithmetic."

I turned from the piano and sat by the fire, after having lighted the astral lamp. May and Harry were dancing about in the middle of the room, and even Ellen smiled at their playful rudeness. Jane, seeing that they took no heed of her dreary coughs and sighs, rose and left the room. I took quick advantage of her absence.

Going to the book-case I selected an interesting volume, and sat down with it near the lamp. "You have heard of Joan of Arc, have you not, Ellen?" I asked.

"I do not remember that I have," she answered. "Who was she?"

"Her story is a very wonderful one; I will read it if you would like to hear it," I answered.

"Is it true?" cried Harry, leaving his play.

"Yes, Harry, it happened many years ago in France. Shall I read it?"

Harry and May were already eager to hear it, and Ellen looked interested, though she said nothing. I took Harry in my lap and began to read the strange, thrilling story. All listened with the deepest attention.

By-and-bye Ellen interrupted me, saying,

"If you are tired, let me read awhile, mother."

I was tired, and gave it up to her gladly—she had called me *mother*!

At nine, Jane came and called them to bed.

"No—no, aunty, we'll come as soon as we find out what became of poor Joan," cried May—"shall we stay, mother?"

"Let them stay a little longer," I said to Miss Jane. The door closed and Ellen proceeded with the story.

"Sing us one little song!" said May, when the story was ended. I complied willingly, and sung "Let us love one another." When I had finished, May sprang up and gave me a good night kiss, Harry followed her example.

"I want one more," I said, turning to Ellen, and with a grave smile she kissed me and bade me good night. That night my pillow was haunted with happy dreams.

Much of the ensuing week was spent in rearranging the rooms, in order to give them a more cheerful appearance. I took down the portrait of the first Mrs. Fleming from its garret corner, and hung it over the mantel in the parlor. I re-framed the beautiful landscape, and it adorned a little room opening from the back parlor, which had been used as a spare bedroom, but which I converted into a miniature library. I went with the children into the fields to hunt for early May flowers, with which to fill the vases and make the rooms bright and fragrant.

May took her first music lesson, and was already promising to sing "Let us love one another," on Christmas-day, at which time her father would be home. Ellen had so far descended from her cold heights of reserve, as to ask me to learn her crayon-drawing; and I was astonished at the artist-talent she already exhibited.

One morning, when I had been about a fortnight with them, Jane came to the breakfast table in her travelling-dress. We were all surprised, I most of all, for I had hoped that the happiness of the children would win her kindness also; but I was mistaken. "Where *are* you going, aunty?" asked May, her blue eyes expanding with astonishment. Miss Jane deigned no answer, but ate her breakfast in unbroken silence, then turning to me, announced her decision.

"Mrs. Fleming, you cannot expect me to stay here content, when I see you daily undoing with all your might what I have been laboring so hard to accomplish. These girls were growing up in my care, discreet, sober and reasonable. I shut out the vanities and follies of the world from their knowledge, I reared them in prudence and soberness. But Arthur Fleming must bring a strange wife here, who in two short weeks, could by her wily softness of manner, win their foolish young hearts away from their tried friend, and fill their heads with vanity. I will not stay where I and my teachings are objects of contempt. I leave you to your painting and playing, your singing and bouquet-making. I am not peniless as you probably suppose. I have still a home to go to, now that I am driven thanklessly from this one."

My eyes filled with tears at these scornful words. The children looked wonderingly at me and at her.

"Don't go, aunty! Mother doesn't want you to go," whispered May, the sweet little peacemaker.

"I don't know who *drives* you from here," said Ellen, sarcastically.

"Jane, I wish you to stay with us," I said. "It is right that I, Captain Fleming's wife, should be a mother to his children, and take their care and education into my own hands. I mean to make them happy in their home, in their studies, and to fit them for good and useful lives. You can help me in this work, and I will be your friend. Will you stay, Jane?"

"No, Mrs. Fleming. I will not stay where I am a mere cipher. But, children, I do not desert you. If you are ever fatherless, or in trouble, I will come to you, and you shall have your home with me again."

The stage-coach, which Jane had secretly ordered to call for her, now rattled up to the door; and with her green band-box clasped closely in her arms, she took her seat in it. She gave a nod of freezing dignity to me, a farewell of compassionate affection to the children, and then the coach drove away.

I was alone with home, children and peace.

III.

Six months passed rapidly, and how pleasantly, my vivid recollection of them testifies. As the village-schools were extremely poor, and I was fully competent to teach the children myself, I spent three hours of every morning in study with them. Two afternoons in a week I devoted to May's music and Ellen's drawing; on the other afternoons they were free to practise

at home, or to visit their village friends, and receive visits in return. Our evenings were spent in reading; and in the three months of that summer, they gained more intelligence than in years before. Their interest in knowledge was aroused, and whatever they read was made a subject of free and cheerful conversation, thus fixing important facts in their memories and training their minds to habits of active thought. Ellen adorned the walls of our sitting-room and little library with several very fine crayon pictures, and May added to our evening readings the charm of her sweet singing.

At Christmas time we expected Captain Fleming. With what a glad pride I looked upon my happy group, and thought of the gratitude *he* would feel, when he saw their improvement and witnessed their affection for myself. I looked forward with a beating heart to the meeting.

It was a fortnight before Christmas, and we were already deeply engaged in preparation for the merry season. Green boughs, with which to decorate the rooms, were being made into festoons and garlands, and, in a sly corner, the Christmas-tree was waiting its hour of triumph. Ellen was hurrying to finish a picture of Santa-Claus, to hang over the Christmas-tree, and May was practising incessantly, "Let us love one another," at the piano-forte, while little Harry entered with even greater zeal, if possible, into the preparations for the festivities. Seated in his little chair, which, with show of secrecy, was turned with its back to the room, he was working with his jack-knife on a present for "mother," which from occasional glances, I judged would be a little wooden vessel.

It was afternoon, and Ellen and I had been discussing the propriety of inviting some friends to enjoy our Christmas Eve with us. We were now in daily expectation of Captain Fleming, and every sound of sleigh-bells made us rush to the window.

"Father is come!" cried Ellen, as the sound of bells, instead of passing, ceased at our door, and we simultaneously sprang up and ran to the window. There indeed stood the expected coach, but who was that old lady, with a green band-box held tightly in her arms, now bundling out of the coach-door, sending sharp glances up at the windows, while the coachman took down her trunks?

"It is aunt Jane!" said Ellen, with a long sigh of disappointment, and she looked into my face inquiringly.

"It is too bad, too bad!" said May, half crying, "for her to come and spoil all, just as we were to have such a merry Christmas."

"Well, meet her kindly and give her welcome," I said, and by that time the hall-door had opened, and Jane Fleming stood in the midst of us, receiving our greetings with a kind of grim smile. The girls divested her of all her many shawls and cloaks and furs, and Harry drew a rocking-chair for her close to the fire.

As she warmed her feet at the grate, she looked around her with a singular expression of pity, mixed with triumph.

"I have kept my promise, children," she said. I told you if anything happened, I would come to you."

I started from my seat, and a shudder of terrible forebodings passed through me, as I remembered the promise to which she referred. "Jane! Jane Fleming, what do you mean?" I cried.

She wiped the corners of her eyes with her handkerchief. Then she said,

"Ah! It is as I thought. You see that I, living on the sea-shore as I do, get news some days in advance of you. I said to myself, when I heard it, that it would be printed in your weekly paper and you would not get it before to-morrow. So I thought I had better step into the stage and ride down to prepare your minds. Poor children! Poor children!"

"What is it?" said Ellen, grasping her aunt's wrist with a kind of nervous fierceness. This suspense was growing intolerable. Jane fixed her eyes steadily on Ellen's countenance and answered slowly,

"Last week, in the great storm, the May Fleming was wrecked"

A low cry escaped May's lips. "Jane!" I gasped, "my husband—where is he?"

She looked at me composedly. "The May Fleming was wrecked and sunk. Save the mate and one sailor, who floated two days on a broken plank, every soul was lost."

I could utter neither cry nor moan, so stunning was this terrible news. I only looked into the faces of my children, who gathered about me, indulging their wild sorrow in pitiful cries. Ellen only, after a brief time, seemed to comprehend my bewildering anguish. She put her young, strong arms about me, and led me, unresisting, to my chamber—there, watched by her alone, I lay silent and motionless all day long.

But my brain was busy. "Is it to this, an untimely death," I thought, "that all I love are fated to come? My heart was wrapt in my beautiful Henry, and he laid down to die in the glory of his youth. My love rose out of his grave and gathered itself, strong as life, about my husband; and now, in so little awhile, he is

gone also. Was it for this that I gave my mind, my heart, my soul to his children, only that they should look up to me with their pitiful faces and cry, 'we are orphans!' Where was he, when we, his wife and his children, were making Christmas garlands? We were singing and weaving the holly and cedar by the warm firelight, while he, now struggling, now fainting and sinking, was smothered in the horrible waves!"

Such thoughts as these filled my brain with ceaseless horror; and all day I lay as one benumbed. But suddenly, as it grew dark, and Ellen brought a lamp into my chamber, I was struck by her settled expression of woe. I had forgotten that I was not the only sufferer. That thought gave me strength. I rose, took her by the hand, and went down to the other children. I gathered them about me, and we all wept together. Then, and not till then, did I feel that I could speak to them of comfort.

The next morning our paper came, and its long account of the wreck confirmed the sad tidings. Days passed—slowly, tearfully. I was beginning to realize that we, of late such a joyful group, were now "the widow and the fatherless."

It was evening, and we all sat in the little library. The door of the parlor behind us was ajar, but there was no light in there; only one lamp burned on the piano-forte, which had been moved into the little room.

Harry lay in my arms asleep, his soft curls falling over his forehead and half veiling his fresh, fair face. Ellen and May, one on each side of me, sat at work on mourning dresses; Jane, too, in the corner was sewing black thibet. How different our labor from that with which we had expected to usher in the Christmas Eve!

By-and-bye Ellen looked up with an anxious expression. "Mother, are we poor?" she said.

I was glad that I could answer in the negative. "But," I added, "we know not how soon we may be. This great misfortune has taught us that nothing is sure. We must not lean idly on what we possess, but prepare ourselves for labor, if need be. To-morrow, I wish you all to begin again your studies."

Jane dropped her needle and thread. "I thought it was understood that the children should go home with me," she said. "Perhaps you think I am poor and helpless; but you are mistaken. On the contrary, I am probably better able than you to take care of the children."

This announcement startled me; but there was no need. May threw her arms around my neck and whispered, "I will not leave you, mother," while Ellen, her fine eyes glowing with excitement, answered quietly and firmly,

"Our mother has the best claim on us, aunt Jane, and until she sends us we will never leave her. More than a mother she has been to us, and we have never been so happy as in this past half year. We love her better than all other friends, and now that our father is gone, we will not leave her alone."

My heart thrilled with gratitude that I could not utter. I could only give my noble Ellen a look of thankfulness, and say,

"I will be as faithful to you as you have been to me, Ellen."

"Hush!" said May, starting from her seat. "What was that sound?" She went to the window and looked out. "It was only the wind," she added, and sat down by me again.

Jane shot indignant glances at the children. "I little thought when I came here to work and wear myself for you, that you would so soon desert me for a stranger."

"Aunt Jane!" said Ellen, quickly, "remember it is our mother of whom you speak; our second mother to whom we owe so much."

Miss Fleming rocked hard, but was silent.

"I do hear a footstep," said May, and again she peeped from the window, but all was dark and silent. My heart ached with weary dissension, and I made a last attempt at peace.

"Sister Jane—you shake your head, but you were *his* sister, and must, therefore, be mine—for his sake I forgive you for the many attempts you have made to turn my children's hearts against me; but forever after let there be silence on this theme. I am no stranger in this house, but hold a mother's place to the children my beloved husband left in my care. For them henceforth, and for them only, I shall live and labor. I have thus far tried to do them good, and they themselves bear witness to my success. Trust them to me, and let there be no more hardness between us—for his sake."

Jane Fleming rocked a moment harder than ever, then burst into tears. She wept a few moments and her heart was softened.

"Agnes, forgive me!" she said, to my astonishment and joy. "You think me heartless, but indeed I am not, though I have been harsh. It was my love for my brother and his children that made me wickedly jealous of you. But I am now a mourner with you and them. For his sake, forgive me!"

There was a moment of silent, pleased surprise, and then I clasped her hand warmly and called her sister. Ellen gravely stooped down and kissed her, and little May, rejoiced, sprang to the piano-forte and sung with her whole heart, "Let us love one another."

As she ceased and turned her smiling face toward us, there was a sound behind, a quick footstep toward the hall, the door was flung open, and —

Had one risen from the dead?

"My wife, my children, my blessed Agnes!" said Captain Fleming, his voice hoarse with emotion, and before we could utter a word of welcome or surprise, we were all clasped in his strong, living arms. The rapture of that hour who would seek to pourtray!

"Forgive me, Agnes, for playing the listener," he said. "It was not premeditated, but as I came in I heard your voices, and could not but pause a moment before surprising you. How can I ever thank you, how repay you for your love to my children and to me!"

These words and many more fell from his lips as he clasped me again with warm affection. I was repaid for all my labor, all my sorrow.

Then followed questions, explanations, words of joy and welcome. His good vessel indeed had

been lost in the fearful storm, but the account of the loss of men had been exaggerated in the excitement of the news. Many were lost, but not all. There were other homes of mourning made glad that night as well as mine.

And what a merry, joyful Christmas we had! How the Christmas tree sparkled under its many tapers, loaded not only with the gifts of the children to each other, but with more costly presents to me and to them from their delighted father! How proudly did Ellen lead her father to the pictures her industry had wrought, and say in answer to his surprise, "Mother taught me" — how sweetly did little May sing her favorite song, and throwing her arms about her smiling father's neck, say also, "Mother taught me."

Very sacred and full of peculiar trial is the position of the second wife, where the children of a buried mother claim her care and love, but if with a true heart and zeal she enters into the work before her, rich is her reward and its pleasure endures forever.

THE SHADOWLESS STREAM.

BY PHILA EARLE.

BETWEEN me and the sunny past
Is lying a fair stream,
And buds of hope in drooping sprays
Along its banks are seen:
And though its waves are fair and smooth,
And with sweet music glide,
I ne'er can cross or linger more
Upon the other side;
Or lie among the sweet-breathed flowers
And hear them whisper low,
Or linger by the smiling waves
Which dimple over so.

The flowers bloom, and zephyrs float
The sweetest fragrance by,
And richer blossoms on my path
This side the streamlet lie;
Yet to those other timid ones
With half-closed, dewy eyes,
I backward turn, and see them yet
Blue as the Summer skies.
I crossed an arching bridge of flowers
Which had the rainbow's gleam
The bridge is gone — the gleam is left —
And I'm this side the stream.

Beyond the stream my girl-life lies
So beautiful and bright,
With all its rosy-tinted hopes,
And all its sunny light;
Where fancy wove, with fingers fair,
A garland fresh and sweet,

And op'ning buds like shining pearls
Were scattered at my feet;
And girlhood's glorious dreamings seemed
As if an angel's eyes
Had looked upon them with a smile
From out the sunlit skies.

I've passed to early womanhood,
From girlhood's dreamy days;
And now on active, useful life
I've fixed my earnest gaze,
A dearer, holier love is mine
Than any of my dreams;
An earnestness there is in life
Which ne'er in fancy seems,
And well I know a purer light
Is lingering 'round me now
And falls with holy radiance
Upon my upturned brow.

I look not backward, with regret,
The future lies before
With all its wealth of hope and love,
A misty dream no more.
I pine not for those golden dreams
Of sunny days ago,
Or that my feet, from those bright paths,
So gently are withdrawn.
My pathway is a pleasant one,
And Heav'n smiles bright above;
For perfect trust and faith are mine,
And never changing love.

AUNT HAPZIBAH AND THE SPIRITS.

BY MISS CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.

October 7th.

You know, Mag, when I first came up to this poky old place, I promised to advise you from time to time of my experiences. Well, I am going to be as good as my word.

Wildfire Hall is a queer place; but on the whole, I rather like it. It is an ancient, half-tumble down old mansion, and they say has been in the family since before the Revolution; and there are a great many immense elms and but-tonwoods around it, which I suppose have stood just where they do now for these hundreds of years. You see it is just the place for ghost-seeing—but I must not anticipate.

Uncle Deacon Wildfire is a tall, thin theological-looking individual, who always dresses in a black suit, and wears a white neckcloth, with a face as long as the moral law any time, but on Sundays and "preparation" days as long as the law and the testimony both. And yet he is a good man, and fond of a joke too in his quiet way.

How in the world he came to have such a daughter as Kate, and such a son as Allan, I can't imagine. I don't think aunt Wildfire could have been just a fitting person for a deacon's wife.

But I forgot that I hadn't told you anything about aunt Hapzibah yet. You see, she is uncle Job's half sister, and since aunt's death she has taken charge of the household, because Kate *won't* be housekeeper any way. She is a real cross old maid, the straightest, thinnest, severest-looking individual it was ever my lot to see. She drinks strong tea, and goes to sewing-societies, and talks solemnly through her nose; and yet she is continually scolding and fretting, and gossiping and prying into other people's business, in the most provoking way in the world.

The funniest thing happened, the other day, that ever you heard in all your life. You see, Allan and Kate and I, had been down to Squire Peter's, (everybody is a squire or a deacon or a captain here) to spend the evening; and they fell to talking about the spirit-rappings, so we got up a circle amongst ourselves. We sat and sat, and sat, for almost fifteen minutes, and by-and-by Frank gave the table a shove, just in sport; but Ellie Peter's told him to be still and wait just five minutes more, and if it didn't move

of itself in that time we'd give it up. So we all sat there, quiet as could be, till I began to tremble, and the tears came in Kate's eyes, when all at once the table began to move, and it went faster and faster, and spun round and round; and we were all frightened most to death; and ran out of the room as hard as we could go, and shut the door upon the table just as it was coming through the doorway after us.

Well, as you may think, we were all a good deal frightened; but Al laughed at us, and said it was electricity, and if he only had a battery, he'd show us a great deal stranger things than that; and as it was getting late, he thought we'd better go home.

"Now, Lizzie," said Kate, as we were walking along, "don't you say a word about this in father's presence, for he'll be very angry about it; and as for aunt Hap, she would set us down as hopeless cases at once if she knew it."

"Yes," said Al, "but I'll bet a hat, Lizzie, that you can't keep the secret if you try; you'll be sure to let the cat out at some unguarded moment."

"No, indeed," said I, as earnestly as possible, and I felt it too. "It is very saucy in you, Al, to insinuate such a thing. I'm quite as close mouthed as you are, any time."

Well, when we got home, we found aunt Hap sitting up in the dining-room, taking red pepper tea for a cold.

"Why, aunty," said Al, "I hope you ain't sick."

"Law, child," she said, with her usual groan when anything ails her; "you know I ain't never well, and I've been dreadful low-spirited for a week or two; it's enough to make a body down sick abed to see the way you young folks carry on, a settin' up nights and a frolicin'; gals didn't use to act so when I was young. It affects my sperets amazingly to see my brother's children, and he a deacon, settin' such an example."

I went into the hall to lay away my things, and didn't hear Al's reply, but as I came back I heard aunt Hap say,

"Sperets, Al, I am astonished at you; you know I hain't no faith in sperets; and besides, I think it's a sin to make use of 'em. What would your father say to such language, sir!"

Of course I thought Al had been telling about the spirits, and considered that I had a right to be angry.

"There, I told you so," said I, "I knew you'd tell aunt Hap that we had been to see the spirits. Never talk to me about keeping a secret again."

"What!" said aunt Hap, "have you been to see the sperets? Marcy to us, I thought I smelt brimstone when you came in. I'm amazed that young people brought up as you have been, the children of a deacon, should countenance such things."

By this time Al was laughing ready to kill himself. "Bravo, Lil," said he, "you have done it now. I was only telling aunt Hap she had better take a horn of brandy for her cold. I hadn't said a word about the spirits."

Of course I felt flat enough. Aunt Hap broke a again. "Pretty doin's these, goin' to see sperets, children that's been brought up as you have; knew the whole catechism before you was four years old, both on ye."

"Oh! but aunt Hap," said Al, wickedly, "you ought to have seen what we did to-night. The spirits say a great many edifying things. Why they do say that everybody has got a spiritual partner, somewhere, either in this world or the next, and that those that don't marry here, will find their companion in 'another sphere,' as they say."

"Pretty stuff for sperets to be a telling'. That shows, to my mind, that they are from Satan, for don't the Bible say that in heaven 'they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels.'"

Aunt Hap pretended to be very angry, but we could all see she was pleased with the idea of a "spiritual partner," for she is terribly cut up to think she has never married. She talks about the girls now-a-days terribly, and is just as hateful to the young men as she can be.

That night, about twelve o'clock, I happened to wake up, and I heard something in aunt Hap's room like somebody talking; so I woke Kate, and we both listened. We couldn't either of us make out what it was; so we got up very quietly and opened her door a little crack and took a peep.

There sat aunt Hapzibah, straight up in bed, with her great ruffled night-cap on, and an old shawl around her shoulders, staring with her eyes as big as saucers at the foot of the bed. Pretty soon we heard a noise like somebody rapping with a little stick upon the footboard.

"Is it the spirits?" asked aunt Hap.

"Rap, rap, rap," came the answer.

"That means 'yes,' I suppose," soliloquized

aunt Hap. "I've heard 'em say they give three raps for yes."

The rapping continued.

"Is it my father?" she asked.

"Rap, rap."

"That is no," said aunt Hap, to herself.

"Is it my mother?"

"Rap, rap."

"Is it any of my brothers or sisters?"

"Rap, rap."

There was a pause, during which aunt Hap seemed gathering all her powers for some tremendous effort. At last she interrogated,

"Is it my *speretual partner*?"

"Rap, rap, rap."

"Oh! Lordy mercy," ejaculated aunt Hap, "who'd ever have thought that my husband, that is to be, was a dead man; why I'm e'en amost as good as a widder."

"Rap, rap, rap, rap," continued the spirits.

"Can you tell me your name?" asked aunt Hap.

"Rap, rap."

A pause.

"Rap, rap, rap, rap."

"Well," says aunt Hap, "I'm very glad to see you, no, to hear you. I'm very glad you've come, but I think you'd better go away now, for you see I ain't quite clear in my mind that it's proper for you to come here into my room at this time o' night. I ain't used to havin' men around in my room, and it kinder frustrates me."

With that I thought Kate and I should have died. We stuffed our handkerchiefs into our mouths, and held our breath till we almost burst a blood vessel, but if we had laughed I don't believe aunt Hap would have heard us, she was so intent upon listening for her "*speretual partner*."

"Rap, rap, rap, rap," went the noise all the time, a succession of little fire explosions, like a pack of fairy fire-crackers going off.

"I know what it is," whispered Kate. "Do you see? She has left her window at the foot of the bed open by mistake, and the stiff paper curtain keeps rattling, that's all."

"Surely enough," said I. "Well, if this isn't a joke. It is a pity Al can't enjoy it with us."

"Never mind, we'll tell him in the morning," replied Kate, "and how he will laugh."

"Don't say a word that will lead her to mistrust anything," said Al, when we told him, "but be sure to have the window open and the curtain down again to-night, and I'll manage to see the sport myself."

You may believe Kate and I didn't sleep much that night, but wrapped in good warm shawls, we stood listening at aunt Hap's door. By-and-bye the old window curtain began to rattle.

"Rap, rap, rap."

"Are you here?" said aunt Hap.

"Rap, rap, rap."

"I'm afraid it ain't proper for you to come nights so. I think you'd better come in the day time."

No reply.

"Did I ever know you in the flesh?"

"Rap, rap, rap."

"Was your first name John?"

"Rap, rap."

"Was it George?"

"Rap, rap."

"Was it James?"

"Rap, rap, rap."

"Oh! deary me, I do believe it's Jim Larned. I thought when he married Sarah Casswell he'd better a' had me."

"Rap, rap, rap."

"Mrs. Larned always did set herself up above me. I wonder what she'd say now if she knew her husband, that's dead, and that she's a wearin' mournin' for, was my spiritual pardner, and come to see me every night?"

Just at this instant the door which opens into the hall softly unclosed, and a tall, white figure, indistinctly seen in the dim starlight, came stealthily into the room.

"Oh! marcy to us," said aunt Hapzibah, "if he hain't come his own self." She screamed and drew herself nervously up into the far corner of the bed, and cried, "Go out o' here, Jim Larned, marcy to us. I always knew it was all of Satan. Coming into a poor, lone woman's chamber this time o' night; go away, I tell you; you ain't my spiritual pardner, and you needn't pertend you be, go *aw-a-y!*"

By this time the figure had reached the side of her bed, and stretching out its long, bony arm, laid it upon aunt Hap's shoulder. This was more than spinster flesh and blood could

bear; and hitting the unfortunate ghost of "Jim" a knock which came near laying him his length upon the floor, she jumped from the bed and rushed past him into our room.

Kate and I were, as you may imagine, in convulsions of laughter; and Al, who couldn't stand it any longer, threw the ghostly robes off from his head and shoulders, and to aunt Hap's horror and amazement, rushed into the room in a perfect paroxysm of mirth.

While we were yet rolling and screaming, and aunt Hap was venting her ire upon our unfortunate heads, the door opened, and uncle Wildfire, who had been awakened by the tumult, entered.

"What is the matter?" he inquired, anxiously. "Is the house on fire?" But one look around the room convinced him that the immediate danger to his household was rather from the fire of aunt Hap's wrath, than from any material element.

"I tell you what it is, Job Wildfire," said the irate spinster, "these children are possessed of Satan, and I won't stay in the house with them another night. Pretty goings on for a *deacon's* family."

"Aunt Hap has been holding a 'circle,'" said Al, "with the window curtain for a 'medium,' and she has met with some astounding revelations."

As for Kate and me, we couldn't say a word for laughing. It didn't take uncle long to understand the whole thing, and then he gave Al a scolding and sent him to his room, and told us to go to bed and let him hear no more such disturbances: but he couldn't keep his face straight while he said it. As for aunt Hap, she hasn't spoken pleasantly since that night; and the least allusion to "Jim Larned" or the "spirits," makes her groan and take on "awful" about the degenerate habits of young people now-a-days.

"THE DAYS GONE BY."

BY D. HARDY, JR.

How fair and beautiful they seem,

The days, the days gone by,

Their light is resting on us yet,

Like star-gleams from the sky;

Their memories come thronging 'round,

As fancies in a dream,

Or mist-shapes, that, at eventide,

Sail down upon the stream.

We ever love to wander back

To childhood's sunny hours,

When earth seemed all so beautiful,

Our life-path filled with flowers;

Out from their lone sepulchral halls

A thousand fancies start,

Then, like the hues of sunset skies,

The fleeting dreams depart.

"A STITCH IN TIME."

BY ELLEN ASHTON

"My dear," said Mr. Percival, as he took his hat, after breakfast, preparatory to going out, "I see the hall paper is loose here: suppose you have a little paste made, to repair it, before it gets worse. 'A stitch in time saves nine,' as the proverb says."

"Yes, my dear," was the reply; and Mr. Percival, giving his wife a kiss, departed for his store.

At dinner time, however, he noticed that the loose bit of wall-paper had not yet been pasted up; nor was it even at night; nor yet the next day. A week passed, and meanwhile the paper had got looser and looser, till quite a large strip hung down from the wall. His business was always exacting, and particularly so at this season of the year, so that he had to leave the house the minute breakfast was over; and when he returned at night he was too tired to do any thing: hence his own inability to mend the wall. Mrs. Percival, on her part, had plenty of time, but was procrastinating. Every day she resolved to attend to the loose paper before night; but somehow the day passed without her doing it. The right moment, in fact, never came; she was always putting off the task, to use her pet phrase, "till by-and-bye." At last, the patience of her husband got exhausted; and he sent a paper-hanger to do what, if taken in time, a house servant could have done in five minutes.

It was not long after this that the beef-steak, at breakfast, was shockingly burned. The cook was a new one, and Mrs. Percival having expostulated with her, was answered in quite an insolent tone.

"You should not have permitted that," quietly said her husband, when they were alone again. "She'll remember it, the next time you find fault with her; and be twice as insolent. I always check the very first symptom of insubordination I see in a clerk. 'A stitch in time saves nine,' my dear."

"But I do hate to be always finding fault."

"Then speak decisively, at first."

"It looks so cross, to begin scolding a new girl."

"Then you must expect your servants to take advantage of you. The girl knew she had been careless, and, if you had promptly rebuked her

impertinence, would either have gone at once, in which case it would have been a good rid-dance, because an insolent servant is not worth having in the long run, or she would have seen that you were not to be trifled with, and would have made up her mind to be both careful and respectful in future.

It happened as Mr. Percival had predicted. The cook, discovering the weak point of her mistress' character, grew more self-willed and saucy, so that at last it became, practically, a question whether she or Mrs. Percival should rule. One day, the husband, coming home to dinner, found his wife cooking it herself, Sally having left, about an hour before, after having been grossly impertinent.

Many weeks had not passed, before Mrs. Percival, at the breakfast-table, said to the eldest of the children,

"Now do hurry, James, and eat, or you'll be late at school. Come, that's a dear boy."

"There's nothing here fit to eat," angrily said the child. "How can I go to school, when you starve me, this way?"

The father looked significantly at his wife, but she gave him an imploring glance, so he went on with his breakfast in silence. By dint of coaxing, and having a dish prepared expressly for him, the lad was finally got off to school. Mr. Percival lingered, purposely, behind.

"This will never do, my dear," he said, seriously, when the door had closed behind James. "You are letting that boy talk to you just as he chooses; and the end will be permanent disobedience. You ought to have punished him, the very first time he replied to you in such a way: and you should begin now."

"Oh! but I dislike punishing him. I'd rather try persuasion."

"Persuasion won't do with every child. It answers with Lizzy; but fails, as you see, with James. I don't say you should whip him; but some kind of punishment is certainly necessary. He never answers me so, although I have never yet punished him; but he sees, with the quick insight of all children, that I'm not to be trifled with, and that I will punish him, if he don't obey."

"But he won't do it again."

"He'll do it again, and again, and yet again;

and every time worse than before. The only way is to stop it at once. 'A stitch in time saves nine,' you know."

But that love of present ease, which was at the bottom of Mrs. Percival's procrastination, and which made her over indulgent to children and servants, because she disliked controversy, was not to be overcome. The result was that James soon grew entirely beyond her control. When she was alone at home, he was master.

When his father came in, however, he was a different being; for Mr. Percival made the lad, whenever he was by, be respectful and obedient. Yet the boy's character was seriously damaged for hypocrisy was added to his other faults.

Years have passed. Mrs. Percival is the same easy, selfish, procrastinating soul as ever: and her husband's happiness and fortune suffer a consequence still. She will never learn that "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

OH, LET ME LIVE TO DO SOME GOOD.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

Oh, let me live to do some good;
To battle for the right;
To walk the straight and narrow path,
All worldly care despise:
To touch that human harp, whose chords
Are allied with the sky;
To act in mercy, truth, and love,
Nor living, fear to die!

Oh, let me sound the gentle strain
Of pure, unsullied love;
To move some sorrow-stricken soul
To place his trust above;
To breathe into some dying ear
A hope that never dies;
To fill some fearful, trembling heart,
With Heavenly harmonies.

Oh, let me course my pilgrimage
With measured step, and slow;
And fellow Jesus through the flesh,
And bear His load of woe!
To act, that my example may
Prove virtue not in vain;
That some poor brother, sinking down,
May e'en take heart again.

Oh, let me live to do some good;
To battle for the Truth;
To pour Religion's living strain
Into the earth of youth:
To bear with all that God may send,
And drink the chalice dry!
To act with saints of every age,
Nor living, fear to die!

THE HEART IS A GARDEN.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

The heart is a garden where bright flowers
are springing,
The flowers of affection, of rapture,
and joy,
Rare fragrance around life's rough pathway
e'er flinging;
Let all our best moments their
culture employ.

Root out all the tares and the rank
weeds upspringing,
Which scatter their seeds where the
fairest flowers bloom,
And cull the rich vine that hangs
heavily clinging,
To some frail miasma deep-shadowed
in gloom.

With care and with caution this
garden attending,
Where showers of kindness and gentleness
fall,
The desire of kind words and bright
smiles ever blending
Will nourish the buds, and the blossoms,
and all.

But never let anger, suspicion,
unkindness
Take root in this garden of beautiful
flowers,
If you do, you will surely repent of
your blindness.
And mourn o'er your folly in life's
darkest hours.

THE LOVER'S MISTAKE.

BY CLARA MORRISON.

"Painful indeed is it to be misunderstood and undervalued by those we love. But this, too, in our life, must we learn to bear without a murmur, for it is a tale often repeated."—LONGFELLOW.

MABEL WOOD was not beautiful; still, there were many who thought her very attractive. Her features were irregular; but she had lovely brown eyes, and full red lips, which you could not look at without longing to kiss. Then she had sweet, winning manners, and so graceful a carriage, that it was no wonder that she was often preferred to other girls, who though boasting far more beauty, were wanting in these essentials. True, Mrs. Winslow, who was a neighbor, often shook her head and said that she could not imagine what the young men saw in Mabel Wood to admire; but nevertheless, they admired on, while the pretty but insipid faces of Mrs. Winslow's daughters, failed to receive the admiration which their mother considered would have been worthily bestowed upon them.

Mabel was no flirt, but she did love attention; there was no disputing that. She conferred upon three or four of her most devoted lovers the title of "cousin," and they used their cousinly privilege to the fullest extent. But one amongst them was not satisfied with this relationship; he even refused the nearer title of "brother;" and so assiduously did he lay claim for the promotion that he desired, that Mabel was at length, fain to exalt him to the place in her affections, which heretofore, had remained unoccupied. Willingly, for him, would she now have renounced society, dissolved all cousinly relationships, and when the hour arrived for him to say, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," she would have submissively, and without murmuring, left her luxurious home, and gone with him, fully satisfied with the "one calico gown and a year," which Mrs. Partington defines, is the literal meaning of that figurative passage of the marriage ritual. But Ernest Arnold was unfortunately so situated, that he could not make his engagement public. An uncle, who had brought him up, and with whom he still resided, highly disapproved of long engagements, or of youthful marriages; and as he had promised Ernest that he should be his heir, the young man felt it would be more politic not to run the risk of offending his relative, by a premature disclosure, which fortune or accident might in time

arrange for him better than he could devise. So Mabel made no confidants, save her father and mother; and things went on as usual, only that she was distant, even cold to her affianced lover, in the presence of others; but when they were alone—then Ernest received a recompense for all the penance he underwent on such occasions. As Mabel went more and more in society, the number of her admirers increased proportionately; and even though Ernest Arnold well knew how very dearly she loved him, he could not banish entirely from his heart, all anxieties concerning her constancy. Amongst the few whom she had designated with the title of "cousin," was one, whose figure, face and address were well calculated to create fears in Ernest Arnold's breast. Henry Ross, tall, symmetrically shaped, noble-looking, was no mean rival; and to crown all, rumor began to associate their names together. It was not to be wondered at, for in the afternoon promenade, and at the evening amusements, they were often seen in company. Night after night Ernest met him at Mabel's residence, until he began to place credence in the reports that he heard. Sometimes, he was on the eve of telling Mabel of his annoyances, but then, when alone, her sweet smiles and the clear, trustful glances of her bonnie brown eyes, disarmed all suspicious fears, and made him feel himself a very villain to have harbored one distrustful thought concerning her. So time passed on, and "cousin" Harry, as Mabel called him, growing more and more assiduous in his attentions, Mr. Wood at length came to the conclusion that it was time to interfere.

"Mabel," he said, following his daughter to her chamber, one night upon retiring. "Mabel, I think you do wrong to encourage young Ross so, when you are engaged."

Mabel broke out into her musical laugh.

"Encourage! why, papa, we think the world and all of each other; but not a bit such kind of love as—as—" she hesitated and blushed, then continued with more sobriety, "you understand, papa; if we were the only people in the world we wouldn't care to marry each other. It's just cousinly love—Platonic love, you know."

"Platonic fiddlestick! you don't know the meaning of the word, my child; never talk about things that you don't understand. I say young Ross is in love with you; and I feel it to be my duty to tell him how things stand, unless you will save me the trouble."

"Oh, papa!" and now Mabel's cheeks were burning red. "Oh, papa! how you would mortify me! Why, Harry Ross has never breathed a word of love to me, in his life—he has no sister, and he loves to come here, for we have been friends a long, long time. Oh, papa, don't do such a foolish thing."

Mr. Wood shook his head.

Now, just think how it would sound," continued Mabel, "you may be sure that we should never hear the end of it, for it would be too good a joke not to be repeated. If you tell Harry Ross that I am engaged you might just as well say, 'Mr. Ross, you come here so often, that it is quite evident that you desire to marry my daughter, and, therefore, I consider it to be my duty to inform you that her hand is promised to another.' Only think, how ridiculous!"

"Well, well, have it your own way," said Mr. Wood, emphatically nodding his head, "but I warn you that you'll see I am right some day; and I never want a daughter of mine to lower herself or her sex, in the eyes of any man, by encouraging addresses which she would not accept. Good night, my child, God bless you, good night."

Mr. Wood kissed his daughter, and left her to her thoughts. She sat a long time that night, reviewing everything that bore upon the subject uppermost in her mind. She was far from being convinced that her father was right; still, the reflections which his words of warning had occasioned, kept her from feeling as much at ease as formerly, when next she was thrown with Harry Ross. He on the contrary, gained more self-possession when he found her wanting in it, and the opportunity which he had long been watching for, he did not suffer to escape. He drew his chair nearer to her, and fixing his eloquent eyes upon hers, with a look which she had never before seen in them; with strong, earnest words, he told her of all his love. She sprang aside from the arm with which he sought to encircle her, and hiding her face from sight, wept bitterly.

"What does this mean, Mabel?" he cried. "It cannot be that I have offended you—you whom I love better than life—whom——"

"No! no! oh, no, Harry! don't say such words!" she exclaimed, vehemently. "I will not—I cannot hear them!"

He looked at her in amazement. One hand pressed tightly over her eyes, and the other gesturing him away from her.

"Mabel, for my sake, if you love me, tell me what is the matter with you. Do your parents oppose me?" Still she repulsed him. "Why will you not listen to me?" he continued.

She lifted her head, which she had bowed down in the humiliation which had come upon her. She made a brave effort to subdue her emotion, and at length she answered with forced calmness.

"I will tell you why. Because it pains me more than you can dream of to hear you say that you love me in such a way. However much you may grow to despise me, oh, Harry, promise me that you will believe me when I tell you that until this hour, I never dreamed that I was more to you than a sister."

"I do not understand you, Mabel. What if you never did? You know it now, but very faintly, for in a life-time I could not disclose all I feel for you. But you *shall* listen to me, Mabel," he said, as she made an effort to silence the words that were flowing like a torrent that has been long pent up. "You *shall* listen to me. If I seemed cold to you, it was because the fires were so deep beneath the surface of my life. I had not a thought—not even a dream of which you were not the sole burden. My whole life went out toward you from the moment that I first beheld you, and if I put a curb upon my looks and tones, it was that I might wait until I was sure that I had won your heart—that there was no shadow of a doubt but that it was my own. I have waited patiently, my own Mabel, and I have my reward."

As he spoke, he drew her unresisted to his breast. A figure darkened the doorway for a moment, and vanished as noiselessly and suddenly as it appeared.

"What! so weak, my darling. Have I frightened my darling?" Tenderly he lifted the head that had fallen from his close embrace; but when he saw the closed eyes, the deathly pale face, he cried out in terror, to a servant who was passing, "bring water! bring water! your mistress has fainted!"

When the members of the household came hurrying in, Mabel was sitting up, still pale, but perfectly collected. She had released herself from Harry Ross' *cousinly* hold, and was quite unconscious of the embrace, which some one who had come and gone, had been cognizant of. The servant, who had let in and out the visitor, and to whom Harry Ross had called for assistance, either forgot, or had received instructions to

deliver neither name nor card; for certainly, he never mentioned who it was that had come and gone so noiselessly. At length the bustle attendant upon so unusual a circumstance as Mabel's fainting, died out, and again they were left to themselves.

Harry might have seen how little he had to hope in the sadness of her half averted eyes, and the grieved quiver of her beautiful lips; but too confident in his own powers, he persisted in misunderstanding all her emotions.

"I cannot comprehend you, Mabel. Why should it distress you to have me tell you that I love you?—surely, you must have known it for a long, long time." He spoke very gently, and essayed to take her hand within his own.

"Indeed, indeed, I did not know that you loved me," she gasped. "Oh, what will you think of me, when I tell you I am engaged—that I have been engaged ever since last summer. I would have told you before if I had dreamed that you cared for me, Harry; but I thought you only had a friendship for me as I have for you; and for the present, I was obliged to keep my engagement a secret."

His eyes were bent full upon hers, which were no longer turned away, but raised beseechingly to his. He seemed reading her very soul.

"Engaged!" he repeated, in a tone that seemed to indicate that it was past belief. His head whirled around, and it was no wonder that he sought to steady it by leaning his elbow upon the table, and supporting his head with his hand. He closed his eyes, and tried resolutely to collect his thoughts which had so suddenly been confused. When he had overcome the first stunning effects of the blow he looked around him. Mabel had drawn nearer, and now said, "Won't you forgive me, Harry? won't you forgive me, and say that you believe me, when I tell you that I have never had a thought of flirting with you?"

He answered coldly, almost haughtily. "It is a difficult thing for me to do: although, I must exonerate you from showing any triumph over my bitter humiliation. Perhaps, it is but a just punishment for my blind confidence; but will you give me the satisfaction of knowing who is my rival? I promise to keep the secret you have kept so well." He could not control the sarcasm of his tone.

Mabel was pained by it, but her generous heart did not suffer her to notice it, and she answered frankly "You have won the right to know. It is Ernest Arnold."

"Ernest Arnold!" For a moment, Harry Ross was won into forgetfulness of his great disap-

pointment by his exceeding surprise. "Ernest Arnold! Of all others, the very last that I should have guessed. Why, Mabel, I have thought time and again that were I in Arnold's place, I would never come into the house—you have treated him so coolly—even slightly. I am sure it has not been vanity that has led me to imagine that you showed more pleasure in my society than in his; but like all the rest of your sex, Mabel——"

"Hush, hush; you shall not think less of my sex, because of my thoughtlessness. You shall read my heart, and see if my error has not been a natural one. Now go back with me to the hour when you begged me to think of you as a cousin, and to call upon you as such, when I needed your services. Well, I accepted the offer in all sincerity; and from that hour to this, when have you ever revealed to me the least desire to claim any nearer relationship? Would it not under the circumstances, have been vanity on my part even to have imagined such a possibility? Let me say, that if I kept the secret of my engagement well, you kept the secret of your love for me even better, if it were possible. I acknowledge that you are right in reproaching me for showing a preference for your society; and you must forgive me if I pain you in the explanation which necessarily follows: but imagine yourself a young girl, who loves for the first time, and ask your own heart if you would not feel a timidity in approaching the object of that love in the presence of others, which would prevent the cordiality of manner that you would yield to one, to whom you were more indifferent." Mabel paused, looking wistfully in his face, for a lenient answer.

He could not be severe—she looked so earnest and so true. Besides, he censured himself even more than he did her, now that he looked dispassionately back upon the past. Yet, with his keen sense of disappointment fresh in his breast, he could not summon magnanimity enough to tell her so.

Mabel sighed heavily. "I would give the world if only I could convince you—if only I could hear you say, 'we will be friends still.'"

"And you shall hear me say it; for we *will* be friends. But, Mabel, one thing you must promise me; you must suffer me to come here for the present as frequently as heretofore; you must appear in public with me as often. Let the breaking off of our intimacy be so gradual that it will give less cause for remark. Ah, I have been a fool—you need not shake your head, for you would say so too, if you knew how confidently I had spoken to my family of my hopes concerning you. My married brother warned

me, but I was too self-sufficient to profit by it. Confound it; he has a wife, and of course knows a woman's ways better. Thereafter, if a woman smiles upon me, I shall understand what it means; and if she avoids me, I shall at once conclude that she is in love with me."

"I am glad that you even make a jest of it so soon," said Mabel, half laughing, and yet a little nettled nevertheless.

"It will be a bitter jest for me for many a long day," he answered, rising to leave. "But it will be a good lesson. You remember Burns' lines Miss Mabel,

'Tho' crosses and losses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there ye'll get there
Ye'll find no other where.'

"*Miss Mabel!*" she echoed, sorrowfully, "I see how it will be. I have heard it said that a woman can never retain as a friend——" she paused and blushed as she met her companion's eyes.

Harry Ross finished the sentence for her. "Can never retain as a friend the man she has rejected as a lover.' Is that what you would say? Well, I will show you how much truth there is in that. Good night, Mabel, if you will still suffer me to call you so; I believe that what has this night passed between us has given you much pain and no triumph. It has only served to increase my admiration for you; and I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have not wasted my love upon an unworthy object."

"Thank you; oh, I thank you from my heart for saying this. I was so afraid that by my thoughtlessness I had forfeited your esteem. Good night; I am no true prophet if you do not live to find some one far better suited to you than I am; and whose love will cause you to forget the hour that now seems so unfortunate to you."

"Never, never. I shall *never* find another Mabel."

With one long pressure of her hand, and a look that Mabel never forgot, he left her. The door closed upon him; and Mabel, with her generous, tender heart, touched to the quick with pity, flung herself across the sofa where she had been sitting, and wept as if his pain and his disappointment had been all her own.

Some days passed away, during which Mabel saw nor heard nothing of Harry Ross or Ernest Arnold. She grew restless and ill at ease; but principally on account of the absence of her lover. What could it mean? She wearied herself with conjecture.

One morning at the breakfast-table, her father rallied her for her loss of appetite.

"Mabel is losing her beaux as well as her appetite," exclaimed Celia, her younger sister.

"Truly; I have not seen Ross here lately. I predicted his fate—oh, Mabel, I wasn't so far out of the way—was I?"

Her face, all suffused with blushes, answered for her.

"And now I think of it, Ernest has not been here as often either. Nothing wrong there, I hope. Let me see, your mother told me something about your having fainted away one night when we were out. My own anxieties in business matters prevented my laying much stress upon it, or even giving it a second thought."

"That was nothing," answered Mabel, confusedly, "I had not been feeling well all day, and had scarcely eaten a mouthful, and I had taken a long walk; and besides, I don't think that I quite fainted—I felt giddy and sick, and lost myself just for a moment; but it was all over directly."

"Was Ernest with you?" asked Mr. Wood; at the same time casting a scrutinizing glance at his daughter.

"No, sir," said Mabel, quietly.

"But Harry Ross was," interposed Celia, "and she did faint quite away, for he had her tight in his arms, Judy says, when she got there, and her face was white as death; but then it didn't last, or they would have sent right off for us and for the doctor."

Mr. Wood said nothing more, but after breakfast he called Mabel into his library.

"Mabel, my child, you must give me your confidence. Something has gone wrong. What is it? I have had business troubles of my own, or I should have noticed your looks sooner."

Mabel, weak and flurried, pressed her handkerchief to her eyes and cried outright.

"I hope that I am wrong, Mabel; but I fear that you may have mistaken your own heart; and that, after all, you have discovered that you have been too hasty in your engagement with Ernest, and that——"

"Oh, father!" There was a world of reproach in the tone of her voice. "Oh, father!" she repeated, "how can you think so meanly of me!—how little you understand me!"

"Well, well; I am glad to be mistaken; but what is the matter?"

"I do not know; indeed I do not. You were right about Harry Ross, and I was worried to death that it should have been so; and as if that was not enough trouble, Ernest has never been near me since I found it out; never written me a line, or sent me a word of explanation as to the cause of his absence; and I have no idea

what is the matter. He was to have come that very evening, you know I staid at home on purpose to see him, but he never came."

"Well, that is strange. Perhaps—but no, Ross could never be guilty of so mean a thing. I'll go and see Ernest, and find out what is to pay. When did you see Harry Ross last?"

"Not since that evening. He made me promise that I would permit him to visit me as frequently as before, and go out with him as often; but he has never once made an attempt to see me since. I do not understand that, either."

"But I do. He miscalculated his own strength when he exacted the promise, and I respect him for not holding you to it. If in his sober moments he had, I should have questioned his motives. But then this has nothing to do with Ernest. I will see him this morning if he is in the city. In any event you must not fret yourself. I do not like to see my blithe Mabel look so pale and jaded."

It was a feeble attempt at a smile which Mabel made in answer. She picked up the morning's paper and listlessly glanced over its contents. Suddenly her breath came and went quickly, all color fled from her face, and trembling from head to foot, she read over and over the paragraph that had attracted her attention. Conspicuous amongst the names of those who had sailed the day before for Havre, was that of Ernest Arnold. Without speaking, she laid her finger upon the line and showed it to her father.

"The rascal! I could shoot him! Mabel don't give the fellow a thought. He has jilted you. I never half liked the secrecy that he enforced concerning your engagement; he was too calculating: and now, at the first rumor of my losses, he flies like the dastard that he is. All in keeping!"

"Father, you are doing Ernest injustice—in deed you are. We both of us agreed that it was better to keep our engagement secret; and the losses that you speak of, he surely never could have known, when this is the first time I have heard them mentioned. No, no, depend upon it, there is other cause."

Mr. Wood shook his head, and went out to his business, which so occupied him for a few succeeding days, that he was scarcely able to see his family, except for brief moments at meal times. Mabel read his great anxieties in his countenance, and made brave efforts to be cheerful that she might not add one care to his mind. One day he came into dinner, looking more like himself than he had done of late. The wearing agony was over; the crisis had come and gone. There was no longer any more loans to negotiate

for—no more discounts to be obtained—no more suspense as to his hazardous operations. The firm of Wood & Co. were bankrupt. Out of the wreck he had saved nothing but his honor. His invalid wife became more helpless than ever under the blow. Celia shed some futile tears over the loss of the mansion and the elegant luxuries that it afforded; but Mabel, she rose triumphant over all, sustaining and cheering her father; ministering to the wants of her mother as much as lay in her power; and encouraging Celia to hope for better days, and to find happiness in the execution of the duties that lay nearest to her.

Some months rolled away. Mrs. Winslow had not suffered the failure of the Woods, and the desertion of Mabel's two most attentive beaux, to remain only a nine days' talk in her circle.

"I always used to wonder what the young men saw in her so very attractive," she remarked to a friend who was as fond of gossip as herself. "Now she flirted desperately with young Ross—you would have thought they were engaged to have seen them together; but the very moment that Mr. Wood's losses got out it was all over. One of the servants told me that he actually never set foot in the house afterward. Just so it was with Butler Arnold's nephew—they were most as much together; and though she wasn't by all accounts so free with him, I think she was the fondest of him by far. She used to look so happy and quiet-like when they were sitting together in church or any where. 'Still water runs deep' is my proverb. There was many another though that she did flirt with—always somebody after her; but now she finds a change."

"Yes, she has learned what her attractions are, I guess. She is teaching music in Mr. Bedell's family—a kind of governess, I believe. Do your girls visit her?"

"They have called once—just out of curiosity, you know; but Miss Mabel did not appreciate the visit, and it will not be repeated, I promise you."

And this was the way in which Mabel, the true-hearted, the noble-souled was spoken of; but at peace with herself, she lived above the world, and the calumniating remarks which sometimes floated to her, were powerless to wound. She waited patiently God's own good time to lead her out of the darkness that enveloped her, and she waited not in vain. Some long months of discipline—such as her nature needed most for its development in strength and perfection, and then the silver lining of the cloud revealed itself.

Ernest Arnold, travelling abroad, received tidings of his uncle's illness, and hastened back to his side. He found him convalescing from a malignant fever, that had well nigh proven fatal. With the greatest difficulty a competent nurse had been procured by his physician, to attend upon him through his illness, for the pestilence had swept throughout the length and the breadth of the city; and all who had strength or means to flee, fled from it as from death. All danger of contagion was now over, for the frosty nights and mornings of autumn had set in; but Ernest's uncle was still weak and feeble, for at his age it is no easy thing to rally when sickness has brought you to the very portals of death.

After Ernest's arrival, the nurse could not be persuaded to remain, for there were others who needed her care; and it was touching to see how she had wound herself round the heart of the once worldly, selfish old man. He could talk but little in his feeble state, but all that he said was of her. One day, when he had grown stronger, and was able to sit up, with a touch of his old eccentricity, he insisted upon his nephew's promising him that he would marry "the nurse, who had saved his old uncle's life," as he expressed it.

A look of unutterable loathing at the bare idea flitted over Ernest's face.

"Every cent of my property goes to her," repeated the old man.

"That is all right," answered Ernest. "The money which you have yourself made, you are perfectly right to dispose of as you think best; but even were I ever to marry, I should insist upon the disposal of my own hand and heart. Did my choice meet your approbation, I should be all the happier for it—but such talk is idle now. Uncle, a man who has been duped by one woman, loses confidence in all. Let us say no more."

"I understand. That little affair that you confessed to me before you went abroad—in short, was the occasion of your going—that still troubles you. Be a man, Ernest, be a man, and forget it. Because one woman proves unworthy there is no wisdom shown in doubting the sex. I have set my heart, my boy, in seeing her your wife, and when you meet, if her eyes do not warm your frozen blood, why then there is not a pair of eyes in all creation that would. I tell you she seemed to me more like an angel than anything else."

"I think she must have been to cause you to forget your horror of early marriages," replied Ernest, looking quizzical for a moment. "Now if you would marry her yourself."

A faint glow overspread the old man's pale and wrinkled face. He hesitated a moment, but finally stammered out,

"She would not have me. I did propose to marry her, one day, when I thought my end was near. I wanted to marry her that she might claim a part of my possessions, but she would neither consent to that, nor let me see the lawyer that I sent for. A very remarkable young girl, Ernest."

"It seems so; but after my experience I would not trust even an angel. No, uncle, I shall never marry. We must let the subject rest."

A few days after this, Ernest met Harry Ross on the street. He would have avoided him; but Ross, seizing him by the hand, did not suffer him to escape.

"What is this I hear? There is no such good luck in store for me as to find that it is true," exclaimed Ross.

"I do not know what you refer to," answered Ernest, haughtily.

"Why, that you have broken off your engagement with Miss Wood. Of course, there is no foundation for the report."

"I was not aware that such a report had ever prevailed," answered Ernest, colder and haughtier than ever.

Harry Ross felt his cheeks burn. "I beg your pardon. In any event, it was not my place to interfere; but returning to the city this morning after an absence of some months, the first thing that I heard was, that both you and I had deserted Miss Wood immediately after her father's failure. There was reason enough for the scandal, as far as I was concerned, for since the night that she disclosed to me her engagement to you I have never seen her. Of course she told you at the time what a conceited fellow I proved myself; but did she tell you how generously she treated me?"

A sarcastic smile curled Ernest's lip.

"Too generously by far," he answered. "When a woman shows such generosity to all her lovers I think it loses its charm."

"What! I do not understand you!"

"I cannot return the compliment," said Ernest, with much bitterness, "for I think I understand you thoroughly. If Mabel's father has failed, as it seems by what you say—but no, I will not accuse you. I have not shaped my course by what I heard, or what I suspected, but by what I saw with my own eyes. I have never seen Mabel Wood since the night that I saw her lying in your arms, and if I had loved her ten times more than I did, I never would, willingly, have looked upon her again. I had been often told

that she was a flirt, but I never credited it until that moment; and if you, in turn, have jilted her, it is no more than she deserves."

There was a struggle going on in Harry Ross' breast, but it was brief. His manliness asserted itself, and he listened not to the suggestion of the tempter. Although Ernest's mistake held out a hope to him, he explained all to his friend's complete conviction.

Filled with remorse at the injustice of his suspicions toward his betrothed, Ernest at once sought her in the humble home which was now hers; and so eloquently plead his cause that she could not withhold forgiveness. And now he was no longer anxious that their engagement should remain secret, nor did he hesitate to brave the displeasure of his uncle; for the threat which his uncle had made concerning his property loosened the claims which affection had imposed; thus proving satisfactorily to Mr. Wood that Ernest had been as much influenced by love for his uncle, as by fear of displeasing him.

Mabel, who well knew that there was nothing to fear from the uncle's opposition, kept her own council so well that Ernest never mistrusted that

she had been the nurse, whom his uncle had so urgently desired him to marry, until the very morning that he first took her to his house, for the purpose of introducing her.

The old man's happiness was unbounded. He enjoyed with great zest the repeal of all the objections which his nephew had raised against his wishes; and often, in after days, reminded Ernest that he had once offered Mabel to him for a wife.

Mabel has reason to believe in the truth of the lines that she once quoted to Harry Ross, viz: that no woman can retain as a friend the man that she has rejected as a lover; for she has never seen him, although she has had the satisfaction of hearing that he is happily married to a woman far more beautiful than herself.

In her great dread of even the appearance of evil, she is scarcely willing to accept the most common-place attention from any one, save her husband; and, as it must be confessed, he is rather exacting in his ideas of wifely propriety, the lesson which Mabel learned has, therefore, proven a most profitable one.

A SONG: FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

"ONAWAY! Awake, beloved!
Thou who art the forest wild flower!"
Wake, thou lily of the prairie—
Let me woo thee to my bower!
Thou art sweeter than the fragrance
Of the blooming buds of morning!
Thou—beyond compare—the fairest,
In thy virginal adorning.

Onaway! When thou art near me,
Beautiful is earth, and smiling;
Fades the storm-cloud—fades the heart-pain,
'Neath thy spell, thy fond beguiling.
Onaway! Awake, beloved!
Rouse thee, for the hours are fleeting!
Come, and to my heart enfolded,
Fondly I'll bestow love's greeting.

BARCAROLLE SERENATA.

FOR MUSIC.

BY J. H. MCNAUGHTON.

Softly swells the evening strain,
Floating on the fragrant air—
Hark! how Echo o'er the plain,
Wooes with song my "ladye faire:"
Como.—Lady, may sweet dreams be thine,
Tranquil as a waveless sea;
Lady, may the bliss be mine
Gentle dreams to waft to thee!

Softly murmur gentle wind,
Waft the fairy strain along—
List! my gentle one and kind
Designs to hear my evening song.
Como.—Lady, may sweet dreams be thine,
Tranquil as a waveless sea:
Lady, may the bliss be mine
Gentle dreams to waft to thee!

THE SHELL BRACELET.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

I.

On a cold evening of early spring, as Harry Clinton was conducting his beautiful young sister from the most brilliant and crowded opera of the season to their carriage, his foot hit, and had almost crushed some object on the pavement. It proved to be a shell bracelet of rich workmanship, and glittering with inlaid gold. The acquisition of a novel and elegant ornament was scarcely of importance sufficient to quicken a pulsation, but Clinton's heart beat faster and a smile indicating a most pleasurable consciousness, lingered on his handsome face and lit up his fine eyes as he recognized it. In truth, despite the pretensions of an unrivalled *prima donna*, he had been watching the bracelet by furtive glances during the entire evening, as it rested on a model arm of snowy whiteness, such as an artist might dream of; or rather, at first attracted by the distinguished appearance of the jewel, he had been led to admire a woman whose surpassing loveliness lent grace to every decoration about her person. She was tall and of faultless shape. Her perfectly regular features and large dark eyes, were relieved from every suspicion of coldness by an expression of clear, earnest and almost pensive thoughtfulness. Her dress and scarf were of richly embroidered black lace, from which flashed a magnificent diamond brooch, while two fairy-like sprays of brilliants seemed to confine in encircling bands the wavy, polished masses of her raven hair. A pair of tortoise-shell bracelets, and a Spanish fan gleaming with gold completed her attire, if we except an appropriate cloak which partially concealed her figure.

The lady and her companions were unknown to Clinton, and equally so to his sister Helen. When the opera ended, Harry determined to keep them in sight as long as possible, hoping to gain some clue at their identity, but while he stooped to pick up the bracelet, the strangers were lost in the crowd, and there remained nothing for him to do but follow Miss Clinton into the carriage, and there examine the fugitive bracelet.

"Ah," exclaimed Helen, holding it up to catch the uncertain light. "That is precisely what I have so greatly coveted. It looks the very companion of Lily Graham's, which she

purchased in Baltimore, as the family returned from Charleston week before last. It is so pretty and unhackneyed, and costs just enough to prevent its becoming vulgar for several seasons. I saw one in a Broadway shop this very morning."

"And didn't buy it, when it was at your hand and your approval was so entire. What could be your reason for leaving it?" inquired Harry.

"The oddest in the world," and Helen laughed merrily. "I besought papa to put me on an allowance this year, thinking it would be such a fine, independent way of living, and though he gave me a hundred more than I mentioned, I have to be exceedingly economical to get along, and after doing my best, matters have come to such a pass with me, that I should be obliged to sacrifice a spring cloak to the bracelet if I would have it, which wouldn't do at all. You know perfectly well how papa would tease me if I should resort to him in an emergency like this."

"You might have applied to your brother, with whom it is enough that you express a wish," returned Harry.

"Who ever heard of a Clinton begging ornaments!" exclaimed Helen, proudly. "It is too ridiculous."

"Granted," replied Henry, laughing. "Yet you will not assert that it would derogate from the family dignity should one of its members receive a fair compensation for an actual service rendered. If you will but find the owner of this, you may consider that you have earned one, and shall have it accordingly."

"I accept the terms, and will do my best, but I look dubiously to the result. However, I hope you approve my taste. It is impossible that you should not like it," and Helen held up the bracelet, twirling it around her gloved finger.

"I admire her exceedingly," replied Henry, already looking abstractedly through the window.

"A trifling, and an apparently needless mistake in your objective pronoun," returned Helen, without endeavoring to control her mirth.

A reply from Harry was superfluous, and the brother and sister, with occasional laughter, drove in silence homeward.

II.

HARRY CLINTON had but just returned to New York, after three years of travel in foreign countries. Paris or Vienna seemed more familiar than his native city. His first evening abroad was that of which we have spoken. Immediately he was seized with an enthusiastic desire to frequent the fashionable streets, in order to renew his acquaintance with once well known faces, and to meet such old friends as might be passing—perhaps faintly hoping to encounter the lovely countenance which he could not forget.

At the end of a fortnight, the lively Helen rushed tumultuously into the parlor where her brother was sitting, and claimed her reward without delay, inasmuch as she had discovered the owner of the lost bracelet. Harry, with great animation, demanded the particulars of her success.

"Well, to go back a little," said she. "A good deal more than a year ago, while I was attending Madame B——'s school, I was coming down the street not far from her establishment on my way homeward. A disagreeable sleet had fallen that morning, and the pavements were icy and unsafe. Just before me a sprightly, little old lady was attempting to cross the street. She was queenly ruffled from head to foot in the richest furs and velvets, and looked as she moved along more like an active bundle of costly fabrics than a human being. I observed her until she slipped and fell on the middle of the crossing. At the same instant a pair of fiery horses were driven furiously around the corner. It was too late to check or turn them aside, and her fate seemed inevitable. This horrible thought inspired me with courage and strength. I sprang forward like light and snatched her from before the very feet of the horses, and drew her to the sidewalk where we both tumbled down together. But the little lady was terribly surprised and outraged by my rough seizure. She had been so entirely occupied with her own progress, besides being somewhat deaf, that she had remarked neither the approach nor retirement of the dangerous steeds. I had made a sad rent in her velvet wrapper, demolished her funny little bonnet and nearly strangled her. She shook herself and fluttered, and wondered what officiousness possessed me to assist a lady to rise after such a rude and destructive fashion, and then leave her in the gutter at last. I was silly enough to waste what little breath I had in hysterical laughter at the ridiculous plight in which we were, and if Madame B—— had not seen the whole affair and hastened forward to our assistance, my proceeding must have remained awhile

without vindication. The lady whose acquaintance I had thus energetically made was Mrs. Davenport, a widow of wealth and reputation, a French woman by birth, and until her marriage with a merchant of this city a resident of Paris. When she fully understood the transaction in which she had borne such a passive and undesirable part, her emotion and gratitude were quite affecting. Her residence was at hand, and she made me enter, detaining me with the most delicate attentions until my excitement had subsided, and in conclusion sent me home in her carriage. It is needless to add that she has since been my most ardent friend. Early last autumn she received intelligence of the hopeless decline of a lady residing at Havana, to whom she had been closely attached from her youth. Mrs. Davenport was much distressed and set off for Cuba at once. She arrived too late, but was induced to spend the winter in Havana by the agreeable promise of company, on her return, in the person of her friend's only daughter, Mademoiselle Lisette Charlier.

Directly after she arrived I hastened to pay her my respects, but did not see Miss Charlier who chanced to be out. I promised to repeat my call very soon, but you know how I have been engrossed with your society, and I consequently neglected my engagement until this morning, when I received inquiries and a note from Mrs. Davenport, who fancied I was ill. I went at once to relieve her kind anxiety, and have had such a visit. Miss Charlier is none other than the beauty of the opera, and she is really lovelier in the morning than at evening. Such sweetness and elegance I never before met. Luckily she wore her remaining shell bracelet, which made it easy to speak of the one in our possession. This she tried to make me accept, but I told her I had one, and was thus able to decline the gift. Of course Mrs. Davenport has heard of you, and I have promised to take you there this evening without ceremony, just as I go myself. You will not object?"

"Not in the least," returned Harry, whose content had no drawback.

Helen, smiling archly, passed her hand significantly over her round arm.

"You shall have the bracelet to-night," said Clinton. "I am away to Tiffany's this moment."

"Let it be small enough!" exclaimed Helen, as he went gayly off.

III.

MRS. DAVENPORT early appeared in public, and she considered it no small favor to be assisted by the young Clintons in entertaining her guest.

Lisette Charlier appeared perfectly satisfied with her new friends, and received their attentions with graceful cordiality. Helen, her head yet full of school girl romance, was untiring in her enamored devotion to the beautiful stranger; and Clinton, complacent and hopeful, ever at the side of Miss Charlier, was the envy of all those young gentlemen who could appreciate the advantages of his position. There was no place for fear when Lisette lavished upon him her sweetest smiles and was never weary of him. We will not stay to particularize upon their walks, rides, visits, and sight-seeing, which amusements were of an every day character and very enjoyable.

On a radiant summer day, Clinton stood in one of the public rooms of the St. Nicholas, vacantly observing the gay and crowded street, and meditating the feasibility of at once declaring himself a lover, where he had hitherto only assumed the privileges of an acquaintance or a friend. His thoughts were evidently as agreeable as they were absorbing, and his eye with a proud pleasure vainly sought among the varied forms of beauty which glided by in an unbroken procession, for one that was comparable to the woman of his choice. At last she appeared. Harry started involuntarily from head to foot. It could not be—and yet it was Miss Charlier—her matchless figure and queenly grace could not be mistaken; and she was leaning familiarly on the arm of a gentleman but a few years older than herself, whose handsome and intellectual countenance and distinguished style of dress, were items not to be overlooked when a lady was in the case. They were conversing with great animation, and were evidently unobservant of the stirring scenes about them.

Harry, in a most uncomfortable state of mind, watched them till they were out of sight, and then by a singularly abrupt modification of sentiment, declared mentally that Miss Charlier's associations were nothing to him, not in the least, and indefinitely postponing his long cherished intention, presently commenced a vigorous political discussion with a testy old gentleman, which was more piquant than profitable. Disgusted with this and with everything, he hastened home meeting on the way Miss Charlier—and still conducted by the formidable stranger—from whom he received the fraction of a smile which had been mainly directed to her companion.

Helen met him as he entered the house, exclaiming, "You have lost a most entertaining morning by going out. Mrs. Davenport has been here, stopped to lunch, and was so sociable.

Mamma was gone out, and I had her all to myself. She now has another visitor—isn't it fine?—a Mr. Gorton, an Englishman, but a resident of Havana, and a son of some one of her former friends, I didn't mind who it was. It seems he wished to come on with Mrs. Davenport, but was obliged to remain behind to adjust his own affairs, as well as conclude some arrangements connected with Miss Charlier's estates. By-the-way, I wonder how I should feel if I were the independent mistress of a great fortune as Lisette is, and had to write letters to my agent, and so on. She, however, takes it calmly enough. This Mr. Gorton is a very particular friend of hers, really. I don't know but he is her lover, at any rate, he seems to have some superintendence of her interests."

"Well, it doesn't matter what he is," replied Harry.

"I am glad to hear you say that. I fancied you would think otherwise," returned Helen. "Mr. Gorton will remain and travel about with Lisette all summer, and Mrs. Davenport wishes us to join them whenever we should find it agreeable. Shall we not make a fine party?"

"It will not be necessary to include me in your arrangements," said Harry. "It is time for me to relinquish this idle life and go into the counting-room. Mr. Gorton will serve to escort you ladies."

"We shall all think you are jealous if you retire from the field at this juncture," exclaimed Helen, "and more than that, I have been No. 1 long enough, and it is so excessively awkward, especially on a narrow path or when riding. Poor No. 8 must go before or behind, or nowhere in particular, and notwithstanding all the politeness in the world, must often have the appearance and consciousness of being *de trop*. Now I should for once like a beau-cavalier entirely myself, and if you go with us as you have done the arrangement cannot be improved."

"I am most devotedly at your service," replied Harry.

IV.

To Helen, Louis Gorton was indeed a godsend. His laughing blue eyes, merry sallies, flashing repartee and courtly politeness were her admiration. The two were soon fully acquainted, and as they were rarely without a sportive contest to decide, were often together.

The relation which Gorton sustained to Miss Charlier was a continued enigma to the Clinton. That they were on terms of intimate friendship was certain, that he was her accepted lover must be true. No one could doubt it who saw his respectful and affectionate attentions, or on the

other hand witnessed her confidence in his judgment, her deference to his opinions and wishes; and still farther, their mutual association of interest and anticipation. Clinton was too proud to withdraw himself at once from Miss Charlier's presence, however painful it might be to remain. Helen was enraptured with her double friendship, and the young people were thus united in their various social engagements.

A trip to the White Hills was proposed. Mrs. Davenport and the elder Clintons were to go, and the party was large and cheerful. They made the tour of those magnificent mountains, and at last stopped at Crawford's. Lisette was charmed with the delicious northern air and was not willingly within doors.

"One walk more through the notch before we go home," said she, on the afternoon preceding their final departure. She looked about for Louis, but he was gone, and Helen also. The older members of the company declined the fatigue of another ramble, and Harry gravely offered to attend Miss Charlier. They had scarcely entered the wild gorge when they perceived Louis and Helen in advance of them, and apparently influenced by the same intent.

As Helen and Gorton were engaged in a gossamer conversation, it may be interesting to know what they were saying. Perfect nonsense all! Down and down the hill they went, more merry and flippant at every step, without a particle of sobriety or poetry, romance and sentiment, among those grand old rocks and stupendous acclivities. At length Louis suddenly lapsed into a complete silence which infected Helen. When he spoke again it was in a gentle, earnest tone, and his rapid words brought wave upon wave of crimson into Helen's fair face, but her lip curled and her eye flashed, and stepping as far from him as the close vicinity of the Saco would allow, she haughtily interrupted him by saying, "It is quite unnecessary for you to carry your fun to such an extreme, and, as you must suppose, it is somewhat disagreeable to me. We all know you love Miss Charlier, and it is therefore very absurd to talk as you do."

Louis looked at her in astonishment.

"And why should I not love her?" said he, "who, as you yourself have often said, is the loveliest, most excellent girl in the world. That were a cruel decree which would compel a man to resign a sister when he would take a wife."

"A sister!" exclaimed Helen, in comical embarrassment. "Nobody ever told me you were so nearly related. How can it be? Your names and countenances so different!"

"I will tell you briefly," he replied. "Our mother, a French lady, first married my father, a gentleman possessing a large property and influence in the north of England. He died soon after my birth, and a few years subsequently our mother met in London Eugene Charlier, a native of France, but who had established himself at Havana, where he usually resided. She was again married, and Cuba was afterward her home save when she was with her children, who were educated in England.

"My step-father died many years ago, and our mother has within a few months left us very lonely. As I have before told you, I love Cuba as I love no other country. All my earthly interests are there in that sunny south land, save one, and if you will but go with me——"

"You must expend your persuasion on mamma, not me," said Helen.

Of course the affair was soon amicably arranged between them, and they commenced the ascent of the hill. The other couple were in sight. The gentleman was raising the lady's hand to his lips.

"Love-making, as I live!" exclaimed Louis. "Look Helen."

Helen did look, and her musical laugh rung out so clear that the kiss was not repeated.

Mrs. Davenport was much excited that night, when she learned by a very circuitous process which Louis conducted, that there were two weddings in prospect. If her beloved Lisette would thereby remain in the neighborhood, her dear Helen must go. It was a subject of dubious rejoicing. But at last she concluded everything was as well as it could be, if there were any reason to expect that Louis and Helen would ever become sedate enough to maintain proper dignity in their household.

SUMMER'S DIRGE: A FRAGMENT.

Bring dead flowers for the maiden's head,
Bring dead flowers for her feet;
They mind us of the hopes that led
Us on, with gay and gladsome tread,
To meadow lands, where ruin spread
Are not for passers' feet.

Bring dead flowers for the maiden's breast,
In silence lay them down;
Then lay her pallid form to rest
Where earth has donned her crimson vest
In the gay chamber of the West,
While Autumn claims her crown. W. E. P.

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 329..

CHAPTER XXII.

CATHARINE was alone with old Mrs. Ford. Excitement, and a wild sense of mysteries which she had failed to fathom, made her bold; and she plunged abruptly into a subject, long upon her mind, but which she had never ventured to hint at before. Indeed the quick crowding of painful thoughts, during the last few weeks, had almost rendered her desperate.

"Mrs. Ford!"

Catharine's voice was so sharp and abrupt, that it made the old lady start and drop the sewing, she was engaged on, into her lap.

"What is it?" she said, breathlessly, for her thoughts always turned to one object, "Elsie, is anything wrong with Elsie?"

"Mrs. Ford, there is a thing I wish to ask, a thing which I must ask or die. Who is Elsie? Is her name Ford, was she ever married, has she a child?"

Catharine spoke rapidly, almost wildly. Her eye were keenly anxious, her manner desperate.

Mrs. Ford sat silently gazing upon the speaker. Her face, always pale, grew white and cold; her little withered hands crept together and interlocked in her lap.

"What, what is it you ask? You," the words dropped, half-formed, from her lips; and she gave a scared look at the door, as if preparing to flee.

"Don't! oh, don't refuse to speak," pleaded Catharine, "I must know; my heart will break if I am left in this terrible darkness. What connection has your daughter with the De Mark family?"

"De Mark—De Mark—who ever mentioned the name in this house?" said old Mr. Ford, who entered at the moment.

Catharine turned to him. "It is I. Tell me, I beseech you, what have the De Marks done, that the name should drive the blood from your faces? Why did the portrait of a De Mark hang up in your library? How, and why has it disappeared? I ask these things, because it is impossible to live in this darkness. My own life, and all its hopes, are at stake. What brought

that wicked old woman here? I must know, or become mad by the side of our poor Elsie!"

The old people exchanged glances. Both were pale, but a look of painful commiseration settled upon their features.

"This is no idle question, Catharine," said the old man, gently, but with a quiver of the voice, "you would not wound us so from mere curiosity."

"Not for my life. I must know all this hidden history, to see the path that I ought to tread. I am weak and blinded—alone with no one but God to help me. Tell me the history of your daughter, tell me why the name of De Mark makes you tremble. Is it fatal to others as it has been to me!"

"You," said the old man, in surprise, "you."

"Even so, Mr. Ford. I was married to a De Mark, and he is still living."

The old lady arose, with an air of timid repulsion, and would have left the room; but her husband gently waved her back.

"She suffers, she too is a victim, perhaps another Elsie," he said, compassionately. "Now, my child, come hither; sit down by the mother and tell her all."

Catharine sat down, still supported by nervous excitement, and laid her heart and her life open before those pure-minded old people. It was astonishing how little time it took to relate events and agonies that had been laggard in the acting. She concealed nothing. From the very depths of her soul she drew forth the secrets that had been hoarded there, corroding and wounding all her faculties; and laid them honestly down before those kindly judges.

The old people listened, sometimes sadly, sometimes with broken exclamations. Once or twice glances of surprise, almost of affright, passed between them; but when she had finished the old lady bent down, with tears in her eyes, and kissed her, while the husband stood over them, and lifting his hands to heaven, thanked God that she had been cast beneath his roof.

Catharine arose from her knees, for she had

unconsciously fallen at Mrs. Ford's feet, with a deeper breath and more glowing countenance than she had worn for years. No explanation had yet been offered, by the old people; but she felt certain that some unseen link of union existed between her fate and theirs, and without speaking, she gazed wistfully in their faces, waiting for light.

"Yes," said the old man, fervently, "it is true. God does sometimes send angels to us un-awares. Catharine, my child, it is your husband's mother, to whom you have given up the bloom and strength of a young life. The father of George De Mark married Elsie Ford, our daughter."

"And you—and you?" cried Catharine, eagerly.

"Are his grandfather——"

"And Madame de Mark?"

"Hush! do not mention her name; it is an accursed sound under this roof," answered the old man, almost sternly.

Catharine sat down, silenced, but still keenly anxious. The old gentleman seated himself also, close by his wife, who regarded him with a look, half frightened, half sorrowful.

"Tell her," said the old man, in a low voice, "women understand each other best."

"I cannot. The tears would choke me. See how I shake."

The old man took the hand held toward him in both of his, smoothing and caressing it with gentle tenderness.

"You can witness," he said, addressing Catharine, "how great this sorrow has been. She cannot bear to speak of it. For years we have been silent, even with each other."

"I see," answered Catharine, looking wistfully at the old lady, and following her own thoughts. "His grandmother! That is why she seemed so lovely from the first—*his* grandmother, and *his* mother, oh! how I have been unconsciously blessed."

"Elsie," said the old man, looking anxiously at his wife, as if afraid that her strength would give way, "Elsie was our only child. You see her now, a poor, brain-crazed old woman; grey-headed and broken-hearted; but then she was——"

"Oh!" broke in the old lady, with her eyes full of tears, that dimmed the glasses of her spectacles like a frost, "she was the dearest, the brightest, the most beautiful creature, that ever trod the green grass. You don't know—you can't tell, how many sweet, wild ways she had, and all straight to the heart. He didn't only love her, nor did I; it was worship in us

both; we idolized this child; there was not a curl of her black hair, or a glance of her eyes, bright and brim full of feeling as they always were, which was not lovely beyond all things to us. Remember, Catharine, she was our only child, a late blessing; for we had been years married when God sent this angel to our fireside. You have seen her portrait in the library. It is like her, and yet the bright sparkle of her nature, the vivid flush of life, that came and went like sunshine upon the hills, this no man could paint. It is all over now. You can see nothing of what I am telling you, in her wild eyes, or in the sharp features that are at times so rigid and again so stolid; but we find it still. Don't we, husband? Isn't she beautiful to us, even yet?"

"She is more than beautiful, our poor Elsie," said the old man, looking through the window to where the demented one wandered to and fro on the grass, striving to catch the humming-birds that haunted a trumpet vine, by quick dashes of her hand among the clustering bells. "God has rendered her sacred—always and forever a child, spite of her grey hairs. They cast her back upon our hearth-stone, a poor, broken waif, but still a blessing.

"I think," continued the old man, "that it was a little before her seventeenth birth-day, when Elsie first saw that man. He was a dashing young fellow, who had just come into possession of a large property, and had returned from his travels abroad, before entering upon the business of life. A neighbor, who lives across the Island, had invited him for a long visit, and through this friend he was introduced into our family. We did not think it strange, that young De Mark should admire our Elsie. Who could help it? But when she, who had always been bright as a bird and as heart free, began to look thoughtful in his absence, and shy in his presence, it pained us a good deal; for she seemed still a mere child, and we had hoped to keep her in the home-nest a few years longer.

"It was a wild, violent passion on both sides. We had no power to resist, for he came with his impetuous pleading, and she, with a thousand winning ways, sometimes lost in tears, sometimes bathed in smiles, lured us from our better judgment. She was far too young, too ardent. Oh! we should not have consented.

"This De Mark was of French origin, as you will judge by his name, mercurial and impulsive, as most of the blood are. I do not think he was a bad, or faithless man, at heart. I know that he loved Elsie, not as she loved him; that was impossible; but he did love her!"

"Yes!" murmured the old lady, "he did love her. Who could help it?"

"They were married," continued the old man. "Elsie was our only one, and all that we possessed was hers, even then, had she desired it. We only stipulated with her husband, that, during a portion of the year, they should make their home with us, here in the old family mansion, which Elsie would some day have entirely to herself.

"De Mark would have consented to anything, in those days; but this proposition pleased him greatly. Alterations were made in the east wing. The library was added, and De Mark brought the choicest of his books from town, that his young wife should blend thoughts of himself even with her studies. It was settled, that one half of the year should be spent with us, where Elsie should go on with her studies, and that they should occupy her husband's town house during the remainder.

"It was a sad day for us, when the darling gave her young life so completely to another. Yet, socially speaking, the match was a splendid one. Elsie was never entirely our own, after that; the intense affection which she gave to her husband was too absorbing for the milder and calmer love, that had grown in her heart for us.

"For a year they were very happy. In my whole life, I have never witnessed bliss so absorbing and complete. The joy of a common life-time was concentrated into those twelve brief months. The mother and I forgot our partial isolation, in witnessing a happiness so complete for our child. You have seen the library, and perhaps wondered at the disuse into which it had fallen when you first came to us. That room De Mark fitted up for his bride. In it they studied together, for Elsie was no common girl, and all that her husband knew, she was resolved to learn. It was in the latter part of this first year, that the two portraits were taken. That of Elsie in the flush of her joy and beauty may give you some idea of what she was then. I believe that of De Mark was equally faithful. You have seen them. You have sat in the room which was, for a time, their Eden. Look at her now! De Mark was a young man, ardent, rash and imbued, by a premature acquaintance of the world, with a false idea of woman. He had no real faith in the sex. Of French descent, he had naturally spent much of his time in Paris, that hot bed, in which so much that is pure and great in our young men, is almost certain to perish.

"It was more than a year before Elsie left our house. Her child was born here, and directly

after that, De Mark was absent two or three months on a pleasure excursion.

"Elsie, who had been studying the language with him, being still imperfect in the French, consented to receive a person of that nation into our house, during her husband's absence, as a companion and teacher. I am not sure that De Mark ever knew this woman before; but it was through his means, that she came to the house.

"She was quiet enough, this strange French woman, and devoted herself to Elsie and the child, with great assiduity. We saw little of her, for she took her meals in Elsie's apartments, but it was impossible to doubt that she soon gained a remarkable ascendancy over her young mind. But as our child was won from the loneliness, which fell upon her after De Mark's absence, by this companionship, we were grateful to the woman.

"At last, De Mark returned. He was very glad to see his wife and child evidently, but the reaction of an ill-regulated nature was upon him, and Elsie took this to heart as an estrangement. Her health had not returned entirely, after the birth of her boy, and she was the more susceptible to suspense on this account. For the first time in her life, our child became irritable and sometimes unjust. De Mark resented this; and at last came struggles, reproaches, and those sullen hours that eat into the happiness like rust. Elsie was only struggling for her husband's love, and he could not comprehend that the deepest love can be tortured into bitter words.

"In this crisis, common to ardent natures like theirs, that French woman became the confidante of both husband and wife.

"In this state, De Mark took his wife from her old home, and installed her in a splendid establishment, which he had prepared for her reception in the city. She left us—that poor child—drowned in tears—and in tears she came to us again.

"We never knew what passed in Elsie's home, after this. Once or twice we visited her, always to return with heavy hearts. Amid all the splendor with which De Mark surrounded her, she seemed pining to death. But Elsie had grown proud and reserved even with her old parents, and when we asked the cause of her evident anxiety, she would strive to check us with smiles, and that was heart-breaking.

"The French woman had changed more than Elsie. From a quiet, humble dependant, she had sprung up into an assuming, fine lady; and seemed far more decidedly mistress of the house than our daughter. Elsie did not seem conscious

of this, for her poor, wistful eyes were always fixed on one point. She cared for no authority, save that which sprang from her husband's love. I doubt if she was conscious how great the alteration was, which we detected in the deportment of this French woman.

"At last, a change stole over Elsie; a fever of the heart came on; she dashed aside her tears, and plunged madly into the fashionable world. She was young, fresh, and wonderfully beautiful. Her husband's wealth gave power to these attractions. She became the reigning belle of watering-places, the queen of every assembly room. We read her praises in the fashionable journals. Through all society her loveliness cattered light like a star.

"And we two lonely old people heard all this with aching hearts; for well we knew this *éclat* was but another expression of our daughter's misery. Then followed other paragraphs in the journals that had been so busy with the praise of our child. Dark hints, mysterious insinuations, and at last open scandal, that made the mother's cheek turn white, and the blood boil in my veins. We were quiet people; but it was impossible to endure this. To-morrow, I said, to-morrow I will go after my child; they have driven her to desperation, she shall come home; and that man shall render us a strict account of his conduct regarding her.

"The mother only answered me with her tears and gentle entreaties that I should bring Elsie home.

"Everything was ready. In the morning, I was to set forth; but that night, that very night, our child, our poor, poor Elsie came home, in the dark, and all alone.

"Her husband had turned her out of doors.

"We were sitting together, the mother and I, waiting for the morning; for sleep was impossible, and we felt less unhappy in each others' presence, though we scarcely exchanged a word in the profound sadness that had fallen upon us. Never, in my whole life, do I remember a night of such dreary length. Everything was painfully still. It was winter, and the snow was falling out of doors in great flakes, with that noiseless, perpetual whiteness which makes a night storm so ghastly. The hickory logs had burned through, and fallen apart into a bed of dying embers; and there lay smouldering away, giving out smoke, but no flame. The old ebony clock ticked loud and sharp, filling the silence with its irrelating count of time. Once in awhile, we looked out through the frosted windows, searching for a flush of daylight upon the snow; but always to see that eternal sheet of whiteness

becoming broader and deeper all around us. This dismal spectacle drove us back into the room, and still another hour we sat cowering together, over the hearth-stone that had never seemed cold till then.

"We had drawn closer and closer together, till the fire went wholly out, sharing the misery of that hour in deathly silence. The mother's hand was growing cold in mine, but I had no strength to urge her to bed or wish to rekindle the fire. Gloomy as everything was, the misery in our hearts was darker still. All at once, I felt the mother's hand quiver in mine. Her eyes were turned to the window; and directly my gaze followed her.

"A human face was pressed to the window, a face, pale as the snow that lay in wreathing flakes adown those tresses of black hair, and a pair of black eyes looked in upon us.

"We arose, holding the breath back from our lips, and walked hand-in-hand toward the door, treading softly as if moving in the presence of a ghost. I opened the door and strove to call our poor child by name; but the tongue clove to my mouth, and all the sound I could make went off through the falling snow like a sob of wind.

"The mother's heart broke its ice first, and in a tender wail she called out, 'Elsie, Elsie, my child, my child.'

"Our child came toward us, pale and cold, as if drifted to her mother's bosom by the storm. Her poor, trembling arms were held out pleadingly, her eyes seemed full of frozen tears. She shivered from head to foot, and her teeth chattered, partly with cold, partly with anguish. She fell forward upon her mother's bosom, moaning; but no words came with the desolate sound.

"The mother grew strong now—that frail, little woman yonder—and would not let me help her, as she staggered back to the room, carrying her child forward also.

"'Give me fire,' she said, looking at the black hearth. 'Is this the welcome we offer our child?'

"I knelt down upon my hands and knees, thanking God for the return of that poor girl; while I raked the embers together, and blew them into life with my lips. I heaped dry wood upon the coals, and when the flame leaped up through, lighting the features of my child, I turned to look upon her, where she lay upon the mother's bosom.

"Her eyes were wide open, and a dusky rim, that swept under, gave intensity to the blackness. When she saw me looking at her, those poor lips, all blue and cold, began to quiver, and a gush of tears changed the stony grief in her

whole face to a look of such mournful tenderness, that I too burst into tears.

"'Father!' she cried, reaching forth her two hands as she had done when a little child. 'Father!'

"I stretched out my arms, and strove to draw her downward to the bosom, that yearned to hold her; but the mother put me back, with a wave of the hand, and folding Elsie close to her heart, cried out pleadingly,

"'Not yet, oh! not yet. Let her be, or my heart will break.'

"She had the best right to her, so I buried my face in Elsie's mantle, and felt comforted by something she had touched. I tell you, young woman, no human heart dreams how much it can love, till sorrow falls on the object it clings to. That child was sacred to us as an angel then—dearer, a thousand times dearer, because they had attempted to crush her with disgrace. Her pale face, her tremulous lips, all the traces of wrong and anguish upon her person, were fraught with claims upon our tenderness. There was a sort of worship in our grief and in our joy. The fire burned up clear and brightly, but as the chill left her poor frame, a sharper consciousness of her position seemed to sting her into restlessness. She clung first to her mother, then to me; twice she bent to kiss me, and then drew back with a look of shrinking terror.

"'You know, father: must I tell you?' she said at last.

"I tried to smile, and make light of the things we had heard, by looks rather than speech, and all the time she was perusing my soul with her wild eyes.

"'You did not believe it,' she cried, with a hysterical laugh, 'I know it—I was sure of it. But father, mother, *he* has turned me out of doors.'

"'My child,' cried the mother, giving way to floods of tenderness. 'But you are home, you are with us, your own mother, your dear old father.'

"'I know,' said Elsie, 'I thought of that, when they turned me out of doors. I will return, said I, to my father's house, a prodigal, but without his sin. Father, believe that; you surely believe that, mother.'

"'My child, my own child,' answered the mother.

"'I know that you believe me,' said the poor child, and a faint smile stole across her lip, which was instantly quenched in a sob.

"The mother caressed her, smoothing back the black hair from her temples, as if she had been a child, 'Tell us daughter, tell us all,' she whispered, tenderly.

"Elsie started up. Fire sparkled through the tears in her eyes. But quickly as it had kindled, the angry light went out, and sinking to her mother's bosom, she answered, amid her sobs,

"'Mother, they have denounced me, they have turned your child out of doors.'

"'They—my child! Of whom are you speaking?'

"'Of him—my husband—of De Mark and the French woman, who has poisoned his heart against me. Oh! mother, if she had never entered this house—if she never had.'

"'But your child, our grandson?' I inquired, after she had grown calmer.

"Elsie shook her head wearily, 'I asked for him, father. I begged on my knees that they would give me my child. I prayed, I wept, I went mad before them; but it was all of no use. My boy—my boy!'

"She broke off moaning, and began to rock herself to and fro, calling out, in tones of piteous tenderness, 'my boy—my boy.'

"Thus we got the history of her wrongs, in snatches, among tears and tender wallings over the happiness torn from her. It was true, De Mark had turned her from his door; and the French woman, her accuser, remained behind. When the sunrise sent its gleams of gold across the snow drifts around us, we had gathered all the facts that she could relate. That French fiend, by cunning and falsehood, had separated my daughter from her husband. Elsie had come back to us, branded and denounced, but innocent as the angels.

"I sought De Mark, in order to defend my child; but he would not receive me. I wrote to him, he sent my letters back unanswered. But Elsie would not believe him in earnest. She, poor child, still had her dreams and her delusions. They were wearing her to a shadow; but she could not give them up. 'The child,' she would plead, 'surely he will give back my child.' Thus, day after day, she lived and hoped on.

"But the end came at last. De Mark entered proceedings for a divorce. I employed counsel. I spent half my substance in defending the honor of my child. But it was all in vain. The divorce was granted, and our daughter branded forever—forever separated from her husband and child. Now listen. That French woman was the principal witness against Elsie, and in six months De Mark married her. It was this news which drove our daughter wholly mad."

The old man ceased. The perspiration stood in drops on his forehead. This renewal of sorrow had exhausted him.

Catharine looked at him, with eyes eloquent of undred emotion.

"Forgive me," she said. "I have given you sin. But for this knowledge, I too must have one mad! One word more. This French woman? Have you seen her?"

"Yes," answered the old man, "that was the woman, you remember her. See how sin levels down the soul. Tell me, is not the fate of my child preferable to that?"

"I know this woman!" said Catharine, gently, "she is indeed punished through the degradation of her own nature. But the son? Did Elsie never see her son?"

"Poor Elsie! She would not have known him. For many years we were compelled to keep her in the asylum, where first you met her. I believe that De Mark thought her dead, or until the day that miserable woman appeared at the library window, we never saw either of them."

"And you have never seen her son?"

"He has never inquired after his mother—nor attempted to open a communication with us. He may even be dead."

"Is it not possible that he may have been brought up in ignorance of these facts? I almost think so," said Catharine.

"I do not know—and poor Elsie, what good would it be to her? She has forgotten everything."

As he spoke, the old man arose, and walked into an inner-room, closing the door after him. Catharine looked around, and saw that Mrs. Ford had disappeared also; indeed the dear old lady had stolen away in the early part of this conversation, overcome by the mournful reminiscences it brought upon her.

When she found herself quite alone, Catharine gave way to the storm of feeling that shook her to the soul. She walked up and down the room, murmuring to herself, linking and unlinking her fingers, brushing back the hair from her hot temples, and tossing her arms upward, as if the room were too small for such emotions. She seemed, for the time, almost as wild as her charge. While in this state of excitement, she saw Elsie moving across the lawn, and struck by a sudden glow of affection, she ran out to meet her.

"Mother! mother, his mother," she cried, throwing herself on Elsie's bosom. "His mother, his mother, and mine. Oh! thank God, thank God, that he sent me here!"

Elsie looked down upon that glowing face, with a sweet, vacant smile; and began to sing a lullaby, such as had sent her lost infant to sleep.

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With a heavy sigh, Catharine arose from that unconscious bosom, and wandered away down to the sea-shore, where she could think and resolve in solitude.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE revelations, in the last chapter, were a source of new-born peace to Catharine. She felt at home, for the first time in her life. A few words had knitted her forever to those good old people, who had been so long her friends. Grandfather—grandmother—his and consequently hers. She repeated this in the depths of her heart a thousand times; she would sit, for minutes together, regarding them with looks of unutterable tenderness. Her heart would leap at the sound of their voices, and when they spoke to her more confidently than heretofore, for in the fulness of their confidence this was natural, her eyes would fill with gentle thankfulness. Still, she told them nothing, but asked for a little time, only a little; and then her heart should be laid open as theirs had been.

And the old people were content. For they saw that the revelation they had made opened new springs of affection in the young woman's bosom; that her former care of Elsie became devotion now; that a strange outgushing of love followed every look and word, which the poor demented one uttered. Still, these pure souls did not entirely read hers; they could not hear the words, "his mother," which always trembled, unspoken, on her lips, when she looked at Elsie. They could not understand the tender light, that forever brooded in her eyes, nor feel the thrill that ran through her nerves, at the touch of their caressing hands, or the glances of Elsie's midnight eyes. It was enough for her that his blood ran through their veins; that Elsie, poor insane Elsie, was his own mother.

These thoughts and feelings were uppermost for some days. Catharine would not reflect that the man, whose unknown relatives were so dear to her, had abandoned her to poverty and death; that he had never inquired for her at the hospital, or if so, had avoided seeking her out. She would not remember that this man was, even now, about to unite himself to another, whom he had vainly loved before, taking compassion on her perhaps too evident affection. Above all, her pure soul revolted at the thought that another of his victims had perished by her own couch of pain, and that his child was left to wander alone, into any shelter that Providence might provide for the orphan.

But the heart cannot always silence a clear understanding. After a time, Catharine began

to feel that a poison still lay in the cup of peace, so unexpectedly presented to her. Again her step grew slow, and her eyes sad. The love with which she regarded the household was full of yearning pain. And she had no power to unite her thoughts of George De Mark with these good old people. It was all a De Mark, the son of that domestic traitor, the evil of his nature was an inheritance. That man had nothing in common with the Fords; the blood might be in his veins; but it was poisoned, every drop, by that of the De Marks.

Catharine rejoiced that Mrs. Oakley had been informed, regarding the falsehood of De Mark, without her agency. It seemed to her impossible to speak of his faults to any one. His treason to herself was so deeply buried in the depths of her heart, that it would be death to drag the secret forth, even to prevent further wrong. She thanked God again and again, that this terrible duty had been spared her. The very thoughts of appearing, as his accuser, filled her with dismay.

But she avoided Mrs. Oakley. A feeling of vague pain, half jealousy, half compassion, kept her away from the cottage. More than this, she shrunk from looking at the child again. His child, and not his. Poor, poor Catharine! In every way how wickedly she had been wronged, how cruelly bereaved! No wonder she shrunk from looking on the handsome widow, his beloved, and the beautiful boy, his son. Her husband, yes! he was her husband, though she might never have the power to prove it.

Thus Catharine avoided the cottage and the sea-shore, and her walks all turned to an opposite direction. She shrunk even from looking toward the house. Thus weeks went on, and the two families never met. The widow was too happy for any thought of her neighbors, and after seeking Catharine in her usual haunts awhile, always in vain, she went up to her mother's house in town; for her wedding-day was fixed, and there were papers to sign and bridal garments to order.

'One day, a servant woman came abruptly up to where Catharine was standing, and told her this, in a blunt, rude way, that brought a sudden cry from the poor girl, thus taken by surprise.

The woman looked at her keenly, and a strange smile broke over her face, with the cry. "I thought so," she muttered, turning away abruptly, as she had advanced, "I knew it, now we'll see."

Catharine followed her. "When, when does this thing take place?" she said, pale and wild,

like one who had suddenly received sentence of death.

"To-night. A crowd of guests come with them in a steamer hired expressly for the wedding party. Mrs. Townsend Oakley sent particular word that you were to be invited to meet them. Of course you will come."

Catharine parted her pale lips to speak, but could not utter a word.

"She wishes you to stand bridesmaid, and be at the cottage when they arrive. As her best friend, she hopes you will receive them; and see that the servants make no blunders."

"Me, me," burst from Catharine's lips, in a cry of such agony, that the woman stepped back with a startled look, which soon passed away, however, and that gleam of singular intelligence again resumed its place. "Be her bridesmaid!"

"You will certainly come. The mistress depends upon it," she said, without appearing to heed the cry.

"I cannot. Oh! my God, I cannot do it. This is too much, too much. I shall drop dead under the torture!"

A look of rude compassion came to the woman's face. She drew close to Catharine and touched her on the arm.

"You must be there, or the thing will go wrong."

"What thing, woman?"

"The marriage of my mistress, Mrs. Townsend Oakley, with another woman's husband—that is the thing!"

Catharine looked at the woman in affright.

"What, what do you know?"

"I know that much, at any rate."

"How—where—when? In the name of heaven, what are you?"

"Mrs. Townsend Oakley's servant: nothing else."

"But you said something that seems wild. How do you know——"

"That Mr. De Mark is a married man—is that what you ask?"

"Yes! that is what I ask," answered Catharine, in a strained, husky voice.

"How do you know it?" said the woman.

"Me—me—how do I know it. God help me—how do I know it. I——"

"You see that I do know it, and that I know you, Catharine Lacy."

Catharine staggered back, warding the woman off with her hands, as she drew close.

"That name, why do you call me by that name? I do not bear it. I will not hear it—I tell you, woman, it is not my name."

"Right," answered the woman, smiling shrewdly, "it is not your name."

"Well then, if it is not my name, why torment with it? What does Mrs. Oakley want of? I am not her friend. No one is my friend. I am alone, quite, quite alone!"

"Yes! I am your friend."

"You! and tell me news like this."

"You wish to prevent this wedding."

"No, no, I wish nothing, I hope nothing."

"But you *must* prevent it."

"I must. But how? Great heaven! direct how."

"Tell them he has a wife already."

"A wife. What wife? Louisa Oakley."

"No! Catharine Lacy, the name which is not hers."

"What do you say, woman? How is it you could have me act?"

"Go down to the cottage, meet them as they sire, and when the clergyman calls upon those to know of a just cause, or impediment, I lieve that's the way it runs—step forward, I stand face to face with Catharine Lacy's aband, and tell him that she lives."

Catharine wrung her hands distractedly. "I nnot, I should drop dead at their feet. How n I do this without proof?"

"Is not your presence proof?"

"No! I am changed. Even if they have ever own me, I could not claim an identity."

"Still you are his wife."

"I did not say it."

"Besides this—to help you on—they can prove at Catharine Lucy is dead by the hospital oaks. I know that well enough, though you say not," said the woman, with a confidential r, "but what then?"

"It would be sufficient proof against anything I would say, if that be true."

"But he would know you. True enough, your air is darker, you look taller and larger, your whole person is changed; but you have the old smile, and the same eyes. I knew you, why could not he?"

"Oh! do not ask—he will not wish it."

"And you will see him marry another. This may be refinement, ma'am; but to my thinking, it's taking part in the wickedness."

Catharine shrunk within herself, and her features grew pinched with sudden anguish. For long time she remained silent, gazing wildly on the woman. At last her pale lips parted.

"True, true. Oh! my God, my God, guide me—guide me!" She sunk upon a fragment of rock, as these words broke forth, and buried her face in the drapery of her shawl.

The woman stood over her, and said, "You see it must be done."

Catharine moaned faintly.

"Or a great crime will lie at your door."

Again Catharine moaned.

"This man deserves it all."

A shudder ran through Catharine's frame; but she did not look up.

"You will be sure and come," persisted the woman.

"Yes," said Catharine, looking up, "it must be. God knows, if it were not to prevent sin, I would never remind him of all he wishes to forget. I would live and die alone, rather than intrude my wrongs upon his happiness. But he leaves me no choice."

"You are resolute?" questioned the woman.

"Yes, the thing may kill me, but I will come. Still I warn you, woman, it will be to meet unbelief and disgrace. I have no proof to offer, and have outlived my own identity."

The woman made an irresolute movement; plunged a hand into her pocket, and took it out again empty; then, casting another glance at the trembling creature before her, she gave another more deliberate plunge, and drew forth an old pocket-book, from which she extracted, first a diamond ear-ring, which she clasped in the palm of one hand with two fingers, while she searched among some soiled papers with the other, and at last drew forth a scrap of paper, which she carefully unfolded and read. Catharine watched these movements with a look of wistful curiosity. The strange woman had won a sort of authority over her, and for the time she was almost helpless.

"You are determined to do the right thing, and put a stop to this marriage," she said, holding the paper irresolutely.

"I must," said Catharine. "It will ruin me, and ruin him; but that is better than a great sin. They will not believe me; but I will speak."

"They shall believe you!" answered the woman, pre-emptorily, "ask him if he dares dispute that?"

Catharine took the paper, which Jane Kelly held out, and glanced at it; but her head grew giddy, and the letters floated like traceries of mist before her eyes. She only knew that it was a certificate of her own marriage with George De Mark. Her hands began to tremble violently; she burst into a passion of tears.

"Your courage will not fail," said Jane, "I may be sure of that."

"My duty cannot fail; I must do it," answered Catharine, sadly.

"Then, I will go home. Remember they will arrive at sunset. After that, you must not count on any time as safe."

"I know, I know," murmured Catharine, gazing wistfully, through a rain of tears, upon the certificate in her hand, "there can be no wavering, no doubt now: in this paper, God has unfolded my duty."

She looked around after a little, the woman had disappeared. Catharine was alone with her God.

That night, a small steamer put in at a landing, not far from Mrs. Oakley's cottage, and a crowd of cheerful, richly dressed persons came, in scattered groups, along the shore, chattering, laughing, and making the sweet air joyous with merriment. There was one group quieter than the rest, and over which a gentle serenity, almost amounting to sadness, seemed to reign. This was the bridal group. George De Mark walked gravely by his brother, leading the adopted son by the hand; and the child now and then brought a smile to his lips, by his pretty surprise at the number of persons who seemed to be visitors at his home.

At the right-hand of the widow-bride, moved the stately Mrs. Mead, all smiles and condescension to the man, whom, a few days before, she was ready to crush into the earth with sovereign disdain. Her dress of purple and gold brocade swept the grass with its rich sweeping folds, and she wore her mantilla of old point, as a queen displays the ermine of royalty.

There was no bridesmaid, for Mrs. Oakley, in her heart, had resolved that Catharine should occupy that position; and she hoped to see her in time to enter into all those explanations, which would render the position unexceptionable to her friend.

As they approached the cottage, the bride looked anxiously forward, expecting to see Catharine coming forth to greet her there; but in her place appeared the servant Jane Kelly, who undertook the reception, with a good deal of self-possession.

The visitors, many of them, remained out of doors, for the evening was delightful, and a pleasant breeze came up from the water. Those who preferred it came indoors, and all around the dwelling, inside and out, groups of happy people wandered to and fro, ready at any moment to be summoned to the ceremony they were invited to witness.

Mrs. Oakley went to her room, a little nervous, and somewhat anxious about the non-appearance of her intended bridesmaid. Jane Kelly was very busy, upon her knees, unpacking a trunk, which contained the bridal paraphernalia. There was a half sneer upon her face, as she unfolded the snowy robe, and laid out the mist-

like veil of Brussels' point, with which a bridal wreath was entwined, ready for the bride to wear it was to crown.

"What is this? two dresses, and two trimmings for both," said Jane, gruffly, laying the two dresses side by side, across the bed. "According to my judgment, one will be too many."

Jane muttered the last words in her throat as she stood eyeing the bridal robes askance.

"Yes, yes," said the bride, hurriedly, "take the dress nearest you, wreath and everything directly up to old Mrs. Ford's; tell Miss Catharine to lose no time; we shall be waiting for her. Of course, you gave my message and the invitations."

Jane Kelly answered, that she had delivered both, and as she spoke, the bride saw a smile creeping, like a viper, across her lips.

"They will come of course. Nothing has gone wrong, I hope."

"Oh! it is a sure thing, ma'am; they'll come."

Mrs. Oakley had no time to regard the manner of this reply. She felt a little uneasy at the absence of Catharine, more because it would delay an exculpation of her love, than from any doubt of her willingness to accept the compliment, she had extended in the invitation.

"Well, well, it is no matter," she said, talking pleasantly to herself, as Jane disappeared with the garments she had been directed to convey to the bridesmaid. "Of course, she will be confident that all is right, or it would not have come to this. I wonder what dear, proud mamma will say to my choice of a bridesmaid. At any rate she must admit her a lady in everything but position; and in that, too, for her gentle goodness has made those old people regard her as a daughter of the house; so this may appease, mamma."

As the bride was conversing thus cheerfully with herself, the lady mother came in, her purple silk rustling as she walked, and the golden acorns falling in bright masses from the net-work of gold and pearls, that composed her elaborate head-dress.

"Not ready yet," cried the stately dame, deliberately drawing on her own white glove, "I have brought my maid to help you, child. This new woman does not seem quite the person for a *recherche* toilet. Come, come, begin, at once, or you will be flushed and flurried, the most vulgar thing that can happen to a person in your position. Be active," she continued, speaking to a woman, who had followed her into the room, "do Mrs. Oakley's hair, at once; I will stand by and direct you."

Smiling, and blushing a little, the bride placed herself in a seat, and taking out her comb, showed her raven tresses to fall in a torrent over her shoulders. The toilet now commenced earnest. Braid after braid of those glittering locks was wreathed around her shapely head, she sat, with a rose-tinted dressing-gown gathered over the snow of her bridal garments; and while the woman adorned her person, Mrs. Oakley fell into a serene reverie, which, in herself, was more natural than the trepidation which had accompanied her first bridal. At length the lady's maid had completed her work. Around that coil of raven braids lay a strand of white roses, and as the bride stood up, allowing the dressing-gown to fall in rosy masses around her feet, there dropped from beneath that wreath a cloud of misty lace, touched as it were with traceries of early frost, curling in transparent waves down the folds of her moire dress, and sweeping to the snow of her satin slippers—and there she stood lovely as a dream, beneath the proud smile of her other.

"But the bridesmaid! who, and where is she?" questioned the elder lady, looking at a tiny clock upon the mantle-piece. "It is nearly time."

"She will be here in time, I dare say," answered the bride, stepping before the dressing-glass, with a faint blush at her own exceeding beauty. "You will like her, I am sure, mamma. She is so sweet and lady-like."

"But you have not told me who she is, daughter?"

"Oh! she is one of the dearest creatures in the world; a sort of protegee, or adopted daughter of Mrs. Ford, up at the old stone house, yonder. Don't be impatient, she will be in time."

While the bride was speaking, there was a slight commotion at the chamber door, which was partially opened. Jane Kelly looked in.

"Here is the bridesmaid, marm," she said, flinging the door open. "Shall she come in?"

Before Mrs. Oakley could answer, Catharine entered the room, followed by Mrs. Ford, and in the hall without, the old gentleman stood, leaning upon his staff, lending his presence to the scene without partaking in it. Catharine was clothed in a strange, wild beauty, that evening. A painful wildness glittered in her eyes; her lips were white; and her cheeks looked cold as snow. She had no bonnet on; but a crimson shawl had been hastily flung over her dress of black silk, a costume that contrasted vividly with the snow of that bridal apparel.

Mrs. Oakley ran forward to meet her guest;

but catching a glimpse of that white face, paused, and drew slowly back, terrified by its expression.

"What is this? Why have you come in a black dress, and with that mournful face?" she questioned, while Mrs. Mead drew proudly up, first in resentful astonishment, then with a slow dawning of memory, that left her pale and aghast, but still haughtily upright.

"I have come," said Catharine, in a low, pained voice, "I have come, because it must be. Not to share your joy, but to quench it, not to witness your marriage, for the man who waits for you—I would soften these words, if I knew how, but it must be said—is my own husband."

For a moment there was a dead silence in the room. Every face was white, and every person numb with painful surprise.

"I wish," said Catharine, "this duty had been spared me. I struggled and prayed to cast it off. The wreck of one heart was enough. I would not have waited so long, or have spoken even now, but that silence became guilt."

"This is not true!" exclaimed the bride, pressing a hand to her heart, that trembled and throbbed, till the cloud of lace that fell over it shook to the agony, "I tell you, the thing is impossible!"

"I wish it were. The God of heaven is my judge, that I do not wound you, or him, willingly. But it is a miserable duty, which I cannot escape."

"Send for him. Send for De Mark hither at once," almost shrieked the bride, as she stood firmly up, but trembling from head to foot. "To his face, you must make this charge. Call De Mark, I say!"

Jane Kelly went out, smiling viciously, leaving the group petrified into silence, and waiting breathlessly, like so many ghosts.

A few moments, and the bridegroom came. He came with a light step, in full dress, and with one glove in his hand; a flush of happiness was on his face, he could not speak without smiling.

"Is it time?" he said, pausing at the door, in not ungraceful confusion, as he saw the room to which he had been summoned.

But the silence, and the pale faces turned upon him, drove the blush and smile instantly away; and he stepped hastily forward.

"What is this? You are pale, you tremble. Great heavens, what has happened? Is she ill?"

He looked first at Mrs. Oakley, than at her mother, repenting, "Is she ill—is she ill?"

Mrs. Oakley, without removing the left hand from her heart, pointed toward Catharine, who

stood, pale and shivering, with her eyes fixed wildly on his face.

"Look on that woman, sir, and say if she is known to you."

De Mark turned, and looked in Catharine's face. His glance was firm and searching, his countenance agitated: but proud as noonday, "No," he said, "I haven't the slightest recollection of this lady; and yet—and yet there is something in her face—"

"Then you know her—it is true—mother, mother."

The bride staggered back, clinging to her mother, who stood in her place, firm and cold as a statue.

"No, I did not say that—there was something in the eyes; but it is gone—certainly I have never seen this lady before!"

Catharine uttered a low moan, and moving toward him, put the hair back from her temples with both hands, exposing her beautiful, but deathly features, to his entire scrutiny; but she reeled unsteadily, a mist swam before her eyes, and she could not discern a feature of the face to which her own was so pathetically uplifted. Not a word did those white lips utter. She stood before him, mute and trembling, till the young man turned away, pained and almost angry. Then, all the strength left that poor wife, and she fell forward upon her knees.

"Explain this scene, if you can, madam," said the young man, motioning the poor girl away with his hand, while he turned to Mrs. Mead.

Before Mrs. Mead could answer, Catharine held up one hand, with a paper, quivering, like a dead leaf, between the fingers.

"Look at me! look at me! I am Catharine. Forgive me. They would not let me die—forgive me; but I am Catharine."

De Mark snatched the paper from her hand, read it at a glance, and with an exclamation of "thank God—oh! thank God," uttered as it were in a flood of joy, lifted Catharine from his feet, and kissed her upon the forehead, again and again. The bride uttered a faint cry, sharp with pain; but De Mark took no heed of it; but bent tenderly over Catharine.

"And is it indeed true? Catharine, Catharine Lacy? Oh! this is joy indeed."

"Mother, mother, take me away; my heart is breaking; he wishes to kill me!" cried the bride, throwing her arms wildly around Mrs. Mead.

De Mark heard her, and looked around.

"No, beloved, no, I am only mad with joy. One moment, one moment!" and putting Catha-

rine gently away, he rushed toward Mrs. Mead, pressed the pale hand of her daughter suddenly to his lips, and left the room.

Again all was still. Mrs. Mead whispered a few soothing words to her daughter, and old Mrs. Ford knelt beside Catharine, who lay, weeping passionately, on her bosom.

After some delay, De Mark returned, flushed smiling, but with tears in his eyes. Directly behind him came another person, so like himself, that a stranger might have been startled by a resemblance so remarkable.

"See! there she is, the darling girl. See her yourself, George, while I beg pardon of this wounded dove."

George De Mark fell upon his knees before the old lady, who still held Catharine in her arms.

"Give her to me. Let me look on her face Catharine, Catharine, my wife," he cried.

Catharine looked up, her face all flooded with tears; and quivering with exquisite joy, she reached forth her arms, like a little child, drew a long, sweet sigh, as he gathered her to his bosom, and panted there from very excess of happiness.

Old Mrs. Ford arose, as the young man took his wife from her arms, and laid her two hands upon his head, with the softest and sweetest blessing that ever shed dew upon a weary life. He looked up, and met her eyes—those meek brown eyes, full of serene happiness—bent fondly upon him. Directly an old man came meekly into the group, and laid his hand, all wrinkled and quivering, upon those of the gentle matron.

"Son of my child," he said, "God's blessing be with you, even as mine is!"

A soft and holy amen stole from the lips of that dear old lady, and then the venerable couple went away, hand in hand, leaving the dew of their benediction on the young man's heart, which had risen full and gratefully to the touch of those hands, warmed by the glow of kindred life in every red drop of his veins.

And so the old couple went quietly home together, thanking God all the way.

The bridal ceremony was delayed a little; and that was all the guests knew of the scene we have just described; for in an hour there came forth from that chamber a pair so radiant with happiness, so grandly beautiful, that curiosity, if any had existed, was swallowed up in admiration. But there was one thing that certainly appeared remarkable, as the bridal party came in, and a murmur of surprise ran from lip to lip, for the superb beauty of the bride, with her garments of floating snow, should have been

contrasted by a bridesmaid in simple black, with nothing but a wealth of golden hair to ornament her head, whose peer-like loveliness was irradiated with gleams of bliss, that were almost angelic. The guests also observed that Mrs. Mead, the stately mother of the bride, lost somewhat of her queenly self-possession, that night. She kept aloof from the wedding party, and almost entirely ignored the bridesmaid, while giving what seemed forced congratulations to her daughter and the newly married husband. But these things were only matters of passing comment, and no one guessed how deep a current of human joy was swelling beneath the common places of this wedding.

Three weeks after the wedding, George De Mark, and his wife, were established in the home that had been his fathers. For the first time in his life, he had learned the particulars of a domestic drama, which had cast his infancy under the influence of that miserable French woman, whose prodigality and sins had at last centered into the meanest and most grinding of all vices, avarice. A little week before, and he had deemed himself an isolated being, with no one to love or cling to, except the brother, whose happiness he had resolved to witness, and then become a wonderer always. Now he was at home, settled for life under the roof of ancestors, of whose very existence he had been kept in ignorance. His mother, whose insanity had taken a gentle and more poetic turn since the death of her enemy, as if even from the distance she had felt the atmosphere of her life relieved of its poison, hovered around him caressingly, and with pleasant smiles, as if she fancied the husband of her youth had come back again. She no longer shrunk from the picture, which had been returned to its old place on the wall; but would talk to it for hours, evidently substituting its inanimate features for those of her son when he was away.

But there was still a shadow upon the life of that young couple. The memory of a child, that had perished, and for which there was forever an unsilenced yearning in the mother's heart. The proof of its death was so vague, sometimes wild dreams of its present existence forced themselves upon her; and these feelings she had imparted to her husband.

One day De Mark had just left Catharine alone in the library, with the sashes of the great bay window open, when two women came by on their way to the front of the house. One was Jane Kelly, Mrs. Louis De Mark's servant, who had disappeared the night after the wedding, and the other a comely, little Irish woman, whose face

Catharine instantly recognized. She sprang up with an exclamation of pleasant surprise and ran to the window.

"Mary Margaret—Mrs. Dillon!"

Mary Margaret and her companion turned back.

"Oh! is it there ye are, me darlint?" said the good-hearted woman, "with yer husband to the fare, and no thanks to anybody. Faix, but I'm glad to get a sight of yer beautiful countenance agin, and I've come all the way down here to give ye a taste of happiness, that ye haven't dreamed of. What do you ye say, darlint, to a child of yer own, just the beautifullest crathur?"

"Hush," said Catharine, springing through the open casement, and laying her hand on Mary Margaret's arm, "hush! This is a cruel subject to jest on!"

"She isn't joking, not she," said Jane Kelly, "and I've brought her down here, just to strengthen what I have to say, and what I never would have said on earth, if *he* there hadn't proved to be another woman's son. If that old French woman had been his mother, he might have searched till doomsday, and never found the little fellow after all. Catharine Lacy, I was your nurse at the hospital, I took the living child from your bosom, and placed the dead baby of Louisa Oakley in its place. You were raving, and did not know it. Don't look so white and so frightened. I had an object. The old French fiend paid me for putting your child out of the way. I did not murder for her money; but I changed the infants, and reported yours dead. More than this, I changed the numbers over your cots, and that is why you are registered as dead, and buried, instead of the other. She wanted me to kill you with the child."

"But the child, my child," cried Catharine, grasping the woman's arm, and interrupting her.

"Mary Margaret took it to nurse."

"Mary Margaret!"

"Yes, yer ladyship," said Mrs. Dillon, "I mothered the little crathur, all unbeknownst that it was your baby, as I was doing for. Ye had the darlint in yer own blessed arms, more 'en honest, and the most beautifullest sight it was to see yez together; like the blessed mother of Christ pictured out over the holy altar, with the hivenly baby in her two arms—amin!"

"But the child, my child! Where is it? who has got it now? My own, own child."

"It's a'most forenant ye, this blessed minit, yer ladyship. Down in the purty house, behint them trees, a playin' in the garden, as innercent as a young rabbit. Didn't I just see the mark, that I picked in with powther on the sole of his

feet, and the holy cross, as red as a ruby, which the angels left on his temple——”

Mary Margaret broke off suddenly, for Catharine sprang away across the lawn, and under the elms, while the good woman was speaking, and was out of sight long before the last sentence was finished.

“Let’s go after her,” said Jane Kelly, “I want to see their hearts torn in giving him up.”

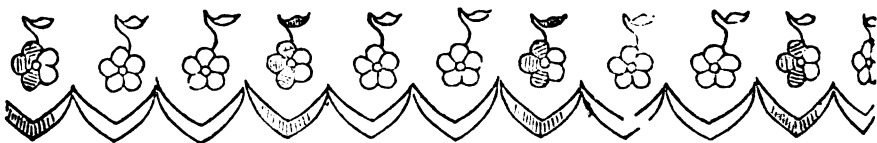
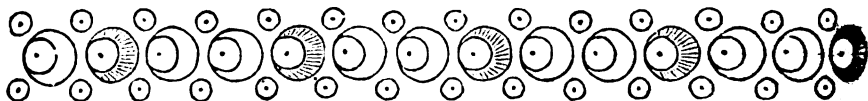
But they had hardly crossed the lawn, when

Catharine came back, walking rapidly, with little Georgie in her arms. She rushed by them, raising kisses on the child, and hurrying on, was panting and breathless into the presence of her husband, his grandparents and Elsie.

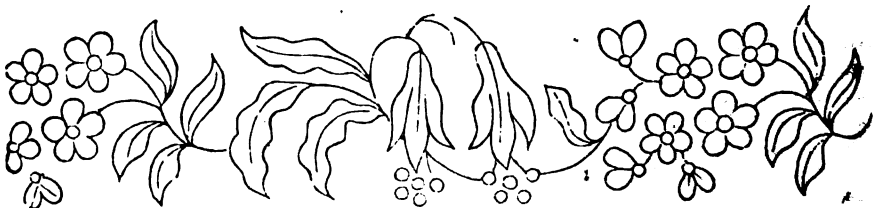
“George, George, take him, take him, he is our child, yours and mine—our own, own child. Grandfather, grandmother, mother, thank God! thank God! for it is our son, that was lost and is found.”

THE END.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



INSERTION AND EDGING FOR INFANT'S MORNING-GOWN.



EMBROIDERY FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



INSERTING.



INSERTING.

THE OLD SEXTON'S STORY.

BY B. SIMON BARRETT.

TO-DAY, the last remains of George Easton were laid in their final resting-place. From his boyhood I have known him. Col. Easton was, until his death, my next door neighbor. He was wealthy, talented and respected. On the other side lived Mr. Philips, a merchant, whose strict attention to business had enabled him to amass almost, if not quite, a fortune. Between the latter and Col. Easton a long, unbroken friendship had existed.

Margaret Philips inherited all the brilliancy of mind and beauty of person that had graced her mother, who had in her youth been considered, in personal appearance at least, to say nothing of the charm of intellect she possessed, the belle of the city. Between George Easton and Miss Philips an intimacy long existed, and a union was confidently talked of by their doting parents. George had commenced the study of the law; and the event of his successful admission to the bar, was fixed on for the consummation of the happy nuptials.

Time wore on; the merchant was every day growing more wealthy, and the colonel more happy, for his son, the light and pride of his house, was fast acquiring a knowledge of the study, to which his high talent seemed a certain indication he would, one day, be an honor. Margaret was happy too; and all day long the smile never left her joyous lips, nor did she scarce cease her gay songs of happiness. The future betokened nothing but a life of joy, with a sky that should never be darkened with a cloud of sorrow. But one night a gang of noisy revelers brought home the colonel's son in a state of helpless intoxication!

What a blow was that to his indulgent parents! They were almost broken-hearted at this evidence of their son's dereliction. A long time, unknown to any but his wayward companions, had he been partially addicted to the intoxicating bowl; but now, that they knew it, they set about the work of reform. Cautiously they guarded the secret of his vice, and diligently they besought him never again to taste the maddening drug. He promised; but again he fell; and, in spite of every effort to preserve the matter a secret, the whole affair, in minute detail, reached the ears of Mr. Philips. He was

astounded at the intelligence, but from that moment determined that his daughter should never become the wife of a drunkard, no matter how wealthy, how talented, how amiable, or how highly connected he might be; and if young Easton was really the man his informant had represented, he could never, with his consent, become the husband of his Margaret. He was not disposed to credit every idle rumor he heard; so, wisely keeping silent in regard to the matter, he patiently awaited the time when incontrovertible evidence would either give the rumor the semblance of truth, or brand it with eternal falsehood; nor did he wait long; for, one evening, returning home, he met the young man in the street, with a few of his associates, reeling under the influence of drink. Not a word was said, nor did it seem George recognized in the passer by the father of his Margaret.

Not long after this, as the time for his admission approached, he solicited of Mr. Philips the hand of his daughter, so that the nuptials might be celebrated immediately after this event. He was thunderstruck at the reply he received.

"I can never," said Mr. Philips, "give my permission that Margaret shall marry a man who drinks to excess."

"Who says I drink?" demanded the young man, with a tone of haughty pride.

"It is enough," replied Mr. Philips, "I have heard it long ago, but discrediting every rumor, waited until I could have better evidence."

There was a confused blush of shame on the young man's cheek as he left the room. He did not discontinue his visits at Mr. Philips', and for awhile he seemed to have given up his vicious habits and abandoned his reckless associates. As was to be expected, upon this appearance of reform, he repeated his offers of marriage, and was accepted on condition of his continued sobriety. Margaret was again happy, more happy than before; for the cloud that had passed away seemed to make the sunshine brighter.

Alas! for the inconstancy of poor human nature! On the very night of his admission—after passing with honor and credit the ordeal to which he was subjected, he was led away by a few inconsiderate associates, and the evening was passed in boisterous mirth and noisy revel.

Many a bitter tear of sorrow beaded the pale cheek of unhappy Margaret when she heard of her lover's error; and when they again met she implored him, with tears of anguish, to return once more to the path of rectitude and virtue. His pride would not yield, and he still seemed cold and haughty. He made no promise; but for a season again he abandoned the intoxicating cup. Yet he appeared indifferent toward poor Margaret, who loved him almost too well. He thought if she would not marry him for what he was, as he was, she should never marry him at all. His pride would not let him reason, so he never paused to consider what might be the consequence if he should wed her before a complete reformation on his part.

With these thoughts he once more mingled with his companions, and joined them in their drunken revels. He already began to acquire a thirst for drink which he could not resist. He knew it, but would not arouse himself sufficiently to rid himself of the demon that enslaved him. With all his brilliant talents he was nothing more than a common inebriate, save that his wealth and position rescued him from the lowest degradation.

Broken-hearted, his father died, and a little while after his mother was laid by her husband's side, to sleep the long, last sleep. For awhile he remained temperate, but the burning thirst grew every day more unendurable, and again he was led astray. He was now sole heir to all his father's vast property, and occupied an office alone. It is true he had few clients, and with inaction his splendid genius seemed fast going to decay.

Margaret still loved him; and although she saw him no more, she wept for him, and in the solitude of her lonely chamber she poured forth her agonizing soul in prayer for his redemption. His aged father, his gentle mother were no more, and the voices that once gave kind counsel were now hushed forever. Oh, that some near and dear friend might reason with him, and point out the error of his way, not to expostulate in angry words, nor rebuke with scornful look, but to speak in the gentle tones of affection, to arouse old memories, to give some new impulse to energy that he might awake from his awful dream.

Margaret might do this; but it would be acting against *propriety*. There was no *precedent* for such a course. The world would smile that cold, derisive, bitter smile, and the scheme, noble in its conception, might fail; and then there would be regret, if not chagrin and mortification.

Thus the unhappy girl thought, and time wore on.

There was a case of unusual interest on the docket, the case of an old man, charged with murder; and George Easton had volunteered to sustain the defence. There seemed to be no hope for the prisoner; a consecutive train of evidence, circumstantial, indeed, yet artfully interwoven left hardly a doubt of his guilt. Yet there was an indescribable something about the man, which, in spite of circumstances, seemed to bespeak his innocence.

Here was an opportunity to save human life—something more than reputation at stake. Young Easton, though degraded by his associations and his nightly debauches, was not depraved at heart. He felt a deep interest in the fate of the prisoner, and was determined to use every honorable means to establish his innocence. One thing that induced him to undertake the defence, was a chance word that had escaped the lips of one of his drunken companions in an unguarded moment. It seemed the fellow knew more about the murder than he chose to tell.

George prosecuted his difficult undertaking with unabated diligence. The wine cup was thrown aside, and his evenings spent in a deeper study of the law than any circumstance had urged him to before. The fogs of debauch must be cleared away now, for he must have the clear sunshine to think in. And he was a man once more, with the dazzling genius, the soul-breathing intellect which his God, in whose perfect image he stood, had given him. There were no idle moments now, even the greater portion of the night was spent in perfecting every part of the scheme which should establish the innocence of the prisoner in the strongest light. He was aided by members of the police, who assisted him in ferreting out the real perpetrators of the deed, and in ascertaining, to the full extent, the wily scheme that should throw guilt upon the innocent.

He was successful! It was almost like bringing the dead to life. He had accomplished a noble deed, and his reputation was fixed. There was no barrier to a life of honorable fame. But—we forget—the *wine cup*! There was the stumbling-block! There was the rock on which his fondest hopes would be wrecked! And he, left in the world alone, unguided, no gentle voice of warning to check his unguarded footsteps, left to pursue the inclinations of a depraved appetite, suffered himself to be led, *blind-folded*, by a set of reckless and unprincipled associates, merely because he was such a *witty companion*!

But did not Margaret pray for him? Did ever

sleep close her weary eyelids before she had breathed a supplication in his behalf? Was every tear and prayer in vain? And the soul that wept in agony for the erring one it so dearly loved, should it never be comforted? Alas, we may not always know the ways of an omniscient Providence. Her grief-burdened prayers were not yet answered.

The very night after his successful plea, his friends arranged a private supper in "honor of the occasion," as they expressed it. Toasts and complimentary speeches, in which the young candidate for fame was eloquently lauded, were the order of the night, and when Aurora tinted the east with her first pale rays they were there yet. In a familiar conversation, one of the company chanced to ask him in a derisive manner what had become of the Miss Philips with whom he was formerly on such close terms of intimacy. George evaded any direct reply, and evinced a desire to waive the consideration of the subject, but the young fellow pertinaciously prosecuted his inquiries.

"I heard you got the 'sack' from the old man, and that the minx turned the cold shoulder to you——"

"Sir!" interrupted George, nervously, and casting upon his companion a cutting glance of reproof, "I have to request of you to speak in terms of respect of any lady of my acquaintance under any circumstances, but more especially of my father's friends!"

Inebriated as he was, the principle of honor was keenly alive. No one should speak to him of Margaret disrespectfully without censure. His heart was generous, noble, and at the mention of her long cherished name, still beat with old emotions and half-forgotten memories. His generous nature was, at least, commendable.

Morning was come, and the convivial band had separated. The excitement of the last few hours, together with the enervating tone of the liquors he had drank forbid the idea of sleep, so George walked down to the office. The diligent news-boys were already flying about the streets, and when George arrived at his office, he was delighted to find an eulogistic account of his successful plea in the morning paper. He sat a long time reading or thinking of past events, of the trial, of the debauch, of reform, of Margaret; and it was near the hour of noon when he was aroused by a gentle knock at the door.

Who can tell with what feelings of joy and sorrow commingled with pride and regret, Margaret perused the report of the trial in which George was engaged, and in which he was successful? Perhaps the success with which his

efforts were crowned might urge him to renewed energy, might open a way to reform, and cause him forever to abandon his cups and his associates. Long she mused on this theme, for was there not hope? And while yet this dream-like reverie was upon her, something seemed to prompt her to seek his presence. But why should she go—what might she say—how could she appear before him, when such an act would seem to rebel against propriety? Such were her mind's inquiries; yet to them could she conceive of no difficult reply. Still unceasingly the monitor within urged her on.

And without knowing why she was there, or how she could approach him, acting under the direction of that unseen spirit that seemed to control her actions, she stood before the door of his office and knocked. The sound, as it echoed along the narrow passage where she stood, partially recalled her to the actuality of her unpleasant situation. What had she to say? was the first thought that swept through her mind, and well nigh induced her to depart ere the door should be opened. But reason, sober and cold in its functions, could not prevail against the unyielding spirit that still held her to its purposes.

It was this knock that aroused George from his musings. He was certainly astonished at her appearance there; it was a visitor he little expected to meet. He welcomed her with the same smile that had thrilled her heart with pleasant sensations in days gone by. Perhaps at no other time would her presence have been so welcome; he had just awakened, as it were, from a dream of half-forgotten memories, of pleasant associations, of hallowed recollections. He had been thinking of Margaret, in the days of his boyhood, when in purity of thought he worshipped with her at the shrine of virtue. He had been thinking how happy he might be if those dearly remembered hours could but return! How gladly would he have given all his wealth, and his fame, so freshly acquired, to live over those happy days in the confidence of his still remembered Margaret!

"What, you! Margaret!" he exclaimed, "you are very welcome—I was just thinking of you."

With that joyful emotions did these gentle words fall upon her ear. She felt the kind assurance that she was not forgotten—she had not come intrusively into his presence, for she was *welcome*, yes, *very welcome*! There was no more embarrassment; they might sit and talk unreservedly of the past; and if he thought a moment of the strange conduct on her part, in visiting him thus, after having been repulsed by

her father, he freely forgave her and thought of it no more, for he felt grateful that she had come to talk with him, perhaps to reprove or remonstrate; he cared nothing—he felt in a mood to receive her admonitions, not that his pride was gone, but reason had been awaking new resolves and new energies within, which needed only the assuring approbation of some true friend, of one like Margaret, to be sustained and carried out.

He was the first to allude to his follies and his errors, and when she followed up his allusions, her words were so gentle, that the reproof they carried excited no feeling of resentment in his proud bosom.

We may not know all that was said, but they talked long and in low, whispered, earnest tones, and new promises were made, promises that emanated from the heart, promises that should be ever kept inviolate; and when, on bended knees, the maiden thanked God for this hour of happiness, *he* wept. Aye, in penitence, in bitter regret he wept! Remembrance of his brilliant achievements, of the midnight revel, of his carousing companions were forgotten. The night had passed away, and the dawn of that morning saw him awake from the dreams of misspent months. There was new life opened to him; and as he gazed upon her kneeling form before him, and heard her prayer, he felt his utter unworthiness, and wept to know that one disinterested being supplicated at the throne of grace in his behalf. No selfish motive prompts her—she forgets self, and craves only his protection, his salvation.

Noble girl! Your prayers are answered—your tears, your sacrifices have not been in vain. The proud heart is at length moved, and feels in earnest penitence the influence of patient woman's intercession. The erring is reclaimed, the fallen saved!

How many another, obedient only to a feeling of false delicacy or pride, would have abandoned him to his fate. Surrounded by alluring temptations, with no kind voice to admonish, no

mother's soothing tones to warn, no friendly hand outstretched to save, he might have gone down to a drunkard's grave uncared for; but the prayer of faithful woman is heard, and there is no more sorrow.

A year passed by, and George Easton was faithful to his promises. Honors were crowding thick upon him; he had arisen to eminence in his profession, even in that short time, and his name was another word for honesty, sobriety and virtue.

He was an orphan now; but Mr. Philips and his kind-hearted wife regarded him as their son, and were doubtless as proud of his brilliant attainments as though he had been their own. There was no longer any detriment to his union with their daughter, and the time of the approaching nuptials was to be one of unusual joy and thanksgiving.

It is true Margaret did not sing the gay songs as in other days, but there was a more peaceful, silent happiness, a deeper joy that rested within her bosom; and she felt so very thankful that he had returned to her once more.

If there were any tears, they were tears of gratitude and joy; and their union was, indeed, a happy one. George was no more the haughty, unrelenting youth, but gentleness and a calm reserve bespoke the change that had been wrought within.

He lived a life of usefulness, and ever blessed the hour that Margaret, by her angelic influence, redeemed him from the inevitable fate to which he was so recklessly approaching. He rose to eminence, but the voice that once thrilled with its eloquence, or guided the erring with its tones of wisdom, is stilled forever. He sleeps his last sleep, mourned by his people, lamented by his friends and respected by his enemies. His life was a beautiful panegyric upon woman's influence, and his death was like one who

"—wraps his cloak about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

OH, NEVER LET AN UNKIND WORD

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh, never let an unkind word
Fall from those lips of thine
For harshness serves but to divide
Love's golden chain divine;
And as the rose when once 'tis pluck'd,
We never can restore;
So the fond heart thus sadly crushed
Will cling to us no more.

We often kill earth's fairest flowers
By some unkind neglect;
Then waste our time in useless tears
For what we might expect;
Oh, sweeter far to gaze upon
The faces of the dead,
Than upon those dark, sombre souls,
From whom all love has fled.

THE GOVERNESS.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

THE old story, I was a governess; a poor dependant in a noble house. I had many times seen the father of my two little darlings; I knew he was handsome, though I seldom raised my eyes to his; I thought him unwontedly gracious, but that was all. They told me I was beautiful. Even the stately old housekeeper, stately to all but me, used to part my long hair with her slender fingers, and once she said, in a dreamy sort of way, "its very fine and glossy, child, its very soft and silky. In all the wide world, child, there is nothing like a beautiful face—and the Lord made man in his image—oh! be thankful, child, that you are lovely, but often, often think that through eyelids as white as yours, through lips as ruby, on pure cheeks, over lofty brows, through long and golden tresses, between soft fingers, under gleamy teeth, the worms, the worms have revelled, child."

How I shuddered at this! and once, when she spoke in her cold way, the baronet came in, saying, "Don't frighten her, good Mrs. Hunt." Even then, I did not think upon his kind glances and tender interest, as some girls might. The children, fair-haired darlings, how they loved me! They were both beautiful. So lovely! Grace was a fairy, sparkling-eyed child. Gertrude had deep, dark, shining eyes. They were well named. Gertrude was calm, and reflective, given to strange sayings, and dreamy, mysterious thoughts; Grace was only happy when both dimpled hands were heaped with roses, and kisses were showered on her round cheeks; she lived in an atmosphere of love. Gertrude, yes, even then, I think she had a being in heaven.

I was *only* a governess, and I took no airs upon myself. I was very humble-minded, for I had seen great trouble and poverty; very grateful, for my situation was a delightful one, and everybody was kind to me. There was a friend of the family who always affected me strangely. She was a noble lady, proudly handsome, rich and titled. She pretended to be my friend, but her cold, suspicious glances, confused and made me unhappy. She gave me much advice, was always telling me how poor and lowly I had been, and how humble I should be, cautioning me to beware of the baronet, and giving dark,

mysterious hints, that invariably frightened me into a head-ache, and led me to shun the good baronet.

One day when my brain was hot and heavy, I carried little Grace over to Lady Isabel, as she had requested me. My brow beat and burned intolerably, so that I could not lift it with ease.

"You are getting subject to these headaches," said Lady Isabel, "you suffer, don't you?"

"More than I can tell," I answered, faintly.

"I can relieve you, easily," she quietly remarked.

"How, tell me? for it is very painful," I cried.

Her looked flashed through my brain. She sat close beside me; she gathered up my heavy curls. "Your hair, child," she muttered, with almost closed lips, "it will induce brain-fever; kill you, perhaps—let me cut it off," and she reached her scissors, fastened in their silver sheath.

"No—no!" I cried, for I was proud of my hair, and like a flash came the hideous thought, that this grand, beautiful woman, was jealous of me—of me a poor little governess.

Her eyes flashed fire; she stood, her jewelled hand lifted, her eyes gleaming with furious passion.

"Oh! you think yourself a paragon of beauty—I can see. You wish to retain your long ringlets, that you may mesh them about the baronet's heart. Yes, you think your bright eyes will enslave him. Yes, you poor beggar; and so they may; but mark me, minion, only to your disgrace. He knows how well you love him—laughs at it; despises you for it—he—he told me so."

A blank came over my life—oh! the weary time that passed! I would not look at nor speak to the baronet, till our little Gertrude died. I saw her well at evening; I was roused at midnight by the baronet himself. A deathly chill crept over me, as I cried, seeing his white face, "leave me, sir—how dare——"

He had not heard me, I humbly hoped, for his words dispelled my terror, "My little Gertrude is dying, and calls for you."

Till she died, that dear head rested on my bosom; in the morning, I laid back her damp

curls, and kissed her cold lips. She was gone. "I must go," I whispered, over her clay—"I cannot stay here; it is agony."

So not long after, I gathered my few clothes, and stole softly from the house, that envy and jealousy had made terrible to me. I shall never forget that night. The hills were white with moonlight, and I wanted to pluck one violet to take with me. In that quiet hour, I knelt sobbing over the little mound, breathed one prayer, gathered my flowers and turned to go—I knew not whither. A tall form stood beside me, I could not fear him now, nor dislike him; he was so pale, so sorrowful, as he said, "Lillian, what does this mean? Where are you going, my child?"

His voice trembled. I turned away, and the tears ran down my cheeks.

"Do we not treat you well, Lillian?" he asked, how mournfully!

"Yes, oh! yes," I murmured, "you have been only too kind."

"And my poor little motherless child; would you leave her, Lillian?"

At this I lost all my self-control. "If you had not jested at me," I sobbed, "despised me, boasted that I—I——"

"Stop, Lillian, what do these words mean?" he asked, in stern tones.

"Lady Isabel!" I gasped, and as I grew calm,

as far as my delicacy would let me, I gave her cruel language, word for word.

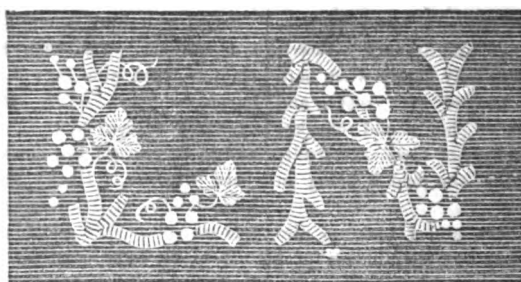
"It is false—false, all false" he said, taking my hand, "for so far from boasting that I knew you loved me, Lillian, I did not dare believe that one so young, so beautiful, so good and gentle, might feel other than sentiments of friendship, for a man so much older and graver than herself." His voice grown soft and musical. —I was astonished—overwhelmed; my confidence deserted me.

"Yes, Lillian, gladly would I make you my own dear wife," he added, drawing me to his side. "True, you have neither gold, nor station, but the wealth of a pure, glad young heart like yours is all I ask. Say, will you take the place of the sainted one, who lies here with little Gertrude? Lillian, tell me; can you love me well enough to marry me?"

Oh! heaven knows I had long, long loved him, not daring to whisper it to myself in the darkest night; and over Gertrude's grave, I told him, "Yes."

Poor Lady Isabel! she had trusted to her beauty, her gold, her power, and they had failed her. When she first saw me with my noble husband, she grew white with anger, disappointment and terror, that her duplicity had been discovered. Poor Lady Isabel! she is unmarried to this day, and she loved the baronet herself.

VARIETIES.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



INSERTING.

LATEST STYLE BASQUINE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, as part of our series, "How To Make One's Dress," a pattern for a new and fashionable Basquine, with accompanying diagrams by which it may be cut. In a former number, we gave directions how the diagrams were to be enlarged, but may as well, probably, re-state them. Take a newspaper, to lay out the angles, and project the lines, making these last of the length stated in each diagram. For example, begin, with diagram No. 1, at the extreme right hand lower corner, and make the curved line upward, which is to be twenty inches long; then draw the bottom line, twenty-eight and three-quarter inches; and so around to the point of starting. In a similar manner, draw all the others.

This Basquine is to be made of black moire,

cloth, or the same material of the dress. It is to be open in front. The following is a description of the diagrams.

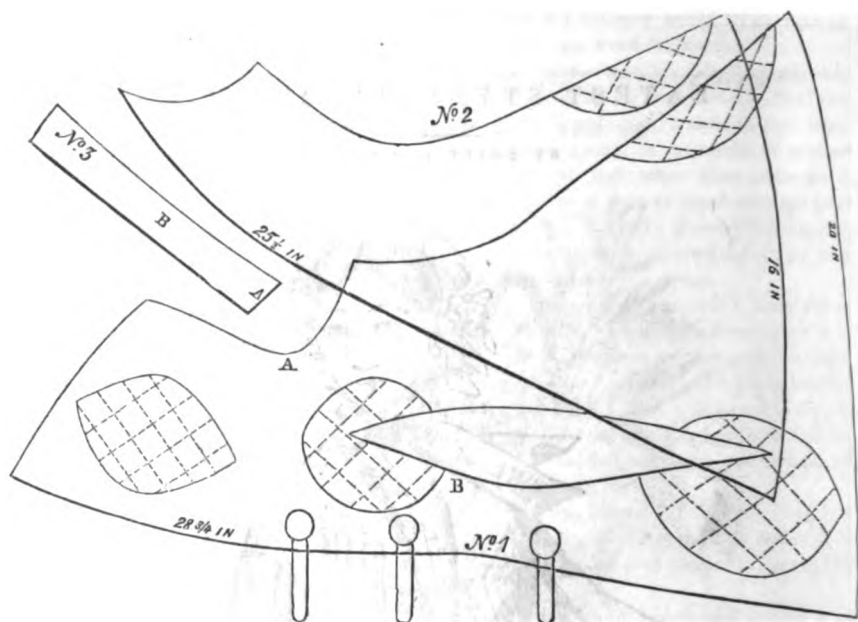
DIAGRAM NO. 1.

- No. 1. Front.
- No. 2. Side-piece of back.
- No. 3. Wristband.

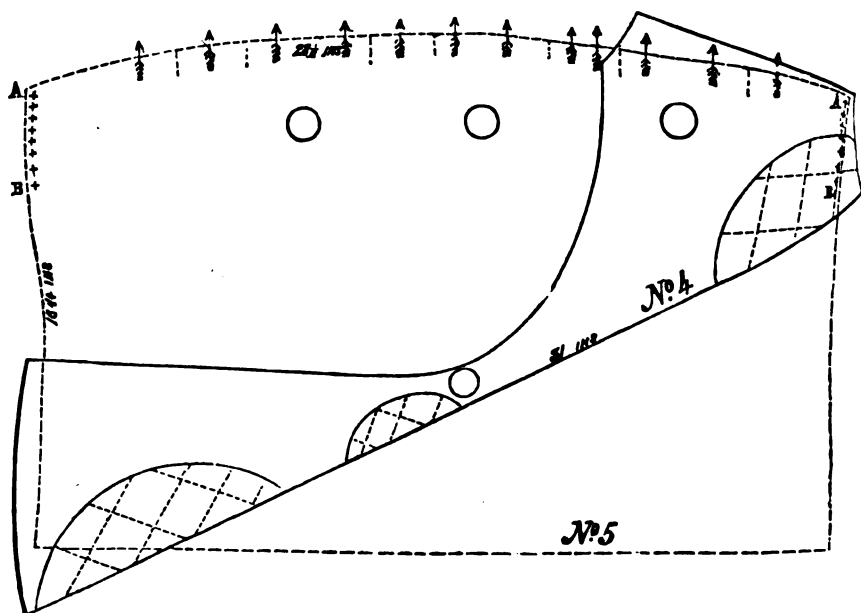
DIAGRAM NO. 2.

- No. 4. Back.
- No. 5. Sleeve.

The places for the medallions and the buttons are marked on each of the patterns. The Basquine must be lined with silk of a light contrasting color, and trimmed all round the body, skirt, and sleeves by a ruche of silk like the lining, which is sewed on the edge and reaches a little beyond; the sleeves very wide, begin at



top in hollow plaits, four of which are fastened with tassels and buttons, then a waistband and down under a button tassel. The fronts are bow closes the body at the waist. held together by cords forming loops; or frogs. On the waist behind also are put two tassels



with buttons, and, lastly, on the front of the body and round the skirt, an open-work trimming representing lozenge-shaped medallions, beautiful ornamentation.

DIRECTIONS FOR ARRANGING A BASKET OF FLOWERS.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



A GIPSY BASKET is generally preferred for flowers, though a Round Basket will have a very beautiful effect, providing it stands high. A dark-colored basket will show off the flowers to better advantage than a light one. Take a sheet of green tissue paper, with which line the basket, leaving the ends open; fill up as high as you wish, say to the rim of the basket, with clippings of paper or hay; fold down the corners of tissue paper over the clippings, and stretch wire across the basket each way to keep the paper in its place, and also to fasten the flowers to. For the outer edge of the basket (which should be arranged first) choose those flowers which are arranged in branches, such as Sweet-briar Rose, Eglantine, Jessamine, Cypress, apple blossoms, roses, buds, Forget-me-not, &c.:

fasten the branches to the wire. For the centre, group the flowers in small bunches or clusters, as they cannot be fastened to the wire, gum the stems and run them through the green tissue paper, be careful to preserve harmony of color in grouping. Leaves and grass add very much to the beauty of flowers.

* MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.—

Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 82 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

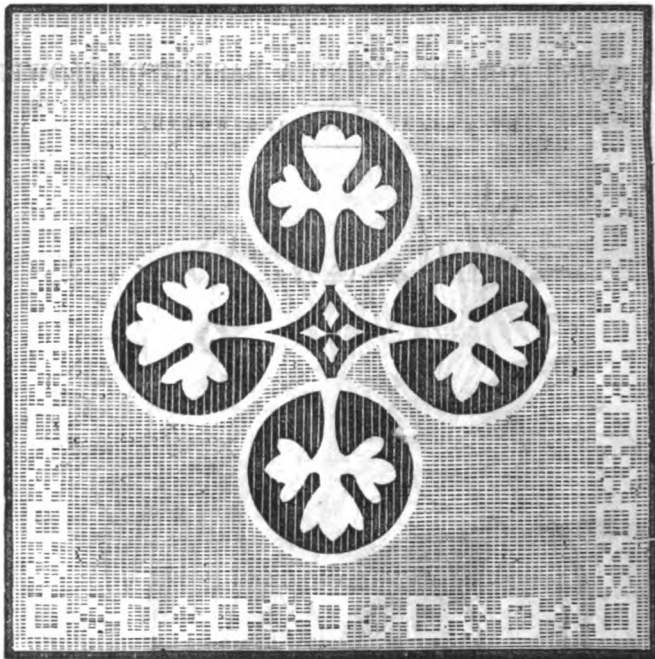
LAMP MAT.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—A square of French canvass, 30 yards of gold braid or straw, 1 oz. of purple, and 1 oz. of green Berlin wool; also 8 skeins of each

of six shades of the same green. A mesh about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch wide.

Enlarge the pattern, as for the preceding, and



mark it on the convass, having a margin all round of at least twelve threads. The border is very simple; the top and bottom are worked in the following manner:

1st row.—The braid to be entirely covered with green wool.

2nd row.—1 square green, †, miss 5 squares, cover 2, miss 1, cover 2, †; repeat to the end of the row, which you will finish with, miss 5, cover 1.

3rd row.—1 square green, † 1 straw, 3 green, * 1 straw, 1 green *, 3 times †; repeat end with 1 straw, 3 green, 1 straw, 1 green.

4th row.—1 green, † 1 straw, 3 green, 3 straw,

3 green, 1 straw † to the end, which finish with 1 straw, 3 green, 1 straw, 1 green.

5th row.—Like 3rd.

6th row.—Like 2nd.

The sides must be made to correspond.

The dark parts of the engraving represent those places where purple is to be used instead of green.

The six shades of green are for a raised fringe, which is intended to finish the mat. A single round of each shade, beginning with the darkest, is to be worked over the mesh. The rows are then to be cut, and combed out with a fine comb.

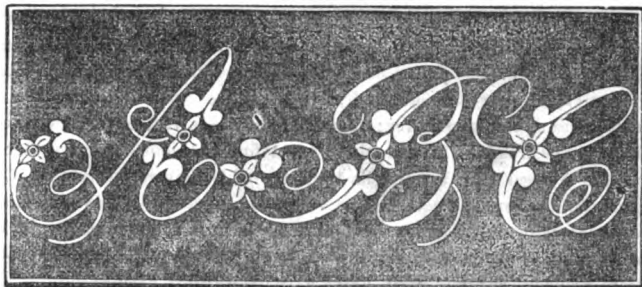
INITIALS IN EMBROIDERY.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—White and ingrain red embroidery cotton.

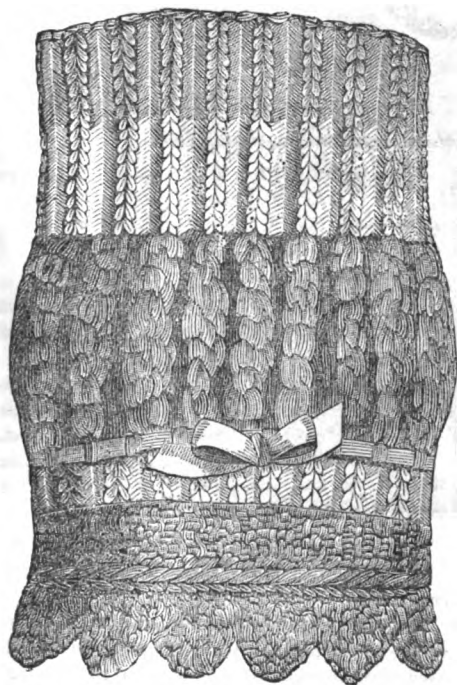
These letters are to be done in a new style of embroidery, very recently introduced at Paris. For a white handkerchief, the letters are to be embroidered in white, and then spotted with red; but as the most fashionable handkerchief for morning toilet have colored borders, those handkerchiefs should have the initial marked with ingrain cotton of the same color, merely spotted

with white. Very few handkerchiefs, now, have the borders hemmed. All the colored ones, and the majority of the white, have some simple scallop, worked in button-hole stitch by way of edging; the cotton used for this purpose invariably corresponding with the color in which the handkerchief is printed. We may remark that although embroidery cotton is made in every color, the red is invariably the most durable, as well as elegant.



WARM KNITTED CUFF.

BY MRS. PULLAN



MATERIALS.—Pink and black Berlin wool. Bone pins, No. 5 and No. 15. With the black cast on 52 stitches. Knit 8 rows.

With the pink knit 12 rows in brioche stitch.

With the black wool, and No. 5 needles.

1st.—† m, 1, k 1, k 2 t, †; repeat.

2nd.—Purled.

Do these 2 rows ten times over; then, with the finer needles, and pink wool, knit a band of 8 rows in brioche stitch, and make a row of eyelet-holes for the ribbon to run in, by throwing the wool twice over the needle, before knitting 2 together; and in the second row knitting the wool thus thrown over as 1 stitch, by which means a row of large holes is formed. Knit 2 plain rows, and cast off.

FOR THE EDGING.—(If Pyrenees wool, instead of Berlin, be used for lace, it will be a great improvement.) Cast on 13 stitches, and, if two needles be used, knit a plain row.

1st.—Slip 1, k 2, m 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 2 t, m 2, k 2 t, m 2, k 2 t.

2nd.—K 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 9.

3rd.—Plain knitting.

4th.—Purled.

5th.—Slip 1, k 2, † m 1, k 2 t, †, 3 times, * m 2, k 2 t, * 8 times.

6th.—† k, 2 p 1, † 3 times, k 9.

7th.—Plain knitting.

8th.—Cast off 5, purl the remainder.

DIAMOND PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERED SLEEVE.

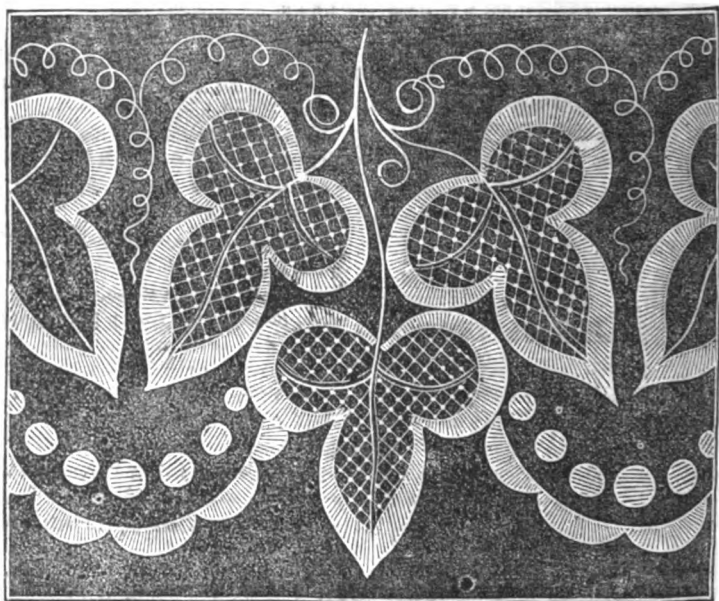
THE design, which we give this month, in the front of the number, is for a simple sleeve, which possesses the advantages of being executed with the greatest ease, producing at the same time an excellent effect. It is intended for morning toilet, being made up as a full sleeve and set into a wristband. We may notice that the open sleeves are gradually disappearing in morning

costume—the colder breezes of the advancing season rendering them less suitable for wear in the open air. The outline of the squares being first run, must be worked in buttonhole-stitch; the five holes in the solid square sewn over; the alternate squares are to be crossed with a crochet thread; their centres worked with a point-lace stitch, and the muslin cut out. As there are many ladies whose domestic duties and various engagements prevent them from undertaking pieces of elaborate embroidery; and who, not-

withstanding, may find leisure for lighter labor as a sort of recreation, we, hoping to be useful in their service, offer this Diamond Pattern to their notice. It is exactly the work for odd half-hours—is very easy, very quickly done, and, when finished, looks much better than many a design of five times the labor.

We need scarcely add that the size of the sleeve is optional, the pattern given being only a part, and that the narrow strip is for the wristband.

DEEP MUSLIN EDGING.



MATERIALS.—French muslin, and embroidery cotton, Nos. 40 and 50; also sewing cotton, No. 50.

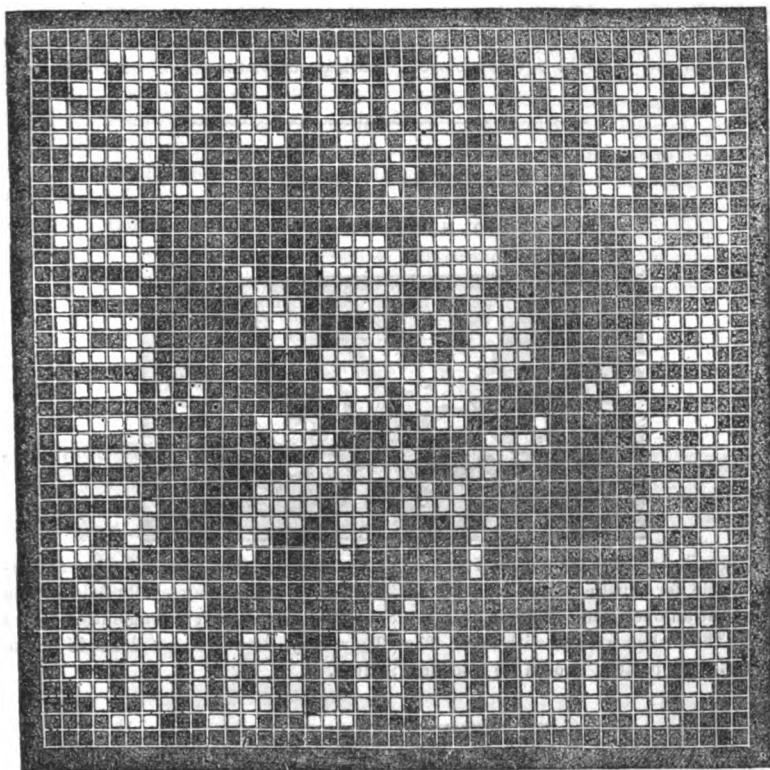
The section given is to be repeated for any length required. It is a design which is also very suitable for a pocket-handkerchief, for which it may easily be adapted. It is in contemplation of this use being made of it, that the leaves are filled up with English lace stitches. For ordinary muslin work, the edge

of the leaf only need be worked in buttonhole stitch, with fibres sewed over, as in the engraving.

The round spots within the scallop are to be eyelet-holes, and the tendrils are to be sewed over with the utmost neatness, in the sewing cotton, which should also be used for the English lace. The coarser of two sizes of embroidery cotton is used for tracing, and the other for sewing over the work.

DOYLEY IN SQUARE CROCHET.

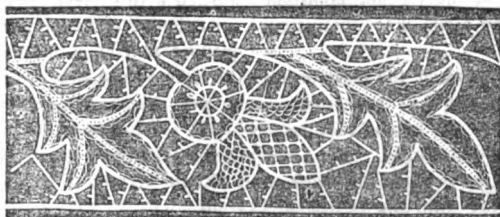
MATERIALS FOR A DINNER DOYLEY.—Cotton, from the engraving, or the foundation may be done in Square Netting, and afterward the pat-



tern darned in. In this case, use Mecklenburgh D'oyles should be trimmed with borders in thread, No. 7, for the netted foundation, and the Point-lace. same material, No. 12 for the pattern. Netted

POINT LACE INSERTION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



MATERIALS.—Point lace cottons, and No. 1 Mecklenburgh. No braid. Foundation, coarse linen thread.

This pattern is to be drawn on colored paper; but glazed calico, which I usually employ for mounting patterns, is not sufficiently strong for this work. Stout calico, or linen, is better; and the lining should be larger than the paper, to allow the edges to turn over. The coarse thread is laid on and attached to the paper by stitches taken over it with a needle and fine thread. The foundation is thus secure, and all the various stitches are filled in. The Brussels lace and edge are to be done with cotton, No. 70. English lace.

cotton, No. 90; Venitian and Raleigh (new) bars, with button-hole stitch, which must be done in Mecklenburgh, No. 120. Mecklenburgh, No. 100, after all the rest of the

The outline thread is to be covered closely work is completed.

EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



MATERIALS.—Embroidery cotton, No. 70. This scroll is suitable for muslin insertion. I have formed by making an eyelet-hole in the centre, and working round it in long button-hole stitches. They may, however, be done in raised satin stitch.

ELEGANT WHATNOT.

BY MRS. PULLEN.

MATERIALS.—Five-eighths of a yard of French canvass, seven inches wide; very short white bugles, long ditto; half-an-ounce each of four shades of crimson, blue, or green Berlin wool; card-board, Gros-de-Naples, to match a medium shade of the wool, and satin ribbon of the same, respectively, one and-a-half and two and-a-half inches wide. Instead of the ribbon, handsome cords and tassels may be used. For illustration, see front of number.

This article is at once one of the most useful and most elegant ornaments of the drawing-room: it appears, too, in the boudoirs of some of the most distinguished elegantes. It is a sort of basket, semicircular in form, the flat back of which stands against the wall, and is intended to be a receptacle of those "unconsidered trifles" which, scattered over a table almost inevitably, when a lady is working, yet present rather an untidy appearance if left there when no longer in use.

The frame is made of card-board, lined with silk or satin, the back is also covered with the same material, whilst the front is worked in

some handsome design in crochet or Berlin work, which affords scope for the exercise of taste and ingenuity on the part of the maker.

Berlin work is greatly preferable to crochet for this purpose, as being of a stronger and stiffer substance; it is therefore represented in the engraving, from which the pattern may be worked with perfect ease.

At the top and bottom of the basket, a roll or quilling of ribbon may conceal the joining of the canvass and silk, or a thick silk cording will answer the same purpose. Bows and ends of broad satin ribbon are placed at each side, or cords and tassels may be used if preferred, and a fringe of bugles should hang all round the front.

It is an elegant improvement to quilt the satin or silk, and little quilted pockets might even be made in the interior to hold cottons, &c. In that case, they should go all round the front, and be finished with very narrow quilted ribbon.

The pattern of the basket in the engraving is worked entirely in white bugles, so short that each one only covers three threads of canvass in

each direction. They are put on in a diagonal direction, and all lean in the same way. Cotton, No. 24, is a good size to use for this purpose. Fasten on and off very securely. When the pattern is worked, and a row of bugles sewed to each edge, the ground may be filled in with wool done in cross stitch. Begin with the right-hand corner and black wool, and work a piece four squares in each direction, slanting from right to left, there will be ten stitches of black; next work the darkest shades four squares

beyond the black, still keeping it slanting; so on with the other shades to the highest, leaving out every square covered by a bugle. Then begin with black, and so continue to the end, keeping the shading in slanting lines.

If preferred, the grounding may be all of one color; in that case, it should not be very delicate, or it will not contrast well with the bugles. White beads two or three sizes larger than seed beads, may be used instead of bugles.

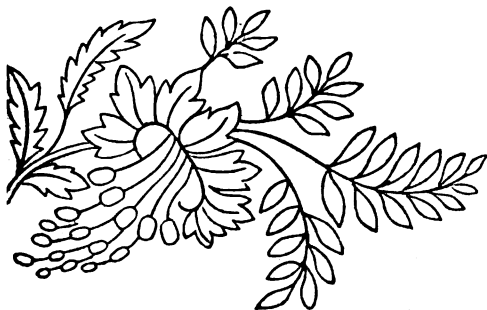
NETTED ANTI-MACASSAR.

MATERIALS.—Knitting cottons, Nos. 8 and 10; bone mesh, half-inch wide; netting-needle, No. 15. For illustration, see front of number.

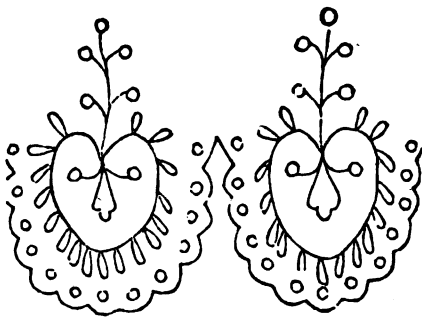
With No. 10 cotton make an oblong piece of netting, 60 stitches wide and 180 rows long; when this is done with a coarse embroidery needle, and No. 8 cotton, darn the pattern ac-

cording to the engraving, reversing it, of course, for the other quarters, so that all the corners shall correspond. It may be trimmed with a netted edge; but one in crochet is generally considered preferable, as the heavier-worked border retains the shape of the centre better.

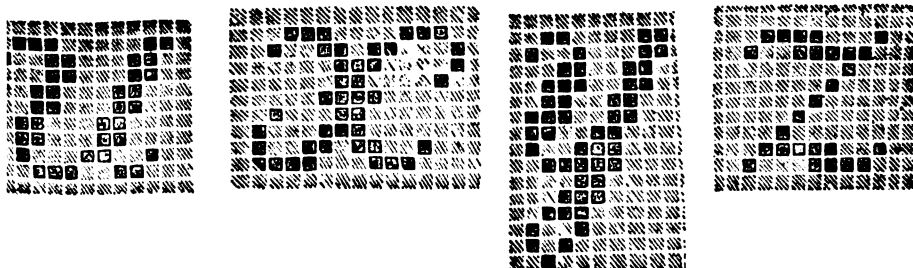
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY AND CROCHET.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



EDGING.



LETTERS IN CROCHET.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

I DON'T CARE.—Oh! yes you do. The pouting lips, the nervous tapping of the little feet; the steady twining of those witching ringlets, the uneasy glance beyond the window-pane, all tell how anxiously you care. What if he don't come? Why very much if he don't come. For who else would you wear that shining love's knot of blue ribbon—the color *he* loves? And who gave you that pretty coral that flutters on your neck? If you don't care, why sit you here idle? Mother is alone, shedding a few regretful tears over your neglect. Your guitar pines to give an answering chord. Your gem of a work-basket stands on the tiny table, laboriously holding a shirt bosom toward you, with needle and thread, delicately suggestive of hem-stitch and button-holes perforating the edge. There is the book with the leaf folded down, where you left off at dark. Father sits in his accustomed place, very willing to hear your voice, and sighing sometimes, as, he thinks, how soon it may warble at another heart-stone.

Eighteen long years you have cared for no other pleasure then to minister to the dear ones at home. Their voices have been sweetest, their opinions deferred to, but now a new love has gently let down before them as a veil, the face, the form, the heart, of another—and he is late to-night.

"I don't care."

But you *do* care. Taking quick marches between the mirror and the window, singing snatches of love songs, sitting down impatiently to play pettish music with your foot; springing up at every fancied foot-step; does *that* look as if you didn't care? Questionable symptoms—*rather*.

"Should think he might come."

So should I. He ought to come; he *would* come if he knew what a little fever of expectation you had raised for his particular benefit—would perhaps fall right on his knees—though if he does—reject him.

Could he but see you looking so wistfully toward that little latticed gate, watching, unconsciously, how the moon-beams drink the crimson from the roses—never heeding the low, bewildering music of the willow-dulcimers, or the floating sprays that fan the wild flowers to sleep! The bewildered field lies white with masses of moon-light.

"I don't care."

Truly spoken that time. The water in yonder winding river gleams beyond like a white mass of silver; now and then a transitory lustre flashes athwart the heavens. A star shoots quick! the wish thrice repeated, as you watch it falling, that he may come soon. Strange that the glory of heaven, and the beauty of earth, should all be made subservient to that young heart's first love.

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Ah! a shadow falls on the white path—a manly form stoops to the latch of the little gate. He is coming; he has come. And there you sit looking so unconcerned and proper! as if it was the most natural thing in the world to expect him just then.

INNOCENT FLIRTATIONS.—What is called an "innocent flirtations" is always censurable, even when unmarried women engage in it. But it is the "abomination of abominations" when wives embark in it. Even a desire for promiscuous admiration is wrong in a married woman. The love of one and his approval, should be all that she should desire. Let her be ever so beautiful, it is an appalling sight, to see her seeking the attention of all the senseless fops around her. There is always, among the sedate and the wise, a sensation of disgust, when a married lady attempts to ensnare and entrap young men by a profuse display of her charms, or an unlicensed outlay of her smiles. Such charms and such smiles, are loathsome to the indifferent beholder—"the trail of the serpent is over them all."

A HUNDRED LIKE HER.—A lady writes as follows:—"I first became acquainted with the merits of your periodical three years ago, while absent in an adjoining state, and although spring was fast gliding away, yet I sent on alone for it. Then it was the only number in town, I believe, and it was borrow, borrow, until at the close of the year I found it almost an impossible thing to gather up the scattered fragments for the bindery. I thought that would never do, so in a happy hour I went to work to get up a club, as much to save my own Magazine as to enlighten others to the good things withheld from them, and a sort of thank-offering for your labors. Each year has increased your list in our town, and I will still keep trying to enlarge it."

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.—Good family government is not to fly into a passion, or punish because you are out of humor. It is to reprove with calmness and composure, in a few words, fitly chosen; to punish as often as you threaten; threaten only when you intend and can remember to perform; to say what you mean, and infallibly do as you say. Then you'll have family government.

"MAGNA EST VERITAS."—The Columbus (Ohio) City Fact says:—"There is no Magazine, with so large an amount of reading, in proportion to its price, as Peterson's."

TO THE "LORDS OF CREATION."—A wife full of truth, innocence and love, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—The Northern Farmer has a capital article on the duties of farmers to their families, but especially to their wives, which applies, in part, to all husbands. We give an extract:—

"Never require the females of the family to do those things which properly belong to the other sex. All such labors should be considered a part of the daily business of the farm, and should be attended to in their season. The man who loves his wife, and wishes to make his home a happy one, will regard her feelings, and never subject her to mortification or degradation. Nature has implanted in the heart of every woman a desire to appear well in the eyes of others; this desire should never be opposed unless it oversteps the bounds of propriety, but should be indulged so far as your means will justify. It is associated in her mind with the feeling of self-respect, which is one of the safeguards of virtuous character. Never, by unremitting toil, render that fair and open countenance and those delicate features coarse and harsh, and cause that beautiful, active, symmetrical form to become bowed, crippled, and distorted by incessant drudgery. Remember that woman is not endowed by nature with the same masculine strength and power of endurance, which was given to man. Her strength consists in her weakness, which appeals to you for support and protection, and in her beauty and gentleness, which appeals to your love and affection. And in all the arrangements of the household, you should remember that the duties of woman are not to be accomplished by muscular power and brutal force, but rather by skill, by tact, by perseverance; and in proportion to the extent of her labors and cares, should be the facilities and aids supplied to her. Thus will her strength be spared, and her time saved for the cultivation of her mind, for the instruction of her children, and for the performance of those gentle charities that so beautify and adorn the female character. And how much more cheerful, aye, and successful too, will be the labors of the field, when the sweet and happy smile of the contented wife meets you at the threshold, and sheds sunshine throughout your dwelling."

COUNTERFEITERS AND IMITATORS.—We are sorry to see respectable drug houses keeping for sale spurious articles, they should frown down all imitations. Our readers only recourse, under the circumstances, is never to purchase goods from houses who keep spurious articles for sale, as they cannot depend on getting any genuine. We are compelled to make these remarks from seeing imitations of "The Balm of a Thousand Flowers." None is genuine below the price, (fifty cents) and unless signed by Pettridge & Co., the proprietors. Beware of the counterfeiters.

TAX ON BACHELORS.—The Georgia legislature has taxed all bachelors over twenty-eight years old, the tax to go to educate orphan girls. It is time bachelors, in other places, were taxed. A gay girl, by us, says the reason the ladies wear enormous hoops is to keep such "hateful creatures" off.

ALWAYS UP TO THE MARK.—The Ellsworth (Me.) Herald says:—"One characteristic of Peterson's Magazine is worthy of note—it never falls below expectation, and often surpasses the hopes of its most sanguine friends."

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NOUVELETTE.—This thrilling story, which will be commenced in the January number for 1867, will be entitled

LOVE'S LADOR WON.

A STORY OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

It will be copy-righted, and cannot be had any where, except in "Peterson." The tale is one of domestic life. The scene is laid in Virginia, and depicts that "life in the Old Dominion," in which Mrs. Southworth excels all other American writers, living or dead. We predict for this original novel an immense popularity.

DIRECTIONS FOR CROCHET, &c.—In our next volume, we shall re-publish the elementary instructions in crochet, and other fancy work, giving the meaning of the abbreviations, &c. &c. To these we shall adhere, throughout the year, so that there will be no difficulty in understanding the directions, given with the monthly patterns, even though they should differ from those our friends have been accustomed to. The Work-Table department, in this, and other things, will greatly excel that of any other periodical.

PREMATURE MARRIAGES.—It would be a good idea, says a late writer, if an anti-marrying-in-a-hurry Society were instituted. Now-a-days, people leap into the magic life-circle with no more consideration than they would partake of a dinner—little thinking that, when once in, they are there until their end comes. Don't marry in haste, to repent at leisure.

HOW TO GET A GOOD WIFE.—Ask a lady which is the best of the Magazines. If she answers "Peterson's," you may rely on it, that she has taste, good sense and loves the truth. Subscribe immediately for a copy, give it to her, and you'll be the "happy man" before the year is out.

MORE READING.—This Magazine gives nine hundred pages yearly. The three dollar ones give twelve hundred. But their price being fifty per cent more than ours, they ought to give thirteen hundred and fifty. Therefore, we give, proportionally, the most reading.

THE JANUARY NUMBER.—Among other choice things, in our January number, will be a novelty, in the way of embellishment, elegant, costly and unique. This beautiful rarity will be worth, alone, the price of a number.

TRUTH EXACTLY.—Says the Juniata (Pa.) Sentinel:—"We will dare to say that Peterson's Magazine is more generally perused than any other published."

TO J. A. H.—The saque coat for a little boy, given last month, is also a pattern for a house saque, with the addition of a belt.

MRS. WIDDIFIELD'S COOK-BOOK.—The Boston (Mass.) Christian Freeman says, of this capital work on cookery:—"The best recommendation we can give this book is by quoting a remark made by our 'better half,' after she had spent an hour in examining it. Said she, 'Now here is something that is really valuable. A green hand might take this book, and by studying it carefully, soon become an adept in all the mysteries of cookery, from the plainest to the richest descriptions. I shall prize it highly.'" The Olive Branch says:—"It is the best and only complete book on all kinds of cookery extant. Buy it, reader, and you will know how to prepare all sorts of meats and vegetables, preserves and pastry, at a price a little below nothing." Recollect, it is one of our premiums for 1857. We give, on another page, as a sample of its quality, some seasonable receipts for cooking poultry.

NO LOTTERY CONNECTION.—This Magazine has no connection with any of the lottery schemes, which, disguised under showy names, are constantly advertised. Persons, who wish to subscribe to "Peterson," must send their money to the publisher, or he will not be responsible for the Magazine in return.

SMILING FACES.—Always wear a smiling face. It is like sunshine to those around you, diffusing happiness, cheerfulness and heart-light. A habit of looking cross or sullen is easily acquired; soon becomes fixed; and renders you unpopular, testy and ugly.

SLIPPER PATTERNS IN COLORS.—These, in addition to other novelties, will be given in our next volume.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Humors of Falconbridge. By the late Jonathan F. Kelley. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The late Mr. Kelley was better known, to the literary world, at least, under the signatures of "Falconbridge," "Jack Humphries," and "Stam-pede." He was one of the most humorous of American writers, a field in which our national genius excels. Mr. Kelley died young, leaving a wife and family, for whose benefit this collection of his best things has been issued. Whoever wishes to enjoy a hearty laugh, to while away a dull hour, or to see the follies of human nature racily depicted, yet not uncharitably, should possess themselves of this volume. No less than one hundred and eleven different sketches are contained in the book, for all are short and spicy; and many of them are illustrated by original designs by Stephens, who, as a humorist, we think, excels Darley. The work is very handsomely printed. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Passion and Principle. By Mrs. Gray. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A cheap edition, in double column, octavo, of one of Mrs Gray's best novels. Price, in paper, fifty cents.

It Is Never Too Late to Learn. By Charles Reade. 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Mr. Reade is an English playwright, favorably known for "Peg Woffington" and other novels. The merits of "Peg Woffington" consisted chiefly in its rapid action. Whatever its other merits, the present fiction has not this; on the contrary, its greatest fault is its tedious prolixity. A considerable portion of the book is devoted to an exposition of the cruelties often practised in English prisons, an exposition laudable in its place, but, like all such matters, foreign to a purely literary production. How an author, who has shown himself so much of the literary artist in his earlier fictions, should have committed this mistake, is a problem we cannot solve. In other respects, however, the novel has merit. The characters are naturally drawn, and there are, moreover, not only some capital pictures of English rural life, but quite a graphic description of Australia and its gold-mines. In printing the volumes, we notice that a most vicious punctuation has been followed. Whose is the fault? Is it that of Mr. Reade, or of the American publisher? Price, in cloth, eighty-seven and a half cents per volume.

Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical. By Rev. William Archer Butler, M. A. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Parry & McMillan.—The author of these sermons was one of the most eloquent clergymen of the Irish Establishment. A late article, in the North British Review, pronounces him "destined to take the highest place among writers of our English tongue;" and it adds, "few men ever brought to the service of the Christian ministry such a conjunction of needful qualities, and few sermons in our language exhibit the same rare combination of excellencies: imagery almost as rich as Taylor's; oratory as vigorous often as South's; judgment as sound as Barrow's; a style as attractive, but more copious, original, and forcible than Atterbury's; piety as elevated as Howe's; and a fervor as intense at times as Baxter's." We can add nothing to this warm eulogium. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Lorimer Littlegood, Esq. A Young Gentleman who Wished to See Life and Saw it Accordingly. By Frank E. Smedley, author of "Lewis Arundel," "Frank Farleigh." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: E. D. Long.—Everything, which this author writes, is more than readable. His "Frank Farleigh" had a run second only to "O'Malley;" and the present novel will be hardly less popular. In having a large stock of animal spirits, considerable knowledge of life, much fertility of incident, and an easy, often rollicking style, Mr. Smedley enjoys peculiar advantages, especially in the walk he has chosen. We have heartily enjoyed "Lorimer Littlegood." Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

Harper's Story Books. Nos. 23 and 24. New York: Harper & Brothers.—"The Alcove," and "Dialogues," are the titles, respectively, of these two numbers of this excellent series. Price, per number, twenty-five cents.

Etchings of Travel. By James W. Wall. 1 vol., 2 mo. Burlington: S. C. Atkinson.—We recommend this volume of travel to all who have taste and intelligence, for it excels particularly in those points which such persons best understand, and in which travellers, unfortunately, are generally deficient:—we mean in a certain delicate appreciation of the poetical, historical, and art associations with which Europe everywhere abounds. On every page, we recognize the cultivated gentleman and scholar, visiting Europe, not to dangle after princes, not to describe fine society, but to study its present and comprehend its past. There is so much "snobbiism" among Americans abroad that the true republican gentleman shines, all the brighter, from the contrast. Some of the incidental descriptions of scenery are very graphic. The total absence of pretence in this book is another of its merits. The publisher is Samuel C. Atkinson, of Burlington, N. J., one of the veterans of the American press. Price, in half morocco, \$1.50.

The Poetry of the East. By William Rounseville Alger. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall.—The author of these translations has long been a student of Oriental poetry, so far, at least, as it is accessible through English, Latin and German translations. During many years of labor in this field, he has versified a large number of the Oriental poems, which command attention, not only on account of their literary merit, but as representations of Hindoo, Persian and Arab thoughts, sentiments, and fancies. The volume, in consequence, is the best popular collection extant of Oriental poetry. We shall probably give some specimens of it, at a future day. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

Major Jones's Courtship and Travels. With Illustrations by Darley. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new and elegant edition. "Major Jones" is so eminent among American humorists, the class of our writers who have probably exhibited most original talent, that every person, desiring a library representative of the national mind, should have a copy of this edition. Meantime, those who are ignorant, as yet, of these racy pages, are denying themselves some of the merriest hours they will ever spend. To one and all, we say, buy "Major Jones." Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Poems. By Matthew Arnold. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—More than a year ago, in an article, in this Magazine, on the later poetry of England, we spoke of the genius of Matthew Arnold. It gives us pleasure now to welcome this American edition of his works. What we said then, however, renders it unnecessary to speak again of these poems, except to say that, on a second perusal, they leave us with even a higher estimate of the author's ability. The volume is neatly printed. Price, in cloth, seventy-five cents.

How To Dress With Taste. 1 vol. New York: Garrett & Co.—A useful little pamphlet, cheap at the twelve cents asked for it.

PARLOR GAMES.

I'VE COME TO TORMENT YOU.—This is an amusing and ludicrous game if entered into with spirit. The company should be seated all in a line, or if a great many are to play, it is best to form a circle. The one that understands it will commence by saying, "I've come to torment you," the one on the leader's left hand must say, "What with?" "My finger and thumb," the leader answers; at the same time she snaps the finger and thumb of the right hand together, and continues doing so through the game. Then the one on the left hand must do the same, and say, "I've come to torment you," to the next one by her, and so each one in their turn says and does what the first one did. When it comes around to the leader, she will say and do the same as before, using both her fingers and thumbs, and each one must follow the other the same as before. The next time the leader says, "Two fingers, two thumbs, and an elbow," keeping her fingers and thumbs moving all the time, and jerking the right elbow backward and forward. All do the same in their turn; then the next time the leader moves both elbows in the same manner. When all are doing this much, the leader will add a "pit-pat," which is done by constantly moving up and down the right foot; then the next time move both feet calling it "two pit-pats;" then there is a nid-nod, suiting the action to the word, and the last is called a "hitch up," which is a constant rising in your seat. All together we now have "two fingers and thumbs, two elbows, two pit-pats, a nid-nod and a hitch up." The motions should be all made simultaneously, and by so doing a great deal of mirth will be afforded.

ANIMALS.—Another favorite amusement is the dressing up and personating different animals. A large elephant can be made of a frame-work of whalebone and calico, supported by two boys, one of whom must walk inside the front pair of legs, and the other in the hinder ones. A keeper in the Indian costume must attend, relating ludicrous stories of the huge creature. A short, fat boy can represent a large white owl, and a taller one can personate an ostrich, whose long neck can be formed of a lady's fur boa; fanciful stories from their keepers will add to the evening's entertainment. The more ridiculous the keepers dress and act, the better.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

HEATING ROOMS.—As much disappointment is often occasioned by the want of knowledge as to the points which constitutes a good grate or stove, the following remarks are offered in the hope that they may be found useful.

1. The fire should be as near the floor as possible.
2. The opening of the front should be low.
3. The grate should be lined with fire-brick.
4. A shallow fire, with a large upper surface, is better than much front with a contracted upper surface.

5. A stove from which the smoke escapes from the back, is better than one from which it rises directly in the chimney.

6. A contrivance for regulating the quantity of air escaping up the chimney is very desirable.

7. The use of a blower in any form is only waste of fuel.

The following rules for setting stoves may be found of service.

1st. To let no air enter the flue, except what passes through the opening provided for the escape of the smoke. If it be desired to have a ventilating opening into the flue from the upper part of the room, the propriety of forming it will depend upon the draught which ordinarily exists in the flue. It will generally be better to use an unoccupied flue for the purpose of ventilation.

2nd. The grate should be kept as much forward into the room as is consistent with appearance. It is a mistake to suppose that it is more likely to smoke when brought well forward than when pushed back into a recess, provided cross draughts are avoided.

3rd. The flue in common register stoves should be brought down of equal dimensions perpendicularly over the fire, the register contracting the opening at the bottom, or, where the escape of smoke is at the back, the flue should be brought down at the back of the grate, and be made perfectly air-tight

RECEIPTS FOR POULTRY.

Roast Turkey.—Have the turkey nicely cleaned and washed, put it in the pan in which it is to roast; season it with salt and pepper, fill the body with dressing, as for roast goose, the crop with the same as for roast ducks; place it in the pan, back upward, dredge a little flour over and one large tablespoonful in the pan, with water sufficient to make gravy, which stir well together before setting in the oven. Baste frequently, and when a nice brown, turn it over, that it may be of equal color all round. Should the gravy boil away, and not leave sufficient in the pan, a teacupful of hot water may be added, with a little more flour, if necessary; stir it well, and let it simmer two or three minutes, then serve hot.

Stewed Rabbit—French Mode.—Cut up the rabbit and wash it; put it in a stew-pan, and season it well with salt and black pepper. Pour in half a pint of water, and when the water has nearly stewed away, add half a pint of port wine, two or three blades of mace, and a tablespoonful of flour mixed with a quarter of a pound of butter. Let it stew gently until the rabbit is quite tender. Serve hot.

Broiled Rabbit.—Clean and wash the rabbit; cut it entirely open, so that it will lay flat on the gridiron, with the back up. Place it over the coals, broil it slowly; when brown on one side, turn it. Take it up on a dish when done, and season it well with pepper and salt. Baste it plentifully with butter, as the flesh of rabbits is very dry; then send to table on a heated dish.

Roast Goose.—Boil twelve potatoes; when done pare and mash them with a quarter of a pound of butter, two onions chopped, a teaspoonful of sweet marjoram, finely rubbed; with salt and pepper to taste; mash all well together; then have the goose well cleaned and washed; dry the inside with a clean towel, and season with salt, pepper, and a little sage, rubbed very fine. Put in the dressing, and skewer it well; then season the outside with pepper and salt; place it in the pan, back upward, dredge a little flour over, and one tablespoonful in the pan, with sufficient water for gravy, which stir well together before setting it in the oven. Baste frequently, and when a handsome brown, turn it over, that all parts may be well done and of equal color.

Roast Duck.—Clean and prepare them as other poultry. Crumb the inside of a small loaf of baker's bread, to which add three ounces of butter, one large onion chopped fine, with pepper and salt to taste. Mix all well together. Season the ducks both in and outside, with pepper, salt, and a little sage rubbed fine. Then fill them with the dressing, and skewer tightly. Place them in the pan, back upward; dredge a little flour over, and a tablespoonful in the pan, with water sufficient to make gravy. When a nice brown, turn them over; baste frequently, and when done, send to table hot, and eat with cranberry sauce.

Stewed Pigeons.—Clean and cut them in quarters. Wash and season with pepper and salt; put them in a stew pan, with as much water as will nearly cover them. Put in a piece of butter mixed with a little flour. Let them stew until they become quite tender. If the gravy should be too thin, add a piece of butter rubbed in flour, and let them stew a few minutes longer. When done, if not sufficiently seasoned, more may be added. Then send to table hot, in a covered dish.

Smothered Rabbit.—Clean the rabbit, wash and cut it open so as to lay flat on the gridiron. Broil it slowly, and when done, let it be of a fine brown on both sides; then season it well with pepper and salt, and baste it with butter. Pare two dozen onions, boil them in milk and water until they are soft; then drain and mash them. Season them with pepper and salt, and add a lump of butter. Cover the rabbit entirely with the onion, and serve hot.

Venison Steaks.—Wash and wipe them dry. Put them on the gridiron, over a clear fire, and broil them; then season with salt and pepper, and baste them with butter. Or they may be seasoned as above, and fried. Serve them with currant jelly. Venison steaks are very nice fried with a slice of good ham.

Boiled Turkey.—Clean the turkey, wash it well, season the inside with pepper and salt; dredge a little flour over, and pin it in a clean towel; put it into a kettle of hot water that has been salted; let it boil slowly; when done, send it to table hot. This is eaten with oyster-sauce, or drawn butter, as preferred.

Pigeons.—Pigeons may be broiled or roasted like chicken. They will cook in three-quarters of an hour. Make a gravy of the giblets; season it with pepper and salt, and thicken it with a little flour and butter.—*Mrs. Widdifield's Cook-Book.*

ART RECREATIONS.

GRECIAN PAINTING, AND ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS.—Mr. J. E. Tilton, Salem, Massachusetts, will furnish all materials and directions. He deals extensively in the artist's material line, and will fill orders promptly. We annex his circular.

The subscriber will furnish for \$3.00 a package of twelve mezzotint engravings, and full printed directions for Grecian painting, and a new style originating with himself, and equal to the finest copper painting, called Antique Painting on Glass, with bottle of preparation, &c. The directions are so explicit as to enable any one to learn fully without a teacher.

For \$2.00 more, or \$5.00, he will send as above, and all paints, brushes, oils, varnishes, &c. &c., needed for these arts, and other oil painting; receipts for varnishes, &c.

Price \$1.00 for SIMPLY directions in Grecian Painting, sent free, full, that any one with no previous knowledge of drawing can be sure to acquire.

He has also published a new picture for Grecian Painting, called "Les Orphelines." The paper, printing and engraving are thoroughly fitted for it, and the effect and finish, when completed or painted, are fine, and superior to canvass painting. Price \$1.00, sent free, by mail. Address, J. E. TILTON, Salem, Massachusetts.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS

To Preserve Game.—Fresh ground coffee is a perfect and safe deodoriser: a sprinkling will keep game fresh and sweet for several days. Clean your game—that is, wipe off the blood—cover the wounded parts with absorbent paper, wrap up the heads, and then sprinkle ground coffee over and amongst the feathers or fur, as the case may be: pack up carefully, and the game will be preserved fresh and sweet in the most unfavorable weather. Game sent open and loose cannot, of course, be treated in this manner; but all game packed in boxes or hampers may be deodorised as described. A teaspoonful of coffee is enough for a brace of birds, and in this proportion for more or for larger game.

To Boil Ducks.—Clean and pluck them, taking care that the skin be preserved from rents while plucking; salt them for about thirty hours previous to cooking; flour a clean white cloth and boil them in it, a moderate sized duck will take about an hour's boiling, make a rich onion sauce with milk, and send it to table with the duck. When the duck is boiled fresh it may be stuffed as for roasting, and served with the same description of gravy.

To Choose Poultry—Turkey.—The cock bird, when young, has a smooth black leg with a short spur. The eyes bright and full, and moist, supple feet, when fresh; the absence of these signs denotes age and staleness; the hen may be judged by the same rules. **Fowls** like a turkey; the young cock has a smooth leg and a short spur; when fresh, the vent is close and dark. Hens, when young, have smooth legs and combs; when old, these will be rough; a good capon has a thick belly and large rump, a poll comb, and a swelling breast. **Geese.**—In young geese the feet and bills will be yellow and free from hair. When fresh, the feet are pliable; they are stiff when stale.

For Corns.—A good plaster for corns may be made by melting one ounce of white dyachylon with the same quantity of yellow rosin and spreading it on linen or leather. Apply a piece of the plaster to the corn. A very effective remedy for the pain occasioned by the corn is to wear upon the toe one of the adhesive amadon plasters now generally sold in the chemists' shops. These plasters have a circular hole in the centre, so that the corn is left uncovered, the surrounding amadon protecting it from the pressure of the shoe.

For Cleaning Chintz.—Boil two pounds of rice in two gallons of water until it becomes soft; pour the whole into a tub, and use it just as soap lather is used for linen. When the chintz is perfectly clean, rinse it in some more water in which rice has been boiled, which will answer better for stiffening than starch, being more enduring. In drying, care must be taken that the chintz hangs smooth. Smooth it with a stone or a cold iron.

Stewed Duck.—The ducks should be cut into joints, and laid in a stew-pan with a pint of good gravy, let it come to a boil, and as the scum rises remove it; season with salt and cayenne, and let them stew gently for three-quarters of an hour, mixing smoothly two teaspoonsful of fine ground rice, with a glass of port, which stir into the gravy, and let it have seven or eight minutes to amalgamate with it, then dish and send to table very hot.

Grease Spots.—The following method of removing grease spots from woollen cloth may be tried: Mix three ounces of spirits of wine with three ounces of French chalk, and one ounce of pipe-clay. Apply the mixture wet to the spot; and when dry, brush it off.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. 1.—MORNING DRESS FOR A BRIDE OF WHITE CASHMERE, with broad stripes, figured in green. It is edged with embroidery, and opens over a richly worked skirt. The corsage is made close, with a slight fulness at the waist, but plain on the shoulders. The sleeves open on the inside of the arm, the open space being laced together with a green cord confined by green buttons, encircled with a white fringe. A green cord and tassel at the waist. Cap of Honiton lace, trimmed with pink roses and green ribbon.

FIG. II.—A CARRIAGE DRESS OF RICH PURPLE SILK, brocaded in green and brown palms. The skirt is long and very full. Corsage plain, en *basque*, and trimmed with fringe. The sleeves are made with one large puff, reaching to the elbow, and terminated with a plain piece of a pagoda shape. Bonnet of straw color uncut velvet, ornamented with feathers, with a full blonde face trimming, interspersed with tufts of purple violets.

FIG. III.—THE GRAND DUCHESS CLOAK of black velvet, trimmed with three rows of very deep, rich, Honiton lace.

FIG. IV.—PRINCESS ROYAL CLOAK, made with deep, Louis XV. sleeves, and fastened in front with frogs. It is a very warm wrap, and suitable for the coldest weather.

FIG. V.—THE CAROLINA CLOAK, made of rich velvet, trimmed with fringe and rows of silk acorns.

FIG. VI.—BASQUINE OF FINE BLACK HABIT CLOTH.—The body is high; the skirt long and full. Sleeves wide, with turned-up cuffs. This basquine is bordered with a braid. All the front is ornamented with braiding across of graduated lengths. These braidings all terminate in a point with buttons.

FIG. VII.—A BERTHE HABIT SHIRT with revers, embroidered in satin-stitch and feather-stitch, with a border of ladder-stitch.

FIG. VIII.—BONNET OF BLACK VELVET.—The front is made of pink silk, slightly full, and has four rows of narrow black lace, put on over the casings. A bow and ends of pink ribbon at the side.

FIG. IX.—LOUIS XV. COLLAR, composed of muslin insertions, Valenciennes insertions, and Valenciennes edging.

FIG. X.—SLEEVE to match the Louis XV. collar.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new woollen fabrics prepared for autumn dresses are of rich, dark hues. Some are ornamented with a large chequered pattern, in two shades of the same color, and bands formed of several narrow stripes of various bright hues, run round the dress in the *Bayadere* style. The striped silks are nearly all in the *Bayadere* style, that is, with the stripe running around the skirt, instead of lengthwise. These stripes are all very narrow, or the effect would be bad. Flounces are still popular. For a dinner or evening dress as many as six or seven are worn, but seldom more than three for the street. Many dresses of poplin, cashmere, and also some of silks, are made with double skirts: we speak here of dresses for out-door costume. These double skirts have a less showy effect than flounces, and for that reason they are much adopted in walking costume. The upper skirt should, however, be rather long, a little more than a quarter of a yard shorter than the lower skirt. Sometimes the upper skirt only is ornamented with trimming; but the effect is best when both skirts are trimmed. Rows of velvet or fringe are usually employed for trimming. One of the prettiest dresses lately finished, is composed of bright green silk glaze with white. Up each side of the skirt there is a trimming formed of

stripes of very narrow black velvet crossing each other, so as to leave small lozenge-shaped spaces between them. This trimming at the edge of the skirt is about six or seven inches in width, and it gradually becomes narrower as it ascends to the waist. The corsage has a *basque* edged round with black velvet trimming, similar to that which ornaments the skirt, and the same trimming is placed on the corsage in the form of *bretelles*. The sleeves have three frills trimmed in a corresponding manner. We may also mention a dress of chequered silk, the color being pink, green, and white in large chequers, over which are narrow black lines woven in relief, and sufficiently close together to form small chequers. This dress is trimmed with one very deep flounce, set on in fluted plaits. The flounce is finished at the edge merely with a plain hem, and is headed with a *ruche* of silk.

Dresses of plain white muslin and organdy have recently been made for young ladies' evening costume. They are trimmed with three or four flounces, of which the upper one is set in at the waist. The flounces are each edged with a broad hem, having a blue, pink, or lilac ribbon run within it, which sustains the flounce at the lower part, and in all respects improves the appearance of the dress. The corsages of these dresses are, in general, made full, and the fullness is drawn to a point in front. Round the waist is worn a ribbon *ceinture*, which is either tied in a bow in front, or fastened with a small gold or silver buckle. Another very pretty dress suitable for young ladies and aristocratic in its simple elegance, is composed of fine book muslin, as transparent as tulle. It is made with two very full skirts, each skirt being bordered by a hem about four inches wide. Above each hem is placed a row of black velvet, about an inch and a half wide, having a narrower row on each side. The corsage is a *la Raphael*, and is formed of plaits which, commencing at the waist, are gathered at the top into a band which passes to the shoulders in a square form, the back being made to correspond. The top of the corsage is ornamented with three rows of black velvet, narrower than those on the skirt, but graduated in proportion to it. The sleeves, trimmed in the same manner, are extremely short at the inside of the arm, and are made double so as to fall in the form of a flower with a double cup toward the elbow. A sort of sash is formed of book muslin edged with black velvet, and having the appearance of a scarf; in crossing before, it confines a bouquet of roses, and the ends descend until they reach the velvet of the upper skirt. The head-dress to suit this dress should consist of roses.

This dress may be imitated with the substitution of green, blue, or cherry-colored velvet for black; and the velvet may be laid on in an arabesque pattern instead of in plain rows. Sometimes also large hanging sleeves fall from beneath the short ones. Several white dresses for evening have also been made with double flounces, that is to say, that under the muslin flounce there is one of *tarlatan*, forming,

as it were, a lining. The effect of the dress is much improved by this arrangement of the trimming, as the muslin flounces are sustained by those placed under them; and when the material employed for the under flounce is colored, the needlework is displayed to great advantage. A dress of white muslin has been made with three flounces, richly ornamented with needlework, and under each flounce there is another of tarlatan, of that beautiful tint of lilac now so fashionable, and distinguished by the name of mallow-color. The corsage is low, and with it is worn a small fichu lined with mallow-color silk. The fichu is fastened in front with a bow of ribbon of the same color as the lining. The sleeves are trimmed with two frills lined with mallow-color tarlatan, and rows of ribbon.

Another dress of worked muslin is trimmed with three flounces, with under flounces of cerulean blue tarlatan. The corsage of this dress has *revers* of muslin ornamented with needlework, and lined with blue tarlatan.

HEAD-DRESSES.—The most fashionable evening head-dress for a young lady consists of a bow and long ends of ribbon, either with or without the addition of a bouquet of flowers, and worn quite at the back of the head. Feathers and lace are reserved for ladies of maturer years.

UNDER-SLEEVES.—Under-sleeves formed of two ruffs of white muslin, closed at the wrist, and trimmed with colored ribbon, which have for some time been fashionable, still continue in high favor. Among the prettiest under-sleeves recently made, are some composed of one puff of white muslin, surmounted by a narrow bouillonne. At the lower part they are finished by a turned-up frill or *revers* of lace, or worked muslin, and are closed at the wrist by a narrow bouillonne of muslin, within which is a running of colored ribbon.

BONNETS.—The most elegant bonnets are of dark or black velvet, trimmed with "bird of Paradise" feather, such as the one in our November number. Another favorite bonnet consists of drab-color velvet. A small rouleau of feathers of the same tint ornaments the edge of the brim and the curtain; and the rest of the trimming consists of flowers of blue velvet. Another bonnet is composed of folds of garnet-color velvet, the trimming consisting of black lace. Red lowers are employed for under-trimming.

CLOAKS of black velvet, richly embroidered and rimmed with deep blonde lace, are the most elegant prepared for winter use, though those composed of the various kinds of grey cloth, are both fashionable and useful.

FURS AND THEIR STYLES.—For trimmings, furs are used less than last year. The shapes differ but little. The large cape is slightly pointed in the back, and full over the arm. It is almost universally furnished with a small collar. The small cape and its diminutive, the Victorine, sweep round the shoulders and fall in long and square tabs in front, ending in three or four tails. The muffs are worn as small as

last year, and the cuffs are of the same size, reaching almost to the elbow. There is another style of cape, circular shape, with arm-holes, very convenient for holding a muff. The Russian sable is the scarcest, and consequently the dearest fur we have. A small muff of this fur costs four hundred dollars, and the entire set, consisting of cape, cuffs and muff, is worth \$1,400 or \$1,500. Next in importance comes the Hudson Bay sable, its price ranging from \$200 to \$700 the set, its value increasing as its color darkens.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY OF SEVEN YEARS OF AGE.—Paletot of grey cloth, trimmed with braid of the same color, and with large mother-o'-pearl buttons. On each side there is a pocket, fastened by one large button. The sleeves have broad, turned-up cuffs. Trousers, edged with needlework, descend below the paletot, and reach to the knees. Gaiters of grey cloth, buttoned up their whole length. Shoes of patent leather. Hat of black felt, trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL OF SIX YEARS OF AGE.—Dress of light green striped silk, the stripes running horizontally. The corsage (not shown in our engraving) is of black velvet. The small mantelet, of grey cashmere, is lined with pink silk, and trimmed with a band of pink plush. Drawn bonnet of pink silk. Trousers edged with a very broad trimming of needlework. Boots of green cashmere.

FIG. III.—YOUNG LADY ABOUT ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.—Dress of maroon-color Irish poplin, chequered with black. Over it is worn a *pardessus* of black velvet, richly braided, and edged with a new kind of trimming, called fur fringe. Bonnet of dark blue velvet, striped with black; under the brim a small wreath of roses, intermingled with the blonde *ruche*; strings of dark-blue ribbon, figured with black.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Poplin is the most fashionable material for little girl's wear. It comes in plaids, some of which are of brilliant colors, and of a size peculiarly suited to a child's wear. With the exception of merino, poplin is the most durable article now made, and a dress of this material, though expensive at first, (costing about a dollar and sixty-two cents a yard) is cheaper than a silk, which is now nearly always founced for children. Merinos of scarlet, blue, cherry and green, are a good deal worn, mostly with the skirts tucked with a row of black velvet above each tuck. The flounces on silk dresses are nearly always straight.

The corsage is sometimes made *en basque*, but fastened down the back. Braces are very much worn on both plain waists and basques. The skirt of a little girl's dress must be as full in proportion as an adult. In fact, a little Miss is only her mamma in miniature, except that the mamma's dress is *very long*, whilst the dress of Miss is *very short*.

For out-of-doors dress, basques of cloth are preferred now over velvet. Cloaks of grey cloth are very fashionable.

For small boys, the short pants are still worn, but cloth leggins, reaching above the knee, are always added for out-of-doors wear.

For those still in frocks, the skirts are made quite

short and full, the corsage plain, and generally high in the neck, and polka sewed on at the waist. Older boys usually wear the blouse or sacque, belted down at the waist.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

REMIT SOON FOR 1857.—There will be just time, after receiving this number, to remit in season for the January number, which will be ready, at latest, by December the first. *Send on your clubs at once.* Recollect, that, in several particulars, this Magazine has the credit of surpassing any other. 1st. The literary matter is far ahead of that of any lady's Magazine, and will be even better in 1857. 2nd. The fashions are later, prettier, and more reliable. 3rd. More embellishments and letter-press are given, during the year, in proportion to the price. 4th. The mezzotints and steel-plates are more elegant. 5th. The directions for Crochet Work, Embroidery, &c., with the patterns, are the choicest and most fashionable. Moreover, we shall make several improvements, in 1857, which will astonish even our old friends.

In sending this, the last number of the year, to press, the publisher asks that ladies, who *know* the Magazine, will interest themselves to extend its circulation. Send us, not only your own subscriptions, but those of your friends, who heretofore have not been on our list! Every person could easily get an additional subscriber; and this alone would double our circulation. Though we close the year, price nearly twice as many copies as we did last year, we feel confident, that, if every lady in the Union could have the Magazine fairly brought to her notice, the demand, in 1857, would be fourfold even what it now is. We have already distanced most of the old Magazines; but we wish to print as many as *all put together*. And we shall do it some day. Why not in 1857? With you, fair readers, it rests.

VARIETY OF PREMIUMS.—Remember! We give, as a premium for getting up a club, either "The Garland of Art for 1857," or "The Pictorial Annual for 1856," or "The Gift-Book for 1855," each containing fifty steel engravings. Or a copy, of "Peterson for 1856," bound in paper. Or "Mrs. Widdifield's Cook-Book." Or a dollar's worth of T. B. Peterson's publications. For clubs of twelve or sixteen, we give an extra copy of the Magazine for 1857. Here is variety sufficient to please everybody. By getting up enough clubs, a person may secure all. Such tempting offers were never before made by any publisher.

JANUARY NUMBER.—This will be the handsomest number of a Magazine ever published. Those who remit soonest will get the earliest and best impressions of the plates.

OUR NEW PREMIUM PICTORIAL.—Every year, for the last three years, we have issued a pictorial book, as a premium for persons getting up clubs. That for 1855 was the "Gift-Book of Art," and consisted of fifty steel plates. That for 1856 was called the "Pictorial Annual," and also contained fifty steel plates, but different ones from those in the "Gift-Book." For 1857, we have prepared "The Garland of Art." It contains fifty steel plates, none of which have ever been in our former premium books, or even in the Magazine. We give it, *gratis*, to every person getting up a club, unless they prefer some other one of our premiums. Or it can be had on remitting \$1.00. It has a beautiful engraved title-page, and would make a charming Christmas, New Year's, or birthday present. Remember, every one who gets up a club, is entitled to it, *gratis*.

LARGE ACCESSIONS.—The Windham (Ct.) Sentinel says:—"Peterson's Magazine for November is received thus early. It fully answers our expectations. The plates are superb, and the reading first rate. Peterson promises to make great additions to the new volume, commencing January 1, 1857, the most attractive of which is, that Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, the great American Novelist, will write a tale commencing with that number. We think that Peterson may count on large accessions to his list from this fact."

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

BACK NUMBERS.—We are able to supply back numbers for 1856 to any extent, the numbers being stereotyped. We stereotype all numbers.

FOR THREE DOLLARS.—For \$3.00 we will send a copy of "Peterson," for one year, and one of any two dollar weekly newspaper.

"PETERSON" AND "HARPER."—For \$3.50 we will send a copy of "Peterson" and "Harper," for one year.

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